

Address Delivered At Memorial Services Today By Judge Ira W. Christian

The Day We Commemorate.

This day is dedicated to our dead, but its lessons are for the living. To those who fought in our wars belong the glory of the Nations many victories. Yet, not alone to them shall be given all the reward, nor shall the day be wholly given up in recounting their deeds of valor, for in a large measure, the country and the world, has been enriched and blessed, because of their prowess and heroism displayed upon the field of battle. It is to the living that we shall appeal today, and let us hope that this day may not fail to inspire the sons and daughters of the republic with a deeper sentiment of patriotism; with a stronger and more abiding faith in the high ideals of liberty and justice, for which our soldiers fought, and for which so many gave their lives.

Today, eighty-six millions of people have put business and pleasure aside, and have gathered together, where sleep our noble dead, that they may, with gentle and with loving hands, pay tribute to the soldiers memory.

The Revolution of '76.

When the trees budded and the flowers put forth on the New England hills in the spring of 1775, there came a band of Red-coats from old Boston town going up to Concord. On their way up they met a little band of Americans at Lexington, who opposed their march, for Paul Revere had ridden through the night. You can hear Pitcairn, the British captain, say "Disperse! Disperse! you rebels, down with your arms and disperse." The little band stood firm—that dreadful order "fire" was given. It was obeyed. The April grass so green at dawn was red at sun rise with the blood of freedom.

It was liberty and justice, which the British Parliament and the King had so long denied the Colonists that brought on the war for independence, a war in which 294,791 Americans fought, and 30,000 of these brave men either fell in battle, or perished as prisoners of war on the old British prison ships at Long Island, not to mention the suffering and privations endured at Valley Forge. But these brave men battled for seven years that on this continent a new nation might be established, to the end that freedom might untrammelled and untrammelled enter upon its career for the redemption of the human race.

The Civil War.

The Civil war, the most destructive war in modern times, was brought on by the South for the purpose of destroying the Union, in the interest of slavery. Though the North had expected trouble, and though the government at Washington had sat in idleness and permitted treasonable acts to be committed in every quarter of the South, yet the people still hoped for some peaceful solution of the controversy. But when South Carolina, in convention assembled, passed the following ordinance, further hope of reconciliation was in vain.

Charleston, S. C.

An Ordinance.

To destroy the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled, The Constitution of the United States of America.

We, the people of the State of South Carolina in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the 23rd day of May in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also, all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of said State ratifying amendments of said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that this Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved. The Union is dissolved. Passed unanimously at 1:15 o'clock p. m. December 20, 1860. That ordinance tells its own story.

When the South sent the cannon shot against the walls of Old Fort Sumpter, on the 12th day of April, '61, the sovereignty of the nation had been assailed. That was an open declaration of war. Ah! little did they dream that the firing on the old flag, the flag bequeathed to us by Washington would arouse the nation as it did. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling upon the states for men, the response was not lacking in numbers, nor in patriotic zeal. On the 15th day of April, three days after Sumpter had been fired upon, Governor Morton of Indiana, God bless his name and memory, sent this stirring telegram to President Lincoln: "I tender to you for the defense of the nation, and to uphold the authority of the government, ten thousand men." Men left their teams standing in the fields; their hammers cooling at the forge; briefs half completed on their desks; old men dyed their hair black and boys falsified in order to enlist in the Union army. And such an army of fighters the world had never known. Four hundred thousand of our own unreturning dead, tells the sad and awful story better than any words of mine. Some went down in the storm of battle; some in prison pens of death; some on board the ships at sea. They sleep in that South land made glorious by their valor. Some in the trenches where they fell; some on the furrowed hills of old red clay; some by the river's margin; some in the little valleys between the hills; some on the mountains' crest and some beside the sea. When their little white head stones, now mossy with the gentle touch of time, have faded from the landscape and have crumbled back to dust, the old battlefields, with their clustering memories, shall remain. They belong to the nation. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine and Yorktown, Shiloh, Stone

River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Atlanta, Franklin, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and the battles of the Wilderness, like Marathon and Salamis and Platae of Ancient Greece, they are imperishable.

"Rest on, embalm and sainted dead, Dear as the blood they gave, No impious foot steps here shall tread The herbage of their graves. Nor shall the glory be forgot While time her record keeps, Or honor points the Hallowed spot Where valor proudly sleeps."

Nothing is Ever Settled Until it is Settled Right.

