



E sleeps, the soldier sleeps, no more To wake at break of day, To hear the morning gun's glad roar

In echoes die away:
No more to hear the bugle note
Borne on the waking breeze,
Or see the smoke from camp-fires float

Above the arching trees:

No more to breathe the incense sweet
From soldiers' lonely fads,
As bus hands and bated feet
The morning meal prepared.

No more the breakfast call to hail
With merry quip and jest,
Or haste to greet the tardy mail
From those he loved the best;

No more to see the banner bright
Its lovely folds unfurled
Against the sky's soft amber light;
And clouds of gold and pearl;

No more at mounting of the guard
To take his place in ranks,

Or reap the morn-relief's reward—
The weary sentry's thanks;

No more to pass the long, long day
On lonely picket post,
Where oft the bushes, far away,
Saw the advancing host;

No more to speed the weary hours
With dreams of fair or fragrant pipe,

Or plucking dear, familiar flowers

Or luscious berries ripe;

No more the camp's genial glow
At even to seek,
Where tales of love and joy and woe
The laugh or tear bespeak;

Or as the blackened briarwood bowl
Its cheering vapor breathes,

To see sweet visions gently roll

Along the fleecy wreaths;

He sleeps, the soldier sleeps, no more
To waken to the fray,
The cannon's loud deliriant roar,
The bugle's blantant bray;

The shout of sentries rushing in,
The long roll of the drum,

The shell's wild scream and horrid din,

The bullet's deadly hum;

The battle line, the gleaming steel,
The volley's blinding flash,

The charge the stricken comrade's reel,

The vengeful forward dash;

The grandeur of the serried rank,

As o'er the field it sweeps,

The struggle on the breastworks' bank—

For, lo! The soldier sleeps.

Sweet be his sleep, for all he had—
His life—he freely gave

That o'er a land with peace made glad

The flag he loved might wave;

And while his grave the chaplet bears

Above its lowly sod,

The crown of duty done he wears

Before the throne of God.

—Thomas Calver, in Once a Week.

OUR FIRST DECORATION DAY.



HIS rainy night and talking of Decoration day reminds me of an incident of our first celebration in the little town where I lived in the southern part of Illinois.

It was in the '60's and for some years the towns around us had been keeping what you now call Memorial day, and some one suggested that we, too, raise a small flag and scatter flowers on the graves of our soldier boys once a year, so that we would show to all that our boys in blue and our boys in gray were not forgotten, and the 30th of May was set apart for that work of love.

It was the night before the 30th that I saw her walking along through the rain, seemingly utterly regardless of the storm which swept around her. She had neither umbrella nor cloak to protect her slim form from the watery elements. She wore a thin calico dress and a well-worn shawl; her head was covered by an untrimmed straw hat. She was neat and clean. I knew something of her circumstances and so wondered at her being away from home at dusk.

A number of years before she and John, her husband, good, honest John Small, had begun their wedded life in a little vine-covered cottage just on the outskirts of our town.

John worked in the town—a splendid mechanic they said he was—a manly-looking fellow, tall, broad-shouldered, with wavy hair and dark-brown eyes. He made a comfortable living and they were very happy. When the oldest child was six and the youngest a baby in arms that great "call to arms" for a nation's safety came, and John—what could John do but respond?

A company was organized in our little town and John enlisted. One day, with banners flying, and the beat of drum and noise of life resounding through the streets as if it were a gala day instead of a day of gloom and fear, they marched away.

I remember it plainly, as if it were but yesterday, seeing John stoop over the baby in her arms, as if loath to leave them, kiss the tiny face and hands over and over again.

He fought and fell, a captain among our boys, and when well enough they sent him home, only for the loved ones there to see how intensely he suffered. The journey was too much for him. Unconscious when he arrived, he remained so until he lifted up his eyes in that land where battle strife and beat of martial drum are never known and soldiers' graves are never dug. We buried him—I say we because our whole town honored our fallen captain, and universal was the sorrow expressed for his wife and babies.

There was a little money left, and Mary kept her place and raised garden stuff to sell. As years rolled by that

was not enough to give her even a scant supply, and she moved into town and took in sewing.

Time had healed the sorrow in the hearts of the town folk as it had covered the grave with green. As I watched her I thought of her sorrow and great needs, and wondered how we could so soon forget her.

I saw her enter a shop and come out directly with a disappointed look, tucking something under her arm. In my own arms I carried a box of cut flowers which I had purchased to place on the grave of an only son whom I had laid to rest just after that dreadful battle of Bull Run.

PATRIOTIC OBSERVATION.

The Duty and Privilege of a Loving and Grateful People.

At this season there should be no alloy in the golden tribute of our country to the soldiers. Their memory should be cherished, their bravery extolled and their examples emulated. It is impossible to value too highly their deeds on southern battle fields, nor to speak too emphatically of their patriotic motives. The inculcation of the lessons of patriotism is as much a duty as the defense of the country. The an-

movements. It plunged forward

through the union lines opposite it and kept going until it crossed the state road, for control of which both armies were fighting. On it went over the road, through more woods, and into a clear field, bringing up at Widow Glenn's house, half a mile in the rear of the whole union army. Rosecrans had to pull two brigades out of the battle and send them after Bates to drive him back to where he belonged. In that wild, resistless charge the Tennessee brigadier had three horses shot under him. —American Tribune.

