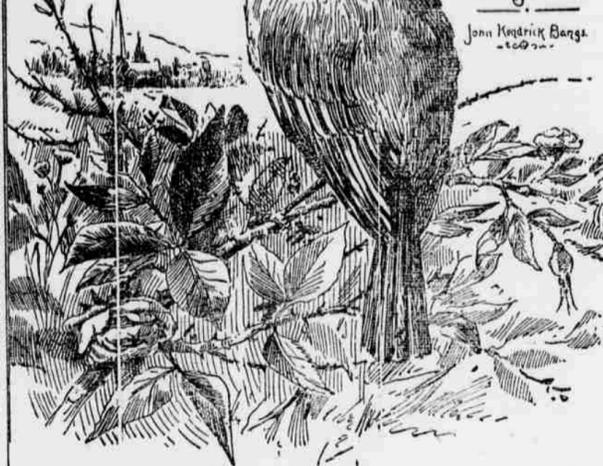


IN MEMORIAM.

"No brazen monument is there to mark
This spot whereon he fought and fell to save
His country's honor,
Sings softly from a
but a blithesome lark
rosebush o'er
his grave."



Wuz good for somethin' of he knowed
they wuz next ter the star o' Bethle-
hem. Yes," said Betsy, with a genuine
sigh of regret, "they all went an' I
miss 'em. My eyesight's gotten dim an'
I reckon I'll never do potatin' so good
any more, but the way I got the head
stan for Loomi. Stop round yonder an'
see the readin' an' picter on 't. I walked
ter town an' found uh man that dun it
jist ez I hed it on the paper, the writin'
at the bottom I mean. He sez that
ain't the way they spell 'em for most
folks but I loved ez how Loomi he
knowed his Betsy wud fix it ter please
him.

Near the top of the stone was a
marble copy of the flag. Below the flag
I read:

LOAMI GREEN,
BORN AUGUST 10, 1821,
DIED MAY 20, 1862.
PRIVATE COMPANY A, 18TH INFANTRY,
REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

"The writin' at the bottom" was this:
"HE GIV HIS LIFE FER THE FLAG
AN HE WUZ PROUD HE DUN IT."
"BETSY, HIS WIFE."

"An' that ain't all," said Betsy, with
tears in her eyes. "Don't yer think
when Memorialis day cum yesterday an'
I cum ter fetch the laylocks an' the
flag, I seen 'em all ah headin' fer here.
They wuz Loomi's kumrades, an' they
seen 'em he wuz layin' at last an'
put this here wreath on his grave fer
him, but I reckon Loomi he'll like ter
know that Betsy brings the laylocks
an' the ole flag here reglar ev'ry Mem-
orialis day."

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him, but I reckon Loomi he'll like ter
know that Betsy brings the laylocks
an' the ole flag here reglar ev'ry Mem-
orialis day."

WHAT THE DAY MEANS.

WHAT does Memorialis day
mean? Well, it
means eternal peace. There cum never
again a civil war in the land now
lighted by the stars and bound together
with the stripes of America's banner.
Two metals cannot be mingled together
until subjected to a heat that will melt
them. There are metals too hard for
the use to which we would put them.
There are others too soft, but we fuse
them together, and the alloy thus
produced is stronger than either of the
metals from which it is made. It is
the same with nations. They cannot
live in peace until they are united by
the ties of a common faith, and the
strength of a common purpose.

In that fierce rushing together of
armies in our late war there was the
furnace heat of passion which consumed
the very cause of hatred. No power on
earth but America could have in-
vaded the seceding states. No people
on earth but Americans could so long
have resisted the attacks of victorious
armies. But the day when white-
winged peace swept past the flaming
torch of war, extinguishing its lurid
blaze, that day was solidified into one
people who had never before been
united. It was little enough that for
the commemoration of an event which made
us what we are, peace could never have
accomplished. It is fitting that once a
year to the end of time we pause and
pay the tribute of regard to the men
who made their nation noble. It is fit-
ting we teach our children, whose
blessed ears have never been dis-
turbed by the reverberations of angry
artillery, that to the end of time our
peace shall dwell in all our borders.