The menace to our civilization is not the race question; is not the question of foreign emigration; nor is it the question of capital and labor. It is the question of drink. It is the domination of the liquor interests in our cities. This is the burning question before the peoples of the United States. And it will continue to be the question of the hour until conditions have been changed for the better. To this condition must be ascribed most of the degradation of our time. It is an irrepressible conflict, and with undaunted vigor, the fight between the temperance and the liquor forces must go on. The old South has declared the saloon an outlaw, while we of the North are put to shame, when it is pointed out that in the city of New York, alone, there are one thousand more saloons than in the fourteen southern states. And yet, we are not laggards, for witness state after state declaring against this evil.

The Nation Takes a Hand.

On the 17th day of February last, congress incorporated into the penal code, the interstate shipping bill, which effectually does three things:

1. It prohibits C. O. D. shipments.
2. It prohibits delivery to fictitious consignees.
3. It requires that all packages of liquor for interstate shipment shall be plainly marked, and designating the contents and the consignee.

The liquor interests may tell you that prohibition does not prohibit, and that restrictive legislation does not restrict. If this is true, why should they manifest such great activity, and why does it so happen that when a state legislature convenes, the paid lobbyists of the liquor interests are there? And why should their papers pour out such bitter volumes of abuse upon men and women who happen not to be of their way of thinking. Out in the open field of life, where all the real battles are fought, stand two armies, two mighty forces. On one side is the liquor interests, on the other side is the interest of home and country. In which army, citizens of Richmond, are you fighting today? A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Though the liquor men may boast of millions of money, grant it; though they may boast of their able lawyers, grant it; they have them. And though they are backed by 250,000 saloon keepers and a million faithful, though deluded patrons, yet over and against them all are men and women with moral courage and the cause of right and justice on their side. No one can look, with undimmed eyes, upon the dark pictures the habitues of the modern saloon presents daily to our view. It was Lady MacBeth, when trying to wash from her hands the stains of blood of Duncan, her kinsman and benefactor, whose murder she had suggested and urged, cried out in despair: "Out damned spot! Out, I say! What will these hands never be clean! Here's the smell of the blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." I say to the saloon, Out! damned spot! To the saloon keeper I say, All the waters of the seven seas cannot wash from your hands the stain of the sin and misery you have caused in the world by your accursed business.

The War Governor of Indiana.

Side by side with Lincoln, stands another name dear to every Indiana man who fought in the war. A year ago, in passing Mound Place in Indianapolis, I saw a little girl pause on the sidewalk in front of a statue. She looked up into the clean, strong bronze face, then went up to the statue, balanced her basket on her knee and read half aloud the Indiana's War Governor 1861 to 1865. Then traced her finger over each letter and the figures; then taking her basket on her arm, hurried away. This was a child of the people, with a great love in her heart and mystery in her soul. There were packages and flowers in her basket and something reminded me of the time when Morton, with a basket on his arm, going about the same citizen to bank and borrowing money on his own promise to pay, that Indiana's soldiers at the front might not fail. He loved the soldier boys as his own sons and they loved him as a father.

Let me read this record. Three Indiana regiments fought at Bull Run; the 34th was in the last skirmish of the war; the 21st landed Ben Butler at New Orleans; the 13th put old glory on the bloody parapet at Fort Wagner; the 79th and 86th were the first to reach the bullet swept crest of Mission Ridge; and the 75th and 101st were on Snodgrass Hill on Chickamauga's bloody battle field. Five Indiana regiments fought at Chancellorsville; four were shot to pieces at Gettysburg; four swept the Shenandoah with Sheridan; five were with Grant in the Wilderness; thirteen fought at Shiloh; 24 at Vicksburg; 35 at Stone River; 27 at Chickamauga; 20 at Mission Ridge; 50 in the Atlanta campaign; 25 turned back with old "Pap" Thomas and gverlastingly whipped Hood at Nashville; and 25 marched with Sherman to the sea.

On every battle field of the South are the graves of our Hoosier sons. The simple words cut in stone on Morton's monument at Crown Hill express the feeling we all entertain for his work and memory, for they say, "He loved his country's good with a respect more tender and more holy and sublime than his own life."

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In Honor of a Great Conflict



MODEL OF MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG IN 1910 BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"If men's memories not thy monuments be Thou shalt have none. Warm hearts and not cold stone Shall mark thy graves, else thou shalt lie unknown. Marbles keep not themselves, how then keep these?"

One of your distinguished citizens has paid Morton this splendid tribute: "As an orator he may not hold the first rank, but like Lincoln, his words were short and to the point, his imagery touched the mind and his sentiment reached the heart. His love of country, the affection he had for his wife, the devotion for Indiana soldiers, were the strong forces of his great and noble life."

The Boys of '61 to '65.

Of the 2,778,309 enlisted men, only a remnant remains. No new faces are seen among the ranks. No more come boys from the dear old fields of home to fill the broken regiments. Your commanders are gone. The unquarable Grant sleeps by the Hudson, where the ships of the Hudson's salute when passing his tomb.

