

Mrs. Pell's Decoration Day

By EMILY S. WINDSOR.

BY THE aid of the calendar hanging on her wall, Mrs. Pell found that there were 14 weeks before Decoration day.

She was not an adept at mental arithmetic, so that it was quite a lengthy and laborious piece of work for her to calculate that if she saved 12 cents each of those 14 weeks, she would have one dollar and 68 cents.

She had just finished counting it up a second time in order to be sure that it was correct, when her neighbor, Mrs. Wilkes, from the next room below in the big tenement house, came in for their usual evening chat. She was a thin, nervous looking little woman of middle age. Neither her faded gray hair nor her dress was tidy. She was a strong contrast to Mrs. Pell, who was always neat and clean; and she was much older than Mrs. Wilkes, too.

Most of Mrs. Pell's days were spent in office cleaning, while Mrs. Wilkes' time was well filled with washing and ironing.

After they had exchanged their news of the day, Mrs. Pell said: "Would you think that a body could get a nice lot of flowers for a dollar and sixty-eight cents?"

"Sure and I'd think that a lot of money to be spendin' in such a way," answered Mrs. Wilkes, with a look of surprise on her weather-beaten face. "I'd like to be more," returned Mrs. Pell, "but not a cent more than 12 cents a week can I spare."

"I'm sure I'm not knowin' what your talkin' about," said Mrs. Wilkes, the surprise in her face increasing. "I'll be tellin' you. It's for the graves on Decoration day. I've just set my heart on coverin' 'em with flowers this year. I've been wantin' to do it every year, but somethin' always happened to prevent. But this year, they're goin' to be there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkes. "Yes," went on Mrs. Pell, "I feelin' sure there'll be nothin' to prevent this year. And it's white roses I want, Teddy was crazy after 'em."

She rocked her chair, and hid her face in her blue gingham apron.

Mrs. Wilkes could not enter very deeply into her friend's feelings. She

had never had any children, and her husband had been lost at sea so many years before that he was now so many a life memory; besides, he had never in his given her any reason to mourn his loss.

But she kept respectfully silent until Mrs. Pell's burst of grief was over. Then she said: "White roses is nice. You ought to be gettin' a lot for so much money."

Mrs. Pell shook her head. "I don't know. Flowers is dear."

Mrs. Pell carefully put aside 12 cents each week from her meager earnings. Every time that she passed a florist's window on her way to work, she would stop and look at the flowers displayed, and try to decide which window contained the most beautiful white roses. "For I must get the finest to be had," she would think.

The prospect of buying those flowers often formed the subject of her chats with Mrs. Wilkes.

To the latter \$1.68 seemed an enormous sum to spend in any such a way. "Be sure that you get the worth of your money," she would say.

"They've got to be fine ones," Mrs. Pell would answer.

Spring had been long in coming that year, and it was late in May before the garden roses began to show their colors. Mrs. Pell had few opportunities of seeing any of these, the tenement in which she lived being in a district where there was not enough earth room for a blade of grass to grow. Mrs. Pell, like many of her neighbors, had a few pots of geraniums on her window sills, but they were not luxuriant in growth. The air, close and sunless, was not conducive to floriculture. Mrs. Pell had once tried to raise a white rose, but it had died an early death.

Then her walks to and from her work were not in the resident part of the city.

But on Sundays, when she was not too tired, she went to church. Her way thither led past many beautiful gardens. One of them she particularly admired. It was a large, old-fashioned garden surrounding a beautiful old house. There were roses and roses, roses climbing over trellises, and clambering about the broad veranda which ran along the side of the house.

They were just such roses as had grown about the little country home to which she had gone as a bride, says the Chicago Advance. The sight of them took her back to the days when she had been so happy.

Then had come the dark time when her husband returned from the war with broken health. To mend their fortunes they had come to the city. But things had gotten worse. Her husband had soon died. She and Teddy had struggled alone. She had looked forward to the day when Teddy would be taking care of her, for he was a good boy. But he had been laid beside his father eight years ago. How he had loved those roses! He had often said that he would have a garden full

of them when he was a man. He would be a man now if he were living.

