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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899 No.21

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Neatest thing for the money ever shown in Butler at

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We lead in Low Prices, call and see.

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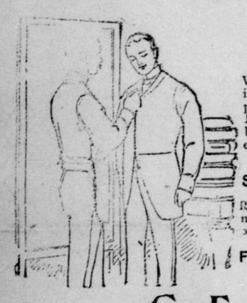

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Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not heap goods but goods as cheap as can be sold and made up properly. Call and examine my large stock of

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Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

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Diamonds, watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spectacles etc.

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SEND ONE DOLLAR CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 700 miles of Chicago, we will send you this TOP BUGGY BY FREIGHT C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, you can examine it at your freight depot and if found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED, EQUAL TO BUGGIES THAT RETAIL AT $60.00 to $75.00 and THE GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW, pay the freight agent **OUR SPECIAL PRICE $38.90,** and freight charges, less the $1.00 sent with order.

WE MAKE THIS TOP BUGGY IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO, from better material than most makers put in $75.00 buggies. **Latest Style For 1899.** Body, $4x24 from the Best Seasoned Wood. Gear, Best That Money Can Build. End Springs, as illustrated, or Brewster Side Bar. Wheels, High Grade Screwed Rim Sarven's Patent. Top, 24 ounce, Daily Rubber Heavily Lined, full side and back curtains. Painting, Guaranteed equal to any $150.00 buggy work. Body black, Gear dark green or Red. Upholstering, horse hair or genuine French body cloth or Evan's Leather. $38.90 IS OUR SPECIAL PRICE for top buggy complete, wide or narrow track; full length side and back curtains, storm aprons, carpet, wrench, oil-cellars and shafts. GUARANTEED TWO YEARS will last a lifetime. For Buggies at $15, $5 and up. WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. YOU CAN MAKE $500.00 This Year Selling OUR $38.90 BUGGIES. ORDER ONE TO-DAY, YOU CAN SELL IT FOR $60.00. DON'T DELAY.

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Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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We mean the season for Buggies and Surries.
We never had such a trade before.
We have been nearly 20 years in business.
We know the kind of Buggies and Surries that wear.
We pay spot cash for everything we buy.
We pay no rent and our expenses are low.
We are the largest dealers in our line in the State.
We offer you the best stock to select from.
We never misrepresent.
We never try to get rich off one customer.
We do exactly as we agree.
We sell Surries as low as $49.
We make and repair all kinds of Harness.
We sell Wheels, Tops, Cushions and everything belonging to Buggies and Harness and would like to have you call and see us.

Yours, &c.,

S. B. Martincourt & Co.,
128 E. Jefferson St.,
Butler, Pa.

S. B. Martincourt.
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P. S. We forgot to mention Kramer Wagons, Trunks, Valises, &c., a hundred other things.

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Butler, Pa.

Capital - - - - $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - $170,000.00

JOS. L PURVIS ..... President
J. HENRY TROUTMAN ..... Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr. ..... Cashier
LOUIS B. STEIN ..... Teller
DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Troutman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of all producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

THE Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn,

Capital paid in - - $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - $130,703.95

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; C. A. Bailey, Cashier; John G. McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.

General banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.
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Importer and Jobber of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Etc.

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Compounded Day or Night by "Registered Pharmacists" only.

Wholesale and retail dealer in Lubricating and Illumniating Oils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Engine Oils, Gasolein, Benzine, Paraffine Wax and Petrolatum.

Address all mail orders to

W. F. Braun.

Rare Bargains!

We want to dispose of our present stock of '99 models, and in order to do it quickly have cut the prices from $30, $35 and $40 to $22.50 and $25. These are strictly high grade and up-to-date bicycles, and can't be matched for price and quality. Don't miss this opportunity to procure a good wheel for little money. We sell sundries cheaper than and other house in town.

WHITE, WALTER & CO.,
303 S. Main Street.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS in this state to manage our business their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Prest. Dept. M. Chicago

MEMORIAL DAY.

Let no leaf of glooming cypress
On these hallowed mounds today
Cast a shadow o'er the blossoms
Mingled with the heroes' bay.

