

Daily Eagle

ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

THE PEACEFUL SPOT WHERE REPOSE OVER 16,000 SOLDIERS.

A Beautiful Place Consecrated to the Past. The Mansion of Robert E. Lee—An Estate Beloved of Nature—Faithful Slaves of Old Virginia.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, May 27.—Of all the millions of Americans who will gather in the city of the dead, a day or two hence, to behold with grateful hands the graves of heroes, none will meet in a more beautiful spot than Arlington National cemetery. Let us anticipate



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Once in Arlington you live in the past, and the past alone. He who can walk Arlington without a sentiment of patriotism in his breast is indeed fit for deeds of strategy and spoils. The road winds among the oaks, chestnut, magnolia, many kinds of evergreens, arbor vitae and thousands of flowering shrubs. The air is laden with the perfume of flowers, the verdant green and the shades of cooling blue. The marble beauties of nature, here spread with lavish hand, are nothing compared to the real Arlington. These natural attractions are as the fair and graceful body. Arlington possesses a soul.

Under the sword repose the remains of 16,000 soldiers. Four thousand four hundred and forty-nine of these are unknown. Vast as are these figures, one can easily believe them true, for on either side the long, regularly formed rows of small, white headstones extend, perspectives of green between lines of white far as vision can reach. The grounds are perfectly level. There is no grave that has become embankment, and none marked by an elevation of the ground. Smooth and even is the surface everywhere. Walk among these stones and in ten minutes one may see such typical American names as Sherman, Whitton, Spaulding, Jackson, Lee, Buchanan, Lawrence, Sheridan, Grant, Randolph, Allen.

One of the Jacksons bears the initials "U. S. G." and near by, oddly enough, is an "Andrew Grant." Not far away is "George Washington," and within a stone's throw two other Washingtons—"A." and "J." Plenty



IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

of good Irish names may be seen, too, and German as well, significant of the valiant part borne in the struggle by the sons of those countries. Silent witnesses of war have now all these stones, but more especially, the ones consecrated upon marked "A. G." or "an A." A few of these unidentified members were honored with separate burial, but in one great pit were thrown the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the skulls of Bull Run and the route to the Battle of Gettysburg. Over them is a curious unadorned monument bearing the inscription:

Their names could not be identified, but their names and deeds are recorded in the archives of their country, and their spirits dwell in the bosom of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace.

Frequently one notes the name of a woman, and on inquiry is surprised to learn that the remains of several hundred women repose here in honor. But in this there is nothing inappropriate, and on the records all is going as "soldiers," for they were the wives of field hospitals. Surely these women who kept the homes and comforted the wounded and dying may fittingly be included with those of whom the roadside tablet speaks.

On some of the monuments are inscriptions of the names of the women who were the wives of the soldiers who fell in battle, or nurses in field hospitals. Surely these women who kept the homes and comforted the wounded and dying may fittingly be included with those of whom the roadside tablet speaks.

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not away in his country's service, for thirty years. The old house stands just as it stood twenty-five years ago. Though stripped of its antique furniture and invaluable relics of Washington, its precious memories still cling to it—memories which all the fortunes of war and tragedies of fate cannot take away from it. A year or two ago its outer walls had become much faded, but have recently been painted their old yellow color.

The second quarter of the detached kitchen and other outbuildings are preserved intact. In a part of the house now lives the family of the officer in charge of the cemetery, and the hall and southern parlors are given up to the use of the public. A register is kept, in which 40,000 visitors record their names each year, and on the walls hang maps of the cemetery, the diagram showing every grave and the names of all the known dead. All this is very interesting, but one catches himself wishing these old walls could speak; and from thoughts of the great Christian soldier who left so fine a home to battle in a living cause, one can hardly repress the thought of the victorious government had not thought it necessary to confiscate the home of a noble hero. If the soul of Arlington has any voice it speaks for love for all the brave Americans who did their duty.

A magnificent estate was this of Gen. Lee. Step on the portico and behold the panorama. In the foreground a sharp declivity; at its brow, but a few yards from the house, the grave and new monument of Sheridan. Then



FROM THE PORTICO OF ARLINGTON HOUSE.

