

THE SONG OF THE GRASS.

(In the Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington.)

Ye are many, ye are mighty, and
your feet they trample hard—
Ye have trod the mountains under,
and the sea.

The sea ye, two, have conquered, but
within this quiet yard
It is I, the grass, am masters; hark
to me.

Ye have torn me in your marches,
scared me deep with hoof and heel,
And my dowy sword have rolled in
dust and blood,
When amid the cannon-thunder 'e'en
the forest seemed to reel,
And your battle shook the hillside
where ye stood.

Were ye victors? 'Twas not Carthage
won by Trasimene's lake,
Nor the Brutens 'mid the wheat at
Waterloo.

For my creeping, crawling legions
from them both the field did take,
As I took the heights of Gettysburg
from you.

But I hate the battle fury as I hate
the crawling sea,
With its wrinkled, swinging tides
that cannot cease,
Sweeter far to me the woodland where
the dappled shadows be,
Or the graveyard with its lilies and
its peace.

Say, I will be done with weeding. O
my masters, naught am I
But the clinging lowly grass about
your feet,
Growing green and cool around you,
tired eyes to satisfy,
And waving, when all's done, your
winding-sheet.

Sleep ye well! Men bring your roses,
but they wither in the sun—
Bring them in may with music and
a sound,
As of old, of timed footsteps; but
when all the pomp is done,
In the stillness 'tis my small roots
wrap you round.

Hold you close, and so will keep you
till Potomac shall run dry,
And the stars go out like camp-
fires in the sky,
Till the shivering sea shall perish,
and the hissing mop, tains fly,
And the judgement, bugle blowing
bids you rise.
—William Harvey Woods, in "Youth's
Companion."

HONORS FOR A WAPHORSE.

Colonel, a veteran war horse of the confederacy, was buried with military honors a short time ago at Oak Grove, ten miles from Atlanta, Ga. When Cobb's legion was organized, company G was made up of young men from that and adjoining counties, and among them were the two Greer boys, Walter and Will. They took along a colt which they named Colonel, which was about as ugly a specimen of horseflesh as you would see in a week's travel. He was tall, raw-boned, long headed and knock-kneed. He was of that peculiar sallow color that is neither bay nor sorrel, the hair was meager on his mane and tail, and he was as clumsy as he was ugly. Colonel was only used in cases of emergency as a cavalry horse, but he had the merit of toughness, and his fortitude and fidelity were demonstrated on many a long, hard march and in many a hot fight.

The legion was at first commanded by Col. Thomas R. Cobb, an eminent jurist-soldier and one of the most gallant of Georgians, until his fall, when other officers in turn led the decimated ranks through the arduous campaigns of northern Virginia. At Seven Pines, Bunker Hill, Sharpsburg, Banks' Mills and many other bloody battles Colonel was in charge.

On one occasion the union forces stole a march on the legion at Meadow Bridge, and they only escaped capture by instant and rapid flight, leaving their baggage and camp equipment in the hands of the federal

troopers. Among the spoils of war thus acquired was Colonel. He had been seized by a federal trooper and lead back to the rear. The legion retreated until a stronger position was reached beyond the long bridge, when they made a stand. In the gathering twilight sentries were posted so as to command the bridge, and the troopers dismounted and remained on the alert for the federals, whom they expected momentarily to follow up their advantage by charging the bridge. Just about dark the sentries were aroused by the clatter of hoofs approaching the bridge, and then the thunder of a galloping steed on the planking. They supposed it was a body of scouts from the federal cavalry, and made ready to give them a warm reception. All they saw, however, was a riderless horse dashing along the bridge at the top of his speed. It was Colonel with a new federal halter on his neck. He had given his captors the slip, and had followed his comrades as fast as his clumsy heels could carry him. He was welcomed in the camp with ringing cheers, and ever afterward he was held in the highest esteem by every man in the legion.

After long service in the Virginia army, Cobb's legion was ordered to the support of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was posted at Dalton, confronting Gen. Sherman's victorious army. Throughout the long and hard-fought campaign, from Dalton to Kennesaw mountain, Atlanta and Jonesboro, Colonel followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the retreating army. When the confederates under Hood turned backward and began their retreat toward North Carolina, Colonel was still one of the most faithful of campaigners. The roads were rough and the forage grew woefully scarce on that long retreat to Bentonville.