It is fitting they should know with an
increasing knowledge with each addi-
tional year that this imperial land can fear
no foe; that there is no power on the earth
whose arm can stay the wrath of justly
roused Columbia; that there is no power
whose armed hosts can ever tread the
soil hallowed at dawn by Atlantic's bil-
lowers and at evening by the silver sur-
ge that whispers of Pacific isles.

But there is a lesson still greater.
The triumph of arms was the proof of
their uselessness. A million men can-
not make right a wrong. All the armies
of the east cannot create a virtue. But
the mind of man is now open to reason.
In the shifting shadow of the flag which
commemorates the day, in the memory
of the men whose sacrifice made this
service possible, let this truth sink into
our hearts—that God is with us in the
right. The victories reserved for our
nation now are the victories of peace.
The noblest deeds of all the earth are
not the deeds of blood. The purest,
strongest, truest souls are those of men
whose hearts were ever gentle; of wom-
en, whose hearts were never stung
with hate.

Memorialis day does not remind of a
severed nation, but of a single people
cast into the crucible of affliction and
fused—an invincible one. This
better metal shall be the standard of
excellence for all about us. The na-
tions of the earth shall mark us as their
model. The wisdom of all lands shall
learn of us.

And thereby comes the blessed hap-
piness. If we be kings our deeds must
needs be kindly. If we, sanctified by a
heroism so magnificent as that which
filled these graves with heroes—if we be
privileged to point the way to better
things, then "let the words of our
mouths and the meditations of our hearts
be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our
strength and our Redeemer."
LARRY ARMSTRONG.

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

One evening, after Decoration day,
I lingered when the rest had gone away,
And sadly strode among the graves alone,
With fresh-cut flowers by loving hands be-
strewn.

How many thoughts within my heart awoke
Of forgotten memories the roses spoke,
The flowers of peace and of above,
And every flag blossomed whispered: "Love."

Then suddenly I felt around me throbs
The presence of the dead, benign and fair,
And in my heart the glad conviction grew
That all our earthly love they saw and knew.

I turned away to quit the holy place,
When lo! a vision of angelic grace,
A beautiful picture never to be forgot,
Beamed on my sight and held me to the spot.

A little child was standing by a grave;
Her hair fell free in many a golden wave,
And when she looked I saw within her eyes
Tears, mixed with smiles, like rain in sunny skies.

"Are you not lost
my little maid,"
I said,
"So late amid the dweethings
of the dead?"

In sweetest, saddest tones she answered me:
"Here's one that hasn't any folks, you see."
"The only grave that evermore passed by,
And when I thought of it I made me cry."
The one there by the willow tree is ours,
Covered so thick with all these pretty flowers.

"My Uncle Frank's—he'll never care, I know,
If some of his upon this one I throw,
When he was shot, I've heard my grandpa
And dying on the field of battle lay,
"He made the doctor leave him where he fell
And take some other man who might get
well."
She ran, and soon her chubby arms were
folded
With flowers that on the friendly mound
she spilled.

Her mission done, the little maid I bore
Safe in my arms back to her mother's door,
Kissed her cheek, and, thought how won-
drous fair
The Christ love mirrored in the child love
there.

Oh, these neglected graves! weed-covered
Lone slabs and trenches on old battle grounds,
Let us remember them wherever known,
In his dear name who loveth all His own.
GEO. H. HOBBS.

SCATTER THE FLOWERS.

Let us honor the soldiers who died and
Remember the Living.

With the return of spring returns the
day set apart for strewing with flowers
the graves of those who fell to preserve
the unity of our country. One day of
the year we set apart in commemoration
of those who, for the sake of those left
behind, dared the privations and hard-
ships of war who gave their lives for
their country's existence; who went
that we might truly live in "the land of
the free and the home of the brave."