The Sunday before Decoration Mrs. Pell went to church and returned by way of her favorite garden. She stopped to look at the white roses. There were such quantities of them. The air was filled with their fragrance. How she wished that she could have enough of them to cover her graves! Somehow, they seemed sweeter than the flowers at the florists.

The day before Decoration day came. Mrs. Pell had gone much sooner than usual to her work, and by hurrying a great deal, had been able to return home at four instead of six, her usual hour.

It was her plan to put on her best clothes and then go to the florist's and select and order her flowers. She would call for them early the next morning, and take them to the cemetery. The day was to be a holiday.

She had just unlocked her door, and entered her room, when Mrs. Wilkes came in. Her eyes were swollen from crying.

"Sure, and what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Pell.

"It's Sally. She's sick, and goin' to die. The woman that's been takin' care of her wrote to tell me. And she wants to see me once more."

"Well, sure and you'll be goin'," said Mrs. Pell.

Mrs. Wilkes burst into tears. "It's that I'm feelin' so bad about. It costs three dollars to go, and me with nothin' but a dollar and a half to my name. You see, I paid the rent two days ago. And not one of the neighbors with a cent to lend me."

"And it's too bad, it is," ejaculated Mrs. Pell, feelingly.

"Yes, and there's a train at seven," said Mrs. Wilkes, with fresh tears. "Unless—" she went on hesitatingly, "you could lend me enough!"

"It's too bad, it is," exclaimed Mrs. Pell. "Sure and I paid my rent last week, too." She looked distressed. She was always anxious to help anyone in trouble.

"I know—but—" Mrs. Wilkes hesitated more than before. "I—I—thought perhaps you'd let me have that money you saved for the flowers. Poor Sally! I'd like to see her once more. She's my own sister, sure."

"Lend you that money! Oh! Mrs. Wilkes, I can't! I've had my heart set so long on coverin' the graves this Decoration day."

"I thought likely you wouldn't want to. Poor Sally! And I'll never see her again." Mrs. Wilkes turned away with a hopeless air, and went slowly back to her room.

Mrs. Pell hastily prepared to go to the florist's to select and order her flowers. She felt very sorry for Mrs. Wilkes, but of course she could not lend her that money. If she had saved it for any other purpose but that! She had tried for so many years to be able to cover those graves with roses, and now when she had the money—to give it all up.

She hoped Mrs. Wilkes did not think her mean. She would have been glad to do anything else for her.

And it was a pity that she could not see her sister before she died. She was the only relative she had, too.

If it had only not been that money! And if it were not Decoration day! She wanted to put flowers on their graves at the time that other people were remembering their dead.

Mrs. Pell was distressed. She recalled how good Mrs. Wilkes had been to her during the winter when her rheumatism had been so bad. She had done everything for her. How hard it was! She did not want to appear ungrateful.

Mrs. Pell's steps became slower and slower, and as she came in sight of the florist's shop, she stood still, and remained in deep thought for some minutes. Then she turned suddenly and walked back to the tenement, and into Mrs. Wilkes' room. She found the latter sitting with her face in her hands and crying.

Mrs. Pell put her precious \$1.68 in her hand.

"There," she said, "just take it. Hurry and get ready, and I'll go to the train with you. I do hope you'll find Sally alive."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilkes, "sure and I always knew you were a good woman. Poor Sally! I'll be seein' her again."

Mrs. Pell did not sleep well that night. It hurt her to think of those two graves being flowerless another Decoration day. They were in such a remote part of the cemetery that they never shared in the general decoration of graves. She decided that she would not go to the cemetery at all. She could not bear to think of seeing others carrying their flowers while her hands must be empty.

But in the morning she changed her mind. It seemed unkind to leave her graves unvisited. She would go in the afternoon when the services were over and the cemetery would be comparatively deserted. It was such a lovely day. The ride in the cars would do her good.

After their grandfather's and grandmother's and Aunt Edith's graves had been piled high with odorous blossoms there was still a large basketful of beautiful white roses left.

