



The SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

A little son of question wondering About the cruel war; they want to know

Of heroes who went forth to victory, Of those great battles fought long years ago.

"Tell them: 'Mamma was a tiny girl, When news of Sumter fired on filled the land.'"

"With stories learned in history at school, I try to interest my little band."

But as to-day I think of other years, A vision of those other mothers comes— Those mothers who with breaking hearts and tears Sent out best-loved ones from ancestral homes.

Aye! they could tell—if any yet there be— Those white-haired mothers—they could tell a tale!

They know the depths of war's dire misery, They know when tears have been of none avail!

Of none avail to bring their dear ones back, Father and son upon the fatal field— Think you they have forgotten it? Alack! Griefs grow apace—joys lighter harvests yield!

Many will pass with careless look to-day The soldier's grave, ever a sacred spot— Unnumbered heroes, long since passed away: This younger generation knows them not!

I see a white-haired woman kneeling low Beside a mound marked with no costly stone.

A flag floats o'er it; by this sign we know It is a soldier's grave—she weeps alone!

Some one has placed a chaplet of bright bloom Upon the grave, the mother's tears fall fast!

"O, Jamie, Jamie! Canst thou not make room For mother? She has come to you at last."

"So many years I've sought and found you not— So many years—and 'neath this southern sun, At last I find your grave, a humble spot, Marked with my Jamie's name—the very one!"

"Now, God be praised! I'll go back to my home, I am too old to come to thee again; But I have learned to wait—soon death will come And kindly bear me from my toil and pain!"

"I cannot think but that the Father just Will let me find my soldier boy one more, He gave his life for freedom, and he must Be safe and happy on that peaceful shore!"

Her hair is white, her form is old and bent; She has no other sons to give away; Alone, she waits with look and heart intent— The soldier's mother waits for him to-day— Dora D. Keeney, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Glad robins singing in the boughs, Low murmur of the bees, A hill-side burying-ground closed round With wilding apple-trees; The snowy flowers drift softly down Upon the quiet graves, And in the south wind over one, A small flag gently waves.

Those floating colors make for me That grassy mound a shrine, What thought the one who sleeps beneath Knew naught of me or mine? Yet that brave life, quenched long ago, Seems of my own a part; For he who dies for freedom, lives In every freeman's heart! —Marian Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

AN OZARK Memorial Day.

(Original.)



HE tide of western immigration that carried so many families across the Mississippi and on to the spreading prairies during the decade and a half following the war had many a side eddy and even occasional backward sweep. It was one of the former that, leading to the white-topped wagon of the Brakes from the main-traveled road, guided it to a resting place among the picturesque Ozark mountains of Missouri.

"There's timber there an' hills," said Mr. Brake, when his wife and daughter petitioned for a "claim" on the level plains nearer the feet of the Rockies, "an' I've lived among trees an' hills too much of my life back in Virginy to get along without 'em."

So they lived among the hills as before, and Lois Brake took up the duties of a life which seemed likely to go on to the end with little change. She taught the mountain school and looked with disfavor upon the advances of the swains of the neighborhood. She was paid grudgingly for the first and punished for the second by being referred to as an "old maid."

To be sure she was approaching middle life, but her heart cherished as tender a love as warmed the cheeks of the belles of the community. It was an ideal of which she never spoke; for, when Harold Brooks donned the uniform and went to battle, Mr. Brake, whose sympathies were with the gray, declared that his name should never be spoken in the house again. He could enforce his wishes in this respect, but he could not deprive his daughter of recollection, nor did he chide her grief when word came after a great conflict that her lover had been killed and his form huddled into a grave of unknown dead, unidentified and unmarked.

On a late spring day, which was really early spring up among the sheltered ravines and valleys of the hills, Lois slowly threaded her way among the spreading walnut and oaks, returning home from school.

She was despondent, wearied with the grind of daily labors, and was thankful for the solitude of the narrow mountain path. Suddenly voices sounded just ahead and she listened

"He's spyin' out something, you can jest depend," said a harsh speaker whom she recognized by the tone as Ferril, the blacksmith. "You know what happened ter a feller over on th' Smoky hill, last summer, don't you?" he continued.

"No; what was it?" queried McGrath, the school trustee.

"Rid him on a rail," triumphantly. "Served him right. Might hev been worse an' not hurt nothin'."

"This is a free country," spoke a cool, sarcastic voice which Lois could not identify.

"Yes, but it ain't free enough fer strangers ter come pryin' round our farms, like as not trumplin' up a charge that'll get us into trouble."