FRANK J. CHENET makes oath that he is the sole partner of the firm of F. J. Chenet & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENET.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1880.

A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENET, Co., Toledo, O.

[S] Sold by Druggists 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

SHE—You profess to think a great deal of me. That is all right so long as everything is going pleasantly. But would you make any great sacrifice for my sake?

He—"You know I would. Haven't I offered to marry you?"—*Original Transcript*.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the Home-Seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 8th and 29th, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going to any territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information call on or address Ticket Agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed, free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

"ALL the world may be a stage," remarks the disgusted dramatic critic, "but Shakespeare was wrong when he said that all the men and women were players."—Philadelphia Record.

J. I. CASE T. M. CO.

Users of Threshing Machines, Engines and Sawmills have long been familiar with the name of the firm heading this notice. Its career has been consistent and honorable in an exceptional degree. During the past winter a large part of its mammoth works have been remodeled and rebuilt, and the plant is now probably the most complete of its kind extant.

Careful buyers are learning the lesson that it pays to deal with reliable firms, and anyone contemplating the purchase of threshing machinery of any kind, sawmills, etc., should write for Illustrated Catalogue issued by the J. I. Case T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. which is mailed free to any address.

"IMA" said a disengaged urchin, "ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" "Cause tain't no use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

Like the Gentle Dew From Heaven Comes blissful peace to a turbulent, unruly liver brought into subjection and disciplined than that grand regulator, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a boon of priceless worth, not only to the bilious, but also to the malarious, the rheumatic, the nervous, the feverish, the constipated, and those whose kidneys and bladder are inactive. The liver is always chiefly involved in malarial complaints, for which the Bitters is a specific.

STRANGER—"What have you in that envelope that you are handling so carefully?" SINGERLY—"A live fly. I've got to catch an early train in the morning."—*Judge*.

WHEN TRAVELING

Whether on pleasure boat, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Figs as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

It takes a man with a good deal of influence with himself to do something he doesn't want to and doesn't have to, because he ought to.—*Puck*.

McVICKER'S, Chicago.

"America" will close its run May 20, and "Mikado," Gilbert & Sullivan's masterpiece, will be the opera following. Seats secured by mail.

THE PAST—THE PRESENT—THE FUTURE—*Puck*.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 23.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle..... \$4.25 @ 4.65

Hogs..... 3.00 @ 3.87 1/2

FLOUR—Minnesota Patents..... 3.40 @ 3.85

City Mill Patents..... 4.05 @ 4.30

WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 55 1/2 @ 59 1/2

ORN—No. 2 Red..... 55 @ 61

Ungraded Mixed..... 43 @ 43 1/4

OATS—Tracked Mixed Western..... 40 @ 41

RYE—Ungraded Western..... 55 @ 58

LARD—Melted New..... 13.25 @ 13.50

LARD—Western..... 7.50 @ 7.75

BUTTER—Western Creamery..... 13 @ 14

Western Dairy..... 9 @ 12

EGGS—Fresh..... 10 @ 14

BROOM CORN—Western (per ton)..... 30.00 @ 55.00

Western (per ton)..... 45 @ 65.00

Illinois Good to Choice..... 45 @ 70.00

POTATOES (per bu.)..... 55 @ 68

PORK—Melted..... 11.75 @ 11.80

LARD—Steamed..... 7.10 @ 7.15

FLOUR—Spring Patents..... 20 @ 3.50

Winter Patents..... 28 @ 3.00

Winter Straight..... 26 @ 2.75

GRAIN—Wheat, Cash..... 54 1/2 @ 55

Corn, No. 2..... 37 @ 37 1/2

Corn, No. 3..... 33 1/2 @ 33 1/2

Rye, No. 2..... 45 @ 45 1/2

Barley, Good to Choice..... 51 @ 56

LUMBER—Siding..... 16.00 @ 33.50

Flats..... 14.50 @ 37.00

Common Boards..... 13.00 @ 36.00

Fencing..... 2.50 @ 2.60

Lath, Dry..... 2.00 @ 2.15

Shingles..... 2.00 @ 3.15

KANSAS CITY—

CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... \$8.35 @ 4.45

Stockers..... 2.90 @ 3.40

Feeders..... 2.40 @ 3.00

Butchers' Steers..... 2.50 @ 4.00

Bulls..... 2.00 @ 3.40

HOGS..... 4.50 @ 4.90

Sheep..... 2.25 @ 4.90

BEEVES—Shipping Steers..... \$8.00 @ 4.75

Stockers..... 2.10 @ 3.25

Feeders..... 1.70 @ 2.60

HOGS..... 3.50 @ 4.75

Sheep..... 2.00 @ 3.15

CATTLE—Steers..... \$8.70 @ 4.15

Feeders..... 2.90 @ 3.85

HOGS..... 4.00 @ 4.70

Sheep..... 3.00 @ 4.00

OMAHA—

CATTLE—Steers..... \$8.70 @ 4.15