16 Pages.

THE SAINT PAUL GLOBE.

16 Pages.

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BULLETIN OF THE ST. PAUL GLOBE.

Weather for Today—
Fair and Warmer.

EVENTS TODAY.

Metropolitan—Alabama, 8.15.
Grand—Woman In Black, 8.15.
University and Grotto—Pompeii, 8.
Wildwood—Free Vaudeville Sports.
Hamline—State Fair.
Camp Mason—Salute, Sunrise.
Streets—Carriage Drive 9 a. m.
Parade, National Guard 10.
Illumination 8 to 12 p. m.
Capitol—Review Nat'l Guard 10.45.
Auditorium—Opening Encamp't 10.
Campfires 8.
Market Hall—Campfire 8.
West Side Opera—Campfire 8.
Ladies' H'qrs—Reception 2 to 6.

MOVEMENT OF STEAMSHIPS.

NEW YORK—Arrived: Teutonic, from Liverpool.
ROTTERDAM—Arrived: Maasdam, New York. Sailed: Obdam, New York.
SOUTHAMPTON—Arrived: Paris, New York. Sailed: Lahn, New York.
LIVERPOOL—Sailed: Britannic, New York; Pennland, Philadelphia.

Even Montana sent a delegate to Indianapolis.

As an indicator of national results, Mr. Bryan has no use for Vermont.

It is a pity Mr. Bryan cannot take Ben Tillman out of politics with him next November.

The dimensions of John P. Altgeld are taken at last. In a nutshell, he is for civil war and flat money.

Roswell P. Flower uses English pretty effectively sometimes. He characterized Bryan as a "demagogue and word juggler."

If Mr. Mark Antony Hanna thinks the people of this country love him, he has lots of time to get himself put up for some office.

Mr. Bryan says a bright thing occasionally, even if it isn't true. He says gold bugs are destroying more crops than army worms.

The Wisconsin bicycle thief is getting it rather severely. A man who stole a wheel at Marinette was sent to Waupun for a year.

One of the Chicago cable roads has put its conductors into white shirts. A distinct cheer was immediately thereafter heard on Laundry avenue.

The name of Grover Cleveland was enthusiastically cheered in the Indianapolis convention, whereupon the president resumed his fishing with increased vigor.

Scientists say that in a few years it will be extremely difficult to find a golden-haired woman. The red-headed girl and the white horse will, however, remain with us.

When Gen. Mason's aides on bicycles passed Summit and Third yesterday afternoon a horse ran away and into a telegraph pole and broke his neck. Who knows but that this horse, heart-broken over his prospects, deliberately committed suicide?

UNDER THE FLAG THEY SAVED.

VETERANS OF THE REBELLION MARCH IN A PARADE OF PEACE.

TWENTY THOUSAND IN LINE.

CHEERED BY A GRATEFUL PEOPLE ALONG FLOWER STREWN PATHS.

OVATION TO COMMANDER WALKER

Pageant Equal in Every Detail to Those of Former Encampments.

The day of days for the disarmed martial hosts of America.

The acme of happiness for the old comrades in blue.

The one event of each twelve-month which tens of thousands of Union soldiery await with eager impatience—the annual parade of the Grand Army of the republic of America.

It was the greatest event, the greatest parade, the richest pageant from a point of sentiment, ever seen upon the streets of St. Paul. No one expected it to be marvelous for its military precision, or its martial aspect. It was in the wealth of sympathy and feeling which hovered over that great spectacle which enthused the 300,000 people who saw it, and caused them to break forth time and time again in loud acclaims of joy.

Long lines of brilliantly uniformed soldiery, with shining guns and bright accoutrements might, perhaps, have pleased the eye better, but the heart never. Those dismembered and ragged lines, those halting steps, those worn and dirty battle flags, those tarnished brass bugles aroused an enthusiasm which nothing else could have stirred.

Yet all the steps were not faltering and feeble, nor all the uniforms worn for in the ranks were dozens of Grand Army posts whose members still appear to be in the full vigor and strength of manhood. But the majority, the big majority of those thousands of patriots are fast succumbing to the battle of life, and hundreds who marched yesterday under the eyes of the nation, will never pass in review again until the archangels sound the clarions for the final assembling.