"Have you talked with this 'bogey' you seem so much afraid of?"

"No, but my Cal seen him close by as he come over Faze mountain night before last. The feller was sittin' on a log, thinkin' hard, an' Cal went close to him without bein' seen. He's got blue soldier clothes on an' is probably an officer lookin' for somebody, an' I'm in favor of givin' him—"

What it was Ferril was in favor of Lois did not find out, for the voices sounded nearer, as though the men had started in her direction, and she fled through the underbrush to escape detection.

She gave but little thought to the conversation she had accidentally overheard, only in a vague way hoping that no one would get hurt. These mountaineers were so savage sometimes in their actions. It came to her, however, the next day in her schoolroom as she kept the tow-headed scholars in order.

It was hard work to teach school that day. She knew that in two days it would be June, and that as she heard the lessons droned out in solemn monotone processions by the thousands were wending their way to the graves of the gallant dead and flowers were be-



"WELL, IF IT AIN'T A WOMAN!"

ing scattered over the low mounds. She had attended Memorial day service once herself, and had felt a keen heart pain as blossoms were laid on the mound dedicated to the "unknown dead." She felt as though it were her dead that was honored.

In her dinner basket that day there was a package done up in brown paper and carefully shielded from all observation. When none of the scholars was looking she had poured a cupful of water over it, and at night, after an early dismissal, she carefully took out the bundle and started with it down the mountain path.

"Where's teacher goin'?" asked one of the children of the others.

"Down to th' village, I guess," was the reply.

"Too far," spoke up one of the larger boys. "It's a good five mile, an' she ain't goin' to take no such tramp as that."

But she was. Far through the blue haze that deepened to a bluish in the shadowed ravines she could discern the church spire and the courthouse tower of the town. A mile this side, at the base of Faze mountain's projecting foothills, lay the cemetery. She knew that there had been such services there that day as she had once seen in the east. She knew they were held there every year, but she never attended them. Father would not like it. Nevertheless, not a Memorial day had passed but what the close observer coming to the cemetery on the following morning might have seen an extra decoration on the mound to the "unknown dead"—not hot-house blossoms, not the windflowers or mountain daisies, but a great bunch of nodding, handsome golden roses, such as would have made him, if a Virginian, feel a longing for the boyhood home. And Mrs. Brake as regularly missed the brightest flowers from the vine beside the door, the vine they had brought west with them in the white-covered wagon.

Horses' hoofs sounded a quick tattoo on the road a hundred yards below the teacher. She peered down into the valley and a most unwonted sight met her eyes.

Twenty men were cantering along on horseback. The cavalcade was in close ranks and suspicious-looking packages were rigged to the saddles or dangled from the shoulders of the riders. At the head of the company rode Ferril, and behind him was McGrath, while the others were nearly all known to her by sight.

For a moment she wondered what they were doing—then like a flash came the remembrance of the conversation she had overheard. Breathlessly she ran on until she had reached a bold outlook at a turn in the path.

Yes, they took the road that led around Faze mountain. Ferril's demand for vengeance had been successful and they were bent on a visit to the stranger

She thought for a moment over the threats of the day before. Of all that she had heard one phrase stood out most clearly and emphatically in her recollection: "He's got blue soldier clothes on." Blue soldier clothes called up sweet memories just now, and she looked down at the package in her arms with the flower stems showing at the end of the brown paper.

A comrade of her lover, perhaps! Did she not owe him something? It was growing late. The sun had dropped beyond the hills and she could already see the blue of night creeping up the eastern sky. But she had counted on being out late.

She knew from the men's talk and the direction they were taking where the stranger must be—a cabin perched on the other side of Faze mountain, that had often sheltered hunting parties, and was once the home for months of a couple seeking health among the hills. The road around the mountain would give the horsemen a long journey.

She turned short off from the path and climbed up the hillside, brushing recklessly through the ivies and brambles and pushing sturdily aside low hanging limbs and swaying vines.

Faster and more eagerly she pushed on, regardless of torn skirts and bleeding hands. The thin shoes she wore gave little protection as she stumbled on sharp-pointed rocks, but she did not heed, and almost before she was aware the summit was gained. In vain she tried to distinguish the riders. Dark shadows held the valleys, and a white mist lay like a river in the lowest depths.

Downward she plunged on a course that she knew would bring her out near the cabin, taking long heedless strides that would have been impossible in a less impassioned hour. Her climb seemed to have taken so long—would she be in time?

