

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My son, and only one, was battle slain,
And he was all the world, and more, to me;
I gave him at my country's sacred fane,
When Sherman marched his legions to the sea.

In danger's threatening cloud, at country's call,
He left my side, and parting said to me:
"If in the battle, mother, I should fall,
My country and her God will care for thee."

And now, throughout the fair and blessed land,
On love-ordained and sweet Memorial day,
We go, a flower-laden, faithful band,
To spread on hero graves the bloom of May.

But for my soldier-boy that solace is not mine;
Within a southern vale, afar, he sleeps,
And in my heart is twined the murtle vine,
For him, and there rose many droops and weeps.

AT A PATRIOT'S GRAVE

Grandmother's Memorial Day Speech
By DORA OLIPHANT COE.

GRANDMOTHER ADAMSON had reached into the depths of her rose-sprigged handbox, but just as her fingers touched the stiff ruching in the front of her best bonnet her attention was arrested by a ring at the front door. As though suddenly petrified in her stooping position, grandmother waited while Susan Ann, her daughter, creaked through the passage way leading from the kitchen.

At the first words of greeting grandmother straightened with a snap like a jack-knife, and an angry color flamed on her cheeks.

"Why, Marthy Ellen, what lovely roses! Did you ever see the flowers so handsome as they are this year? Come right in. It's dreadful hot, ain't it? Seems like I never knowed it to warm up as early as it has this season, but, then, it's been awful fine for the flowers. 'Pears like the roses and laylocks and pinies has just tried themselves to see who could do the most bloomin'. Now, that's a pretty idee, ain't it, Mrs. Rayburn, that laylock wreath?"

"Yes; laylocks was Dick's favorite flower, and he set this bush out hisself, and I thought I'd make a wreath to hang on the cross on his tombstun."

The expression on grandmother Adamson's face would have made a good study. From a blaze of anger it passed through all the stages of horrified scorn to a stony determination.

The development of the conversation beyond the paper-covered board walls collected her nebulous chaotic emotions into a stern resolve.

Susan Ann was stout, and she had grieved all the morning over the long walk to the graveyard. As she sank ponderously into a chair, she lamented:

"I get heavier on my feet every day I live, and the heat to-day is just awful on me. If mother hadn't had her heart so set on it, I wouldn't try to go to the cemetery. I just know I'll be sick."

"Couldn't she walk up with us?" Mrs. Rayburn asked. "We'll not walk fast."

"Oh, mother's as spry on her feet as you be. I hadn't thought of her goin' with any one else, but I don't see why she couldn't. It'd be a real help. She ain't got nothin' to carry, for she took a big basket of flowers up this morning, before breakfast. She's just that wrapped up in Decoration day I couldn't disappoint her about goin'. She's gettin' ready now. I'll go and see if it'll be all right."

But grandmother, with what was almost one movement, had stooped forward and slipped off her congress gaiters, at the same time taking from his box her bonnet. She slipped a hand through the round handle of a little basket and scurried down the passage way and out through the back door. On the step she delayed just long enough to put on her shoes; then, with her best bonnet carried more carelessly than ever before in its dozen years of use, she hurried out through the back gate.

The cemetery was being made bright with flowers when grandmother passed through the iron gateway, and her face hardened as she recognized some of the stooping figures and the graves over which they bent.

At a brilliantly-decked mound she stopped and, kneeling, said:

"I hate to do it, Jeremiah, but I know you'd want me to. I won't take them to any one else, though, Jeremiah, though I know you'd say fur me to, if you was here. But dearie, I've keered for these things ever since they was buds, jest as tender as if they'd a' ben babies, and jest so's you could have them to-day, and I jest can't see any one else have 'em. How would you like to look over these posies and see that laylock wreath a-hangin' on old Dick Rayburn's tombstun? You fought, bled and died almost for nothin', Jeremiah, when that old copperhead gits jest as many flowers as you do."

Grandmother had turned up the skirt of her black alpaca dress and, into the receptacle thus formed, had put every flower that had lain on Jeremiah's grave. She carried them all over to a far corner of the cemetery and buried them under a pile of last year's leaves. Then she went back to the bare mound.

Soon the faraway notes of "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers," told that the procession was coming.

Grandmother heard, but she did not once lift her eyes. She sat directly upon the middle of the grave, her skirts spread as far as they would over the flowerless mound, and she was knitting as calmly as if she were seated on a little split-bottomed chair in her own room. She paid no attention to the astonished group that stopped before her.

"Ahem!" coughed the master of ceremonies, Henry Blake.

Grandmother looked up. "Howdoso, Henry." Then, looking down again, "one, two, three, widen; one, two, three, turn."

"We've come to decorate Comrade Adamson's grave," hesitated the puzzled Blake.

"Comrade Adamson's grave don't need no decoratin'—five, six, narrow; one, two—"

"You hain't forgot it's Decoration day, have you?" questioned the man.

"If I have, I've been the only one that has." A flourish of her needle indicated the flower-decked mounds.

"But Comrade Adamson was a hero, and he—"

"Because he was a hero is why I don't want him decorated. That's the only way to distinguish him from the ones as ain't heroes."

With a little sweep of her skirts, grandmother rose to her feet.

"It's jest because Jeremiah was a hero that his grave ain't goin' to be strewn with flowers jest like the ones lock wreath?"

Many persons have excellent taste for colors, but not combinations of shades. The following are excellent rules for fancy work, interior or exterior house decorations and valuable in suggestions for dress purposes.

Cold green contrasts with crimson, purple, white, pink, gold, orange; harmonizes with olive, citron, brown, black and gray.

Warm green contrasts with crimson, maroon, red, pink, white, black and lavender; harmonizes with yellow, orange, sky blue, gray, white, brown and buff.

Orange contrasts with purple, blues, black, olive, crimson and gray; harmonizes with yellow, red, warm green, brown, white and buff.

Russet contrasts with green, black, olive and gray; harmonizes with red, yellow, orange and brown.

Olive contrasts with orange, red, white and maroon; harmonizes with green, blue, black and brown.

Green contrasts with colors containing red, white and maroon and harmonizes with colors containing yellow or blue.

Orange requires blue, black, purple or dark colors for contrast and warm colors for harmony.

Gold contrasts with any dark color, but looks richer with dark tones and least with yellow.

Gold's best harmony is white.

Dark, bright colors are usually warm.



THERE AIN'T NO MEMORIAL DAY NO MORE

where the babies and copperheads lies. The babies might a-growed up to be heroes, if they'd had a chanst, but they didn't, and they's three hundred and sixty-four and a quarter other days in the year to decorate their graves in. It's almost a insult to—

"Well, this day don't mean nothin' no more. It used to be set apart that we might honor the nation's dead, but the day, like me and some of the others here, has outlived our usefulness and our time. Let it be Decoration day, if you want to, but don't call it Memorial day any more. It's just a holiday for the young folks to have ball games and picnics, and the older folks to put flowers on the graves of their dead.

"Jest look through them trees. Can you tell which is the graves of soldiers who fought, bled, and died for this beautiful country? If this day was what it was named for, there wouldn't be a flower in this hull graveyard exceptin' on a soldier's grave. I reckon it's little enough we do, even when we set aside a whole day out of a year to them as give their hull lives, and mighty promist' lives some of 'em was, too.

"Take your flowers. Put 'em on any grave you happen to see. It don't matter. This is jest Decoration day. There ain't no Memorial day no more."—Los Angeles Times.

Memorial Day.

No pages of a nation's history are more interesting to its people than those which record the brave deeds of its soldiers and no nation on the face of the earth has established so beautiful a custom as that which is contemplated by Memorial day, the strewing of spring flowers over the graves of her departed soldiers.

May the full meaning of the day come to us with all its solemnity and all its beauty, and with the patriotic lesson it presents.

Sides with England.

The smeer of Afghanistan says that the British government is within its rights in building strategic railways in that country.

SOME NEW COATS



The two short coats shown are very light, and suitable for summer wear; they may be made of the same material as the dress in silk or in light cloth. The second costume is of silk the color of the dress; it is lined with white silk, and is trimmed with tassels and silk embroidered galloon.

Materials required: Six yards 22 inches wide, about 7 yards galloon, 10 tassels.

The third sketch shows a useful dust coat of alpaca. The sides are opened nearly to the waist, and are fastened by buttons and buttonholes.

Materials required: Five yards 46 inches wide, 26 buttons, 1 1/4 yard embroidered galloon.

TOO FEW THINK OF HARMONY.

Combinations in Shades One of the Main Things in Dress.

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Mourning Veils.

Now that the larger hats are admissible in mourning, the question of an appropriate veil is sometimes vexing. Speaking generally, supposing the hat to be on the droopy brim order, or even slightly bent, as over the face and down in the back—for a shape that raises itself at the side is not correct—then the veil may be of crepe or grenadine, falling over the hat down the back, when the hat becomes French mourning.

If, however, the brim is perfectly straight and flat (though broad), as the sailor shape, then a face veil of plain net, with or without a border, is worn.

Buying Tan Shoes.

An authority claims that tan shoes should be purchased late in the day, because earlier in the day a much smaller shoe can be comfortably worn, yet will prove a torment later in the day. Tan leather does not "give" like other leather and often shrinks slightly when dampened. For this reason a tan shoe holds its shape much better than a black one, though it must be comfortably fitted when purchased. This should be remembered by mothers buying tan shoes for children, for a pinched shoe is too annoying for anything and doubly so for children.

The Children's Table.

A friend of mine has a set of small square dollies, which she keeps for the children to use when they have a party or a distinguished guest. They are also used on birthdays, and if a child is ill one of these dollies is sure to grace his tray. They are embroidered with quotations from "Alice in Wonderland," all different, and all concerning things to eat. The children are so fond of these dollies that I think some other mother might like to make her children a set.—House-keeper.

MISUSE THEIR CHIEF BEAUTY.

Women All Too Prone to Abuse the Crown of Glory.

You know, and every woman knows, that women treat their hair to unparadonable abuse. Women treat their hair to deeper insults than any of their other possessions. One night when a woman feels amiable and bright she will brush and pat her hair and put a good, refreshing tonic on it, and then braid it down her back. But O! the next night, when she comes home after a bridge party, she will yank the hundred odd hairpins loose and shake her hair away from her head and neck, and hop into bed unmindful of the consequences.

The hair needs regular and constant care, and under these conditions only will it flourish. Find some course of treatment which suits your hair and stick to this particular treatment, no matter what happens.

To remove the tangles from the hair use a coarse-toothed comb, being sure that the teeth are all smooth and even. Never use a fine-tooth comb on the hair. It splits the shaft of the hair, injures the roots, and brings forth a crop of dandruff.

It is not necessary, nor is it a good thing, to brush the hair too much; a dozen or two strokes each night to remove the dandruff, if there is any, and the day's dust and dirt, will suffice.

WRAP OF CREAM SERGE.



With Cream Silk Kitting Round the Collar.

Crochet Belts.

Now that the princess modes are so much in vogue the belt counter is not so well patronized as heretofore, and this causes the manufacturers to be more than ever on the alert to produce new lines that will be more than usually tempting.

This little accessory will be ever in demand for shirtwaists, and among the novelties of this kind is a soft, flexible belt that looks like crochet. It closes with a mother-of-pearl buckle and is very dainty. Price, 25 cents.

BATTLES UNDER WATER FOR LIFE

SWIMMER HAS DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH WRITHING SNAKES IN TANK.

NEARLY STRANGLER TO DEATH

Performer, Whose Act is Entitled "A Battle Royal," Gives More Than Imitation of Man Trying to Save Self.

Cincinnati.—Under water for three minutes and fifty seconds, held down by an iron belt about his body and the weight of a dozen huge, writhing snakes twined about his neck, William McNeill, a noted swimmer, was all but strangled to death in a tank of water, during the first performance of his act, "The Battle Royal," at Chester park the other afternoon.

McNeill's act is to remain under water for three minutes, and then, after having come to the surface for breath, he again dives to the bottom of the glass tank and the snakes are let in through a trap door by an attendant. Through this struggling mass of serpents McNeill fights his way to the air again. The accident was due to the attendant's mistake in letting the snakes into the tank before McNeill had come to the surface for breath.

A large number of spectators had crowded about the tank to view this extraordinary feat, and McNeill had actually been under the water for three minutes when the snakes were introduced. The man was taken by surprise, almost gasped in amazement, and began a desperate struggle with the tangled weight of fighting snakes.

He tried to tear off his heavy belt; he pulled so desperately at the body of one snake that he actually tore it asunder. The audience applauded wildly. Their watches showed that he had been in the water for three minutes and 20 seconds. He was an extraordinary man and his performance was sensational and realistic in the extreme. They little knew that McNeill was in reality giving a battle royal for life, and never dreamed that the battle must be decided in a very few seconds or it would be too late. Valiantly McNeill struggled on, realiz-



Valiantly McNeill Struggled On.

ing that it was impossible for those outside to understand his plight. The second hands of a score of watches ticked on with an evil rapidity. It was now three minutes and 20 seconds since the diver had entered the tank. Would he accomplish the almost superhuman feat of remaining there for four minutes?

Just then Dr. E. H. Moss, who, watch in hand, had been looking on, crowded his way to within a few feet of the tank. He gazed for a moment intently at the face of the struggling man within. A small stream of blood was slowly oozing from his mouth and his light against the oppressing snakes seemed much less animated than a second before.

"That man's all in," cried the physician to the spectators. "He can't get out. Hurry up or he's a dead man!"

In an instant a dozen men were upon the platform. One grabbed the attendant and forced him into the tank. Others busied themselves with sticks and umbrellas in getting the snakes out of the way. Finally the way was cleared, but McNeill still remained in the bottom. He was exhausted. The blood was now gushing from his mouth and the very water was becoming murky with it. The iron belt alone weighed him down.

Dr. Moss hesitated not an instant. He plunged into the tank and with the assistance of the attendant managed to lift McNeill, more dead than alive, into the open air. He had been in the water for three minutes and 50 seconds and was still alive. He was rolled on the ground and after a few minutes, during which the physician worked desperately, was brought to consciousness.

Upon regaining consciousness McNeill turned to Manager Martin, who had rushed to the spot on hearing of the disturbance, and his first words were: "I told you I could stay under for three minutes."

McNeill will be confined to his rooms for several days until a blood vessel in his lungs which burst under the terrible pressure to which it was forced is healed.

YOUNG COUPLE SPENDS HONEYMOON ON RAFT

WOODMAN TAKES BRIDE ON TRIP FOR HEALTH AS WELL AS PLEASURE.

Port Jervis, N. Y.—Of the 36 rafts which passed this city on their way down the Delaware river to tidewater recently, there was one which had a rough shanty built on it. Cupid rode on this raft.

Suffering from asthma, John Burrows, a down east Yankee, had worked all winter in the upper Delaware logging country and had been an assistant helmsman on rafts which were floated to tidewater this spring. He had his last trip the other day. He took with him his bride, Miss Florence Mathison. She is a native of the upper Delaware valley and during the getting out of timber on her uncle's



He Took with Him His Bride.

estate had frequently taken the men their meals to the logging camp.

It was a case of love at first sight. The day before a license was procured and the couple were married by a local preacher. The house was built on the raft and the bridal pair occupied it as far as Bordentown, N. J. From there they went to Philadelphia, where the bridegroom has accepted a position with a well known firm.

During the trip down river Mrs. Burrows took many snap shots of the scenery and the bridegroom added variety to the table in the floating house with fish caught from the river. The bride did the cooking and it is said by the other men aboard that the dinner was worth sitting down to. At tie-ups over night the men slept ashore, but the bride and bridegroom remained aboard. Burrows says he is entirely cured of asthma and his wife, who was 19 years old the day of her marriage, says she has had a most delightful wedding trip. The couple left the raft with a hearty good wishes of the crew and a souvenir from each man of a five-dollar gold piece.

COW SWIMS THIRTY MILES.

Chases Steamboat in Mississippi for Love of Her Calf.

St. Louis.—Capt. William Leybe of the steamer Spread Eagle, plying between St. Louis and Grafton, Ill., had a red "muley" cow which swam 20 miles in the Mississippi river for love of her calf. The cow was picked up by fishermen near Madison.

The Spread Eagle stopped at Elsie, Ill., to load cattle. The red cow did not want to enter the boat. After the calf had been loaded the mother, suddenly possessed of a cowly instinct that harm might come to her offspring, charged the gang plank. The charge didn't end there. The cow charged the crew.

After several deck hands had thrown themselves into the Mississippi to escape the infuriated cow she followed the last one overboard and sank. The crew were flashed out. The Spread Eagle steamed on toward Grafton.

The cow headed down river and, mistaking a city-bound boat for the Spread Eagle, started in pursuit. She swam near the center of the current, head high above the water. Darkness came on and the poor cow lost sight of the decoy she was following, but she swam bravely on to the rescue of her calf.

Next morning at eight o'clock two fishermen at Madison saw the red muley swimming with the current. They went out in a rowboat and threw a rope about her head, towing her to the shore and making her fast to a tree.

A half hour later a steamer hove in sight up river. The red "muley" saw the boat as soon as the fishermen and she stood with her eyes fixed on the approaching monster. When the boat was within a half mile the cow began to dance round and round the tree to which she had been roped. Sure enough, the boat was the Spread Eagle.

Saved by Seizing Mule's Tail.

Columbus, O.—Many a man has been killed by seizing a mule by the tail, but Harry McAleert, a fruit wagon driver, saved his life by such action.

His wagon was struck by an inter-urban train and McAleert would have been crushed under the wheels if he had not grasped and hung to the tail of one of the mules he was driving. The mule, freed from the wagon by the shock, ran away, and the driver was dragged from the track.

JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD

Sunday School Lesson for May 31, 1908

Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—John 20:1-18. Memory verses 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."—Rev. 1:18.

EVENTS OF THE RESURRECTION.

"The earthquake: Matt. 28:2. The flight of the guard: Matt. 28:3, 4, 11-15. The women reach the tomb: Matt. 28:1; Mark 16:1, 2; Luke 24:1; John 20:1. The stone found rolled away: Mark 16:3, 4; Luke 24:2; John 20:1. Mary Magdalene runs and finds Peter and John: John 20:2. The other women meet the angels: Matt. 28:2-7; Mark 16:5-8; Luke 24:3-9. The women tell the apostles: Matt. 28:8; Luke 24:9, 11. Peter and John visit the tomb: Luke 24:12; John 20:3-10. Jesus is seen by Mary Magdalene: Mark 16:9-11; John 20:11-18.

TIME.—Sunday morning, April 9, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—The tomb in a garden near Calvary. The houses in Jerusalem where the disciples were staying, especially that where John and Mary, and perhaps Peter, abode.

The Stay in the Tomb.—We have only the obscure reference in 1 Pet. 3:19, 20: 4:6, to Christ's preaching "unto the spirits in prison." "He descended into hell," the famous sentence in the Apostles' Creed, means only that Christ went to the abode of the dead. During that time our Saviour had some gracious and helpful message to proclaim to the souls of the departed, but what it was we are not told.

The probable order of events on Easter morning is indicated above. That there should be some confusion in the accounts is natural, when we remember that it was dark, in the early morning, that the disciples were in different parts of the city and came at different times to the tomb, that they had no clocks or watches, and that their minds were amazed and bewildered. The very fact that slight discrepancies exist in the narratives proves that they are the honest records of independent witnesses.

The women's report seemed "idle talk" (Luke). The Gospel writers "show their honesty in relating things discreditable to themselves. What better proof can there be of candor?"—Prof. George P. Fisher. A notable evidence of the resurrection is the fact that the disciples did not expect it, and were convinced of it with difficulty.

Peter and John, as soon as Mary Magdalene told them the astonishing news, hastened to investigate. They were perhaps staying together, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, was probably in the same house. In their great eagerness, "they ran both together; and the other disciple (John, who always refers to himself in some modestly obscure way) outran Peter," for he was a young man and Peter was well along in years.

"As yet they knew not the Scripture," with its many prophecies of Christ's death and resurrection (Luke 24:25-27, 44). See especially Psa. 16:10. Christ had attempted to instruct them in these matters (Matt. 20:17-19), but they needed the actual fact to impress his teachings upon their minds.

Mary did not recognize Jesus at once, because her vision was blurred with tears; she was not at all expecting to see him; probably she did not look up at his face but only at his garments, which, as the soldiers had his own clothes, were probably the simple dress of a gardener; and in addition, Jesus himself was altered in appearance (Mark 16:12), as he must have been by his long agony.

Mary recognized Jesus by the voice, always the last to change. She heard her name "uttered with a well-remembered accent which recalls Galilee, Jesus, ended madness, passionate love, a thousand hopes and fears, the beautiful and tragic history of a lifetime! One word leaps to her lips, one word alone is possible, uttered in overwhelmed and rapturous surprise: 'Rabboni, Master!'"—W. F. Dawson, D. D.

"In this exquisite story, Peter promptly entering the sepulcher, is faith; John outrunning Peter, hesitation and peering in, is hope; Mary standing without and weeping, is love; these three; and love wins."—Nash K. David, Ph.D.

"Touch me not." Because probably by this time she had bowed down at his feet to worship him, and would have taken hold of them, as the women in Matt. 28:9. "The verb primarily means to fasten to, hence it implies here, not a mere momentary touch, but a clinging to."—Prof. M. R. Vincent.

"For I am not yet ascended to my Father." I. To imply that, since he had not yet withdrawn himself from earth, there would be time enough for expressions of affection, and she would not lose the opportunity by going quickly now to his brethren, the disciples, with the glad news. 2. She need not touch him to be assured that it was the same Christ. 3. She felt that he had now returned according to his promise to be forever with them; but "Jesus checks her with the assurance that much had yet to happen before that."—Expos. Greek Test.

"Matthew dwells chiefly on the majesty and glory of the resurrection. Mark insists upon it as a fact. Luke treats it as a spiritual necessity; and John as a touchstone of character."—Rev. G. H. Morrison.

Christ left the material body and rose into the spiritual world that we might the more really and effectively touch him and enjoy his presence. The resurrection of Jesus is the sufficient confirmation of our immortality. "Because I live," said Christ, "ye shall live also" (John 14:19). Therefore no truth can be a more powerful influence toward noble living.