Let no tear nor sigh of sadness
Wrong the memory of the brave
While our songs of hope and gladness
Float around the flag marked grave.

Well we know their names are graven
On the boundless heart of love.
All who in right's fierce, mad conflict
Nameless fell are known above.

For their sakes the white bellflowers,
Velvet pansies, many hued,
Breathe in all their grace and beauty
Thoughts of love and gratitude.

For a day the rose and laurel
Proudly deck each sacred spot.
Ever on the nation's bosom
Rests the pure forgetmenot.

And from out long years of silence
Call our brothers, brave and true,
'Cherish well this blessed Union
That we fought to save for you."

—Detroit Free Press.

MISS CYNTHY'S LILAC BLOSSOMS.

Memorial day at that important part of the universe known familiarly as the Corners was always a gala day. Every one in the little village planned on its coming from one year to another. It was the hope of every one that lilacs and all spring blossoms might be in full bloom at the important day and so be carried to the tiny cemetery on the hill to deck the soldiers' graves.

After viewing the decorations Deacon Hiram Pepper always remarked, "They couldn't git a better trimmin up if they was a-lyin in Mount Auburn 'stid of the buryin yard at the Corners."

The few old veterans in the place, with the younger men as Sons of Veterans, marched and drilled for weeks beforehand that they might make an imposing appearance, while the maids and matrons, bound not to be outdone by the masculine portion, either had new gowns or pressed and retrimmed old ones, that they might make a showing equal to the rest.

One evening about a week before the eventful day Miss Cynthia White stood

LIZY BURST INTO TEARS.

at the door of her trim cottage, looking out over her thrifty, well kept garden, her keen eye noting the fact that the marrowfats were up over by the fence; that the tomatoes were doing well, and that the pansy bed needed weeding. But her sharp gray eyes rested longest on the clump of lilacs down by the gate as she said aloud, having in the long, lonely years acquired the habit of talking to herself:

"I do hope them lilacs will be out for Memorial day, but it has been such a backward spring that it ain't likely. But I always just count on them lilacs to take to the cemetery for Brother Sam's grave. There's Sam's wife, shiftless critter as she was, she never'd think of doin such a thing. But, then, lilacs nor nothin else would grow in that little 7 by 9 patch of ground of her'n. I declare, if there ain't Susy's little boy down at the gate, lookin at them lilacs as if he'd eat 'em. He'd better not touch 'em, though. Here, you boy," she loudly called, "don't you touch them flowers, but you just run home to your ma, and be lively."

And Miss Cynthy's thin lips compressed themselves as she watched the forlorn little figure running swiftly down the road. She watched him until a softer expression appeared on her hard face, as she murmured: "Well, but he does look as Sam used to when he was a little fellow about his age. I've a good mind to call him back for Sam's sake. But, there, I won't do it. Lizy'd think I wanted to make up, and she'd make a sight of talk over it. But they do say as how she's been having a pretty hard time of it this year, since Susy came home and brought them two children along. But, then, Susy married a worthless chap, and Lizy encouraged the match, and so 'tain't nobody's fault but her own that she's in such straits. I wonder if she'll visit Sam's grave Memorial day? I don't want to meet her there."

Poor Miss Cynthy! She had not always been hard featured and sharp tongued, as she was now. Deacon Pepper, Lucindy Green and many of the town's folks could remember when she had been called the prettiest girl at the Corners; when her black, snapping eyes, dark curls and red cheeks caused her to be called the belle at many a rustic husking or apple bee.

Cynthia White's father and mother had died in middle life, leaving, besides this daughter, a son of 18 years, who all his life had been at once a source of the greatest joy and greatest anxiety to his parents. Nothing bad about the boy, only so full of mischief and fun that his mother never knew from what dire dilemma she might be called to extricate him. And as he grew older, although he became more manly and less given to frolic and fun, yet his mother still looked upon him as a little boy, who must be watched and cared for. To Cynthy, though but two years his senior, his mother when dying had given the charge of her son as a sacred trust.

"Promise, Cynthy," she had said. "Promise that you'll never leave him, and that you'll take good care of him."