With blue above his helmet And rock beneath his feet The brave heroic soldier Never met defeat. Never faltered on the fire line, Never sought another wrong, But with firmness pressed his column 'Gainst his foemen fierce and strong. Was as gentle as a woman As as candid as a child With a hope that outran glory And a love that over smiled.

The Irrepressible Sherman, the dashing Phil Sheridan the fierce fighters—Logan, McPherson, Reynolds, Thomas and Hancock are gone. And in that goodly company too are most of your comrades. You who sit here today, in your faces I can see the record of your years. Traces of sad tears and a bitter sorrow mark them all. Still, there's brightness in them yet, a buoyancy of that dashing youth that marched and fought and conquered.

Spirits, leaping forth as from the very gates of life, dauntless, courageous, immortal spirits. I see you at the battle front, men strong in life and stronger still in death. I see you with your faces homeward turned when the war is over. I see you in the fields of peace striving with the passing years. Your faded faces tell where the winds blew and snow crowns of the winter. And memory, Goddess of the mind, is always sweet and clean. She is turning the pages of the past for you today. You are looking at the old fields, the old camping grounds, the crests of the mountains, the wide expanse of the sea. You hear the bugle calls, the music of the fife and drum. Victory and the starry flag was yours.

Comrades of my father, make a spring-time of the years that shall be left to you. May you live so well that God will hear your answer when the roll is called. And let us hope

When time hath numbered all our dead And crowns are given those of worth, The soldiers of the Civil war, Shall stand among the Nations—first.

Patriotic Mothers.

The love of country can never perish. It is like a mother's pride in her children. And the Nation, whose sons have most distinguished themselves in battle or in civil life have been the sons of patriotic mothers. Greece has enriched the world's history, and that history is replete with sons of heroic mothers.

"Eight sons, Damieta to battle sent And buried all beneath one monument. No tears she shed for sorrow, but this spake, Sparta! I bore these children for thy sake."

And that other mother gave her son a sword, and when the boy complaining that the blade was too short, said, "My son, add a step to it." And that mother who gave her son a shield, said, "My son, bring the shield back with honor or be brought back upon it." And that old Spartan mother, who, having sent her five sons out to battle, and anxiously awaited the result, when a courier came bringing news of the battle, she asked him, how goes the battle, is it well for my

country? The courier hesitated, but answered, "As for thy country, it is well, but as for thy sons, they are all dead." The mother said, "Thou wretch, I did not ask thee about my sons, let others go weep, as for myself, I shall rejoice, for my country prospers."

Our own country can boast of mothers that stood by their sons like unto those of Greece. In the old war days I remember as a lad going one morning in '62 out across the woodland to Grand Mother Huffman's. As we climbed the rail fence in front of her cabin, we saw a beautiful dappled gray horse tied to a flower stalk. Just then Mother Huffman came to the door and seeing the horse, said, "Why John, you've tied your horse to my flower." It was one of those old fashioned garden flowers called lady fingers of love lies bleeding.

Her son said, "Mother, he will not hurt it, and when I am gone, you will only prize it the more." When Grand Mother saw us, she called to us and as we entered, saw that her son was making ready to go to the front, his last furlough was spent. He was trying to keep his courage up. We watched him put on his blouse of blue. When everything had been done but putting on his sword, that good old mother said "John, let me buckle on your sword." She took the belt and encircled his body, and as it clicked, she caught him by the lapels of the blouse and looking up into his face, said, "My son, I would rather that you should fall upon the field of battle, than that you should dishonor this Cabin Home." We watched him ride away, and as he reached the end of the lane, he drew his sword and waived it above his head.

There was Mother H. B. Merchant, of Rockford, Illinois. She sent eleven sons into the Union army. One was killed at Island No. 10; one fell with McPherson at Atlanta; one died on a sick furlough in his mother's arms; seven were mustered out, one a cripple and another a helpless invalid.

One of the saddest letters ever written by Abraham Lincoln was to Mrs. Birney of Boston. It is short but it tells touching story.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department of the adjutant general of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously upon the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Soldiers, you have mothers, "Whose brave sweet lips That sang so long Through bitter days or bright, Have reached the source Of endless song Beyond the night, Whose loyal hearts That beat so true Unchanged by earthly ills Have reached The everlasting blue Of God's own hills."

Gettysburg.

The spell of the past is over us all. We are in the midst of a great battle. "Far heard above the angry guns A cry across the tumult runs A voice that rang thru Shiloh's wood At Chickamauga's solitude— The fierce South cheering on her sons."