In a shorter time than had seemed

stranger to his cabin and laid him on the bed of pine boughs that the place afforded.

McGrath was sent on the swiftest horse in the lot for a physician and the others remained to watch with the sufferer.

The man had picked up the bundle dropped beside him by Lois when she found him. The cover had come off and the contents were clasped close to his breast.

Lois noticed the action, as by the light of a flickering candle she arranged the few household appliances of the room.

Then she took the light and turned to the stranger to see if he needed anything that she could prepare for him.

Ferril did not notice it, the men did not notice it, but a pallor crept over the woman's face that left it like marble. She gasped a little for breath, then withdrew to a shadow and watched the face of the stranger so peculiarly brought into her life.

When the doctor arrived he found that he had a pretty sick patient, exposure in the damp ravine having had a bad effect on the wound.

"You've got a siege of it," he remarked, "and I wish you could be moved to more comfortable quarters."

"I agree with you," replied the other. "I would like to be down where these flowers came from, myself," he added, caressing the bundle which Lois had carried. The fragrant roses clung closely to the pale cheek and enhanced the strength of the fair but manly face.

"Where is that?"

"Down in old Virginia, where I grew to manhood—oh, I know these well."

Lois had crept closer and closer until her eager face was at the side of the rude bed. Her eyes, lighted by a strange longing, seemed to burn into those of the speaker.

She forgot maidenly modesty in the intensity of her feelings and remembered only the personality of the one before her.

When she spoke it was hoarsely: "You lived in Virginia—and your name is—what?"

"Harold Brooks," was the calm reply. A twinge of pain prevented his looking directly at her.

"And you do not know me?"

"Why, you are the woman who found me in the ravine. You have been my very kind and—"

Then as his eyes sought the face so close before his own: "I know you—yes, Lois! Dotard, that I did not realize your presence before."

It was perhaps a little embarrassing to the roomful of men to see Lois hide her face on the shoulder of the patient while two strong arms enfolded her waist. They were not used to witnessing reunions of lovers.

Brooks realized it, and, putting the woman from him, remarked: "Gentlemen, we two were boy and girl lovers back among the hills of Virginia. I went into the union army, her father sided with the other forces, and I have not seen her for sixteen years."

"Why didn't you come back?" asked Lois. This first question that came to her mind opened the whole story.

"Come back? I did, but it was after many years. Wounded and left on the field of battle, I lay there until the armies had passed on. Then some kind hand lifted me, and for weeks I was looked after by a thoughtful family of the neighborhood. When I had recovered, I reentered the service, went on south, my strength gave out and again I was dependent on the bounty of the warm-hearted people for life. When long after the close of the war I was myself again I made my way north and searched for you, but you had gone west—nobody knew where. I became a prospector and wanderer, and here I am."

He reached out his arm and drew Lois down beside him. "These flowers first told me I had found a friend," he went on, huskily. "Gentlemen, I hope I have not wearied you by this story."

"No, not exactly," spoke up a cool, hard, sarcastic voice, which Lois remembered having heard over on the mountain, "only we came to give you a horsewhippin' or something, and as it's getting rather late we'd ought to be about it."

He looked at Ferril, who blushed and sheepishly remarked something about "not makin' fools of themselves."

In the meantime Brooks had been consulting with the doctor and Lois.

"Boys," he spoke up, "before I left home I was engaged to this lady. This is the first time I have had a chance to see her and I do not want to lose her again. The doctor here is a justice of the peace and is going to marry us. You can stay to the wedding—that will offset your disappointment in not being able to punish me just now."

There was a surprised laugh at this, but hats came off and heads were bowed. Soon the magic words were said.

"Harold," whispered Lois, as she knelt beside the sufferer when the party had filed out into the night, "do you know what I was doing with those flowers?"

"No. Carrying them for luck?"

"Giving them to you. To-day is Memorial day, and I intended putting them on a grave of the 'unknown dead,' in recollection of you. But," she added, resting her womanly head against the faded blue coat, "I'd rather give them to you in person."

Time must have softened the feelings of Lois' father, for he was heard to say a few weeks after, when his son-in-law had been ensconced in the best room of the Brake residence to complete his recovery: "Brooks is a mighty good feller after all, an' by-gones might as well be bygones. Besides, I reckon Lois earned him an' had a right ter him if she felt that way."

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

—Ten-year-old Ethel's expansive idea of wealth consists in possessing "nonillions of dollars," and her imaginary calculations never fall below this considerable amount. "Auntie," she said, one day, "do you know what I would do first thing if I had nonillions of dollars?" Auntie confessed her inability to guess. "Well," said Ethel, "I would hire somebody to listen to grandpa's old stories."

