



GARMEN AS A SAMPLE.

Whole Pages Could Be Filled With Like Reports.

FROM TEXAS TO NEBRASKA.

Oklahoma City, Okla., May 26.—Garmen, a new town of 500 people, on the Kansas City, Mexican & Orient, in Woods county, was badly wrecked by a tornado. The town was hit by a tornado and at least three lives were lost, and perhaps thirty injured, some seriously. The dead: P. F. Brown, Wichita; a traveling man. Mrs. Wismler, fatally injured and died Saturday. Unknown man, mangled beyond recognition.

THIS WAS TORNADO WEEK.

More Damage Done By Winds In Different Sections.

Topela, May 26.—At Bala, in Riley county, two little girls named Daub were killed by a tornado. Nearly all the houses in town were blown away. The tornado cleared a patch forty miles wide, moving east of Broughton and west of Gatesville in Clay county. A Union Pacific train at Wakefield narrowly escaped being caught in the storm. Heavy rain and hail followed.

At Vermillion, Marshall county, the Missouri Pacific depot was demolished, many business houses were unroofed and the Presbyterian church was almost ruined. Many residences were lifted off their foundations and others torn to pieces. Nobody was seriously injured.

From Ashland Clarke county reports of another tornado come, which destroyed the Curtis school house. Fifteen head of horses belonging to David Klinger were caught up, carried two miles and dropped down. Thirty-five head of B. N. Molyneux were killed and fourteen head of Chris Hinkle were killed north of town. Hail followed the storm, many of the stones measuring 9 inches in circumference.

From Abilene reports come of the destruction of the farm house of ex-representative H. C. Harvey, and injury received by Mrs. Harvey. All the buildings on the farm were ruined. All of the buildings on Wm. Young's farm were blown away. On Edward Gibson's farm his house was missed by the tornado, but all his other buildings were wiped out. Cattle were killed and some barns destroyed towards Industry which place the tornado nearly reached.

At Salina a terrific hailstorm was followed by a big wind, which demolished the Methodist church steeple. A large glass covered greenhouse at Logan was destroyed. Green houses were blown down. It is reported that several houses were blown down at Abilene.

The Watrous engine works at St. Paul, Minn., is destroyed by fire causing a loss of \$75,000.

"He took his life Just capable of one heroic aim, and threw it in the thickest of the fight. What matter? Since Aurora failed him first!"

—E. B. Browning.

Jean Charteris, stepping out into the pearl and silverness of dawn and dew, sighed—and then smiled at sight of the riches spread before her.

Again it was Decoration Day, an occasion which in this little western town was one almost of festivity, so great was the gathering from the surrounding farms, so gay the girls in their new summer finery, so stirring the martial music of the local band. Even the pathetic sight of the handful of old soldiers, marching in depleted ranks to the cemetery on the hillside, but emphasized the pleasure of the young, who found in the holiday enjoyment at once innocent and reverent.

Miss Charteris walked down the prim gravel walk between the low green barberry hedge. She held daintily aside the skirt of her crisp, white wrapper, lest it be touched by the wet twigs on either side. Her spirited gold brown head turned to left and right as she mentally calculated the floral wealth of her little garden. None would have dreamed that over that same radiant head thirty summers had passed, so girlishly slender was the erect and graceful figure, so smooth the white brow, so luminous the long, pansy-purple eyes under the slim black brows. She had swung the basket from her arm and was snipping from the great snowball bush at the end of the path its first contribution, when a voice came piping to her from over the gate.

"Miss Charteris, you got ma's dress done?"

"Just finished it at 12 last night, Billy!" She smiled at the freckled faced boy as she moved to go back to the house. She returned, carrying a bundle wrapped in newspapers. "There—don't crush it, liddle!"

The boy lingered, shamefacedly. He was not a bad looking boy, barring the freckles. He kept casting furtive glances at a second-story window in the little cream-colored cottage, where the blinds were still drawn.

"Is—she—?" a jerking thumb indicating the house, "goin' with you to the cem'ry?"

"Rosine?" Miss Charteris was ruthlessly snipping off every robin which had presumed to show its blue head in the long bed border. "O, she will go! Her mother is buried there, you know. Rosine will go with me."

"I'm goin', too!" blurted Billy. Then, as though overwhelmed by the magnitude of the admission, he skipped away, his mother's dress crushed recklessly against his throbbing heart, and his bare feet, as yet guiltless of tan, kicking up a dust which hid his fiery blushes. "An' I'll wear my new clothes," chanted Billy. "I'll wear my best clothes—an' a collar!"

It was a royal burden Jean Charteris had gathered when at last she laid the shears in the basket brimful of blooms. There were trailing sprays of white and gold spring stars, peonies, pink and crimson, and white; honeysuckle, amber and rose, and carmine; blush roses, pale and velvety; sweetbriar, delicately, yet intensely fragrant, and many a single flower which, courlier-like, had blossomed in prophetic beauty. Back of the glittering window glass of the little home she approached were the glowing house plants which were soon to be transferred to the garden. These, rising tier on tier, glowing geraniums, fragrant bellotrope, brilliant hibiscus, golden mignonette, were destined with their harder brethren to yield tribute to death.

"Aunt Jean—Auntie Jean!" rang a fresh young voice. "I'm dressed—Nora dressed me! O, may I help you fix the flowers? And how soon may we go on the hill?"

Jean laid her basket on a hall chair just in time to catch in her outflung



arms the slim little white figure flying down the stairs.

"You shall help me, my precious!" she promised. And she tumbled the clustering curls on the dark little head and pressed with her own the rosy lips that were ripe for kisses. Breakfast over, the two settled to work, for Rosine had decided views of her own as to the relative merits of set designs in contradiction to the preference of Miss Charteris for less formal symbols. And all the time the hazel eyes sparkled and the restless little tongue tripped on.

"You have to work awful hard, don't you, Auntie Jean? Did you get Billie's mother's dress done? Did Billie come for it? I'd like Billie—if he wasn't freckled. Nora says you used to be rich. She says you lived in that big stone house with the fountain in the yard. She says my mamma was rich, too, until after my papa went away and left her. And then she came to live in this little weeny house with you. And then God wanted her. What made you and my mamma get poor? And why doesn't my papa come back? And why wouldn't God let my mamma stay here? And does she know when we put all these pretty flowers on her grave?"

So for the two in the bright little room, plain to severity save for its books and "green things growing" and air of indefinable refinement, the perfect day wore on. If now and then Jean's sweet face paled and her sensitive lips quivered, these she absorbed little maiden did not notice at all. How should a prattling child, busy with a wreath, dream that her words might wound?

They stood at the gate to see the procession wind by—the hobbling veterans, the women of the Relief Corps, the townspeople in vehicles and afoot, the uniformed band, the excited children running at either side. But the sun had gone down in a splendor of scarlet and gold, the streets were being fast deserted, and all the air was still steeped in amber brilliance, when Jean Charteris and the little girl carried their treasures between them up the green velvet sward of that sloping hill, sacred to silence and to sweet, safe slumber.

The grave yard knew now no presence save their own. On several graves were flags—on the greater number flowers. But some were bare of bloom. And from one to another of these the late-comers moved, leaving some sprays on each. Then they sought a certain corner, where a simple stone recorded briefly a young wife's death.

"You shall place them all," said Jean Charteris. She gave Rosine the basket, and stood leaning against the marble shaft, her black, trailing gown outlining her slender form, her head drooping as though in weariness.

With unconscious elation the child went about her task. And afar in the road Billie watched her. Billie, stiff in his best Sunday suit, tortured by new shoes, agonized by an unaccustomed collar. So absorbed was he in following every movement of his idol he did not hear the step approaching. He turned with a hasty exclamation at a touch on his shoulder—turned to confront a man who was decidedly a stranger.

The latter pointed to the dark figure by the stone.

"Who," he asked, "is that?"

"That's Miss Charteris. She lives in the little old Chilton cottage now. She makes dresses."

"My God!" the man murmured. "Has it come to this with Jean?"

Conscious of the boy's sharp scrutiny the man took from his pocket two pieces of metal—one brass, one silver. "Here take these down to the agent. Give him the check and tell him to send my trunk to the hotel. You may keep the dollar!"

Billie grabbed the money and simultaneously uttered a yell.

"Rosine!" He was valiant enough in this plutocratic hour. "Rosine! Come on! I'm goin' to buy candy!"

voice, in the shape of the curl-clustered head, caused the stranger to put out a detaining hand.

"What," he cried, "is your name, little one?"

"Rosine!" She wrested herself free. "Let me go with Billie. My name's Rosine—Rosine Raymond!"

Then she was dashing down the hill after the fortunate Billie.

The man, tall, straight, and soldierly, with prematurely silvered hair and dark mustache, went striding across the green space that intervened between him and that quiet woman by the white shaft.

"Jean!" he cried hoarsely. "Jean Charteris!"

A low, shivering cry broke from the woman. She stiffened erect—stood as if frozen.

"Tell me," he begged, "about that—child! She says her name is Jean, is she—?"

The shock of his coming had left her weak and shaking. It was with an effort she spoke.

"Yes—she is your child. Do you learn it now for the first time?"

"God help me—yes. I did not dream there might be a child. When a few months after our marriage I learned how Rose had deceived me I was furious. I had confided in her. I told her how I loved you. And she—she spoke of your engagement to Will Clement. Her sympathy was sweet. There was no question of a heart being caught in the rebound. Never save for one woman has my heart beaten a pulse the faster. She knew this when we were married. But she hoped—until the day some months after our marriage when a chance word during a chance meeting with Clement, brought the whole truth out. You had refused him. And this Rose knew when she told me the contrary. I settled everything I possessed on her and went away, vowing never to look upon her face again!"

The weary, bitter voice ceased.

"We shall speak of this now," said Jean Charteris, slowly, "and then—never again! The bank in which you had deposited was the same which controlled my father's business. When the defalcation came Rose's money and ours was sucked down in the whirlpool. Father did not long survive the blow. Rose could do nothing. She had been brought up in idleness—in luxury. Besides she was ill—and miserably unhappy. So—I was always clever as a seamstress—she came to me, and we were comfortable—quite comfortable together. Two years ago a sharp attack of pneumonia ended—all! Rosine was then 4."

"You took her into your home and your life," said the man in a voice that—though low—shook with passion.

"You supported her and her child! If you had known her treachery—"

"Hush!" The soft word was imperious. She pointed to the flower-strewn mound below. "Hush! She is here! Besides—I did know!"

"You knew it? When—how?"

"The day you went away. Rose came to me. She told me—the truth."

The last gleam of sunset had faded. Amethystine shadows crept up the draws. But in the clear afterglow they saw each other quite distinctly—the two who stood in silence there.

When he spoke it was in a voice that thrilled her—the voice of the lover of her youth.

"Jean—will you come to me—now?"

She answered: "First say to her, I forgive you, dear!"

For an instant he stood irresolute. Then slowly he sank on one knee—bowed his bare head over the masses of perfumed bloom. When he rose and held out his hand she laid her own within it, and thus they walked to the gate and down the road toward the village, where the lights were beginning to gleam.

"You are tired," he said, and slipped his arm around her. "I have made a new fortune in a new world, Jean. You shall work no more."

Rosine and Billie were feasting merrily in the cottage when the two turned in at the garden gate.

"To think," said Jean, as they went up betwixt the low barberry borders dew-silvered in the moonlight, "that it was only this morning I walked here—alone—and so sad—save for the child!"

"Ah, the child!" he said, softly—

hungrily. "Much may happen in a day, my Jean!"

"Somewhere," she said, lifting a face still glowing from his kisses, "I read this: 'Between Calvary day and Easter day—earth's saddest day and gladdest day—lay but one day!'"

"My beloved!" he murmured. Then as Billie fled laughing by them they passed into the purple gloom of the porch, toward the open door, from which the lamplight streamed, making a path of white loveliness for their feet!

Memorial Day Song. (Respectfully Dedicated to the G. A. R.) Where sleep in honor martyrs for our nation, Land, O, ye flowers, lend your decoration; While to Old Glory, giving salutation, Sing we our choral lay.

Hail, O, Columbia! Like the morning glowing, May radiant freedom, light on thee bestowing, All lands illumine, and still brighter growing, Shine on to perfect day.

Hail to the People, who a trust receiving From patriot fathers, liberty achieving, For all in bondage sore oppressed and grieving, Will not their trust betray.

Hail to the Banner, freedom's fairest token, Flag of a union that can never be broken, While hearts heroic, strong as bulwarks of oak, Guard it on land and sea.

Rest, O, ye heroes! Not in vain your dying; For, sons and daughters, on their God relying, Pledge like devotion; with you nobly vying In love and loyalty.

Hail, O, Columbia, every heart enslaving! Hail ye, your Country, in her peril saving! Hail, peerless Banner, in all breezes waving! Flag of the brave and free! —Christian Intelligencer.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Rufus P. Parrish of Kewanee Urged Commemoration of the Dead.

Memorial day originated with a man who was recently followed to the grave at Kewanee, Ill., by one of the largest throngs of old soldiers that ever attended a funeral in a town of like size.