When the heart of the great American people is stirred, joy and gratitude knows no bounds. The people of the North are not a passionless race when the heart is touched. Gratitude and love unloose the founts of enthusiasm. No higher inspiration was needed to stir the people than the spectacle of yesterday.

Thousands of those aged boys in blue had passed under the steadfast, sober gaze of Abraham Lincoln, the eye of Sheridan, of Grant, of McClellan, of Sherman, and a host of other gallant generals. But then it was in the full panoply of war, when marching was grim duty, and not pleasure. Sherman, or Grant, or Sheridan was not a whit prouder of that resistless army, than was the smallest and most juvenile spectator of yesterday. The fine trappings were missing. The rows of muskets were gone. The glint of the saber was not seen, but a truer patriotism, a keener gratitude, a deeper love of country were the weapons which caused the capitulation to the invading hosts yesterday. The young who witnessed the great sight have been taught a lesson in higher patriotism which will outlive life itself. They have seen a huge army of men whose lives were dedicated to the defense of the nation, amid the screaming of canister and the blinding smoke of battle.

It seemed as if everyone in the entire Northwest was in the city and standing on the line of march. Some place the estimate on the number of spectators at half a million, and perhaps this is no exaggeration. All of St. Paul was on hand. Half of Minneapolis was there, which alone makes over 300,000 people, and add to this the countless thousands who are within the gates of the Twin Cities from abroad. They clung to the tops of tall buildings. They filled every window three of four deep. They sat on narrow ledges and cornices at the peril of their lives. They were lined twenty deep along the curb [illegible] miles, on either side of the street. Add to this the thousands who held positions of vantage in grandstands, and admit that there must have been [illegible] who saw the gray-haired army pass.

HOW THE PARADE FORMED.

Veterans Get Into Line Promptly and Without Confusion.

From early morning the old soldiers in Camp Mason and from points in other sections of the city were moving toward the rendezvous on St. Anthony hill. The promptness with which the veterans responded to the call at the appointed hour the lines were almost entirely in place, awaiting the pleasure of the commander-in-cheif and the officers of the day. The only confusion noticeable in all the crowding and marching and countermarching in the narrow streets of the point of assembly, was in a misunderstanding on the part of some of the veterans who thought they were to form in line in the order of the states from which they were mustered into service, instead of marching with veterans of the state in which they now live.

The morning was beautiful. The sun, which had been obscured during the early hours, peeped through the clouds about the hour for the parade to move. A pleasant west breeze was blowing, and wraps were unneccessary. The change in temperature was very grateful after the cool weather of the previous days and night.

So perfect were the arrangements that there was no hitch in the execution of the line, and when Col. Bean drew and Capt. Bean arrived on the scene at 9 o'clock, most of the divisions were already forming in the places assigned. The first organized body to arrive was the Superior Drum corps, which assumed the position assigned in the parade without instruction. Next came mounted horsemen from Pennsylvania, bearing pennants. One after another the companies came, falling into place in the divisions without regard to rank or seniority. Within half an hour after the first post arrived the territory about the central point—Western and Dayton avenues—was crowded with veterans and spectators to the number of 75,000. The crowds kept increasing in number until, when Commander Walker arrived at 10:30, there were fully 100,000 persons in the streets about the rendezvous. Nearly every state in the union was represented in the divisions, of which there were eight, as follows:

First Division—Capt. E. S. Bean, first aide-de-camp, Capt. B. Kuhl, second aide-de-camp. Veteran signal corps. Department of Illinois. Department of Wisconsin. Department of Pennsylvania. Second Division—Capt. S. C. M. Angley, first aide-de-camp, L. A. Gross, second aide-de-camp. Department of Ohio. Department of New York.

Third Division—Capt. W. H. Hart, aide-de-camp. Department of Connecticut. Massachusetts. New Jersey. Maine. California. Rhode Island. New Hampshire. New York. Pennsylvania. Virginia. North Carolina.

Fourth Division—Lieut. L. R. Wilson, aide-de-camp. Departments of Maryland. Nebraska. Michigan. Iowa. Indiana. [illegible]

Fifth Division—Capt. J. A. P. Gray, aide-de-camp. Departments of Ohio. Wyoming. Kansas. Delaware. Missouri. Oregon.