When we consider the place occupied by
our country among the nations of
earth, shall we not observe this day
that we and those who follow us, both
of our own nation and those who come
to us from lands beyond the seas, shall
call to mind the principles involved, to
sustain which the soldiers pressed to
the front, laying down their ambitions,
comforts, health and life itself for the
good of their country.

AT SUNSET HOLLOW.

A Memorial Day Whose Joys Were Sweet
as Life Itself.

I WAS a typical
Colorado spring
day, clear and
beautiful. The
very atmos-
phere sparkled
with the senti-
ment of mem-
ories and the
golden sunlight
seemed teeming
with resolu-
tion of the glo-
ries and sorrows
of war.

But Memorial
day at Sunset
Hollow was by
no means the most auspicious event
of the year. In fact on this particular
Memorial day it is doubtful if more
than half of its fifty inhabitants were
aware of the occasion. But there was
one man who knew what day it was.
Long before the first lights of dawn had
twinkled from the eastern hillsides Silas
Eldins had left his bed. For an hour he
stood in the door of his little hut gazing
out into the darkness; then with some-
thing like a diamond glintening on his
forehead he turned, and taking his
rusty musket from the pegs above the
fireplace went out. The pallor of moon
had melted into day. Silently he went
his way over the rocks and grass, pass-
ing here and there to pick a wild flower
or gather moss. Presently he stopped
upon a green ledge commanding a
beautiful prospect of valley and hill.

Here beside a green mound he knelt
down and arranged a garland of flowers
upon the dew-drenched sod. Then arising
he straightened himself with the air of
a soldier, and bringing his musket to
his shoulder fired a volley into the air.
Going some distance further he pulled
from his pocket a dirty old flag with wide
bars—a confederate ensign—and spread-
ing it upon the ground he again dis-
charged his firearm. Then with head
bent, as if in meditation, he retraced his
steps. When near his cabin he observed
a stranger approaching.

"Good morning," said the latter.
"Mornin'," replied the old man.
"What luck?"
"I hadn't be'n arter game."
"The stranger laughed. "Oh, just out
for exercise, eh? Or maybe you're

training for the army? Don't you know,
old man, that the war is over? Perhaps
you haven't heard of it out here yet."
Silas Eldins did not smile. "Yes," he
muttered, "the war is over these twenty
years—and through all them years on
this day this old musket has sung its
battle cry. You see, it's Memorial day."

The stranger nodded. "And did you
have friends in the rebellion?"
The old man nodded on his gun.
"Stranger, I had nuthin' better'n
friends. I had boys—two on 'em."
He brushed a tear with his sleeve.

"Yes, sar, one fit for the ol' flag, an'
one for th' now. Yuh see, one on 'em
took arter his mother, who had southern
blood."

"Were they both killed?"
"Wall, no—not exactly. They both
come back home arter a year—one in
gray an' t'other in blue. Both hed
been wounded at Bull Run, him in
blue on the leg an' him in gray on the
arm. Both on 'em went back. Arter a
month him in blue come back agin'—
with the secury. The doctor tol' me
to bring him out here, but 'twarn't no
use, stranger, he died. He's a-sleepin'
over here on th' hill."

"And the other one?"
"I never see him agin'. They said he
fell at Vicksburg. I waited till arter
the war wuz over an' then I come back
here, so—so's to be near him." The old
man wiped his eyes.

The stranger's eyes were wet, too.
He had rolled up his sleeve and stood
facing the old man with outstretched
hands.

"Father, don't you know me? Don't
you recognize this son?"
The old man leaped toward him, and
his voice rang out through the clear air
in one long cry—not a cry of sadness
and sorrow—but a cry of joy. The ex-
ultation of a heart which has called
back from the land of the dead, not only
the memory but the reality of an
idol.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

Pointing to the Sky.

The highest church spire in the world
is that of the cathedral at Ulm. In Wur-
temberg, which is 330 feet high. The
next highest are the twin spires of Col-
ogne cathedral, that wonder of archi-
tectural design and construction that
was six centuries in building. Next
come Strasburg cathedral, 439 feet; St.
Martin's, at Landsluth, in Germany, 454
feet; St. Stephen's, Vienna, 435 feet; St.
Peter's, Rome, 434 feet; Salisbury cathe-
dral, England, 411 feet; Antwerp cathe-
dral, 403 feet. The dome of St.
Paul's in London, is only 355 feet. The
great pyramid in Egypt, is 450 feet
high, and the Washington monument,
in Washington, 555 feet.