And Cynthy had solemnly said, "I will." Faithfully did she fulfill that promise. She simply gave her life up to her brother Sam, but that young man somehow did not seem to appreciate the sacrifice, neither did he care to spend all his evenings at home with his sister, nor if he went to a "husking" or "sociable" did he care to be always "tied to her apron strings," as he expressed it.

Later on, when she learned that Sam was "paying attention" to that "shillyshally Lizy Walker," great was her indignation, and many were the lectures given to the younger brother, who felt himself too near to manhood to be treated like a child, especially when Cynthy was but two years older than he. Sharp and bitter words passed between them at times, although often Sam tried to make it up with his sister and tried also to convince her that Lizy was absolutely needed at the farmhouse, but it was of no use. So one day Sam and pretty little Lizy took matters into their own hands, drove ten miles to R——, across the state line, and were married.

Sam immediately made the news known to Cynthy, who was at first inconsolable. She wept over Sam as if he had been badly used. At first she forbade them both the house; but, remembering her promise to her mother, she at last made him fetch "Mrs. White" home, and she'd do as well by her as could be expected under the circumstances.

So they came to the farmhouse to live, and Cynthy, true to her promise, did well by them as far as food and kindred comforts go, but never by any possible chance was there any relaxation of the stern lines about her mouth, and Lizy often cried up stairs in the spare room from sheer loneliness.

About two years later the war fever of 1861 broke out at the Corners, and Sam White was one of the first to catch the infection. Sam had "settled down" during the past two years, so all the Corners folks said, and was a strong, sturdy specimen of young manhood. When he came home and broke the news of his enlistment to Lizy and Cynthy, the little wife's face grew pale as death, and she clasped her laughing baby more closely to her, but said never a word.

But Cynthy—her voice rose to a perfect shriek as she cried, "You shan't go, Sam; you mustn't, you can't. I'll never give my consent. Don't you never mention it again."

But as Sam's resolution did not waver she left off commanding and began entreating instead: "Oh, Sam, you won't go, please don't, I couldn't bear it; don't go!"

And when to this pitiful pleading Sam only answered, "I must, Cynthy; I've promised," Cynthy arose and, standing before Lizy, who was struggling with her tears, said, "Beg him not to go, Lizy; he'll hear to you. Tell him you can't get on without him."

"I can't, Cynthy," was the tearful reply. "If he's promised to go, anything I could say wouldn't stop him. And, besides, Sam knows best. If it's his duty, I won't stand in the way. I'll say, 'Go, and God bless you!'"

"Brave little woman!" cried Sam.

But Cynthy, facing her with blazing eyes, said fiercely: "If you let him go, I'll never speak to you again. Beg him not to. Quick, I say! I mean it!"

"Cynthy!" cried Sam.

"I mean it!" she went on. "If he goes, it's your fault, and I'll never forgive you."

Sam, as well as Cynthy, was not prepared for the resolute look on the little wife's face, as, rising, her baby in her arms, she faced the angry woman, saying: "I shall not bid him stay! If he's given his word, I'll not bid him be a coward for my sake. He must do what he thinks is right."

Cynthy turned and left the room, while Lizy burst into tears, hiding them on Sam's broad shoulders.

So it was settled.

But Cynthy moved about like a woman of stone, never apparently seeing Lizy, but doing all in her power for Sam. Lizy decided to go home to her parents during his absence, to which decision Cynthy agreed, with a satisfied nod of her erect head.

So Sam went to the war. Lizy went to her old home, and Cynthy was left desolate.

Before many months had passed news came to the Corners that a great battle had been fought and won for the Union, but that among the wounded were many of their relations and friends, while on the list of the dead was the name of Sam White, and a few days after his body was brought home to the Corners and given a soldier's burial, and well he deserved his honors, for he had been a brave soldier and true.

So he had lain all these years on the hillside, and all these years Cynthy had dwelt in her lonely cottage, nursing her grief for Sam and her anger toward Lizy, who had lived on in the little house left her by her father.

Her one child had grown up and married, unhappily it proved, and had returned to her mother with two little ones of her own.