A fastidiously lawn, next a forest of magnolias, oaks, maples, all vine clad or surrounded by flowering shrubs; a winding driveway; the stone wall with its beautiful gates made of columns from the old war office and the old patent office; just outside the Alexandria-Georgetown turnpike on which Washington rode many and many a time on route to or from Mt. Vernon, and beyond this the Potomac with its moving ships and boats. Across the Potomac—all Washington, the distant hills green in the background, the great Capitol, overshadowing everything; the monument, nearer by rising winter and grander than from any other view; the red brick pension office, the treasury, the White House barely discernible, the war, state and navy buildings. Spanning the Potomac is Long bridge, over which the armies passed, thousands of them to return to this eternal camping ground.

Near the mansion is a pavilion modeled after the temple of Fame, and bearing on its frieze the names of Washington, Grant, Farragut and Lincoln, and on its columns Garfield, Thomas, Meade, McClellan, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys and Mansfield. Near by is the Monument to the Unknown, and just beyond it the beautiful amphitheatre, 100 feet in diameter, with chaste Corinthian columns and colonnade, where many thousands will sit upon the green sward December day and join the anniversary exercises. The greenhouses are fairly bursting with flowers to be used in the decoration of the graves, and the colored man, bent and old, whom we see ambling along, watering pot in hand, is Wesley Syfax, who once was Robert E. Lee's slave. Thirty years ago there were 200 slaves on the estate, and five of them still remain, so much attached to the place that they could not be driven away. They live in little cabins near by, and work when they can, for the government.

A little way from the house to the south are the graves of George Washington Custis and his wife. In a gloomy spot under this hill is the resting place of Mrs. Mary Ran-



TEMPLE OF FAME ABOVE.

delph. It is the faithful old slave, Wesley Syfax, who every such Decoration day morning strewn these graves with sweet posies and forget-me-nots. ROBERT GRAVES.

The Difference. A great many advertisements have described in stately phrase the characteristic differences between men and women. Mrs. Frank Leslie in an article on "Women's Clothes," sums them up, however, in a very piquant and satisfactory fashion. She says:

"A woman, if she were set down on an ocean in the Desert of Sahara, with not a creature in sight, would never in the world to say how she looked, and would smooth and duff her hair and pull her draperies into place before she looked to see if there was anything to eat. A man would look first for something to eat, and next for something to kill, and he would not look into the pool at all except to drink."

There you have no picture of the marked peculiarities of the two animals—New York Herald.

How She Looks. Grace Greenwood is one of the few women who look like their pictures. Anybody who has ever seen a counterfeited presentation of the high, rather pointed forehead, the prominent nose, the strong, kindly mouth, the friendly eyes and the heavy black hair drawn down almost to cover the tips of the ears, in the old fashion, would recognize the rather short figure and matronly proportions of the brilliant writer whose very name to say means her life and sparkle. Mrs. Lipscomb has one grace rare among women or men—she knows when there has been enough after dinner speaking, and she can win more admiration by setting a clever remark in a fringe of words than often repeats the most brilliant witticism for a twenty minutes' peroration.—Kansas City Journal.

The foreign adviser of the state department at Tokio is Mr. Henry Denison, a young New Englander of about 33. He has a fine house furnished to him by the Mikado, and has received a rank from the emperor. He has more influence than any other American in Japan, and is constantly dealing with matters connected with America.

The Prince of Wales has warmly congratulated the Duke of Portland upon his betrothal to handsome Miss Dallas Yorke, and has indicated his intention to be present with the princess at the wedding. London society is full of rumors of the splendor which is to mark the marriage of one of the richest peers of England to the most beautiful woman in the United Kingdom.

HIS FIRST VOTE.

But He Dura Wanted to Fool with a Bar.

It was a state election in Alabama, and among the crowd filling the little town where I happened to be stopping were some queer characters. Among the queerest were an old man and his son—the father about 60 years old, the son about to cast his first vote. The boy had primed up pretty well and by 10 o'clock in the forenoon he was saying: "Father, get that bar to look on, for if I turn loose this town won't be no more."