WORLD'S YOUTHS' CONGRESS.

A Grand Convention of School Representatives.

Among the more than a hundred different congresses to be held during the world's fair, under the auspices of the Columbian exposition, the one that stands out unique and alone, having no precedent in the history of such gatherings, will be the world's youths' congress, which will convene on July 17 and hold three half-day sessions. The fact of its having no precedent, so far from militating at all against it, seems to be in its favor, as something like a general feeling prevails that this Columbian year should mark the inauguration of some new and decided movement looking toward the enlistment of the youth of America along lines calculated to most rapidly develop in them lofty sentiments of patriotism and decided notions of what constitutes truest citizenship.

Delegates to this congress may be either boys or girls, and are drawn from the grammar and high school grades of the public schools in every county in the United States and of the public, private and parochial schools of all foreign countries, though confined to the ages between thirteen and twenty-one years. In Chicago the work was taken up with great enthusiasm in the schools under the recommendation of the board of education, and nearly every school already has its delegates enrolled. Most of these delegates were chosen by an essay contest in the several schools, and it was hoped by the committee having this congress in charge that all the delegates could be chosen in this way; but it is now so important that the names of these representatives of their several schools should be in the hands of the committee at the earliest possible time that this committee urges teachers everywhere to at once appoint in their schools a delegate and an alternate and forward their names, with age, county, name of school and post office address, to the secretary of the committee, F. Frederick Bliss, World's Congress Headquarters, Chicago.

Teachers everywhere are at liberty to send names, and if from any county a larger number is received than that to which its population entitles it, the committee will select the proper number from those first received. To insure the full quota from each county, the committee would be glad if names of delegates and alternates were sent from every school. No teacher should fail to make the appointments simply because none of the young people can attend, for some of the benefits of the enterprise are realized in the mere honor and pleasure the students feel in their appointment.

Requests have been sent to the ministers of education in all foreign lands to convey the committee's invitation to the youth of their several countries, and asking for their appointment in the same ratio and on the same terms as in this country. Replies are being received from these constantly. It is not expected that any large number of the youth of foreign lands can actually be in attendance, but their appointment and the publication of their names in the final reports of the gathering would be them a matter of quite pardonable pride, and the certificate of their delegateship would be a highly-prized souvenir of the Columbian celebration. It is hoped that every teacher reading this will immediately act in the matter, and that young people who are attending school will bring it to the attention of such of their teachers as have not made the appointments.

AT THE AQUARIUM.

Latest Arrivals to Peer at Visitors from Lagoons and Glass Cases.

Sturgeons and sword fish too big to stretch their legs in the aquarium tanks are the last distinguished arrivals in the Fisheries building. They were dumped into the lagoon about the central fountain, where they are now at home to visitors. Some of them are big enough to eat babies with the ease of a Ganges crocodile. The other newcomers are long chaps with tusks for teeth and cruel looking jaw and peculiar freaks that both swim and walk, spelling their weary fins with a trip on stubby legs. Deep sea toads, big enough to furnish steaks and family roasts, sit sulkily on the clammy bottoms of the tanks of brine, with strange monsters for companions. This last collection makes the aquarium complete. However, the plan is to keep the special cars constantly in transit to bring new creatures and more of the old ones each trip.

The aquarium is not large enough to accommodate the crowds. The popularity of the exhibit has exceeded expectation. It is now among the favorites, with the interest increasing daily. Some enthusiasts are working to have this feature also made permanent as a park attraction when the exposition is closed.

Greatest Show the World Ever Saw.

That the fair as an exhibition is bound to be a success is admitted even by its greatest enemies. Men and newspapers that have derided it for two years and predicted a great and humiliating failure are ready now to concede that Chicago has done more than it promised to do, and that if the people of the country do not respond and go and get the benefit of the exhibition they will lose a sight of the greatest aggregation known to modern civilization. That the world's fair will deserve this distinction when it is fully under way is only stating a plain fact. The outlay of \$33,250,000 in preparation would compel the greatest show the world ever saw unless there had been shameful waste. Of the latter there seems to have been very little. Probably no previous fair can show less; while the \$16,000,000 worth of exhibits, making an aggregate expenditure of \$50,000,000, insures an exhibition surpassing anything of the kind recorded by history.—Philadelphia Press.

THE necklace effect is popular in the making and trimming of dressy waists. Many rows of very narrow, jeweled passementerie are set around a collar and yoke, and, at a distance, have the effect of strands of jewels.

