

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Her hands are cold, her face is white; No more her pulses come and go; Her eyes are shut to life and light; Fold the light vesture, snow on snow; And lay her where the violets blow;

THE BELATED MESSAGE.

A Memorial Day Incident. BY VELMA CALDWELL-MELVILLE.

One could scarcely imagine a more striking contrast than that presented by the two ladies in the Thornton carriage as it rolled along in the procession, heading toward the cemetery, on Soldier's Memorial Day. The one was small and dark—very dark—and the beauty, which had evidently once belonged to her face, seemed to have been consumed by some inward fire, the dying coals of which still flashed fitfully into life in the dark eyes. She wore a gray cloth ulster, unfastened at the front revealing a black silk dress of suspicious newness. A tiny gray bonnet surmounted by black tips and ornaments of jet rested, rather than above, the puffs of soft white hair. All together hers was a striking face and figure; but one from which the casual observer turned and almost drew a sigh of relief as his eye rested on the other occupant of the seat. The latter had every advantage however as the light blue trappings of the carriage had been ordered expressly to set off the blonde beauty of Paul Thornton's bride; and then to her belonged youth, hope, and love. Her costume was of pale pink flannel with facings, trimmings, and other accessories of white.

They were nearing the entrance to the Union Cemetery, when the elder woman spoke in a low passionate voice: "Gladys, I cannot go in there; I tell you, I cannot. I hate them all, the living and the dead. Do you think I can listen while one foe eulogizes another, and not cry out and tell them that they are thieves and murderers?" "Hush, mother, oh, do hush! some one will hear you. Don't feel like that; these people are not our foes, but friends; and presently they will go over there," (and Paul Thornton's wife pointed to another enclosure a few rods distant,) "and do honor to our dead. I am sure it shows that they are good, when they save some of their beautiful flowers for the graves of their enemies. We have never done such a thing. See! there is Paul; don't he play nicely, mother?" During this speech Gladys had taken one of her mother's hands in her own, and now smiled proudly into her stormy face.

"I suppose so; but you have eyes and ears for no one else. Paul Thornton may be well enough, but it does not make me love him that he has robbed me of the one thing I had left on earth—my child. But it is as I have always said, I am bound to lose all I have for the sake of the North. Even you, Gladys, are changed, grown cold-blooded since you left the Sunny South. I almost wish I had never let you come." Their carriage had driven to a position that made further conversation out of taste, and saved the daughter the pain of replying.

While the services, to the one so disgusting and irritating, to the other so full of soul and beauty, are in progress, we will glance briefly at the past history of the two.

Helen Glenly had had a lovely home, a fond husband, and a charming baby girl at the time of the war; at its close she had nothing save the last named. She had been twice the rebel her husband was, and had urged him into the service; and when a marauding party pillaged her goods, drove off her stock, and burned her home, she had defended her rights to the last with a brace of pistols. Hers was a deep-passionate nature full of Southern fire and heat. Not long after she had been forced to seek shelter with her only sister, she found her husband's name among the missing; and later a friend wrote her that they had buried what they supposed to be his body, his face being burned by what seemed to have been a powder explosion, beyond recognition.

It seemed to her friends that she must surely die too, so wildly did she beat against the bars of the cage fate (in a measure assisted by herself) had built about her. She would listen to no sympathy, and unreasonably insisted that no ones grief and loss was equal to her own.

To what extremity her abandonment of self-control, and indulgence in a desire for revenge might have carried her,

is uncertain; had not the fact that she must provide a livelihood for herself and child been thrust more forcibly upon her by the death of her brother-in-law. The latter left a large family and small property, and of course the widow could do nothing toward the support of her sister or babe.

Helen Glenly had never been obliged to so much as fasten her own clothes since her marriage, and had been taught little that was useful before.

"What can I do?" she moaned helplessly, looking at her white hands of which she had ever been so proud. Efficient and full of vigor she might be in time of excitement and danger, especially when nerved by temper and a sense of wrong, but when it came to working day by day for bread, came to being servant instead of mistress, her courage forsook her, and she made but a poor fight of it. One thing, however, she never neglected to do, and that was to endeavor to instill into Gladys' breast her own hatred for the people of the North. That they were all thieves and murderers, she appeared to firmly believe. Until the girl was 16 years of age the fight for existence had been a hard one for the poor little widow, made doubly hard by her utter unwillingness to forgive or forget.

A distant relative of her husband, living at the North, chancing to hear of their straitened circumstances, offered to care for and educate Gladys.

