



The Soldier Sleeps

He 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' homely fare,
As busy hands and hurried feet
The morning meal prepare:
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 unfurl
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 moral-relief reward—
The weary sentry's thanks:

No more to pass the long, long day
On lonely picket post,
Where of the bushes, far away,
Seem an advancing host:
No more to speed the weary hours
With dreams of o'er fragrant pipe,
Or plucking dear, familiar flowers
Or luscious berries ripe:

No more the camp-fire's genial glow
At eventide to seek,
Where tales of love and joy and woe
The laugh or tear bespeak:
Or as the blackened briarwood bowl
Is cheering vapor breathe,
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 defiant roar,
The bugle's blarneying cry,
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 vengeance 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

THIS 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.

Although it was raining very hard at this time, wondering still more at her mysterious way, I followed. The last place which she had entered was a music store and I tracked my brain to find a reason for her doing so. She hurried along and presently she seemed to come to the desired place, cautiously looked around her and then entered. When I came abreast of the place I saw that it was a loan-shop. Could it have come to this? Was she so reduced in circumstances that she found it nec-

essary to pawn articles to exist? I waited patiently until she appeared, the "something" under her shawl was gone and she started to retrace her steps homeward.

I did not follow farther, but resolved that I would not sleep that night until I knew just how John's wife was situated. After changing my wet garments for dry apparel and having a cup of tea, I started for her home.

When I reached the door of her apartment at the end of a long, dimly-lighted hall, I heard her running the machine and singing as she worked. I was surprised at this, for with poverty I had always coupled discontent.

She answered my knock by opening the door and saying how surprised she was to see me standing there. We talked of many interesting subjects, she telling me of the children and her work and of her many, many struggles with poverty and doctors and drug bills. Naturally our conversation turned to the subject of Decoration day as the morrow had been christened, and smiling such a sweet, calm smile, she arose and going to the sink at the other end of the room brought from it a box filled with flowers, which she had bought to place on John's grave.

She told me then, with her eyes filled with tears, she knew her John was a noble soldier and he so dearly loved flowers she could not think of his grave with but a flag to mark it and so she had managed to buy some for it. The children would go with her early on the morrow and they would spend an hour or two with him.

"She had managed to buy some." Yes, there was the secret of her walk in the storm and her mysterious disappearance into the place of the "three balls." I said nothing to her of what I intended, but silently admired such deep devotion. I saw his grave next day literally covered with the fragrant blossoms.

That evening a friend called at the place of "three balls" and upon inquiry found that it was John's old, loved flute that she had not pawned, as she was ignorant of the practice, but had sold.

He purchased the same at my request and we sent it, together with a purse well filled with money collected by the army boys, to John's wife, making it indeed a day of decoration to those lonely hearts.—Chicago News.

A DESPERATE CHARGE.

It Carried a Bold Confederate Brigade Completely Through the Union Army.

From nine in the morning till five in the afternoon this charging and counter-charging in the woods went on. Brigade after brigade was knocked to pieces, fell back, reformed and went in again. There was a surprise every half hour. The trees were not so thick as to hinder the progress of the troops. They were thick enough, however, to conceal movements, until often the columns marching in different directions came front to front or front to flank within half a musket shot before either discovered the other. Then volleys were delivered and received at short range. Masses of troops fell to fighting until one or the other gave way. This happened when Stuart, of the confederate side, marching to relieve Cheatham, came plump upon two brigades of Van Cleve's division of union troops, and fought them muzzles to muzzles. Bate's brigade, led by the present junior senator from Tennessee, made one of the most remarkable

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.

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-



PARTING WITH JOHN'S FLUTE.

niversary of the day when the graves of our beloved heroes are strewn with the flowers of a nation's love should be observed with all the fervor which a patriotic and home-loving people can command.

The observation of Decoration day should not be left alone to the organizations of old soldiers. A grateful nation should make of the day an annual occasion for the rehearsal of the valorous deeds of "the boys of '61;" citizens should vie with each other in exemplifying their affection for them, and the youth of the land then, if at no other time, should hear the history of their achievements. A patriotic people must not suffer the stigma that they have allowed the enthusiastic and hearty recognition of this occasion gradually to fail.—Chicago Graphic.

AS BY A MIRACLE.

Showing How Presence of Mind Can Secure Absence of Bodily.

The opera house was crowded. The curtain had gone down hastily in the middle of the second act of the musical extravaganza, and the audience, after a slight buzz of surprise and impatience, sat waiting for it to rise again. Something had happened.

A fire had broken out in the property room.

With the feeble means at their command the stage attendants tried in vain to extinguish it.

The flames licked up the combustible materials strewn carelessly about and began to eat their way upward. Dense volumes of smoke obstructed the efforts of the hastily-improvised fire brigade, and rose aloft through the unprotected regions back of the stage.

The terrible truth could be kept from the audience only a few moments longer. The fire was beyond control. Something must be done.