The years had proved cruel to Lizy. She had worked hard to keep the wolf from the door, but it had sometimes been a hard struggle, and since her daughter and little grandchildren had returned to her she had been obliged to mortgage her little home to procure ready money, as Susy was an invalid and must have medicine and nourishing food. Lack of work and sickness had prevented the earning of money to pay the interest, and the mortgage was to be foreclosed the 30th of May, and there was no place left for them but the town farm, she thought bitterly.

Thus at the Corners there were some hearts to whom the coming Memorial day seemed anything but a gala day. Lizy had often thought of going to Cynthy and asking help from her; but, remembering how many times she had attempted to make peace with her and had failed, she dared not make the attempt. And as the days went by her heart grew heavier, as no relief could anywhere be found, and nothing remained for them but the poorhouse, at least while Susy remained sick and needed her constant attention.

It was just at dusk the evening before Memorial day when Miss Cynthy again stepped from her door to look at the garden, which had improved wonderfully under the spell of the soft spring weather.

She walked down to the gate and stood there, arms akimbo, looking at the great masses of purple and white lilacs that perfumed all the air about her.

"Them lilacs hain't got any equal to the Corners, I know. Seems as if they bloomed a-purpose for Sam's grave. I wonder if he knows how I've always carried them ev'ry year since he come back." And something very like a tear glittered in the corner of her eye.

But just here her reverie was interrupted by Deacon Pepper's cheery voice calling out: "How de do, Cynthy! Worshipin them flowers, hey? S'pose you've hearn the news, Cynthy, bein's you're in the family?"

"No; what news?" Cynthy replied.

"Why, Lizy and Susy and them two young uns air a-goin up to the town farm tomorrow. Hardman has foreclosed on 'em. Lizy's dreadful cut up about it, they say. Goin to the doin's tomorrow, Cynthy? We're a-goin to beat the folks on the ridge all to nothin. Git up, Dobbin!"

And, without waiting for a reply from Cynthy, Deacon Pepper went slowly off down the road, his old, cracked voice sounding clearly through the soft summer air in his favorite tune, "Mourn for the Thou-ou-ou-sand Slain."

But Cynthy stood where he had left her, as though rooted to the spot.

Lizy going to the poorhouse! Sam's Lizy! It could not be true. And yet Deacon Pepper had said it was surely so. "I wonder"—the thought pierced her like a knife—"I wonder if Sam knows all about it—and mother! What would they say if they knew?"

In a flash, as it were, all the obstinacy and hard feeling of these past years were revealed to her in their true light. She seemed to herself no longer the injured person, but the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless. As she stood there, self condemned and bitterly repentant, a sing'l voice just at her elbow said timidly, "Miss White."

She turned, and there stood Susy's little boy, Sam, the living picture of the Sam she had known and loved. She gazed upon him for a moment, and then, with a tenderer voice than you would have believed possible, said kindly, "Yes, what is it, Sammy?"

"Please, would you mind giving me just one bunch of those pretty flowers for grandpa's grave? Grandma's just gone up to the burying yard, 'cause we're going away in the morning, and I heard her crying before she went because she hadn't any pretty flowers for grandpa. So, as I 'membered you, I just slipped off and came down here—and don't you think you could give me one little bunch, just to s'prise her?"

The pleading voice and the straightforward blue eyes looking into Miss Cynthy's face stirred tender feelings within her. She bent and pressed her thin lips to the lad's forehead as she answered: "Pick all you can reach, Sammy, and remember I'm your Aunt Cynthy now."

The boy laughed with glee as he pulled off one cluster after another, while Cynthy broke from the higher branches with lavish hand. When the arms of both were laden, Cynthy said, "Come, Sammy!" and hand in hand they went softly through the gloaming toward the little burying yard on the hill, where a tinge of sunset glory still lingered.

As they entered the little gate they saw in the farthest corner a figure kneeling upon a grave, whose tiny flag showed it to be the grave of a soldier.

They walked softly on, and as they drew nearer Sam sprang forward, exclaiming, "See, grandma, what Aunt Cynthy and I have brought you!"