At the close of hostilities he was brought back to Atlanta and hitched to a dray. It is told of him that for many years, while hauling heavy loads along the muddy streets, he would prick up his ears at the sound of a bugle, and it was somewhat difficult to control him on such occasions. He began to grow old and feeble, however, and when the Greer boys died Colonel fell into the hands of their brother-in-law, J. T. Dempsey, of Oak Grove. Mr. Dempsey was a well-to-do farmer and he turned the veteran war horse into a pasture and gave him his freedom after so many years of faithful service both in war and peace. Mr. Dempsey had intended to bring him to the city during the peace jubilee, but the old horse had grown too feeble to stand the journey, and the project was abandoned. A few days ago he was found dead in his stall. He was one of the last surviving horses of the confederacy and must have been close to 40 years of age. That he possessed extraordinary vitality is evidenced by the fact that he survived so long after the toils of his long campaigns, and after having served for years as a dray horse after his days of camp and field were over.

A large grave was dug under the shade of a great oak in the pasture where Colonel had spent his last days. The members of the confederate veterans' camp at Oak Grove marched behind the body to the grave and fired a parting salute. This is one of the few instances where such military honors

were paid to a horse, but every one present thought that the tribute to Colonel was well bestowed.—N. Y. Sun.

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

Some men talk in their sleep; others sleep in their talk.

When a girl plays over a wedding march she most always plays it too fast.

Probably Adam ate the apple because he was afraid Eve was just going to cry.

If a man only asks a woman to forgive him often enough she will end by falling in love with him.

The devil always advertises that if you don't like the goods you can bring them back any time and get your money back.

Woman is the slave of fashion; man is the slave of woman.

The reason Cupid wears wings is so he can fly out the window when poverty comes in the door.

The woman who really thanks a man for doing something never says a word; she just looks it.

The only way a man can keep his wife from worrying about his morals is for him to worry about her health.

About three days before his wife comes home from Europe a man begins to look as if he had a note coming due which he couldn't pay.

A man's face is a definition; a woman's is an interrogation.

A woman who runs up the altar steps isn't so apt to run down them.

A woman can never take real delight in torturing another miserable one unless she herself is very happy.

The average woman likes a man who is good looking, falls in love with him if he doesn't like her, and would die for him if he slaps her face.

After a girl has tried to say good-by tenderly to a man she always gets behind the window curtains to see how he looks as he goes out of the gate.—N. Y. Press.

THE RELIGION OF THE PESSIMIST.

Schopenhauer said: "Certain porcupines huddled together for warmth on a cold day, but as they began to prick one another with their quills they were obliged to disperse. However, the cold drove them together again, when the same thing happened. At last they discovered that they would be best off by remaining at a little distance. In the same way the need of society drives the human porcupines together, only to be eventually repelled by the many prickly and disagreeable qualities of their nature. The moderate distance, which they at last discover to be the only tolerable condition of intercourse, is the formal mode of politeness and manners."

See something of human nature, but do not try to mend it.

"Resolve to make use of those you cannot alter."

"Rascals are always sociable, and the chief sign that a man has any nobility in his nature is the little pleasure he takes in others' company."

"The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy."

"To forgive and forget means to throw away dearly-bought experience."

"Your friends will tell you they are sincere, your enemies are really so."

"Do not tell a friend anything you could conceal from an

enemy."

"Give way neither to love nor to hate is one-half of worldly wisdom; say nothing and believe nothing is the other half."

TO ELECT NEXT NOVEMBER.

Eleven of the forty-five states of the Union will have elections this next November and elect a part of their officials. The following are the states with the list of officers to be elected in each:

Iowa—Governor and full ticket, including legislature, which will choose a senator in place of Mr. Gear, whose term expires in 1901.

Kentucky—Governor and full state ticket.

Maryland—Governor and legislature.

Massachusetts—Governor, full state ticket and legislature.

Mississippi—Governor, state officers and legislature.

Nebraska—Justice of the supreme court regents of the state university.

New Jersey—A portion of the state legislature.

New York—Six justices of the supreme court and a legislature.

Pennsylvania—A state treasurer, two judges of the supreme court and one judge of the superior court.

Virginia—Secretary and treasurer of state and other officers.

A NOTABLE CHANGE.