Averting Attacks of Asthma.

According to the Journal de Medicine,
of Paris, the fumes of bromhydrate of
ammonia have a beneficial effect in
asthma and bronchitis. By an inhala-
tion of the fumes, under certain condi-
tions, an attack of asthma may be
averted.

Chicago and Alton Railroad.

Omnibus leaves Jefferson City, 7:30
a. m. every day except Sunday, con-
necting with the train leaving Cedar
City at 8 a. m. and which makes prompt
connection at Mexico with all trains
going east, west or north.

A. P. GRIFFIN, Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

WESTWARD.

No. 1, Day Express... Arrives 1:00 p. m.
Leaves 1:30 p. m.

No. 3, Through Express... Arrives 12:28
p. m. Leaves 12:28 p. m.

No. 5, Local Passenger... Arrives 12:30
p. m. Leaves 12:45 p. m.

No. 9, Texas Express... Arrives 2:10 a. m.
Leaves 2:10 a. m.

Freight, carries passengers. Leaves 9:25
a. m.

EASTWARD.

No. 2, Day Express... Arrives 2:40 p. m.
Leaves 2:55 p. m.

No. 4, Through Express... Arrives 2:10
a. m. Leaves 2:10 a. m.

No. 6, Local Passenger... Arrives 1:20
p. m. Leaves 1:30 p. m.

Freight, carries passengers. Leaves 4:10
p. m.

Local passenger trains 5 and 6 run be-
tween St. Louis and Kansas City. Three
sections of night train east. Texas ex-
press, No. 9, has through chair car via
Lexington branch. Free reclining chair
cars on all through trains.

Trains leave Jefferson City at 6:30 a. m.,
arriving at Alton 9:30 a. m.

Returning, will leave Alton at 11:30
a. m., arriving at Jefferson City at 2:30
p. m.

JOHN J. CHURCH, Agt.

Portland, Oregon.

Without change via the Missouri Pacific
and Union Pacific railroads in Pullman
Tourist sleeping cars leaving St. Louis
daily at 8:20 p. m. Only \$3.75 for double
birth, St. Louis to Portland.

It is Truthfully Said

The Iron Mountain route is the only line
running through Pullman Buffet Sleeping
cars, St. Louis to Los Angeles and San
Francisco, leaving St. Louis daily at 9:30
p. m. Via Little Rock, Texarkana and
El Paso. In addition to the above a Pull-
man Tourist Sleeping car leaves St. Louis
every Tuesday evening, running through
to San Francisco.

Now is the Time

To visit Hot Springs, Ark. The Carls-
bad of America. A Solid Train leaves
St. Louis at 8:20 p. m. daily, and a
through Pullman Buffet Sleeping car on
3:20 p. m. train. Equipment unimpaired.
For reservation of berths and for descrip-
tive and illustrated pamphlets, St. Louis
at 8:20 p. m. Only \$3.75 for double
birth, St. Louis to Portland.

Tourist Rates.—Note the following rates:

Las Vegas, N. M. 35 00
Salt Lake, Utah. 62 00
San Francisco, Cal. 87 00
Portland, Ore. 87 00

On train No. 3, passing Jefferson City
at 12:30 a. m. daily, through sleeper is
now run to Joplin direct, arriving there
at 10:15 a. m. leaving Joplin at 5:15 p. m.
and arriving at Jefferson City at 3 a. m.
Our citizens who visit the mining
regions of the southwest will find the
arrangement a great convenience.