"Let us drive around and see if there are any graves without any flowers," said Berta.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I like that thought."

But there did not seem to be any graves undecorated until they reached a more distant part of the cemetery. There two sunken graves, with weather-worn wood markers at the head, were flowerless.

"How lonely they look!" said Tom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I think that you must empty this basket on them."

"Let Tom and me do it," said Berta. So she and her brother jumped out of

the carriage and went over to the two graves. There were enough roses to completely cover them both.

"Now they don't look so lonely," said Berta, with a backward glance, as she drove away.

And so it was that when late in the afternoon Mrs. Pell came to the lonely spot where lay her husband and son, she found the two mounds a mass of exquisite roses. And they looked like the roses she had had in her little country home in those long past days—the white roses that Teddy had loved.

Our Comrades Live. Still they live, our gallant comrades, still they live for evermore. When the waves of Time beat softly on eternally's bright shore. Still our wifely mortal vision may not pierce the veil between. Still we feel their presence with us in this peaceful summer scene. And our hearts are thrilled, uplifted, as by Heaven's divinest air. While we scatter fragrant flowers o'er their green graves everywhere. EVA KATHERINE GIBSON.

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BIG TROUT LIE DEEP.

A Singular Fact Made Plain by Boston Trolling in Adirondack Waters.

"What a troll, heavily loaded so it could be drawn near the bottom, would produce from some of the Adirondack lakes which contain nothing but native brook trout would undoubtedly surprise and delight the angler," said a New York sportsman, according to the Sun. "The great, big fellows, such as no fisherman will ever catch with a fly or other surface lure, if he should fish from now until doomsday, lie far down in the depths of those waters and nowhere else, except in the winter, when they come nearer to the surface."

"The largest true brook trout of which there is authentic record of the killing in New York was taken from White Lake, in Sullivan county, before that natural trout water was stocked with black bass and pickerel. That trout weighed nine pounds and was taken by Lewis Platt, on a leaded troll, in 50 feet of water."

"Fishing in the same way, Otto Gilpin killed a trout in White Lake that weighed seven pounds, and the late Charles Fennel Hoffman captured a six-pounder."

"Trout weighing a pound and more are freely taken with the fly on Frank Lake, in the Adirondacks, and specimens weighing three pounds have succumbed to the fly. No one ever suspected what monsters of their kind lurked in the depths of the lake, however, until two seasons or so ago, when a guest of the North Woods club went fishing on a small Adirondack lake which had long been said to contain brook trout, although no one ever caught any of them by any of the recognized methods of trout fishing."

"Then an old guide confided one day to a visiting angler that he had caught many a big one in that lake through the ice. This angler, acting on that hint, weighted a line with a quarter of a pound of lead, used a small, bright bass troll, and trailed it near the bottom of the lake. The result was that he landed four brilliant brook trout in less than an hour, the smallest one of which weighed four pounds."

"A member of the North Woods club thereupon made the experiment in Frank pond, and captured the biggest brook trout on record since the taking of the nine-pounder in White Lake, years ago. This Frank pond trout weighed eight and a half pounds."

"I don't know whether or not this method of trout fishing has found favor among the scientific anglers of which the North Woods club consists, but by no other means can the piscatorial patriarchs of the wilderness waters be brought from their depths. 'Speaking of big trout, the true speckled trout of the wilds, it isn't likely that there is another spot on the continent where they average so large to the regular catch as they do in Lake Wayagamack, in the Canadian wilderness, 100 miles north of Three Rivers. A three-pounder there is not regarded as more than an ordinary catch, and six-pounders are common."

"The lake is 60 miles in circumference, dotted with islands, and indented with many bays. Fly fishing is the rule early in the season, but later on the lure is young white fish. I saw one catch of four trout from that lake, the four having been killed in quick succession, and the weight of each fish was above five pounds."

"The afternoon I refer to the goat was hauling Baby McKee about the front yard and Gen. Harrison was walking about so as to be near at hand in case there was the possibility of any harm coming to his grandson."

"Finally, without warning, the goat started down Executive avenue on a brisk canter. At the foot of the descent there was an excavation where workmen had been repairing the street. The president saw this and started on a walk behind the cart."