Sixth Division—Capt. C. R. Smith, aide-de-camp. Department of Kentucky. West Virginia. South Dakota. Washington. Alaska. Arkansas. New Mexico. Utah. Tennessee.

Seventh Division—Lieut. G. T. Lambert, aide-de-camp. Departments of Louisiana. Mississippi. Florida. Montana. Texas. Idaho. Arizona. Georgia. Alabama. North Dakota. Oklahoma. Indian Territory.

Eighth Division—Capt. C. M. McGill, aide-de-camp. Department of Minnesota.

Music was given the parade by the Duluth and Minneapolis drum corps, which made a splendid showing. In fact, all the bands and drum corps in the Department of Minnesota were in line. Commander Lawler was at the head of the column and was followed by a detachment of the Army of Northern Virginia. Next to Minnesota, Massachusetts had the largest number in the parade. At least 3,000 of the Bay State veterans came from the Badger state.

The Wisconsin line stretched from Marshall and Western to a point beyond Dale street, the men forming in lines of eight abreast. Two standard bearers bore eagles aloft, and the opinion was general that one of these birds was the famous Old Abe that followed the Wisconsin forces all through the war. This was not the case, however. The original Old Abe is now in the state house at Madison, Wis., the orders being imperative not to remove him.

The Pennsylvanians brought up the rear of the First division with 100 men, the formation being at St. Albans and Marshall streets.

Ohio and New York made up the Second division. The feature of this division was the appearance of the Ouglyke Tigers, of Cincinnati, a famous Ohio organization.

The Third division, the New England states, the Army of the Potomac, Virginia and North Carolina formed on Dayton, the right resting on Western. The New Englanders did not show up particularly strong so that this division had no trouble in making the alignment.

The Fourth division, Maryland, Nebraska, Michigan, Iowa and Indiana were in goodly numbers, especially the states of Iowa and Michigan, with 1,000 men apiece.

Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, Delaware, Missouri and Oregon constituted the Fifth division. Only the state of Missouri made a strong showing as to numbers, the other states being represented, but only to the number of a few hundred.

The Sixth division, composed of the states of Kentucky, West Virginia, South Dakota, Washington, Alaska, Arkansas, New Mexico and Utah formed in the order named under aide de camp Capt. C. R. Smith, on Laurel avenue. In the Seventh division were the remaining Southern states, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Montana, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Indian Territory.

The great Department of Minnesota brought up the rear, this being considered an honorary position for the state, which showed up in line 5,000 strong.

The Minnesota men were late in arriving on the scene of action, the Eighth division not being expected to [illegible] before 12:30, those posts which came early were assigned positions in the rear of the Illinois men, the instruction being that Minnesota should take the places of the Illinois men, as soon as the latter began to march. The line of Minnesota posts stretched away beyond St. Albans street on the west and as far down as Summit on the east, most of the posts occupying places on Dayton avenue.

In point of appearance, the Minnesota veterans showed up well alongside of their neighboring comrades, and they exhibited their generosity and good feeling by cheering the other states as they passed by on the way to the formation.

When Gen. Walker's horse was seen approaching, a cheer went up from the assembled veterans, who were waiting the word to march. The commander-in-chief was accompanied by Albert Scheffer and Capt. Jack Crawford, who acted as special aides. Also accompanying him were the personal staff and the council of administration riding horseback.

The executive committee of the council of administration was as follows: C. L. Marburgh, Baltimore; H. W. Downs, Massachusetts; John G. Taylor, Baltimore; T. W. Scott, Fairfield, Ill.; Erastus W. Jewett, Swanton, Vt.

Prior to the arrival of the commander-in-chief, Chief of Police Goss rode up and announced to Gen. Mason that the police arrangements were complete and down at the foot of Western avenue, near Summit, a line of mounted officers could be seen awaiting the coming of the head of the First division.

A fresh horse was furnished the commander-in-chief, on arrival at Western avenue, and with the booming of a cannon, the parade was under way.

DETAILS OF THE PAGEANT.

Features That Excited Enthusiasm Among the Spectators.