"I cannot let her go North," she had declared with all her old fire and impetuosity. Of course friends argued the case with her, and Gladys, while dreading the separation from her mother, and having a wholesome aversion, to a place of which she had only heard evil reports, felt that it was an opportunity not to be neglected and begged to go. "I will learn as fast as I can, mother, and soon be able to take care of you, instead of your working so hard for me," she urged. Mrs. Glenly had never permitted her daughter to go out to service, saying: "Herbert Glenly's child shall not work for a living." Mistaken woman! Gladys had much more of a head for business than her mother, and would have preferred almost any employment to inactivity and ignorance. She was her father's own in looks, tastes, and disposition, and all her mother's training could not change her.

Mrs. Glenly yielded at last, and smiling through her tears Gladys had her farewell with many bright predictions for the future. The relatives at the North were most happily disappointed when they saw the beautiful girl, and finding her as good as she was lovely, they spared no means in giving her a chance for a thorough education. At 18 she entered college, and among her first acquaintances were Paul and Clara Thornton, sisters. They became warm friends, and at the summer vacation she went with them to their home for a few weeks.

What happened during the visit was most graphically described by Clara on their return to school in conversation with another friend.

"It was just splendid, so romantic! You see my brother Paul is awfully tony, takes after papa's people in England. Papa has a cousin that is a duke, think of that, a real live duke. Mamma and the rest of us don't care a fig for blood and pedigree, and all that nonsense because we are—that is mamma is—pure American; but I could always see Paul kind of leaned to royalty.

"Well, some way he never seemed to care much about girls—never found one to suit him anyway till Gladys Glenly went home with us; and the very first hour, any one with half an eye could see that he was struck. She is just aristocratic enough for him, and her name too, you know, has a romantic, high-toned sound. The result of it all is they are as good as engaged, going to correspond, and he is coming here at the holidays. Ain't it all so lovely; and her mother is a Southern woman, and hates the Union people dreadfully because they beat the South, killed her husband, and destroyed all her property. They owned slaves too you know."

Paul Thornton had made the promised visit at the holidays, and written for a sanction to their engagement to her friends at the North and her mother at the South.

Poor Mrs. Glenly had to fight another battle with herself. "They are bound to rob me, bound to rob me!" she cried again, going back over all her wrongs—fancied and real.

"Don't be a fool, Helen," her sister exclaimed angrily. "I suppose a rich man up there can make as good a husband as a poor one down here. She is evidently very much in love with the fellow, and if I were you, I'd say yes quick enough, and be polite about it too; then you can live with them and won't have to slave all the rest of your days."

"But I could never live up in that cold dreary country, among such a class of people."

"Maybe you won't suffer with the cold if you have enough to eat and wear," was the short rejoinder. The idea of having wealth and a position once more was the weight that tipped the scales toward an affirmative in her reply to Paul Thornton. They were married in March and

went South, remaining a few days and returning to their future home, where Mrs. Glenly joined them late in April.

Gladys had already provided her with a suitable wardrobe, and both she and her husband did all in their power to make her forget her past with its bitter memories, and be happy in the present. The truth was the good woman was surprised at the warmth and cordiality of the Northern people, and occasionally a trifle distrustful of her old theories in regard to them. This Memorial Day service, however, woke all her old resentment, and, as we have seen, she succeeded in making Gladys uneasy and miserable.

After the services in the Union Cemetery were ended, the procession reformed and marched to the Confederate yard. Several hundred graves were here owing to the fact that at one time many prisoners were sent to this Northwestern city; and an epidemic breaking out among them, there was great mortality.

At the entrance Mrs. Glenly expressed a desire to alight, and soon the ladies were distributing the floral emblems that the elder had insisted on bringing for these graves. Naturally enough she bent over each cedar slab to read the inscription. She felt at home here, and a tearful tenderness took possession of her as she thought of the poor fellows dying in this chill country, away from friends and home. As soon as possible Paul Thornton joined them, carrying the basket and, like Gladys, watching Mrs. Glenly with mingled pity and dread.

The latter had taken a handful of bouquets and wandered away from them a little, when they saw her suddenly fall upon her knees and lean her head against a slab.

"What ails mother?" gasped the girl; and quickly they were beside her. "Look! look!" whispered the half-fainting woman, and they read:

HERBERT GLENLY, Co. A., 2nd Alabama.

"Father!" cried Gladys. "Can it be your husband? Was that his regiment and company?" asked Paul.

"The very same," moaned the widow. "My husband! Oh, my poor Herbert! I never believed it was your body they told of burying on the battle field. I thought you were taken prisoner. Did you suffer much, dear? Were they cruel to you? Oh they were—they were! They let you starve and die for want of water and care! I know! I know! I've read too much of the horrors of prison pens!"