"The goat went faster and the president quickened his steps. When he heard footsteps behind him the goat gave a toss to his head and broke into a genuine run. When half way down the walk the president and goat were each doing his level best. The president's coat tail shot straight out behind and the pitter of his feet on the concrete pavement sounded for all the world like a woodpecker's attack on a soft maple in the early spring."

"For an instant they were neck and neck, but finally President Harrison made a spurt, and by a brilliant coup caught the bridle of the feet-footed billy goat just before the excavation was reached. Baby McKee was unconcerned as could be, but his distinguished grandfather was pretty well winded as he led the goat and cart back to the white house."

"The Strong Chinese Premier. Wan-Wen-Tsao, recently appointed minister of foreign affairs of China, and virtual premier of the empire, is one of the most progressive of modern Celestials. He is said to be an enthusiastic advocate of Occidental diplomacy and of introducing the latest inventions in the domain of science. It was Wan-Wen-Tsao who was mainly instrumental in effecting the early closing of the late war, and who has, until now, more than any other Chinese diplomat, been active in the suppression of the antiforeign revolts. He is regarded as the most powerful man in China, even more powerful than was the late Li Hung Chang. He occupied a place in the cabinet during the long tour abroad of Li Hung Chang, and has been intrusted since with many high posts.—Kansas City Journal.

"Knew His Business. 'Yes,' remarked the newspaper artist, taking off his diamonds and placing them in the safe near his desk, 'that editorial gazaboo ordered a picture three columns wide, and wanted 300 fish put in it!'"

"'Gee!' exclaimed his coworker, re-lighting his 50-cent cigar, 'those fellows don't know anything about art and its limitations, do they?'"

"'Never, by any chance; but I delivered the goods all right. Didn't have the time to draw the fish, so I put in 300 fish eggs!'"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"Wanted Every Detail. Pauline, aged six, was listening to the story of the marriage at Cana and the miracle of the water and the wine. After her mother had finished her recital the little girl inquired: 'Mother, what did you say was the name of the gentleman who gave the party?'"—N. Y. Tribune.

"Not Burdened with Either. Some men who have more money than brains are not burdened with either. —Chicago Daily News.

"Beautiful African Turtle. One of the most beautiful turtles in the world is found in Africa, and a few fine specimens were recently captured there and taken to Europe. That they will thrive in a strange country is by no means certain, though a few naturalists, who have spent some months in German East Africa, and who have carefully studied these turtles, are confident that they will quickly become acclimated. The beauty of these torpid and rather ungainly animals is in the shell, which covers and protects almost the entire body. Unlike that of the ordinary turtle, which is singularly lacking in richness and variety of color, this shell attracts the eye at once by the beautiful gold and brown stripes which run down it and by the little clusters of crimson which are found here and there.—Detroit Free Press.

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WHERE CITY GETS FISH.

Four Quarters of the Country Are Thoroughly Baked to Supply Chicago's Demand.

When Chicago sets in to eat fish as it is now doing, tons and tons are required to go around. The four sections of the country are raked to get a varied supply and queer specimens find their way to this market. From Boston, New York, Baltimore, the southern coast, and Seattle a great supply is sent every day, says the Chicago Tribune.

Last year the Illinois river failed in producing its average catch of carp. This river is said to be the greatest carp stream in this country, but the river was so high last season that it did not, so fish men say, produce more than five per cent. of the great quantity it generally sends to the east. It is not known that Chicago eats carp by the boatload. During Christmas week the market in this city is said to demand 150,000 pounds. This fish is largely consumed by the Bohemians. While the price usually ranges from two to seven cents a pound, last Christmas it ran up to 20 cents a pound for rough carp.

"During the fall and winter months six tons of carp were taken from the Fox lake region in Illinois. The Illinois fish commission contracted with C. W. Triggs, of Chicago, to take the fish out on the condition that he should have all the carp, dogfish, gar and turtles that he would take in his seine, the object being to rid those waters of all the species that destroy game fish. The work was and is now being done under the close scrutiny of a game warden whose duty it is to see that all bass and other game fish are thrown back into the water. Most of the carp so taken have been shipped to the New York market, which does not require the fish to be shipped alive, while Chicago does."