The van of the parade, occupied by Chief Goss and Lieut Rudy, with a platoon of mounted police, carried its responsibility as well as its honor, in spite of the guards posted all along the line, the crowd persisted in [illegible] the reserved space at the head of the procession, and the duty devolved on the police to clear the street from curb to curb. As a martial showing the police force of Saint Paul took no laurels, and efficiency did credit to the city.

After the police came the members of the mounted medical corps, ready for any emergency, the red cross, which is the badge of their corps, conspicuous on each arm. Their presence was an assurance that no matter what might happen, the promptest and best of medical aid would be at hand without delay.

Next came a figure upon which all interest was centered at every point along the line. Riding alone, his horse decked with the rich trappings of a general officer, came Gen. Walker, the commander-in-chief of the thousands of veterans. Cheer on cheer followed his advance, and, as he bared his head and bowed his thanks on every side, he looked every inch a gallant, loyal soldier. After Gen. Walker, came his staff, in sombre blue. Line after line they clanked slowly by, presenting, perhaps, more than any other single part of the parade the pomp and circumstance of war. Conspicuous among the staff was Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet-scout. He, too, was given hearty welcome by the long lines of spectators, and as he doffed his hat and his long hair showed in the breeze, he was a unique, picturesque and admirable feature of the parade.

The commander and his staff were followed by the division of the parade, headed by the veterans of the naval corps. Then came the Army of the Department of Illinois, and behind it, the veteran men, bearing the banner of Illinois saved to the last for the last for bearing the name of the department came the Columbia post of Chicago. In helmets of white and gold, dressed in snug-fitting uniforms of Illinois, heavily frogged and braided, they were a picture to attract every eye. Their marching was precision itself, and every line of the applause lavished on them for their splendid soldierly appearance was more than honestly won.

After Illinois came Wisconsin, a badger crowd followed by the Badger flag bearing the state. The lines seemed endless. From Milwaukee to Superior, from Madison to Ashland, the cities of the state were represented by well filled ranks that marched on and on as if it devolved upon them to give the whole show. In the Stevens Point post, a lone old veteran blowing away at his fife was with the spirit and energy of youth performed a generous and hearty ovation.

Pennsylvania came next, and though in comparison with Wisconsin the numbers were few, the Keystone state had no reason to be ashamed of the showing which it presented. All Pennsylvania came to the department of Ohio. Veterans marching to the music of the Grand Army Edwin C. Mason post, Philadelphia, presented a fine appearance, marching on [illegible] veterans [illegible] that most [illegible] down [illegible] Mason is [illegible] reception [illegible] that accompanied [illegible] surprise [illegible] laboured so hard [illegible] memorable the thirteenth [illegible] of the G. A. R. at St. Paul.

[illegible] was an ovation; and there was nothing for that naturally undemonstrative gentleman to do but to doff his military cap and keep on doffing it. So great was the enthusiasm that the general seemed fairly overwhelmed, and by the time he had passed the grand stand, right gaily, he bowed to the pommel of his saddle. He looked mightily pleased to get away from it all; and if the applause which attended his appearance throughout the balance of the parade was anything at all as vociferous, he must indeed have been a sadly embarrassed general.

Another feature of the Ohio display was a large copper canteen carried on the shoulders of four men, bearing the inscription: "Presented by Fairbanks post, of Detroit to Fourth post of Toledo—We drank from the same canteen."

Treading close on the heels of the Buckeye veterans came the representatives of New York, no many in number, but making a brilliant show, for all were mounted, and York, not many in number, but making a display of regulars, the yellow of their trappings of facing a bright and pleasing contrast to the long line of Union blue. New England followed after the Empire state, and from Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island and Vermont there were unexpectedly large representations. The Vermont men were sprigs of green in their hats, and were greeted with many a cheer. Some one raised he old refrain: "What's the matter with Vermont?" and one of the veterans answered back: "Nothing, I guess, with 30,000 the right way." The rear of this division was brought up by Virginia, the District of Columbia and North Carolina, and from each ther wehe goodly companies of veterans.