Gladys was weeping, and Paul begged her mother to let him take her home, promising to bring them again on the morrow.

Finding all such efforts useless, he assured her—with pardonable pride, perhaps—that prisoners taken by the North received the kindest of treatment.

"I have often heard old soldiers speak of the difference," he said, "and have been repeatedly told that the men who died here during the epidemic were most humanely treated;" but she refused to be comforted.

Presently there was quite a crowd gathered about them, and an explanation had to be made.

"What! Not Herbert Glenly's widow and child?" cried a one-legged old veteran hobbling forward. "Bless me! I closed the poor fellow's eyes myself, and—why, to be sure, the young woman is the picture of him. He was a handsome man, and a good one, too. Why, ma'am, you must have got the letter and package I sent you, just as I promised him I would?"

Mrs. Glenly was leaning on Paul's arm in a perfect tremble of excitement. Her dark eyes fairly blazed now, and her manner was as imperious as of old. "Tell me all you know, sir, for I never received one word."

"Mother," put in Gladys, "we must go home now, and I will beg this gentleman to accompany us, and then we can listen to it all. You are not strong enough to hear more here, and if it prove that it's dear father's grave we will have the remains removed at once."

When the girl spoke in that firm way she reminded her mother more than ever of her lost husband; and she usually submitted to her.

That evening they had the story minutely from the soldier's lips, and after all these years Mrs. Glenly had the satisfaction of receiving her husband's message of farewell.

There was no doubt of the truth of the story or the identity of the man who slept in the lowly mound with its head-board of decaying cedar, and the remains were removed to a lot, purchased by Paul Thornton in the City cemetery, and a handsome monument erected.

"To the memory of Herbert Glenly, Aged 31 years, 4 months and 2 days, By his wife, Helen Glenly, and daughter, Gladys Glenly Thornton."

Five years later, after the widow had been South on a visit, her sister was heard to exclaim:

"Well if I ever saw a changed woman it is Helen Glenly. There don't seem to be one bit of ill-will in her heart toward anyone, and she owns right up that there is just as good people North as South."

MAN wants but a little office here below, but he wants that little long.

DISABLED HORSES.

Many of Them Eaten in Sandwiches by London Street Gamins.

W. H. Ross, secretary to Harrison & Barber, horse slaughterers, told to a Pall Mall Gazette reporter that they have seven slaughter houses in the metropolitan area, the largest being that in the York road, Camden Town. They slaughter 25,000 horses a year. When a horse broke a limb or sustained other irreparable injury on the street the police at once communicated with their nearest depot. The company had frequently been charged with cruelty in allowing maimed horses to lie about for hours before sending men to end their sufferings. The truth was they were very particular in this respect and if such delays occurred it was through no fault of theirs. Was horse-flesh much used for food? Yes, to a considerable extent, he should say. Their charter did not allow of their selling horseflesh for food purposes, but there were such establishments in the city. He had himself eaten horseflesh in France, and at the company's annual dinner it was served to the guests, some of whom declared they would not have known it from beef had they not been told. Fine fat horses were slaughtered every week—horses that were perfectly sound, except for some accidental injury, and he saw no reason why this flesh should not be eaten. He had often seen street gamins buy a slice of dried horseflesh, place it between two bits of bread, and eat it as a sandwich! Of course, most of the prepared horseflesh passed under the name of cat's meat, but it seems incredible that the cats could consume it all.

Every part of the horse was put to some use—flesh, hide, hair, hoofs, and bones. Now that (and Mr. Ross held up a small vial of beautifully transparent oil) was horse oil. One would scarcely think such oil as that could be got from the horse. Those other bottles contained oils of an inferior quality. They were used for lubricating purposes and for soapmaking. Most soaps nowadays contained horse grease.

Armed with a cigar and an order from the secretary of the company, our reporter made his way to the premises in York road. The obliging manager said they had had only four horses in to-day. But about seven thousand eight hundred were slaughtered here annually. Most of the animals were cab, bus, or tram horses. The establishment turned out about twenty tons of horseflesh every week. They had forty-six dead and twenty-one live horses in now. They contracted with the various cab, bus, and tram companies for injured horses at 30 shillings each, alive or dead. Most of the live horses they got in were injured internally by overwork or falling. A few were gone with congestion of the lungs. The work of slaughtering went on day and night, there being two gangs of men for that purpose. Horses were killed at night by three "knackers." Fifteen horses were considered a good night's work. The sufferings of the poor brutes were soon at an end, as they were rendered insensible by a blow from a heavy ax.

CHANGES OF WEATHER.

