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and Sun-Telegram

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WAHT WOULD LINCOLN SAY?

A dispatch from Washington states that a monument is to be erected to the Confederate prisoners of war buried at Greenlawn cemetery, Indianapolis. The work is to be done by the war department. The shaft is to be of granite or marble, and is to bear "the name, rank, if other than a private, company, and regiment, of 1,620 soldiers who died as prisoners of war at Camp Morton between 1862 and 1865."

A monument to Confederate soldiers erected on Indiana soil! The announcement will cause conflicting feelings in the breasts of thousands of this state's citizens. Some will answer at once and decisively, "It is a profanation—an outrage;" others will hesitate and decline to give opinions; still a third body of citizens will say, "Let it be done. Bygones are bygones. The South has long since been forgotten."

In this dilemma we can not do better than invoke the shade of the man who understood, better than any one else has ever understood, the great conflict in the course of which these soldiers lost their lives. What would Lincoln say about this proposed monument. We believe that if he were alive he would be the first to answer in his quiet way, "Let the monument be erected. These soldiers died, far from home in a cause which they believed to be just. They were misguided—the dupes of designing politicians and slave holders—but they were sincere. Above all they were our brothers. It is fitting, 'altogether fitting and proper,' that a marble shaft be raised to mark their resting place."

Lincoln was the first to show us that the Southern soldier was misguided. He fought, as he believed, for his rights and his home. The Southern politicians and the men who profited by slavery were the real conspirators. If the proposed monument were to them we would say, "Never! Let them lie without a mark, for by their acts we endured war, and fought and bled for four long years."

But for the Southern soldier we have today nothing but feelings of kindness. All other emotions have passed. It is well and just that his burial place on Indiana ground be marked by a fitting monument.

What He Calls Her.
"Now, Willie," said the teacher of the primary class, "let us see whether you can tell us the name of this graceful looking animal with the big pronged horns? Hunters go up into the woods every fall to shoot this beautiful creature. It is very cruel of them to do so, is it not? Can't you tell us what the animal is called? Come, now, think. I am sure you know what it is. What does your father call your mother when he comes home at night?"

"He calls her Betsy 'cause it plagues her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hitherto it has been customary to make the joints for gas and water pipes by first introducing strands of hemp yarn into the socket, then filling the space left with molten lead and afterward calking the latter. A more modern way is now provided by means of what is known as "lead wool." The lead wool consists of fine threads of virgin lead, but by special machinery in such a manner that it will weld together when calked.

The average capitalization of the 220,183 miles of railroad in foreign countries is \$108,000 a mile. In the United States the average for 222,340 miles is a little more than \$58,000 a mile.

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 6—Webb Lodge No. 24, F. & A. M. Entered Apprentice Degree.

Thursday Evening, Jan. 7.—Wayne Council No. 10, R. & S. M. Stated Assembly.

Friday Evening, Jan. 8.—King Solomon's Chapter No. 4, R. A. M. Stated Convocation.

We have three long Velour Coats worth \$40.00 to \$42.50 which are beauties. \$20.00 will buy one of them. Knollenberg's Store.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Mistaken Courtesy.

A guileless rustic who wished to be employed on an English railway emerged from the examination room and informed his expectant father that he had failed because he was color blind.

"But you can't have," said his father. "You're no more color blind than I am."

"I know that, feyther," he replied, "but it's all through being polite."

"What do you mean? Explain your self."

"Well, feyther, I went into a room, and a chap held something up for me to look at. This is green, isn't it?"

He said, "Come, now, you're positive it's green?" quite pleading-like, and, though I could see plain enough that it was red, I couldn't find it in my heart to tell him so. So I agreed with him and they bundled me out. No more politeness for me. It don't pay."

SOWING THE SEED.

Some are sowing the seed of word and deed.

Which the cold know not nor the careless heed.

Of the gentle word and the kindly deed that hath blessed the earth in its sorest need.

Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain, of dire remorse and a maddened brain, and the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane.

Ere long the weeds from the soil again.

Dark will the harvest be.

All Right Either Way.

General Dabney H. Maury tells in his "Recollections of a Virginian" of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant, "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians they will accept it in resignation and thankfulness, and if they are not Christians it is a deal too good for them."

Lamartine's Modesty.

Lamartine in 1848 was at the acme of his glory and a cabinet minister. He had just contributed "La Marsellaise de la Paix" to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Buloz, the editor, called on him at the ministry. "I believe I owe you 2,000 francs. Here is the money," said Lamartine, producing a bundle of bank notes.

"Pray deduct the amount of the *Revue's* indebtedness to you for your paper," said the editor.

"I meant to make you a present of it," rejoined the poet.

"Not at all, I insist upon paying you."

"How much?"

"Your own price, whatever it may be."

"Ah, well, if you will have it so I must oblige you," said Lamartine, and, with a magnificent gesture, he swept up the whole bundle of notes representing the 2,000 francs and restored them, with solemn dignity, to his pocket.

Little Courtesies.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet courtesies of life" contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing."

Chopin's Kick.

Chopin hated playing at social festivities. To a lady who after the dinner asked him to play he melancholically answered: "Is it really necessary? I ate only so little."

Schoolmates.

A conductor sent a new brakeman to put some tramps off the train. They were riding in a box car. The brakeman dropped into the car and said, "Where are you fellows going?" "To Atchison."

"Well, you can't go to Atchison on this train, so get off."

"You get!" came the reply. And as the new brakeman was looking into the business end of a gun he took the advice given him and "got." He went back to the caboose, and the conductor asked him if he had put the fellows off. "No," he answered. "I did not have the heart to put them off. They want to go to Atchison, and, besides, they are old schoolmates of mine."

The conductor used some strong language and then said he would put them off himself. He went over to the car and met with the same experience as the brakeman. When he got back to the caboose the brakeman said, "Well, did you put them off?" "Now; they're schoolmates of mine too."

An Unfortunate Participle.

A college professor who preferred the participle "gotten" to "got" telegraphed to his wife: "Have gotten tickets for the theater tonight. Meet me there."

The telegraph operator rendered this into "Have got ten tickets," etc.

Mrs. Professor was delighted with the opportunity of entertaining her friends and accordingly made up a party of eight besides herself, the greetings to the professor at the rendezvous were probably more cordial than his feeling until matters were explained. He now makes an exception to his customary use of "gotten."

Effects of Reason.

Reason, like the magnetic influence imparted to iron, gives to matter properties and powers which it possessed not before, but without extending its bulk, augmenting its weight or altering its organization.

Like that to which I have compared it, is it visible only by its efforts and perceptible only by its operations.—Caleb C. Colton.

Fleeing From Fate.

An English village rector while walking out one day noticed an old man in front of him hobbling along as fast as his legs could carry him and apparently trying to escape from him.

Seeing that it was one of his congregation, who had not been to church of late, the vicar hurried after him.

"Hello, John," said he. "How is it that I haven't seen you at church lately?"

At first the rector could get nothing out of him, but after a little persuasion he said:

"Well, sir, it be your youngest daughter, Nelly, I be afraid of."

"What! Afraid of Nelly, a girl of nineteen and only just returned from school?"

"Yes, sir. You see," replied John, "when I went a-courting' an old forlorn teller told me as 'ow I should be spliced three times, first to a black an' then to a yeller an' then to a giner. Now, when I buried my poor yeller Sally three months ago an' your daughter w' the giner 'air comed' one from school I says to myself, I says: 'That's 'er. That's the giner 'un, an' if I don't keep away from church she'll nab me.'"

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SARAH.

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