With the June issue, The Housekeeper (Minneapolis, Min.) joined the small army of monthly periodicals, not however, as one of the rank and file, but as one of the leaders. The June and July numbers show that its new uniform is certainly in keeping with its new aspirations. It has doubled in size, giving as much reading matter as it did for twenty-two years as a semi-monthly, while better paper, more numerous and better typography and presswork, and several new departments make it more attractive than it has ever before been. This is saying a great deal for a periodical of the Housekeeper's well-known popularity, yet this much more can be said: It has not lost any of the home-like qualities that have made it a favorite with ladies. With all its improvements, its subscription price has not been raised. It not only leads all fifty-cent publications, but ranks well with those whose subscription prices are twice the amount.

A prominent feature is a new serial story entitled "The rescue of brother Bendyk," the scene of which is laid in Japan. It is of special interest because it deals with the customs, austere religion and ancient temples of the Japanese, being illustrated with original photographs.

The Housekeeper, including opening chapters of the new story, may be had, four months on trial, for fifteen cents.

When a farmer sells \$500 worth of hay he sends away from his farm over \$300 worth of fertilizers, and when he sells \$500 worth of wheat he disposes of \$125 worth of fertilizers. But when he sells \$500 worth of dairy products he departs with less than \$50 worth of fertilizers. And when he sells \$500 worth of fruits he loses less fertilizer than either of the other because fruits are composed largely of actual solids. This shows that the highest priced products rob the least, and is an argument in favor of diversified and intensified farming.—Marion County Herald.

Kit Carson the noted hunter is now hunting gold, not animals, in Arkansas. He is looking for the small sum of two hundred millions of Spanish treasure. He also claims to have a plat of the "Lost Louisiana" mine that is supposed to be both the richest mine on earth and at the same time a myth.

ALEXIS D. BELL,

..LAWYER AND NOTARY PUBLIC..

COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE.
Commercial, Criminal and Probate Law, a Specialty.

Will practice in all the courts of the State. Office over Farmers and Merchants Bank.

MONROE CITY, MO.

NORTON, BROWN & ELY, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

MONROE CITY, MISSOURI.
Office on Summer street, first door east of
Business office.
Dr. Ely makes a specialty of Eye, Ear and
Skin Diseases.

Dr. W. B. A. McNUTT

Pays special attention to
diseases of women and
children.

Office over E. O. Wood's Drug Store.
Telephone Residence No. 29. Tel-
ephone at Wood's Drug Store No. 59.
Residence 3 blocks west of F. & M.
Bank.

W. T. YOUELL,
Licensed Auctioneer,
MONROE CITY, MO.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FARMERS and MERCHANTS BANK,

MONROE CITY, MO.
Do a general banking business, buy and
sell Exchange, Accounts of Farmers and
Merchants and others solicited. Absolute
security guaranteed to depositors.
S. NORTH, President,
W. R. P. JACKSON, Cashier.

DR. W. T. RUTLEDGE, DENTIST

MONROE CITY, MO.
The saving of teeth a specialty. Office in
Redman Block, over Variety Store.
Telephone, No. 56.

AGENTS WANTED.—For "The Life and
Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's
greatest naval hero. By Murat Hallet, ed., the
lifelong friend and admirer of the nation's idol.
Largest and best book: over 300 pages, 8x10
inches; nearly 100 pages half-tone illustrations.
Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commis-
sions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime.
Write quick. The Dominion Company, 24
Floor Casson Bldg., Chicago.

OLD-TIME SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

In the old dames' schools in country districts of England, even so late as fifty or sixty years ago, there was always kept on the desk, side by side with the birch, a pair of finger-stocks. As the children went up in turn to the desk to repeat their lessons they were each obliged to put on these stocks. The hands were placed behind the back and the four fingers of each hand inserted in the holes. With the shoulders brought well back, the child in this position was absolutely helpless and entirely at the mercy of the old dame, should she be inclined to use the birch or box the ears of any delinquent scholar. These finger-stocks were also used as a mode of punishment, the children having to stand with their hands fixed in them for an hour or more at a time. Although they do not look a very formidable method of torture, it remains for them to be tried to satisfy the inquirer of their efficacy. It may be added that there are many other school-teaching absurdities that have not been incorporated into the public school systems of this country.—Corn Belt.

The Samoan Commissioners are trying to abolish the king-ship business in the islands. It is merely an other case of might is right, governing people against their will. The World had its dark ages, middle ages and so-called civilization. It begins to look as though the zenith had been reached, the last stone laid on the pyramid and the tearing down, retrograding or slumping backwards, had begun.