When You Go South

You will wish to be fully informed as to the
cheapest, most direct, and most pleasant route.
You will wish to purchase your ticket via the
route that will subject you to no delays, and by
which through trains are run. Before you start
you should provide yourself with a map and time
table of the Memphis Route. Kansas City, Ft.
Smith & Memphis R. R. The only direct route
from St. Louis to Kansas City, to all points in East-
ern and Southern Kansas, Southwest Missouri,
and Texas. Practically the only route from St. Louis
West to all southern cities. Extra trains with
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Free Reclin-
ing Chair Cars, Kansas City to Memphis, and
Birmingham, through Sleeping Car, Kansas
City to New Orleans, and Kansas City to At-
lanta, Ga. This is the direct route and many
times the shortest line to Little Rock, Hot
Springs, Eureka Springs, Fort Smith and Mem-
pho, Fayetteville and all points in Arkansas.
Send for a copy of the "Missouri and Kansas
Farmer," an eight page illustrated paper, con-
taining full and reliable information in relation
to the great staple crops of Missouri and Kansas,
issued monthly and mailed free. Address,
J. E. LOCKWOOD,
Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Solid Through Trains.

FROM Kansas City TO
Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Den-
ver, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING
CARS AND FREE RECLIN-
ING CHAIR CARS.

ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS
TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

The best line for
Nebraska, Colorado, the Black
Hills, and all points
NORTH, EAST and WEST.

A. C. DAWES,
General Passenger Agent,
St. Louis, Mo.

LOAMI THE VOLUNTEER.

OW the starry flag
they fought for
Floata retained
with all its
From the proudest
eastern city
To the wildest west-
ern ranch.

Something
fettered among
the trees and
weeds. We
drove nearer,
and saw that it
was the United
States flag. A
bunch of lilacs
tied with
red yarn lay
near the faded,
fluttering flag. Both
had been placed on a nameless grave.

For another half hour we drove
through these unfrequented woods.
Then we came to a cleared patch of
ground. Shrinking back from the road-
side stood a small black house with a
low forehead above two crooked glass
eyes. The door looked like a long flat
characteristic nose. The thin strip of
board warped at one end might have
been the up-twisted mouth of this
painfully ugly monster. A scrubby
lilac bush stood just around the corner
of the house. It had spread its long
arms across one crooked window as if
in haste to hide its ugliness.

A lean cot was meditatively scratch-
ing her neck on the top rail of the fence
while she gazed hungrily across it at
the green leaves of the lilac bush. As
we drove up, a face appeared at one of
the windows. Presently, a stoop-should-
ered, thin woman came out wiping
her hands on her apron. She had
patient eyes, quiet ways and was curiously
slow of speech. She brought us water in
a gourd. As we drank, she said:
"Wuz yer headin' fer here? I reckoned
yer might uh ben, bein' ez there
don't meeny kum this road. Kan't yer
kum in an' set sum?"

I explained that my friend was anxious
to reach the railway station at Teasle
Hill in time for the next train eastward
bound.

As she told us in her slow way of
road she "loved wud fetch us yonder
in no time" she was taking out her back-
comb and twisting up her back hair

"That road will fetch ye yonder in
no time."

afresh. Then she slowly shook the
drops of water from the gourd as she
looked after us while we drove away.
Promptly by mingled pity and curi-
osity, I determined on my way back to
go in "an' set sum" when I reached the
lonely-looking woman in the bleak
black house. What influences of good-
ness and beauty could reach the im-
mates of such a home? Too near to
civilization to be objects of missionary
effort, too poor for progress, "not poor
enough to seem to call for aid."
To my knock the same slow voice an-
swered: "Come."

The woman was ironing. The room

wuz bare but clean. The boards of the
unworn, smudged floor were scoured
and was a propped up cripple for life. A
few pots and pans hung against the
wall. A basket of berries, gathered per-
haps as far from the house as the woods
we had passed through, stood near the
disabled stove.

She put her iron on the fire, took
down and did up her back hair before
she began to sew on some patchwork
and talk.

One of the first things she said was:
"Mebbe yer hev uh notion fer quilts."

She spoke with a suppressed enger-
ness in her voice that betrayed a long-
ing for sympathy.