"Be calm, Jonas, be calm," advised the old man as he patted him on the shoulder. "Whoop! y! y! Whar's the critter as says he will challenge my first vote?"

"Thar's no critter sayin' anything of the sort, Jonas. 'Tis be quiet. Don't be raisin' your voice too much."

Jonas circled around for a while and then came back to the tavern steps and said: "Father, I've got to turn loose."

"But I hev, I'm a-goin' to cut loose and go for the hall crowd, for I can't hold myself no longer too much."

At that moment a Turk or Bohemian or foreigner of some sort came up with a hand organ and a dancing bear, and I saw a new idea strike Jonas like a landfall. The father saw it, too, and he protested:

"Now, Jonas, don't make no critter of yourself. You list be quiet. Don't be raisin' your voice too much."

"Pop, I'm gwine to clinch him. He's altogether too funny for this here locality."

"You'll git busted, Jonas. Bars is onery varmint."

"Got to do it, pap. I'm bubblin' up like bilin' soap suds and sumphin' has got ter be done or a biter will give way. Stand back! Whoopee!"

Every citizen of the town heard his yell. The bear was about five rods away, going through a waltz, and he stopped his movements to see what was going to happen. Jonas made a bee line for him, and as he came within six feet of the bear in the air and came down astride of him and grabbed him by the ears and yelled:

"America agin the hull airth! Whoop!"

It was in the middle of the street and the street was dusty. Therefore I can't swear as to what took place during the next two minutes. When the foreigner pulled his bear off there was a bundle of something lying in the dust. It looked like old clothes, but it turned out to be Jonas. He wasn't saying a word. He didn't know it when the father and two others lifted him over against the fence and got water from the town well to pour over him. It was a full quarter of an hour before he opened his eyes and feebly asked:

"Father, did I clean out the hull crowd?"

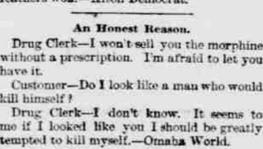
"No, Jonas. You tackled that bar agin my advice."

"And kerwolloped him."

"Skereoley. You've dun got the wust maulin' ever heard of."

"I should observe. You's bit, clawed, knocked, rotten, paralyzed and broke, and you won't be litten to work for a month. Jonas, you's a critter, a pore fool of a critter, and if this don't take the swain' outer your head I'm gwine to lay a nigger and a maul to knock it off. Say, Baker, kin you load this critter into yer cart and tote him out home?"

—Detroit Free Press.



A Trifle Careless.

Near the mansion is a pavilion modeled after the temple of Fame, and bearing on its frieze the names of Washington, Grant, Farragut and Lincoln, and on its columns Garfield, Thomas, Meade, McClellan, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys and Mansfield. Near by is the Monument to the Unknown, and just beyond it the beautiful amphitheatre, 100 feet in diameter, with chaste Corinthian columns and colonnade, where many thousands will sit upon the green sward December day and join the anniversary exercises.

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He Got Left.

"What induced you to go to Oklahoma?" asked Officer Burton at the Third street depot of a man on crutches and his head bound up.

"To start a graveyard," was the blunt reply. "Well, why didn't you?"

"Because a fellow had come up from Arkansas to start a hospital, and he got in on me first."—Detroit Free Press.

Results of the Spalding Tour.



Excited Natives (to shipwrecked sailor just washed ashore)—For heaven's sake, tell us, quick! Is a man out if he doesn't touch first base when he makes a home run—Life.

How a Butcher Dwindled.

One morning Opie P. Read came into the Chicago Press club rooms, where a number of the members were seated chatting. Opie did not take part in the conversation, but sat by one of the open windows smoking his huge pipe and evidently thinking profoundly.

"Something on your mind, Opie?" asked one of the boys.

"Well, my butcher is on my mind, and he is the biggest butcher you ever saw. If I didn't have a ponderous mind I never could hold that butcher on it. Look at me," said he, standing up at full height, showing a form more than six feet tall and massive in its proportions. "Look at me. I'm a pretty big man myself, but, sir, as I came by that butcher shop this morning the butcher was standing out in front and I walked right between his legs. The top of my head wasn't as high as his instep. I should have had to reach up to unlatch his shoes."