Iowa was the feature of the next division of the parade. The showing made for the state was tremendous. The white ribbons of the Hawkeye State streamed on and on in seemingly endless current. Indiana, Maryland, Nebraska and Michigan were in the same division and in each state the crowd along the line of march found something worthy of the generous applause it was anxious to bestow. Here it was a Jack tar, in sailor togs; there a pretty winsome girl, decked out in the blue and gold of a vivandiere and at still another time a charming miss, representing Columbia in the red, white and blue of the thousands of flags floating on every side. In passing it should be noted that no feature of the parade proved more attractive or popular than the Continental drum corps. The aged veterans were cheered from one end of the line of march to the other and limped along as if they had defied old father time in spite of the marks of age.

In the line of the Michigan posts was William Shakespeare, the department, presented by [illegible] mounting the line either on foot or in the saddle. He was driven along in an open carriage and finally gave up attempts to bear his hat. Flowers showered down on him from the reviewing stand, and the carriage and [illegible] bowed how[illegible] laughing [illegible] spirit which made him a feature of the great festivity, was appreciated.

In the fifth division were Kansas, the old veterans brilliant with sun flower badges, and many of them accompanied by their wives. Wyoming, Delaware, Oregon and Missouri. The feature of the division was the famous Ransom post of St. Louis, with white hats and black frock coats. The members of the crack command presented a splendid appearance as they marched along behind their band. They shared in ample measure the honors won by the Columbia post which had preceded.

Kentucky headed the next division. Behind the department flag a little fellow tramped on after the veterans, quite as soldierly in his miniature way as the veterans that stretched on for miles before and behind him. On his shoulders were the silver eagles indicating his rank, and as the crowd caught the point cheer after cheer was given for the little "Kentucky Colonel." In the division were also Washington and Alaska, and there was hearty greeting for the men from the coast. West Virginia, New Mexico, Tennessee and South Dakota. Great stocks of corn headed the department posts, and the marching veterans carried batons of wheat with ears of yellow corn to top them off. One grizzled veteran, who calmly munched his corn as he marched along, was spied by the crowd and given a jolly welcome. North Dakota also carried the wheat and corn. The sister states to the west plainly showed their interest in the success of the Minnesota encampment and the devotion was amply repaid so far as applause and commendation passed as current.

On the North Dakota column Miss Duke attracted universal attention. Mounted on a handsome horse, with close fitting habit of tasteful blue, she headed the department, an Amazon, who found favor with all. A banner stated she was the adopted daughter of the department of North Dakota, and she was honored for the veterans who were pleased to do her honor.

Louisiana headed the tenth division. The state was represented by a goodly company of fine looking colored veterans, who marched as steadily and whose welcome was as warm and earnest as that given any division. The cotton and the cane was their emblem, for each bore a wand of cane, inserted in which was cotton in a state of nature, a novel sight for many of the Northern thousands who saw it for the first time.

After Louisiana came Mississippi, Florida, Montana, Texas, Idaho, Arizona, Georgia, Alabama, North Dakota, Oklahoma and Indian territory.

The department of Minnesota closed the parade, comprising the eighth division, and the state did itself great honor. St. Paul and Minneapolis, as was to be expected, were well represented, as was Duluth, but they formed only a small part of the long lines of Minnesota veterans, who, for nearly an hour in solid ranks, tramped by the reviewing stand. The state posts were headed by J. J. McCardy, department commander, who was followed by his staff, all mounted. After them, carried by many willing hands, was a huge flag, that filled the street from one side to the other, and into which hundreds threw flowers in token of their love for its glorious stars and stripes. Another feature of the parade was the little band of Minnesotas first volunteers. They were cheered to their hearts content.

The third division of the parade yesterday, which comprised eleven states, showed good training by being promptly in line, and at 11 o'clock, the hour set for it to start, Capt. Hart, who was in command, sent word to the chief commanding officer that he was ready to move. After the parade was over many compliments were bestowed upon Capt. Hart by the members of the division for the way in which he had conducted it. The staff of the Massachusetts detachment said that in all the parades they had seen they had never been included in a division which was handled so well. Capt. Hart was justifiably elated at such praise, coming from such a source.

Farragut Post No. 662, Chicago, had 38 men in line yesterday, with Past Commander George L. Seavey commanding. The "old 'orters" received their share of attention and applause.