The bewildered little woman rose quickly to her feet, but the next minute Lizy, lilacs and all, were clasped in Miss Cynthy's strong arms, while a voice, that did not sound like Cynthy's, said to her soothingly:

"There, there, Lizy, don't cry. I've been wicked and cruel to you, but I'll make it up to you what I can. I'll send my team after you and Susy and them

THEY SAW A FIGURE KNEELING UPON A GRAVE.

blessed children in the mornin. Hush; don't you say one word. The house is big enough for us all, if I have been a long time findin it out."

And Lizy, with the tears streaming down her worn face, said brokenly: "Oh, Cynthy! God sent you, and he will bless you!"

Together they strewed the grave with lilacs, purple and white, and then, hand in hand, with little Sam close at Miss Cynthy's side, they passed from the little burying yard down over the hill, while the stars smiled kindly down upon them, and all the world seemed to whisper to them, "Peace, peace!"—Springfield Republican.

Impressive Ceremonies Mark the Observance of Memorial Day.

In the country the ceremonial of observance of Memorial day is impressive. The Grand Army posts in the country, small in numbers and far from rich, cannot make imposing displays, and wisely seldom attempt it. Yet there is an earnestness in what they do as patriotic as it is sincere. A little band, perhaps less than 30 or 40 veterans, assemble at a country church, where services are held before the graves are visited. How solicitous they all appear that every detail shall be properly observed! Long before the hour designated for the service to begin the veterans are hurrying here and there, busied in arranging every detail for the, to them, important occasion. Chairs for those who are to be seated on the platform are placed, moved and replaced and settled in right positions with much deliberation.

The people come in and fill the body of the church, where they sit in quiet expectation. The seats in front are reserved. The pastor of the church comes in and looks around with a benignant smile. The commander goes to the open door and asks a comrade if the speaker has not yet arrived, remarking anxiously that nothing can be done until he comes. Presently the speaker arrives and shakes hands with a number who meet him and retire with him to the vestry.

The sounds that break the stillness that ensues are impressive. Tramp, tramp, tramp! With measured footfall the veterans enter and march up the aisle. Tramp, tramp! Hark! Is it an echo or the lighter tread of unseen comrades keeping step with them? They halt, the standard bearers separate, and on the right and left rest, with the stars and stripes upheld. The reserved seats are taken by the men of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Prayer follows music, and then the oration begins. The orator is eloquent.

"The custom," he says, "of setting apart a day on which to decorate the graves of our dead soldiers is a rite so beautiful and sacred that it will forever be perpetuated." In his enthusiasm the orator goes too far and carries most of his hearers with him. The rite he celebrates is truly sacred and beautiful, yet its observance can only be transitory. All the way down the ages such rites have been observed. Tribes and nations have remembered and adorned the graves of those who fought their battles. After a little the voices that praised their deeds of valor are stilled.

The city of the past is laid in ruins.
Its echo echoing walls at a whisper fall.

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Does Logan Know?

Is the founder of Memorial day ceremonies permitted to review the patriotic exercises that are the outgrowth of his efforts when commander in chief of the Grand Army?

Did he see from the beautiful heights "over the river" the millions of his countrymen last Memorial day as they bowed their heads in memory of the patriot dead who died that the best of nations might live on as long as nations are permitted to exist?

Did he see his comrades of thousands of Grand Army posts assemble in their halls and march in bodies to churches, there to hear patriotic sermons, see pulpits adorned with the American flag and hear vast audiences join in singing national airs?

That, too, would gladden his patriot heart.

Growth of Patriotism.

Pens and tongues combined, and busy for years, could not fully explain the value of the patriotic work that has gone permanently into all of the educational institutions of the land, from the smallest district school to the greatest university, as a direct result of Memorial day.—Selected.

VALOR'S LAST SLEEP.

GREAT ARMY BURIED IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

Historic Arlington, on the Bank of the Potomac—Origin of the Custom of Strewing Flowers on the Graves of the Blue and Gray.

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

—O'Hara.

To the women of Columbus, Miss., is attributed the honor of being among the first to decorate with flowers the graves of soldiers and sailors who fell in the civil war. To their praise be it said, they scattered their beautiful offerings with impartial hands alike over the graves of those who had fought for the south and those who had died for the north. It was this touching incident that suggested to Francis Miles Finch the fine poem entitled "The Blue and the Gray," the last stanza of which is:

No more shall the warery sever
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.

The custom gradually spread throughout the south—April 27 being the date selected for its observance. General John A. Logan when commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic received, it is said, a letter from a German residing in Cincinnati in which the statement was made that it was a springtime custom of the people in the German fatherland to decorate with flowers the graves of their soldiers. The writer suggested that the custom be adopted in the United States. The idea met with the approval of General Logan, and in 1868 he appointed May 30 as the date of its observance.

It is said that the date, May 30, was selected not only because of the abundance of flowers at that season of the year, but also because on that day the last soldier of the civil war was mustered out of service. The custom of having parades was not introduced until 1882. Each year there are fewer old soldiers to join in these processions, and each year there are new graves to receive the loving tributes of flowers and tears from the living.

There are 75 national cemeteries scattered throughout some 28 states of the Union, and in them lie the remains of 350,000 soldiers. Virginia has 16, in which are buried 75,000 men; Tennessee comes next with 7, in which are 57,248 dead; Mississippi has 3, with 25,497; Georgia 2, with 23,869; Louisiana 4, with 20,861; North Carolina 4, with 18,935; Missouri 3, with 14,151. It will be seen that these seven states contain within their borders more than half of all the national cemeteries and that in them are buried above two-thirds of the entire number of soldiers who sleep in government grounds. In the cemeteries of no other single state are there above 10,000 soldiers buried. The smallest number of men (43) are in the Battleground cemetery, District of Columbia, and the largest number (16,938) are in Arlington cemetery, Virginia. Sixteen thousand six hundred and fifty-six are buried at Vicksburg, Miss.; 16,558 at Nashville, Tenn., and 15,258 at Fredericksburg, Va.

The cemetery of Arlington, which is just across the Potomac river from Washington, was established May 13, 1864. The property belonged to General Robert E. Lee and before the war was one of the finest homes in the south. About 4,000 of the dead buried there are unknown. Beneath a single stone less than four yards long and about two wide "lie the remains of 2,111 soldiers collected from the battlefield of Bull Run and the route of the Rappahannock after the war."

Arlington is indeed a place for tender memories, for thanksgivings and for prayers, but it is no place for pride and vainglory. Standing among those grass grown graves and looking at that desolated home, one understands—better perhaps than ever before—what war means and what victory costs—early deaths, ruined homes and crushed hearts. One has only to stand within the shade of Arlington to learn that war means all this and more, and when, with sympathy born of a common sorrow, we remembered that there were soldiers of the gray as well as of the blue whose graves that day would be flower strewn and tear moistened we felt that no sermons could plead more eloquently for peace and charity than did those lowly mounds.

These men have left us a priceless heritage; let us see that we are worthy of it. General John B. Gordon puts it well, "Let us remember that those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray are brothers now in the truest sense and that both will stand together in defense of the Union and see to it that law and liberty shall live and that this republic of ours shall move onward and upward forever in its benign mission to humanity."—Forward.

Garlands For All.

But while we honor the soldier let us not forget our other dead who fell beside us in the peaceful battle of life. Go, mother, and lay the lilac and the daisy on that spot in "God's acre" where you planted the little curly headed treasure that shall come up and bloom in the springtime of eternity. Go, widow, and hang the green garland of ivy on the cold tablet that, like a specter, beckons you to follow your beloved. Stop, child, amid your play, gather a handful of blue eyed violets and let their modest lips kiss the nodding grasses that cover her whose bitterest pang at death was the thought of leaving you. Go, lover, let the red tulip blush above the upturned face of her whose budding beauty was chilled untimely by the frosts of death.—Chicago Record.

Sheep Dip For Hogs.

A swine breeder who had a number of pigs 8 or 10 weeks old, old enough to wean, noticed that they were not doing well, and on closer examination found that "some were lousy, some a little mangy, and others looked measlyfied." He used kerosene oil, but it failed to relieve the trouble, and it occurred to him that as sheep dip was good to cure sheep suffering similar troubles he would give it a trial, and he reports the result as follows: "I put in a barrel 25 gallons of water and a quart of dip and stirred it up good, then dipped the pigs. Never saw such a change. Not over 15 minutes' work. Left barrel in the pen, and whenever I saw a pig having the least thing the matter with the skin I dumped it in the barrel of dip. I have the cleanest, nicest lot of shotes ever raised and advise all raisers of hogs to try it. Dip your pigs several times at from 1 to 12 weeks old and see for yourselves. It will more than save the price in feed and in better growth, kills all lice and humor in the skin, besides disinfecting the pigs." The pens also should have been thoroughly cleaned and rid of lice by sprinkling with solution of carbolic acid or anything else that would have the same effect, and probably this was done.—Live Stock.

MEMORIAL DAY ABROAD.

Custom of Remembering the Dead With Flowers Is Spreading.

Memorial day in Europe is making headway, principally through the influence of the large number of wealthy Americans who now reside in most European cities. Though many of these have ceased to be Americans in spirit and have in many cases succumbed to their environments, the members of the respective colonies celebrate such battles as those of Gettysburg and of Appomattox by banquets and other social festivities and thus aid in creating an atmosphere favorable to the great American holiday. Were there no colony of wealthy Americans in Paris, for example, the grave of Lafayette would have been forgotten long since by his own countrymen. The representatives of both nations meet in common reverence over the grave of Lafayette and in the evening usually celebrate by a dinner, where toasts are given and responded to and where eloquence and wit find apt deliverance.

In the same way in England the American Memorial day is crowding out of remembrance that of Nov. 2, which has from time immemorial been fixed by the church as the day devoted to the departed dead. It is a season of gloomy weather and of biting cold, when people find it hard to be out of doors, much more so to visit those lonely and darkened streets of necropolis, which are the very opposite in respect of site and cheerful surroundings to American cemeteries and which one can afford to visit without carrying around with him an awful foreboding of the hereafter.

The countries outside of the United States, however, where the American ideas of Memorial day have made most progress are naturally Mexico and Canada. Since Diaz has practically become the dictator of Mexico, May 24 is as regularly celebrated in the City of Mexico as is May 30 in Chicago or New York. The Mexican celebration is even more elaborate in some respects than ours, and invariably those American soldiers who fell in 1847 are always included in the ceremonies. The Mexicans extend the celebration usually over three days, and, besides costly floral tributes, a government military band accompanies the processionists, which pours forth strains of delicious music. With the dawn of Memorial day a steady stream of people pour into the cemeteries from daylight to dusk. Flowers are so marvelously cheap the graves present the appearance of being one vast field bed of variegated colors, and, as with us, the day is a national holiday, and a general light heartedness pervades all the people, which in more somber Europe would be regarded as sadly in keeping with the solemnities of the occasion.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SACRED TO HEROES.

Memorial Day Generally Recognized as a National Holiday.

In 35 out of the 45 states of the Union May 30 is legally recognized as Memorial day. Everywhere the day is practically considered a legal holiday, but only in the number of states mentioned is it so by law. Most persons consider it as what is known as a national holiday. Surprising as the fact may seem, there is no such thing as a national holiday. There is no provision in the constitution of the United States that permits such a thing. Congress has from time to time recognized certain special days for business purposes, but not even the president's proclamation of Thanksgiving day makes it a legal holiday in any state unless the legislature of that state has so signified by legal action.

It needs no president's proclamation, no legislative action, to make the United States observe Memorial day. The descendants of the 2,778,304 soldiers who constituted the Federal armies which fought from 1861 to 1865 need no reminder to perform what they consider a sacred duty. The 340,610 members of the Grand Army of the Republic who followed the fate of the stars and stripes, some of them from Fort Sumter to Appomattox, do not require admonition to honor their comrades whom wounds or disease have taken from among them.

Blue and Gray.

There is another event which has gradually been blended with the day set aside for decorating the graves of men who wore the blue. It is the time when those who loved the men who wore the gray remember their own dead, the men who fought honestly and bravely for the cause they believed to be right. The grave knows neither friend nor foe. Both rest—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the roses the blue,
Under the willows the gray.

There are fewer of the gray to remember than of the blue, for the total of those who fought for the Southern Confederacy is placed at 600,000. The graves decorated not only contain all that is mortal of men who perished on the battlefield, but of hundreds of those who were taken from the cares of this world years after the sounds of strife had ceased. It is the principle of the Grand Army of the Republic, as well as of the Confederate associations, that any member thereof shall be honored in death with the same tribute that is paid to the comrades whom death claimed during the war.—Exchange.

Proper Observance.

There has been a tendency of recent years to turn it from a holy day to a holiday—to indulge in races and games and merrymaking of all sorts. But to one whose sentiments are true this can only cause profound pain. There is a time for everything, and the time to dance is not at a funeral. Memorial day calls up myriad heartbreaks, sad partings and shadowed lives. It is the time for holy and chastened reverence.—Rev. Dr. Crane.

A Thrilling Entertainment.

Perhaps the most thrilling entertainment on record was one witnessed in the Romagna, which was as unexpected as it was unauthorized. It was the last day of the carnival, and the theater of Formlipopoli was packed with a crowd of spectators awaiting the rise of the curtain. After a long delay the curtain went up, only to disclose a stage occupied by 100 brigands facing the audience with pointed rifles.

The leader of the strange cast, Il Passatore, one of the most ruthless robbers of any age, bowed profoundly to the horror stricken audience and explained that the theater was surrounded by his men, that the first man who attempted to escape would be shot, and that he and his merry men would proceed to collect any money and valuables they had with them.

The brigand and his men then descended from the stage and stripped the audience of their possessions to the value of $400,000. He then thanked them all in a graceful speech and left the theater. It is comforting to know that he and 100 of his brigands were captured shortly after and that they paid a heavy penalty for their evening's entertainment.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

"Under the roses the blue,
Under the lilies the gray."
Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray!
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together to day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed
Imbittered a sea of years!

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

—New York Herald.

CONVENIENT COW STALLS.

Simple Devices Which Farmers May Erect For Themselves.

George E. Scott describes in Hoard's Dairyman a cow stall which bears his name. While Fig. 1 gives a perfect rear view, Fig. 2 will explain more clearly the side section and measurements.

The platform, A, is made of 1 inch oak, doubled and joints broken, with a fall of two inches, and is 6 feet 6 inches

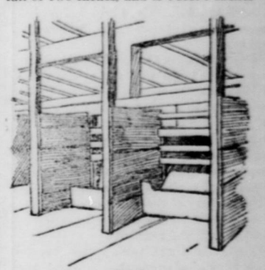

FIG. I.

long for a cow weighing 1,000 pounds and should be correspondingly longer or shorter as the weight of the cow may require.

This feature may be provided for by placing the fencing, in front of the cow, nearer toward the ditch or farther away, or sometimes the ditch is run at an angle or an offset at one end, but the former is by all means the most satisfactory.

The feed trough, B, is raised by running two 2 by 3 stringers the entire length of the stable, making the trough 18 inches wide and 6 inches deep in front of the cow. The stalls are 3 feet 3 inches wide from centers, and partitions 4 feet high and 3 feet 6 inches long at C. The posts, D, are 5 feet high, made from 2 by 3 studding, and toe nailed in the corner of each feed box at F and 1 by 3 lath nailed to them for the cow to eat hay through and to keep her standing back to her ditch.

The hayrack at E is 18 inches wide and 3 feet deep to F, and is open with a 6 inch thwart, so that grain, ensilage or any cut feed readily falls through into feed box. The ditch is 16 inches wide and 9 inches deep on platform side and 7 inches at rear and is made absolutely water tight. The latter feature, along with the broken joints on the platform, always insures good sanitation as with every particle of manure and "quid voiding where absorbents and deodorizers can be applied puts the stable in shape so that its caretaker can keep it pure and sweet with little effort and have some place to take callers into when showing his best cows without having to prefix and suffix the visit with an apology.

Any farmer, I think, can erect this stall with the use of a good saw, hatchet, jack plane and square at a trifling cost,

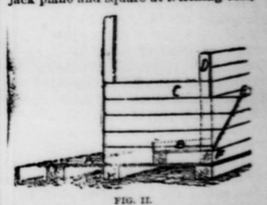

FIG. II.

and when once completed am positive that it will be a great source of pride to the dairyman who has it in his barn.

After four years of