Outwardly calm, but with a face whose ghastly paleness mocked the mechanical smile it wore, the leading tenor stepped in front of the curtain.

There are times when the soul of man, moved by an intuition whose lightning flash infinitely transcends the swiftest processes of thought, leaps instantly and unerringly to the solution of some gigantic problem before whose sudden awful and inevitable front the plodding faculties of reason stand appalled and helpless.

In the life of this man the supreme moment had come.

The problem confronted him, and he was equal to it.

The building must be emptied with all speed, but without the dreadful knowledge that life and death were involved. There must be no maddened rush of frenzied humanity, blocking the doors and barring its own way of escape.

There was only one thing to be done. Assuming the easy attitude of a favorite singer in the act of responding to a second encore, the leading tenor unfolded a piece of sheet music and spoke in a low tone to the leader of the orchestra:

"Prof. Gibbons," he said, "oblige me by playing 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'"
—Chicago Tribune.

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She—"You profess to think a great deal of me. That is all right so long as every thing 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?"—Boston Transcript.

Cheap Excursion 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 trip in 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, about Shakespeare was wrong when he said that all the men and women were players."—Philadelphia Record.

J. L. 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 machinery has 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. L. Case T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. which is mailed free to any address.

"MA," said a discouraged urchin, "I 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."

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Comes blissful peace to a turbulent, unruly liver brought into subjection and disciplined with 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 feeble, 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?" SINGLER—"A live fly. I've got to catch an early train in the morning."—Judge.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup 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.—Fuck.

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—!—Fuck.

THE MARKETS.

	NEW YORK, May 23.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle	\$4.25 @ 4.65
Sheep	3.00 @ 3.87 1/2
Hogs	6.10 @ 6.50
FLOUR—Minnesota Patents	3.40 @ 3.85
City Mill Patents	4.00 @ 4.30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	58 1/2 @ 59 1/2
Ungraded Red	59 @ 61
ORN—No. 2	43 @ 43 1/2
Ungraded Mixed	43 @ 43 1/2
OATS—Track Mixed Western Mixed	43 @ 43 1/2
RYE—Ungraded Western	55 @ 56
PORK—Mess, New	13.25 @ 13.50
LARD—Western	7.50 @ 7.55
BUTTER—Western Creamery	13 @ 17
Western Dairy	9 @ 12

CHICAGO.	
BEEVES—Shipping Steers	\$3.35 @ 4.45
Cows	1.00 @ 3.25
Stockers	2.00 @ 3.40
Feeders	3.20 @ 4.00
Butchers' Steers	3.50 @ 4.00
Bulls	2.00 @ 3.40
HOGS	4.50 @ 4.90
SHEEP	2.25 @ 4.00
BUTTER—Creamery	12 @ 16
Dairy	10 @ 14
EGGS—Fresh	9 @ 19 1/4

BREMEN CORN.	
Western (per ton)	30.00 @ 35.00
Western Lard	46.00 @ 65.00
Illinois Good to Choice	45.00 @ 70.00
POTATOES (per bu.)	55 @ 65
PORK—Mess	11.75 @ 11.80
LARD—Steam	10 @ 7.15
FLOUR—Spring Patents	2.20 @ 2.50
Spring Straights	2.20 @ 2.60
Winter Patents	2.80 @ 3.00
Winter Straights	2.40 @ 2.75
GRAIN—Wheat, Cash	54 1/2 @ 55 1/2
Corn, No. 2	37 @ 37 1/2
Oats, No. 3	23 1/2 @ 24 1/2
Rye, No. 2	45 @ 46 1/2
Barley, Good to Choice	51 @ 56

LUMBER.	
Siding	16.00 @ 23.50
Flooring	36.00 @ 37.00
Common Boards	14.50 @ 14.60
Fencing	13.50 @ 15.00
Lath, Dry	15.00 @ 16.00
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KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	\$3.00 @ 4.75
Stockers and Feeders	3.10 @ 3.25
HOGS	4.00 @ 4.70
SHEEP	3.50 @ 3.65

OMAHA.	
CATTLE—Steers	\$3.70 @ 4.15
Feeders	2.90 @ 3.85
HOGS	4.00 @ 4.70
SHEEP	3.00 @ 4.00

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A farm renter or a farm owner? It rests with yourself. Stay where you are and you will be a renter all your life. Move to Nebraska where good land is cheap and cheap land is good and you can easily become an owner. Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for a descriptive pamphlet. It's free and a postal will bring it to you.

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AND HE SCOWLED DARKLY.—"Ah, there's their hub!" soliloquized the tragedian, as he stood on an eminence and took his first view of Boston.

Western American Scenery.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry has now ready for distribution a sixteen page portfolio of scenes along its line, half tones, of the size of the World's Fair portfolios lately issued. They are only ten cents each and can be obtained without delay by remitting the amount to Geo. H. HAYFORD, General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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