What doth it profit a man? In the morning he riseth and putteth on his new spring overcoat and goeth forth humming a jocular lay. And when noon is come, lo! the wind riseth and prevailleth overall that region round about.

And the prevalency with which it prevailleth is more prevalent than any other prevalency that hath prevailed in all time.

And the wind beateth upon that man; yea, it smiteth him sore.

Also doth it rain; and when even is come, lo! the coat is spoiled!

And the man taketh unto himself a cold, and wist not what he is going to do about it.

Now, on the morrow, he putteth on the winter overcoat, lest peradventure, it be cold even yet again, and snoweth.

And even as on the preceding day the weather shifteth itself about and waxeth very hot.

And the man doeth likewise, even as the weather waxeth he hot.

And many days and many nights doth this thing continue, and no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the weather changeth.

Verily, verily, what doth it profit a man?—New York Telegram.

BRIGHT AND THE CLERGYMAN.

The following incident is related on the authority of Mr. W. L. Bright, M. P.: "Mr. Bright went into an agricultural district one day, and he had to walk from the station a long way into the village. On the way a clergyman, who was driving in a dog-cart, came up to him, and the two men passed the time of day. The clergyman offered to drive Mr. Bright into the village, and Mr. Bright accepted the offer. The clergyman was a Tory, and he had been reading a speech Mr. Bright had made the previous night, and, turning to Mr. Bright, he said: 'Have you seen the papers to-day, sir?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Bright. 'What's in them?' 'Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech.' 'And what was it about?' asked Mr. Bright. 'Why, so-and-so and so-and-so,' and he went on to relate the incidents of the speech. Then they discussed the topics and Mr. Bright said: 'Well, it is just possible that Mr. Bright may have been right, and that he was only expressing

his honest convictions. There may be something in it.' 'Oh, no, there can't be,' said the irate clergyman; 'if I had him here I'd feel just like shooting him.' Neither revealed his identity, but before they separated the clergyman invited Mr. Bright to go to his church next morning, and Mr. Bright promised to go. And he kept his word, as he always did. The clergyman took for his theme Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his very able sermon. As he was going home to dinner a friend of the clergyman met him and said: 'You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning, then?' 'No,' said the clergyman. 'Oh, yes, you have,' said the friend, 'you had John Bright among the congregation. You must have noticed him in the front in the middle pew. I know him perfectly well, and I assure you it was Mr. Bright.' 'Why,' said the clergyman, 'I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog-cart, and called him a rascal and execrated him in all the moods and tenses, and he never said a word. He kept perfectly calm and cool. I have insulted him. I must go and apologize at once.'

ARE ANIMALS SUPERSTITIOUS.

Do animals see ghosts? Of course there are no ghosts, but that makes no difference. Science and philosophy agree that it is not at all improbable that nothing really exists and that nothing is, except perturbation of brain cells. Anything that we may think we see may not, after all, have any existence—at any rate, it does not exist as we see it. Do animals know about ghosts and do they think they see them? In his latest book Sir John Lubbock undertakes to tell how the world appears to animals, but he doesn't enter into the possibilities of superstitions among dogs and horses, for instance. Certainly the world does not appear the same to the ant that it does to man; and not quite the same to the dog and horse, since the dog and horse do not laugh. If we take the conclusion of science respecting the development of intelligence, we ought to believe that the more intelligent of the lower animals have superstitions that correspond in some measure to those of the least intelligent of human beings.

[That many animals reason, draw logical inferences beyond the operation of instinct, is pretty well settled. When a dog or a horse has exhausted all his experience in attempting to account for certain phenomena, does it conclude that the thing is supernatural or out of the order of explicable phenomenon? Novelists tell us about the amazing fear of dogs and horses ordinarily fearless, when placed under conditions that excite the fear of superstitious persons. Are there facts to warrant this? If dogs and horses see ghosts they must be capable of the simplest form of religious emotion, that is to say, the fear of the inexplicable which in the savage is regarded by science as the beginning of religion. Dogs have what in science passes for moral sense. They are conscious of wrongdoing and practical self-restraint. Of course it all grows out of the experience that the doing of certain things is attended with more pain than the momentary pleasure, but this, science tells us, is the basis of the moral sense. At all events science is bound to admit the possibility of superstitions in animals. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

SNAILS AS FOOD.

In some parts of England, snails are still eaten as food—not, it is true, as an ordinary article of diet, but at stated feasts. For instance, the Newcastle glass men were famous for their taste in that direction. Every year they held a sort of gastronomic festival at which snails figured as the principal diet. Whether the custom has since fallen into decay is a question on which, no doubt, local information is to be had. Simply roasted on the bars of the grate and eaten with pepper and vinegar snails are declared to be toothsome. Soaked in salt and water and then cooked and served after the fashion of whelks and periwinkles, they are still better.