"How much do you owe your butcher, Opie?" asked Mr. James W. Scott, the president of the club, and business manager of The Herald.

"A hundred and twenty dollars, sir," said Mr. Read.

That afternoon Mr. Scott sent a check for \$150 to Opie, saying it was an advance on a story he wished him to write for The Herald.

The next morning, when Opie strode into the club, solemnly asked:

"Has your butcher grown any since yesterday?"

"Grown! No, sir. This morning I walked into his place with \$150 in gold clinking and jingling in my pocket."

"Here I am," said a faint, timid, little voice that seemed to come from the cellar.

"Where's said I."

"Here, right here by your left foot. Don't move or you'll step on me."

"I got down on my hands and knees and examined a speck on the floor. It was the butcher."—Washington Post.

The Arizona Kicker.

THANKS—Judge Burrows entered The Kicker office the other day in his usual quiet and dignified manner and laid three cucumbers on our table and withdrew. They are of his own raising, and of superior breed and we think the judge from the bottom of our heart. Such things prove to the editor that he is not forgotten. We shall publish a two column sketch of the judge next week.

UNKNOWN FRIENDS.—Some time during Monday night some kind hearted but unknown friend left a piece of rope about fifteen feet long, beautifully nipped, on our steps as a present for our faithful work in this community. We took it in and shall treasure it highly.

The editors of The World, Herald, Times and other New York sheets toil from sun to sun and are hardly known by name. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive dead-end tickets and beautiful little mementoes to prove that the busy world is not too busy to remember us. Cuck salls. Which means, 'tis well.—Detroit Free Press.

Fredly to the Rescue.

Children never believe that father can by any possibility be wrong and often construct the most ingenious excuses for him. Fredly is a little one of only seven years' growth, the son of a minister, who, with his wife, had arrived at a new field of labor. Hearing his mother say to his father that she had been deceived by his saying that the house was a three story building, when in fact it was only two, he said:

"Well, Fredly?"

"Pa is right."

"How is that, Fredly?"

"The kitchen is one."

"Yes?"

"This floor is two, and that story that pa told is three."—Yankee Blade.

Couldn't Scare Her.

Young Bibbs—That's a horrible warning at New Haven to every lover of ice cream, isn't it, Flora?"

"I haven't heard about it."

"Why, over one hundred people were taken ill from eating vanilla ice cream, and many of them will die."

A Shrewd Widow.

A veteran correspondent recalls an amusing incident of his early years. He is remembering going to a man's funeral with his grandfather, the person. The poor widow seemed to mourn the loss of her husband very much, and the minister vainly tried to comfort her. She said she had "got to live a poor lone widow all the days of her life." The boy cried to see her cry. After returning from the grave she called his grandfather aside and said: "Parson Eaton, I hope you won't say anything about my telling you that I should live a poor lone widow all the rest of my life, for I may change my mind." Like a shrewd general, she left a way open for retreat, and she soon found occasion to use it.—Mt. Desert Herald.

Pneumonia's Victims.

I am frequently asked to explain why pneumonia usually strikes the healthy, robust person more often than it does the weak, thin people. The cause is a very simple one. As a general rule, the healthy people pay the least attention to the condition of their health, believing that their constitution is sufficiently strong to withstand all ordinary exposure. On the other hand, the weakly person or invalid takes more than the usual precaution against even the most ordinary exposure. They do not stand within dangerous air drafts, they do not change shoes for light underclothing, and they do not do many other things of an equally dangerous character.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Horse and Harness Story.

Some years ago, while drawing wood to town on a rainy day, he got stuck with a heavy load at the foot of Blackwood's hill, and the team he had been daisies to draw, he put them down to business. The horses pulled and the traces commenced to stretch. The traces continued to stretch until they got to the Liggar horse corner, where the driver unharnessed the horses and threw the harness over a post, fed the horses and had dinner. The sun came out in the meantime and shrunk the traces, and when the farmer went out he was surprised to find the load of wood at the door.—St. Thomas (Ont.) Journal.

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