"Loomi he used ter like ter see me
patchin'." As she spoke she meditatively
took out her back comb and did up
her back hair again. Then she pulled
out from under the bed an ancient hair-
covered trunk. From it she took a large
bundle.

"This ain't dun yit, for I hain't no
place fit ter quilt in. The roof leaks,
an' I don't like ter risk puttin' it on."
"When Loomi wuz fetched back he
loved ter git well an' fix ter roof, but
he kuden't. He jest used ter set on yon
lop (pointing to a green calico covered
lounge) and watch me piecin' this here
wun."

She unfolded and spread before my
eyes as she talked a wonderful com-
bination of Turkey red, yellow and
green calico appliqued on a white mus-
lin ground. "This here is called the
Rose of Sharon."

Any rose would have hung its head
and blushed at sight of this namesake.
The roses grew out of red and yellow
blocks. They had small square buds
and right-angled stems.

"Them buds wuz real perticuler work.
The quilts' would set it out complete.
This here one is the Star of Bethlehem.
Tain't much ter look at after the rose."

Then a panorama of the king's crown,
Irish chain, ocean wave, rizin' sun,
and the courtly steps passed before
my bewildered eyes.

"This is in part Dutch puzzle an'
part twin sisters. Loomi he never set
much store by that an'. He used ter
say them wuz the most puzzlin' pair of
creepiness he ever seen."

Nothing an army coat and cap lying
carelessly folded at the bottom of the
trunk, I remembered the grave in the
woods and spoke of it.

"Yer noticed it, did yer," and her voice
softened. "That's Loomi's grave. He
wuz my man."

"Loomi, he set great store by the flag
an' me. When he seen I wuz uncon-
mum tired on wash days he used ter say:
'Three cheers for the ole flag an' my
Betsy. Long may they wave.'"

Here the wrinkled old face lit up for
an instant. She who went on at the last.
"But he got dretful bad at the last.
He couldn't inyer set no place. Days
an' nights he just knecled down on the
floor with his head agin the lop yonder
a sufferin' an' a sufferin', an' not a groan.
He seemed tired like one mornin' an' I
helped him up to a cheer by yon win-
der. He sez ter me: 'Betsy, them lay-
locks smell good. Them will be sort

of company fer ye." Then his breath
kind of hitched an' he looked up queer
like smilin' an' tried ter pink up at the
flag he hed me fix up on the wall. In a
few minutes he whispered slow like:
"Marchin'—orders—hez—cum—Betsy,"
an' he didn't say no more."

No sound broke the stillness as the
faithful Betsy paused. Then she went on:
"So when Memorialis day cum
round I jest put sum laylocks an' the
ole flag on Loomi's grave out there ter
please him. He giv his life fer the flag
an' he wuz proud he dun it. I'd like
awful well ter git uh bed stan so as his
kumrades could see where Loomi is
layin'."

A year later, and the next day after
"Memorialis day comes round," business
took me to Teasle Hill station. While
waiting for the train, I picked up a stale
copy of the Teasle Hill Record lying on
the floor. Glancing down the column

headed Memorialis day I came to this
paragraph: "On the morning of Decem-
ber day at 8:30 o'clock the officers of
Wide Post No. 29 G. A. R., accompanied
by the post guards, came in stages to
Teasle Hill and decorated for the first
time the graves of old soldiers who lie
buried in this vicinity."

"The impressive grand army ceremony
was conducted by Commander Andrew
J. Wood, Junior Vice Commander Wil-
liam Burgess, Senior Vice Commander
Thomas Y. Brown, Adjutant John E.
White and Chaplain James W. Davis,
each of whom placed a floral wreath
upon the grave of a comrade. This
was followed by three volleys fired over
the grave by the post guard."

I wondered if Volunteer Loomi's grave
was remembered by his comrades. On
my way back, I stopped at the little
black black house and knocked again
and again. There was no answer. I
tried the door and found it locked. But
as I drove through the woods, I saw the
stooping figure of a woman bending
over Loomi's grave.

She pushed back her slat sunbonnet
and welcomed me. Then she said: "Did
yer tak notice wher hed stan? I sold
the ole boy but she didn't fetch enough
an' I kuden't uv got the stan only a lady
kum out from the city one day this
spring. She stopped an' rested uh spell
on the lop to our house, an' I reckoned
mebbe she might hev uh notion fer
quilts, an' so she seen all my quilts.
When I told her about Loomi an' the
low not fetchin' enough for the hed
stan I loved ter git sum day, she sez:
'I'll buy all the quilts yer hev. I don't
want 'em fer myself,' sez she, uh smilin'
ez kind an' purty. 'but I'll giv 'em to the
hospitals in the city wher I live,' sez she,
an' she set her own price. The Rose of
Sharon fetched the biggest price,
Loomi hed uh ben glad he hed
knowed it, but mebbe he doos—mebbe
he doos. The star, yer remember the
star) well that fetched up next ter the
rose in price, an' mebbe Loomi wud uh
loved them twines an' Dutch puzzle

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

One evening, after Decoration day,
I lingered when the rest had gone away,
And sadly strode among the graves alone,
With fresh-cut flowers by loving hands be-
strewn.

How many thoughts within my heart awoke
Of forgotten memories the roses spoke,
The flowers of peace and of above,
And every flag blossomed whispered: "Love."

Then suddenly I felt around me throbs
The presence of the dead, benign and fair,
And in my heart the glad conviction grew
That all our earthly love they saw and knew.

I turned away to quit the holy place,
When lo! a vision of angelic grace,
A beautiful picture never to be forgot,
Beamed on my sight and held me to the spot.

A little child was standing by a grave;
Her hair fell free in many a golden wave,
And when she looked I saw within her eyes
Tears, mixed with smiles, like rain in sunny skies.

"Are you not lost
my little maid,"
I said,
"So late amid the dweethings
of the dead?"

In sweetest, saddest tones she answered me:
"Here's one that hasn't any folks, you see."
"The only grave that evermore passed by,
And when I thought of it I made me cry."
The one there by the willow tree is ours,
Covered so thick with all these pretty flowers.

"My Uncle Frank's—he'll never care, I know,
If some of his upon this one I throw,
When he was shot, I've heard my grandpa
And dying on the field of battle lay,
"He made the doctor leave him where he fell
And take some other man who might get
well."
She ran, and soon her chubby arms were
folded
With flowers that on the friendly mound
she spilled.

Her mission done, the little maid I bore
Safe in my arms back to her mother's door,
Kissed her cheek, and, thought how won-
drous fair
The Christ love mirrored in the child love
there.

Oh, these neglected graves! weed-covered
Lone slabs and trenches on old battle grounds,
Let us remember them wherever known,
In his dear name who loveth all His own.
GEO. H. HOBBS.

SCATTER THE FLOWERS.

Let us honor the soldiers who died and
Remember the Living.

With the return of spring returns the
day set apart for strewing with flowers
the graves of those who fell to preserve
the unity of our country. One day of
the year we set apart in commemoration
of those who, for the sake of those left
behind, dared the privations and hard-
ships of war who gave their lives for
their country's existence; who went
that we might truly live in "the land of
the free and the home of the brave."

When we consider the place occupied by
our country among the nations of
earth, shall we not observe this day
that we and those who follow us, both
of our own nation and those who come
to us from lands beyond the seas, shall
call to mind the principles involved, to
sustain which the soldiers pressed to
the front, laying down their ambitions,
comforts, health and life itself for the
good of their country.

AT SUNSET HOLLOW.

A Memorial Day Whose Joys Were Sweet
as Life Itself.

I WAS a typical
Colorado spring
day, clear and
beautiful. The
very atmos-
phere sparkled
with the senti-
ment of mem-
ories and the
golden sunlight
seemed teeming
with resolu-
tion of the glo-
ries and sorrows
of war.

But Memorial
day at Sunset
Hollow was by
no means the most auspicious event
of the year. In fact on this particular
Memorial day it is doubtful if more
than half of its fifty inhabitants were
aware of the occasion. But there was
one man who