The name of this man was Rufus P. Parrish and it is admitted that a letter he wrote to Senator John A. Logan was chiefly instrumental in the action of congress in establishing a day on which throughout the nation graves of the union dead should be strewn with flowers and their brave acts commemorated.

It is a matter of history that the custom of decorating graves of soldiers was commenced in Kewanee in 1863, five years before Senator Logan secured the action of congress appointing a memorial day. It is known that Mr. Parrish, who had always taken the greatest interest in this observance, wrote an urgent letter to Senator Logan, urging him to take into serious consideration legislation that would set aside a day on which all could join in memorial services.

Aside from the interest that Mr. Parrish took in such patriotic movements he had a very interesting history. His grandfather on his mother's side carried a flint-lock musket in the revolutionary war, and the father of his father was a recruiting officer in the war of 1812. He was one of fifteen men to organize the first Y. M. C. A. in the United States. During the war of the rebellion and before he was an outspoken abolitionist and figured prominently in underground railroad work by which slaves escaped to Canada. He was in the forefront of nearly every movement of enlightenment of the community serving to foster libraries and lectures.

Mr. Parrish was born in New Hampshire about eighty-seven years ago and came to Illinois in April, 1855. He is survived by his faithful wife, with whom he dwelt in wedlock for the unusual term of sixty-four years.

ST. GAUDENS' STATUE OF GEN. SHERMAN.



On Memorial day the Chamber of Commerce will present to the city of New York Augustus St. Gaudens' heroic statue of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, a work that has been called the finest piece of sculpture created in 400 years.

When the statue was exhibited in the Salon of the Champs de Mars, in 1899, the place of honor was given to it, that being the first time such a mark of artistic appreciation was ever shown to an American sculpture.

The statue, which is of bronze, is to stand at the entrance to Central Park, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth

street. Mr. St. Gaudens' work represents the hero of the "March to the Sea" seated on his charger, in full uniform of a general in the field, his head bared as if in response to the acclaiming voices of his soldiers, his campaign hat in his right hand held in the fine free motion of a salute. Immediately in front of the charger is a woman's figure symbolizing Victory, her robes fluttering backward in the breeze created by the forward movement, and in her upraised hand the palm branch of peace. Artistically the work is unquestionably the finest in America.—New York Press.

Cuba's First Anniversary.

Havana, May 23.—The celebration of Cuba's independence day, the first anniversary of the establishment of the Cuban republic, began at midnight, with the illumination of the fronts of the principal clubs, the sending up of rockets and the screeching of steam whistles. Business was completely suspended and the streets were thronged with people.

President Palma reviewed the members of the police and fire departments.

Cloud Burst In Ohio.

Cincinnati, May 25.—Much damage was done in different part of the Ohio valley by cloudbursts and lightning. No lives were lost and none were seriously injured but many people were shocked by lightning. The interurban electric lines are still badly disabled. A car on the Mill Creek Valley line was struck by lightning and set on fire at Carthage, the passengers narrowly escaping death, all being unconscious for a short time. Damage was done at Delhi, Home City and Fernbank.

Drouth In The East.

Washington, May 27.—The farmers of Eastern Pennsylvania, New York and the New England states are alarmed over the severe drouth which threatens to ruin crops and there seems to be no relief. In some sections there has been no rain for more than five weeks. Strawberry vines are dried and withered so that they probably will not revive. Pastures furnish scant feed for cattle and last year's hay and grain are fed. Many of the streams have dried up.

Discriminating Rates.

Duluth, Wis., May 27.—The case of the Duluth Shingle company against the railroads is on here before the interstate commerce commission. The charge is that there is discrimination against the shipment of shingles from the head of the lakes to eastern points in favor of the western coast shingles, the rates from the Pacific coast to Chicago and other eastern points are less than from Duluth to the same points; also that the rate on shingles is too high compared with that on lumber.

Western Union Barred.

Philadelphia, May 25.—The Western Union Telegraph company has not a wire working on the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad in this state. Officials of the Western Union say, however, that the company is keeping up with its business by using wires along the Baltimore and Ohio and the New York Central railroads.

The work of removing the Western poles and wires under order of the court, from the lines of the railroad is still going on.

Union Pacific Strike Off.

Omaha, May 27.—A special to the World-Herald from New York City says that the Union Pacific strike has been settled and will be declared off today. The terms of settlement between the officers of the railroad and the representatives of the strikers has been signed. The men are to return to work at an increased rate of pay, there is to be no discrimination on account of the men belonging to the unions and piece work is to be abolished in the shops of the system.