POSIES IN THEIR PATHWAY.

Veterans in a Shower of Blossoms Thrown by Little Girls.

The inspiration which prompted Mrs. Newport when she projected the idea of the flower girls' chorus brought about the most affecting and prettiest result of the whole of yesterday's parade. The veterans were entirely unprepared for the reception which awaited them at the Newport residence on Summit avenue, and when each division was taken merry possession of and actually stormed with beautiful fragrant flowers, the gray-haired heroes of many battles broke ranks in delighted confusion before the laughing army of white gowned little figures and delivered up their hearts if not their arms to the invading forces.

The scene was the most affecting one along the whole line of march and will live a bright spot in the memory of the men of the G. A. R. The girls were all attired in white with sashes of red, white and blue and bore fancy baskets of flowers. They were stationed at the Newport grounds and at the approach of each regiment, detachments of the 200 girls would pass into the street and form in lines on either side of the coming veterans. As the lines passed before them the flower girls pushed forward and tossed the beautiful blossoms into the faces of the astonished boys in blue.

To say that they were astonished is putting it mildly. "We never had such a reception as this," exclaimed one of the out-of-town officers as he placed a big red rose in his coat. "This is the richest thing we have seen," said he, as his handsome horse walked daintily over the crushed flowers in the path. Tears stood in the eyes of many of the men and when the little colored girls lined up and paid homage to the men to whom they owe so much, many a gray-haired veteran stooped forward and said with emotion, "God bless you, every one." One often hears of the strewing of a pathway with flowers, but seldom are there those so honored as to have the pretty idea carried out literally for them. The street for a block or more was strewn with the trampled blossoms which, when their beauty had departed, sent up their sweet fragrance to those for whom they had given their lives. Many of the flowers were carried off in triumph by the old soldiers.

NOT WEARIED BY WAITING.

Good-Natured Crush at Sixth and Minnesota Streets.

More people might have witnessed the parade from the corner of Sixth and Cedar streets if they had been provided with balloons and did not object to a vertical view. As it was, it is doubtful if a majority of the thousands who thronged the intersection of the two streets, obtained anything more than a vague idea of just what was going on. Those in the back rows, if they had never before seen a big parade, are now firmly convinced, doubtless, that such an event consists of frequent cheers, a confusion of bobbing heads, the music of a number of invisible bands and a succession of flag staffs which end in some mysterious way just below the tops.

The [illegible] seemed a [illegible] place [illegible] viewing [illegible] big [illegible] the day. There [illegible] were [illegible] viewing stands, all filled with spectators, and a half dozen smaller points of vantage held audiences, smaller only in proportion. The street crowd was particularly dense and extended onto the side streets far beyond the point where a reasonably good view could be obtained.

At 10 o'clock there was a fair sprinkling of people on the stands, and the sidewalk audience had begun to assemble. By the time the clock struck 11 the stands were well filled, the street was impassable and the big buildings in the neighborhood had begun to show impromptu decorations in the way of living statuary. The crowd was impatient as the minutes went by, but never lost its good nature. A stray dog raced up the street and down again, bewildered by the crowd, and everybody cheered when the canine escaped a militiaman who appointed himself a special detail of one to end the fun.

The episode proved the curtain raiser for the big entertainment. The guards along the line of march suddenly became active, pressing the people backward to clear the street. A mounted officer clattered by, the music of an advancing band became audible and then the head of the procession swung into view.

It was just 11:25 when the detail of mounted police passed the corner and cleared the street from curb to curb, from that time until 2:15 the ranks of veterans swept along in an unbroken line. There was no lack of interest and no waning of enthusiasm. From first to last the crowd was ready to cheer and only wanted the shadow of an excuse.

The first demonstration was for Gen. Walker, who, followed by his staff, came close on the heels of the mounted police. The crowd needed no one to tell them who he was. As he approached the three reviewing stands, he bared his silvered head and bowed to right and left in acknowledgement of the ovation. Capt. Jack Crawford was also recognized by the crowd, and Gen. Mason, when he came at the head of the department of Minnesota, was given a greeting hardly second to that bestowed on the commander-in-chief. The Continental drum corps, the Columbia post, of Chicago, and the Ransom post, of St. Louis, also received special marks of favor, and, when the Minnesota comrades came along with their huge flag, three hearty cheers greeted the national ensign.