NOT TO-DAY, SOME OTHER DAY.

Man with a Club—Is the editor in, boy?

Office Boy—Yes.

Man—How is he feeling to-day, pretty good, is he?

Boy—First rate. He just kicked a man down three flights of stairs. The man came to lick him, you see. Oh, yes, he's feeling tip-top. Do you want to see him?

Man with a Club—Well, no; I guess I won't trouble him to-day. I'll call again, some other day.—Yankee Blade.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

"Yes, Jennie," said the young lady's beau as he clasped her small hand in his and gazed lovingly into her melting eyes, "although I'm in comfortable circumstances now, I've seen the day when I've been hard pressed."

"Indeed?" she said.

"Yes, indeed, pretty hard pressed."

"I don't remember," she said with a shy look, "of ever having been hard pressed."

She was a moment after.

THE Eastman, (Ga.) Journal says that "the idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano and every boy to be a book-keeper will make potatoes \$4 a bushel in twenty years.

PLEASANTRIES.

A MAN OF NOTE—The musician.

An ivory handle—Feeling of an elephant's tusk.

Luck is seldom a good master. His pay-days are too uncertain.

Fair play's a jewel; but jewels don't make a fair play—even of "Anthony and Cleopatra."

The policeman who guards the side door of a liquor saloon on Sunday might be called a bottle-stopper.

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," exclaimed the boy as he threw the ferule at the schoolmaster's head.

SOME men never keep at the head of the procession until on the way to the grave. Even then they have to be carried to the front.

WHEN a woman steps out on the back porch with her arms rolled up in her apron it is a sign to her neighbor that she has something to tell her.

You can always tell just how much a wife loves her husband by watching to see how long she lets him have the opera glasses at a spectacular show.

MADAM (engaging cook)—Have you ever had any experience? Mrs. Maloney (curtly)—Experience is it? Shure I wuz in seven places the past month.

"I OBSERVE by the papers that Sullivan has sworn off again. It must be bad for the distilleries." "Not very. He swears off too often to do them much harm."

YOUNG WIFE (at ball)—You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses? Young Husband—Y-e-s; I wasn't buying 'em then.

"DARLING," she said, weeping, "when we were married five years ago I never expected to see you coming home at 1 o'clock in the morning." "Well, you wouldn't now, m' dear," he replied, "if you'd only go to sleep earlier."

FRIGHTENED MOTHER—For heaven's sake, John, run for the doctor! Baby has swallowed your collar-button. John (turning over in bed)—How am I to go for the doctor without my collar-button? What nonsense women do talk? (Goes to sleep.)

"ROBERT, dear, what is a jag?" "A jag? I don't know, Maria." "Mrs. Jones says that her husband told her that he saw you down town with your jag on." "Oh, yes, I see. He meant my box overcoat. It is sometimes called a jag."—Chicago Herald.

"JOHNNY," said the father, severely, "are you still reading that history?" "Yes, father." "Well, you drop it pretty quick, and hustle out with your baseball bat and go to practicing. If you ain't careful you never will get to be famous."—Merchant Traveler.

OLD lady, who prides herself on her youthful appearance, asks precocious boy at table to wait on her a little. Old Lady—Now, my dear boy, when you get to be an old man I will wait on you. Boy (a little indignant)—When I get to be an old man you will be dead and buried unless you expect to live like She.

CLUBSON—Did you ever notice how Boggs always feels of his vest pocket before pulling out his watch? Sharply—Yes; and I just found out to-day why it was. Clubson—What is the reason? Sharply—Because he never recollects whether he is carrying the watch or a ticket, and hates to give his pawnbroker away.—Burlington Free Press.

A GENTLEMAN living in Baxley recently dreamed that in a certain hole under a stump of a tree he would find a fur collar which had been stolen from his house. He visited the field, found the stump, and, placing his hand in the hole, felt a furry substance, pulled it out and dropped the skunk on short notice, and has since been fumigating the clothes he wore on that occasion. He says that dreams are a failure.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

I took her lily hand in mine (She is my bride that is to be), And slipped upon that band divine A golden circle fair to see.

Oh, sweetest time of love and youth! Oh, eyes that no dark future seal! Oh, lovers' vows and lovers' truth! Owe shakels to the jeweler man!

She viewed the rubies blushing red With cautious glances sweet to see; "I fear no future, dear," she said; "The present is enough for me."

—American.

KEEP STILL.

In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures, the following advice was given to the young ministers: "When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability."