ON EVERY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

It's lonesome-sort o' lonesome-it's a Sund'y

day to me, It 'pears like-more'n any day I nearly ever seel Yit, with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin in the air, On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily

They say, though, Decoration days is giner'ly observed Most ev'rywhares-espeshally by soldier boys

that's served-But me and mother's never went-we seldom git away-

In pint o' fact, we're allus home on Decoration day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in colum's grand, A-follerin the old war tunes they're playin on the band-

And citizuns all jinin in-and little children,

All marchin under shelter of the old red.

"WE'VE TRIED THAT-ME AND MOTHER."

Don't they see theyr com'ards comin and the

Oh, can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of

Ain't they no way under heavens they can ric-

Ain't they no way we can coax 'em through the roses jest to say. They know that ev'ry day on earth's theyr

Above his grave, and over that a robin in the

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome-it's a Sund'y

day to me, It 'pears like-mor'n any day I nearly ever see!

Still, with the stars and stripes above, a-flut-

On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily

TOLD AT THE GRAVE.

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

[Copyright, 1802, by American Press Associa-

tion.]

-James Whitcomb Riley.

T THE base of

breathes a hal-

acrost the hill?

the drum?

old flag wavin still?

kollect us some?

Decoration day?

in the breeze

terin in the air,

white and blue

"I haven't said anything," the girl replied. "Good, and it means that you give

war.'

your consent." "It means that you must do what you

are therefore a patriot. I am in love and am consequently a coward. Tress, you needn't say a word. I am going to the

consider your duty." "You are a brave girl, Tress."

"If not, I shouldn't be worthy of you, John.'

"That sounds very well," said Henry, "but without common sense bravery is but an aimless piece of foolishness. One soldier from our small family, I should think, is enough to prove our loyalty to the government."

"Henry, you needn't say a word. I'm going to the war."

The next day John and Henry were mustered into the service, and it was not long before they were under fire. One day in a skirmish not far from Fayetteville, Ark., John was shot while standing under a willow tree. He was so severely wounded that it was thought he could live but a few hours, but when the next morning had come he showed signs of improvement. He was taken to the hospital, and his brother Henry was detailed to attend him until an advance should be ordered. One day there came to the hospital a young woman from Kentucky. She had been regarded as a belle in the blue grass country, but she gave up society and went south to nurse wounded soldiers. This young woman took special interest in John Archer. She made a romance of her duty, and at times when the wounded man seemed brighter than usual she would sit near his cot and read poetry to him. But upon this Herry began to look with disapproval, and once when the girl had gone to fetch another book he said to his brother: "I don't think that's right, John."

With roses! roses! -ev'rybody in the "Don't think what's right?" "Why, having that girl read love verses And crowds o' little girls in white, jest fairly

to you. loaded down! Ohl don't the boys know it, from theyr camp "She's reading to herself as much as

she is to me." "I don't know about that. John."

"I do."

"Well, but I don't think it's right, and I know Tress wouldn't approve it." "Then why doesn't she come and read

to me?" "She doesn't know that you are

wounded. I haven't had the heart to tell her.' "Hush; here comes Miss Bush."

We've tried that-me and mother-whare Elias takes his rest, In the orchurd, in his uniform, and hands Henry withdrew, but some one spoke to him, and he halted within hearing disacrost his brest, And the flag he died fer smilin and a-ripplin

tance of his brother's cot. "I didn't suppose you were so fond of poetry," said Miss Bush, speaking to

John. "I wasn't until I heard you read it." "Oh, that's a compliment surely; but,

tell me, since you acknowledge that I have pointed out the beauty of"- She hesitated.

"Tell you what?" "Oh, nothing."

"But what were you going to say?" "Something hardly proper, I fear." "Tell me," he pleaded.

"Oh, I don't suppose that it amounts to anything. I was simply going to ask if there had not been a time when some girl stirred a poetic emotion in your heart.'

a mountain spur A few moments elapsed before he rein northern Arplied, "I worked so hard when I was kansas is a grave. at home that I had but little time for"-There is an air of "For love?" she asked subdued romance

He nervously fumbled with the covers about the place. of the bed, and gently she arranged the an indescribable pillow for him. something that "Near our place," said he. "there is a

girl that I've known a long t me.

11.5 RAN

much," he answered; "and besides it is a

"Yes, it is. But tell me, Henry, why is it you have never married?"

have been so many divorces, I suppose." "That's a queer reason. But it isn't the reason, and you know it," she added, looking him full in the eye.

she said, looking away. "You were in love with her." "No, I wasn't, Tress." "Yes, you were.'

"I swear I wasn't." "Yes, you were.' "Tress, I hated her."

"Because she was your enemy." "My enemy! Henry, I don't know

what you mean. How could she be my enemy?"

"She loved John."

"Oh, and is that all?"

"All," he repeated. "Isn't that enough? "To have made her my enemy? No."

"But-but-it's got to come now. John loved her."

"How do you know?" She was so quiet that he was surprised at her. "I might as well tell you all now. modern times had been waged by any Here." He took from his pocket an old and faded letter. "He told me to give you this, but I hadn't the heart. Read

The letter was brief. It was the breaking of an engagement. She read the letter and quietly handed it back to him. He gazed at her in astonishment.

"Tress," he cried, "on his deathbed he married that woman." She did not answer.

"I say he married her."

"Well?" "Is it possible? Tress, I ought to have

you"

told you-ought to have given you the letter-but I thought you worshiped him. And why have you decorated his grave all these years?"

soned mariners pale. Because he Was von

army was particularly appropriate." It ran as follows: THE STORY THEY TELL.

Oh, yah, yah, darkies, come laugh with me. What do white folks say-dat "Old Shady" am

CHORUS.

No longer. Hooray, hooray, For I am going home.

Den, away, away, I cannot stay

Ole massa got scared, and so did his lady; Dis chile breaks for old "Uncle Aby." Open de gates fo' rout here's "Old Shady" Comin, comin. Hail, mighty day!

Goodby, Massa Jeff. Goodby, Massa Steve.

I 'xpee' soon dat you'll heah Uncle Aby Comin, comin. Hall, mighty day!

. Goodby, hard work without any pay. I'm goin up norf where de good folks say Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day Am a-comin, comin. Hail, mighty day!

Oh, I got a wife, and we got a baby Away up norf in the lower Canady. Won't dey laugh when dey see "Old Shady" Comin, comin? Hail, mighty day!

Blake, or "Old Shady," as he was best

known, joined the army as cook for the

officers of the Seventy-first Ohio regi-

ment and was on the field at Shiloh.

He afterward shipped on the steamer

Magnolia, which was used as transport

for Grant's headquarters at the opening

of the Vicksburg campaign. During

that time "Old Shady" came to the

notice of the commander, and he en-

gaged him as cook; but, true to his

vagrant nature, the darky asked for

transportation home on a brief visit as

a bonus and failed to report back for

duty at the end of his furlough. Sub-

sequently he fell in with the steward of

McPherson's mess, was employed as

cook for a time and then became chief

"Old Shady's" song made a hit by rea

son of the patronage of the generals and

was taken up by the Lombard brothers.

who managed a band of singers that of-

ten entertained the soldiers in their

camps during the winter season. The

Lombards learned the song at McPher-

son's quarters, where the colored min-

strel sang it for them over and over until

they knew it by heart. Finally it became

a popular campaign song and had its

day with "Suwanee River," "Ole Vir-

ginny," "John Brown's Body" and other

airs appealing to the sentiment of the

A GREAT UPRISING.

The Surprising Material and Mora

Strength of the Loyal States in 1861.

As the years roll by we get a proper

perspective of the civil war, and as we

have leisure and opportunity to compare

it with other wars we realize the im-

portance of one fact too often over-

looked. In our impatience and criticism

in 1861-5 we forgot that no war of

nation with rulers so little prepared by

in 1861 were absolutely new to the art of

experience in practical administration.

The Republican party was led by very

new men, whose almost entire experience

had been in political opposition. They

as experience in governing went they

were in 1861 just like passengers who

might suddenly be called to take charge

of a ship going to pieces beneath their

feet in a storm which made thrice sea-

were indeed ardent patriots, but so far

caterer.

hour.

Don't you see dat de jubilee Am comin, comin? Hail, mighty day!

free?

How the Banners and Roses Recall the Virtue of the Dosd. HE segs and the

currents of the same waters on Memorial day. Flowers are the bannerets of the throbbing underworld and seem to say, "Here in the bosom of the

flowers blend like

earth are beauty and grace and purity and strength." And when the red, white and blue emblems are thrown into the floral fields of nature a harmony so perfect is created that profusion either in bunting or in roses cannot lead to a loss of balance in the ensemble. To the soldier's mind this mingling of colors as loving hands plant flowers beside the little Grand Army markers at the graves of fallen comrades brings up the idea of re-enforcements, as though the story of heroism, and of devotion, and of victory recalled by Old Glory was being repeated again and again by each cluster of bright petals that share with it the gentle airs of heaven.

Naturally whenever a soldier's eye lights upon the starry banner his thoughts go back to war days. He sees in it a facsimile of the one borne in front of his regiment in every charge. Yet it was not a battleflag in the strict sense of the word when he followed it to the guns or unfurled it upon the line of battle. Men looked up to it as the representative of what the nation was fighting for rather than a signal for combat, a challenge to hostility. Now that the strife is a thing of the far past the battleflags are relics and the stars and stripes a live symbol of live ideas. All this is shown in the memorial observances, when the flag and its defenders are honored through the same act and in the same breath that glorifies the reign of peace. Flowers come in with settled peace, and love and tenderness are the meaning they convey.

The sentiments of Decoration day are and should be intensely patriotic and not martial, conservatively peaceful and not aggressive. The dead are to be remembered and honored because they fought for a principle and not because by any word or act they betrayed a love of glory. It is the emblem of undying affection, a sprig of evergreen, that is first placed upon the warrior's grave as a token from the living when the Grand Army opens the ceremony. Then follows the white rose to symbolize the purity. and unselfish devotion of the patriot dead. Lastly the laurel of victory, token of a triumph that is the reward of purity and a proof of devotion. Victory crowned the soldier's trials and made the memory of them worth preserving.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A MEMORIAL SCENE.

experience. The soldiers of the Union How the Day Is Observed In a Backwoods Village.

war, and by an extraordinary combina-A correspondent of a New York paper tion of circumstances the civil rulers describes a Memorial day scene as folwere at the same time almost devoid of lows:

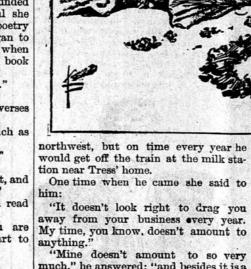
Something like an hour later than advertised the procession forms at the church. First, the band in full uniform, with the village blacksmith as drum major in a bearskin hat of mammoth proportions, a gorgeous coat on his rather stooping shoulders, and wielding his baton as he would a sledge hammer, while the small boys crowd thickly about among the players and surround the bass drum like flies around a honey

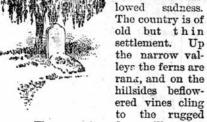
jar. Next, two diminutive drummer

"Hated her! What for?"

great pleasure to go there."

"Oh, I don't know. Because there





trees. The grave is under a willow that shades an open space. It is the only willow in the neighborhood. Once every year since the war a man and a woman have come from the north to decorate this lone grave. At first the woman, bright eyed and springy of step, was exceedingly handsome, but latterly time had ceased to be playful with her. The man was sturdy and of sober mien. He looked as if his life had always held a secret suffering. This man and this woman have rather a unique history

At the time of the breaking out of the war John and Henry Archer, brothers so nearly alike that they were often taken for twins, lived in Lake county, Ills. John was engaged to marry Tress Pryor, and the day for the wedding was appointed, but before the time came a drum beat, and sturdy young fellows mustered on the grass.

It was evening, and Tress Pryor was standing on the veranda. John rode up, sprang off his horse and with a new accent in his manner-a peculiar bearingcame up the walk.

"Tress," he said, "did you see the men marching?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what it means?" "They say it means war." she an swered.

"It means more than that, Tress. It means that you are to marry a hero.'

"I don't know that I understand you." He laughed. "Are you so dull, little sweetheart? It means that I am going to the war."

"It means nothing of the sort," some one exclaimed, and John, wheeling about, saw his brother Henry standing near.

"What's the trouble with you, Henry?" "There's 10 trouble with me. I am simply sensible, and you must not be foolish." He pointed to the girl. "There is your present duty. I am going to the war. You are going to stay here, an l after awhile if we need you I will send for you."

"Well, now, this is a pretty come off,"

sadness. known her about all her life. I guess." "What about her?" "Well, I told her that she should marry a hero. You see, I thought I'd go home covered with glory."

"Oh, you are engaged to her.". "Yes, in a way." "In a way! Why, what a funny sort of an engagement that must be! Shall I read now?"

"If you please."

* . *

After returning home it was some time before Henry had the courage to call on Tress Pryor. But one evening he went to see her. As he entered the gate he saw her standing on the spot where she had stood when John came dashing up to tell her that he was going to the war. She reached out and took his hands, and for a time neither of them spoke.

"Tress, he died for his country."



TOOK SPECIAL INTEREST IN JOHN ARCHER. "And for me," she said.

"Y-e-s. He lay a long time in the hospital, and we thought he was going to get well, but a sudden change came, and he died. He begged to be buried under the tree where he fell, and we buried him there."

"But did he send no word to me?"

"Oh, yes, he talked about you a great deal. He was brave, and if he had come back you would have married a hero." And it was Henry Archer and Tress Pryor who went every year to decorate the grave under the willow. They be-came well known in the neighborhoo, John declared. "You would make a and school children used to climb high hero of yourself and a drudge of me. up the mountain side and get strange You are not engaged to be married and flowers for them. Henry moved to the



HE HAD SEIZED HER HANDS.

"Well," he replied, avoiding her gaze, "if that isn't the reason I don't know what it is. Perhaps I had a cause a good while ago."

"And you have forgotten what it was," she said, laughing, but in her laugh there was more of sadness than of mirth. After a time she asked, "Do you think a man's love is as constant as a woman's?"

"Not always, but sometimes," he an swered.

"But do you believe that a man or a woman can love twice with equal devotion?"

"I don't know how it may be with others," he answered, "but I could never love but once.'

"Oh, you have been in love, then, hav you? "Tomorrow we start for the grave,"

he said. "Yes, but you have not answered my

question." "I will answer it at the grave."

CLARK COLA PROVINA *

It was the 30th of last May. Henry and Tress sat under the willow. Another generation of school children had brought violets from wild places and had gathered blossoms on the mountain side. The grave was ablaze with red roses, white dogwood blossoms and bluebells. The sun was low. The cows, ringing their bells, were going home. Henry told a story which so often he had related:

"The skirmish was sharp, almost a battle, and there was danger everywhere, but John was too brave to stand behind the tree. I was not far away, and the bullets were buzzing thicker than bumblebees in our meadow, but somehow] was not afraid of being hit-my mind was centered on John. What difference could it have made if I had been shot?" "Don't talk that way." she interrupted.

"But why should I have cared for myself? There was no one at home waiting for me to come back a hero." He paused for a few moments. "An increase in the firing to the left caused me to turn in that direction, and when I looked back John was down."

"You have never pointed out the place where the hospital stood," she said. He was silent for a time. "I don't like

to think of the hospital." "Why?" she asked.

"Oh, on account of a woman!" iros bec "What! I-I-don't"---

"Henry, oh, how stupid you have been, She did not complete the sentence. He had seized her hands. "Merciful heaven.

girl, I have always loved you!" "And, precious, I never loved John, because I loved you, but I was afraid you would despise me if I were not true to his memory. You engaged me to him. I don't know how, but you did."

The sun was down, and the music of the cowbells was far away. OPIE READ. .

AN OLD CAMP MINSTREL.

He Played Simple Melodies For Grant and Sherman.

One of the attaches of the North Dakota senate house at Eismarck is an old colored man named Blakely Durant. His war history was made under the camp sobriquets of "Blake" and "Old Shady," and the last mentioned was given to him on account of a song by that title, which he often sang at the headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee. Grant, Sherman, McPherson and other generals of the western army were entertained by the simple melodies of the musical darky, who accompanied his songs by twanging the guitar, which he handled skillfully.



"OLD SHADY."

"Old Shady" was the favorite piece of General Grant, and he valled for it whenever he spent the evening at Mc-Pherson's campfire, where Blake was employed as a caterer for the mess.

Suddenly they were called upon deal with the most embarrassing complications in diplomacy, the most difficult problems in finance, the most subtle and complex issues in constitutional law, and to meet demands for military purposes which would have staggered

the most powerful monarchies in Europe. Russia, Austria, England and France had in turn owned their incapacity to suddenly mobilizs a quarter of a million men. The United States, which had but 16,000 men in its regular army in April, 1861, had before the frosts of autumn fell nearly 700,000 men armed and equipped and in camp or on the march.

And with what success? Comparisons are in this case indeed eloquent. Great Britain's administrative system confess-

edly broke down in supplying less than 60,000 men in the Crimea. In the winter of 1861 the Washington administration supplied 600,000 men, scattered along a line of 2,500 miles from the mouth of the Potomac to New Mexico. Before the war a revenue of \$60,000,000 a year alarmed the nation. In a few months Secretary Chase had to raise \$600,000,000 a year, and soon had to double that.

In naval warfare the Americans of April, 1861, were as children, yet in eight months they had established a naval blockade the most thorough in history, and in eight more their rams, monitors and other ironclads had revolutionized naval warfare.

The energy of the north was indeed wonderful, its reserve of strength vastly greater than itself suspected. To quote a western byword, "We ached with strength." No country in the world was ever stronger for war purposes than were the adhering states in 1861.

And back of all the material resources were the soul, the moral vigor, the fierce and high resolve that the time had come to settle the great issue once for all. Only twice in all history has there been anything at all approaching itthe aprisings of Holland against Spain, and of France in her errly revolutionary era. Time, instead of lessening, heightens our appreciation of that great and truly nation ! movement. The perspective of 30 odd years gives us a more inspiring view of the great uprising of the north. J. H. BEADLE.

Thoughts For the Hour.

To get away from the blood and enmity of the struggle is the first effort of patriots recovering from war. To commemorate the virtue and Leroism of the army is to ennoble those traits in men The song on the lips of a real contra-by which nations are molded and up-

boys, very red in the face and very weary, bearing some battered drums wreathed with flowers, which have seen actual service in battle. Then all tue sweet girls which the village school con-



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH AS DRUM MAJOR. tains, with bright, fair faces, white

dresses gay with flying ribbons, ard each one, down to the tiniest little lisping maid in the infant class who brings up the rear, skipping along in her haste to keep up with the large girls, bearing a cross of flowers held against her heart. A squad of Grand Army men in uni-

form shamble along, lame from rheumatism, stiff and lumbering from their long marches in the furrows after their plows, and each one taking a kind of goas-you-please-only-get-there trot, and behind them one sailor in uniform, the cynosure of all eyes, steps proudly on alone, a big, handsome, brawny chested fellow, with a bronzed, strong face, and still farther back a veteran in a buggy drawn by an old, freckled, lame white horse sits with his wooden leg, which he has hewed and whittled out of a stick of wood, resting on the dashboard in front of him, the hero of the day.

Then comes the long line of carriages, buggies, wagons, buckboards, any kind of a vehicle on wheels, drawn by lame, tired plow horses. with heavy collars and pieces of sheepskin or scarlet flannel tied under the straps of the harness, and invariably with a tiny flag on their heads.

Arrived at the cemetery, all are seated in order, and the exercises open with a prayer. Everything in the country does begin with a prayer and closes with a benediction. After the prayer, the captain of the G. A. R. post, in the solemn and impressive words of the military service, proceeds to command the procession to re-form and march to the graves.