The scene, not in spite of, but in addition to its inspiring and lofty import, was not without its humorous features. When two bands can be heard at the same time and they are not playing the same tune, the result is something that neither composer expected. For instance, when a fife and drum corps shrills out "The Girl I Left Behind Me," while at the same time a band in the immediate rear is playing "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," one cannot but wonder whether it was the same girl. And there was pathos, too. Silvered heads, bent forms and halting steps told the sad story, that, for many, it was the last time a loyal heart would throb at the meeting of well loved comrades. And there were empty sleeves, each a badge of honor, true, but each a reminder that, however tender its memories may be, war is a harsh and bloody game.

For three hours the crowd sat silent and intent, while post after post filed by. The rear guard found the throng as great as had the platoons in the van. Even when the last of the wearers of the Union blue had passed and the last post flag had lost itself in the medley of the crowded street, the crowd lingered as if in regret that it was all over. And small wonder. Such scenes are not to be witnessed every day.

FEATURE OF THE PARADE.

The Living Flag Admired by the Veterans.

The brightest constellation, the choicest galaxy of stars, the one stellar attraction, the handsomest of all combined colors, was the "Living Flag" of yesterday.

The younger generation saluted the old, and with a pride akin to elation the grizzled veterans forgot their martial bearing, minded not the discipline of columned ranks, and broke into cheers of greeting and dipped their now belittled colors to the ground. All this in token of the one bit of the grand parade. Proud were the children, 1,200 in number, and prouder still were their instructor, Prof. Charles H. Congdon, who had labored long and patiently to attain the climax they achieved. The songs they sang, the patriotic refrains, all, indeed, were but the outward sings of loyal hearts and willing hands.

It was the climacteric point of the entire parade, that huge stand on the corner of Sixth and Market streets, where the boys and girls of the public schools, more than 2,000, had been arranged in the form and color of the flag of the United States. It was a flag perfect in proportion and color.

Along the wide length of the platform two rows of children in white cloaks and toques made one stripe of the flag; then two long rows in red made a red stripe, and so alternately until there were thirteen stripes, and boys and girls in blue formed the blue ground of the banner, while above them rose the stars skillfully arranged, each star in its proper place and to the number of forty-five.

The platform was just in the rear of the new postoffice building and immediately on Sixth street and in full view of the Veterans passing in the line.

Each child had been provided with a luncheon, packed out of sight, to be nibbled at in the intermissions.

To handle such a crowd of children required no little tact and skill on the part of Prof. Congdon, Gen. Smith and the assistants from the other schools and from the gentlemen of the board of education, of whom a number had volunteered for the occasion.

That they had been drilled to sing with any semblance of time and tune was a high honor to Prof. Congdon, their instructor, for such a regiment of children will evince an indifference and restlessness that try the patience and the nerves of those who have them in charge.

But they did sing well. Far out over the dense throng on Sixth street, where the policemen and the young soldiers of the guard were struggling to keep back the stubborn crowd, their high, clear voices sent the notes of "The Star Spangled Banner," carried it to the people swarming the roofs of stores and through windows where vantage points had been won to see the most remarkable parade that St. Paul has ever seen or ever will see, because it told of a country redeemed through blood and fire and grievous wounds that brought her down to the verge of death.

As the boys and girls sang in high, childish voices to the old veterans of the great war—the fresh-faced generation greeting with patriotic peans the grizzled soldiers ready to die, while the flags opened to the September breeze, there was something there that brought tears to eyes unaccustomed to them.

It was indeed a striking contrast, the gray old fellows marching with feet that had grown reluctant through the dense lining of people, the beautiful little children (for they were all very young) singing the simple songs that had sounded over trodden, bloody fields in the South. It was the new America to the old.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,"
"And God fulfills Himself in many ways."

One could but wonder in what type and pattern these children of the public schools were cast, and looking over the blazing glory of the living flag there were to be seen the small soft faces of an Irish Nora, of an English Mary, a German Gretchen and a Scan-