Anybody who thinks the people's party is dead had better prepare now for a big surprise in the future, equal to the one they had on reading the election returns on November 8, 1892. The reform papers are stronger and more aggressive than ever, and the work of education in public affairs is bearing daily fruit. The financial question is fraught with considerable danger to the democratic party, as the south and west are undoubtedly in favor of either free silver or an inflation of the currency by the issuance of United States notes, based on the credit of the country. This, with the free trade tendencies developing in the west and south in the people's party ranks, is likely to play sad havoc with the conservative element in the democratic party when another fight comes off. The democrats will have to be real democrats or be relegated to the rear again, if the signs of the times are read aright.—Baltimore Critic.

Monkeys Don't.

Man raises meats for idlers. Monkeys don't.

Man builds mansions for idlers. Monkeys don't.

Man creates money for use of idlers. Monkeys don't.

Man labors that others may idle. Monkeys don't.

Man starves that others may surfeit. Monkeys don't.

Man freezes that idlers may be warm. Monkeys don't.

Man plows and produces for idlers. Monkeys don't.

Man tends flocks for wool for idlers. Monkeys don't.

Man makes bad laws, laws that keep him in servitude. Monkeys don't.

If the men who plow, tend flocks, herd cattle, build mansions, starve, freeze and make laws were only as wise as monkeys, what a glorious world this would be.—Coming Nation.

An Extra Session.

An extra session of congress is still talked of, and one will probably be called to meet in September. Not, however, to repeal the tariff, which we are told was the one grand object of all good democrats and the only question before the American people, but to take action on the money question. The reformers and the gold-bugs have both forced this question to the issue. The majority of congress are pledged to their constituents for financial reform, and whether in extra or regular session, it remains to be seen whether Wall street bribery can control enough votes to plunge the nation deeper in debt and hang another burden around the neck of the producer and laborer. Congress is being watched closer than ever before, and its members should beware how they trifle with their pledges.—Mt. Vernon (Ill.) Progressive Farmer.

The Honest Dollar.

The only way to settle the silver question is to put 100 cents worth of silver in the dollar.—Kansas City (Kan.) Gazette.

A better way would be to put sufficient gold with the silver to make 100 cents' worth of the combined metals in a dollar. The coin would then be much more portable than if composed exclusively of silver, and would be an honest dollar.—Lawrence Record.

A better way still would be to stop this senseless gold-bug twaddle about the "dishonest dollar," the maintenance of the parity of the metals by continued gold payments, and simply atone, so far as is now possible, for the crime of 1873 by placing the two metals on an equality before the law. This done, the dollars will take care of themselves.—Advocate.

Demonetize It.

When Europe gets all our gold, the best thing to be done will be to demonetize it, just as France did some years ago. Let it go along with silver. What condition would that place England in? Their gold would not pay for our wheat, corn, beef or cotton. Greenbacks, the money despised by old plutocracy, would command a premium at once for the purchase of our products and the old world would have to buy them with a depreciated gold dollar in order to get the farm products they must have. Let us try giving the British lion's tail a twist the other way.—Oberlin (Kan.) Herald.

Legal Tender.

Seven out of every ten men in the country honestly believe that an issue of full legal tender money issued by the government and paid out for expenses instead of collecting revenue until we have a reasonable amount to do business with, would be for the interest and welfare of the whole country. But a few wealthy men who call themselves financiers say this will not do, because it would interfere with their interests, and our rulers stand by the few and let the many suffer.—Lamar (Mo.) Industrial Union.

—The Episcopal Address, signed by all the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, presented to the general conference of that body in the city of Omaha in May of last year, declares: "The rapid accumulation of enormous wealth in the hands of a few successful speculators; the tendency to concentrate in a limited class of not always the most worthy, the grinding and soulless arrogance of monopolies, working impoverishment to the masses and extreme inequalities among the people without respect of merit, and are not only producing dangerous and wide spread discontent, but are exciting hatred and arousing tendencies which will be more and more difficult to repress, and which if not arrested will breed riot and revolution. There is danger to the social and civil fabric."

—If there is anything that will tire the immortal soul out of a man, it is to hear the democratic papers abuse John Sherman for demonetizing silver, when the democratic house in the last congress with 148 majority indorsed it, and if it had not been for the people's party men would have made it worse than Sherman did.—Lamar (Mo.) Industrial Union.

—Wall street shows its patriotism by demanding and trying to compel an issue of government bonds.