"It is claimed that the carp taken from this region are the finest produced in the state. The meat is said to be clear of the muddy taste detected in the catch of other sections of the state."

Tons of halibut are brought to Chicago during the season. This big flat fellow comes from Seattle, frozen stiff, and in that condition is cut up into steaks. Few people realize the extent of the sales of this kind of fish alone. A large amount of fish comes up from North Carolina trout streams; there are thousands of pounds of lobster besides the great bulk of oysters that come from Baltimore and other places in the east."

"I saw an interesting race a few years ago," said an employe of the treasury department, as he looked across the way to the white house grounds the other day, says the Washington Star.

"The participants were Benjamin Harrison, then president, and a billy goat that toted his little grandson, Baby McKee, about the executive grounds. It was an exciting race, too, and it looked for a time as if the goat were to be victorious. It also demonstrated that the former president of the United States was a sprinter of no mean ability."

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LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER. Find Gen. Sheridan.

In the autumn of 1864 Gen. Sheridan was operating in the Shenandoah valley with the army of the Upper Potomac. On September 19 he engaged the army of Gen. Early near Winchester by attacking them in the rear, and administered a severe defeat in which the confederates lost 4,500 men in prisoners alone. The battle was notable for the number of general officers on both sides that were killed and wounded. The confederate generals, Rhodes and Goodwin, and the federal general, D. A. Russell, were killed, and the federal generals Upton, McIntosh and Chapman were wounded. The loss of the federals was 3,600 and of the confederates in killed and wounded 3,500 aside from the 4,500 prisoners captured by Sheridan.

PITH AND POINT.

It is easier for a man to fool himself than it is for him to fool others.—Chicago Daily News.

A man takes himself for what he wants to be; the world for what he has and is.—Detroit Free Press.

Rather Unsatisfactory.—Husband—"Does that new novel turn out happily?" Wife—"It doesn't say. It only says they were married."—N. Y. Weekly.

In Desperation.—Fan—"So she's engaged to Mr. Polk. I wonder how he came to propose?" Nan—"I don't believe he did come to do it, but she was determined not to let him go until he did."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mother—"Why, my child, that little hurt couldn't possibly have made your knee so stiff as that!" Little Lizzie—"Yes it did, too. Just you try to sit and see, if I don't scream."—Baltimore American.

"My gracious, dear," said the Chicago bridegroom, "you were awfully nervous during the ceremony." "Yes, it's my nature," replied the fair Chicago bride. "I suppose I'll be just as nervous the next time."—Philadelphia Press.

The Deacon—"I have a rare collection of odd coins I should like you to see." The Parson—"All right; but when it comes to an odd coin collection I guess I can beat you. Last Sunday I got one containing 99 cents."—Yonkers Statesman.

"What was that awful shriek I just heard?" asked the author, nervously. "That," explained the stage manager, "was the star in the death scene. The audience has got him."—Town Topics.

A Born Worrier.—"Bliggins used to worry a great deal before that fortune was left to him." "Yes; and he has confided to me that he was in the habit of worrying himself thin, and that he was worried now for fear, without any troubles, he'd take on flesh to a frightful extent."—Washington Star.

PLANTS INOCULATED.

New Kind of Vaccination That May Be Carried to a Ridiculous Extreme.

Science has not contented itself with hunting out lymph and virus which will give immunity from disease to humanity alone; it has turned its attention to inoculation for the vegetable kingdom as well. Remarkably interesting experiments have been carried on by French and English scientists, among them M. Beauverie and Prof. Marshall Ward, says the New York Herald.

They are working along the line of demonstrating the feasibility of treating plant diseases in a way similar to that in which animals are rendered immune to attacks of illness. Many successful results have rewarded their investigations.

Cuttings of begonia, for example, were allowed to grow in soil which had been impregnated with a species of fungus which is an attenuated form of a destructive parasite to plants resembling in the Lat