Yet far above the fierce South cry A voice is heard at Gettysburg, So loud, so clear, it filled the sky It said to every boy in blue You hold the hill or die.

fought the battle of the centuries. Like great sea waves, the foeman dashed against the federal wall of blue.

Then rose and fell and settled back Then rose again and dashed with fury wild And mad—twas all in vain. "They fell who lifted up a hand, And bade the sun in heaven to stand They smote and fell who set the bars Against the progress of the stars And stayed the march of Mother land." "They stood who saw the future come On thru the flights delirium They smote and stood who held the hope Of Nations on that granite slope Amid the cheers of christendom." "God lives, He forged the iron will That clutched and held the trembling hill God lives and reigns. He built and lent The heights for freedoms battles, Where floats her flag, in triumph still."

It is the morning of the 4th of July. Fifty-two thousand men in three days had fallen from the ranks of the living to join the bivouac of the dead. The wheat fields had been obliterated, the orchards shot away. We listen, and above the cry of the wounded and the dying, we hear Grant's guns at Vicksburg. Vicksburg has fallen. The mighty River gate of the Confederacy has been broken open. We look, and we see Lee's army, with its broken columns, its shattered regiments, with their faces toward the South. We see it cross the Potomac, never to return. The ever narrowing circle of doom is closing in. We are with Grant in the wilderness. Richmond is in sight. Again there's hurrying to and fro. The tragedy is at an end, for we behold the huge carcass of Secession and human slavery cast upon the banks of Appomattox, never to rise again.

"Fold up the banners, smelt the guns, Love rules, her gentle purpose runs, A mighty mother turns in tears The pages of her battle years Lamenting all the fallen sons."

Abraham Lincoln.

Let us forget, there's one name so linked with yours that we must not pass it by—your commander in chief, the army and navy's pride, Abraham Lincoln. He was closer than a brother to each one of you. Into his sad face, the Nation, with all its people, looked and never had cause to turn away in shame. But with renewed courage took up the battle of life. Some one has said of Lincoln:

"Each year brings forth its millions, But how long, The tide of generations shall roll on."

And Maurice Thompson, who fought on the side of the South, in his immortal poem, says:

"Oh for a voice of boundless melody, A voice to tell Heaven's hollow to the brim With one brave burst of song, Nobler than the tempest, mightier than the sea, That I might lend it to a song of him Who was the North, the South, the East, the West. The thrall, the master, all of us in one, There was no section that he held the best."

His love shone as impartial as the sun, And as revenge appealed to him in vain, He put it from him as a thing forlorn, And rose and stood a moments space in pain, Remembering the prairies and the corn, And the glad voices of the field and wood. And then, when peace set wing upon the wind, And northward flying fanned the clouds of war away, He passed as martyrs pass.

Ah! Who can find the cord to sound the pathos of that day, Mid' April, blowing sweet across the land, New bloom of freedom opening to the world, Loud peons of the homeward looking hosts The salutations grand from grimy guns, The tattered flags unfurled, And he must sleep to all the glory lost."

Oh Lincoln, mighty honest Abe, Who watch the bristling battlements Where warriors fought with all their strength, That freedoms flag might float above the Capitol, That Liberty, might not a "saying be" But a song to cheer the Nation's yet unborn.

This Goodly Land of Ours.

Citizens of the Republic, this goodly land of ours though planted in the wild has been made, by the unselfish sacrifices of its men and women, into a later Eden. There's not a single inch of earth within its bounds but if a slaves foot presses, sets him free. Here it is written:

"Toil shall have its wage, and honor, honor, And the humblest man stands level with the highest in the Law, For such a land as this, have men in dungeons dreamed And with that hope still brightening in their eyes Gone smiling to the faggot and the sword."

And yet! Fair Columbia, is it well to leave our gates unguarded? And let our cities become the prey of the spoilers' hand? Nay, rather let us do as our fore-bearers have done. Let us bravely meet the contest at the ballot box and on the battle field. If we have courage and are loyal to our homes and our country's good, the problems that so beset us will be solved.

Chance—You're looking worried, old chap. Back up! What's the matter? Fervid—I am worried, my boy, terribly. Me what says I'm getting so careless that he's sure I must be in love. He's right, I suppose. But for the life of me I can't think who she can be—London Express.

ted and settled right. If not, fair Columbia, have a care.

"Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn And trampled in the dust, for so of old The Goths and Vandals trampled Rome. And where the palaces of the caesars stood The lean wolf unmolested made its lair."

Soldiers, you who from its red tide of war redeemed the flag bequeathed by Washington, sitting here today in Freedom's temple, let us hope that freedom's blessings like the broad rays of the generous sun shall ever fall equally upon all of its citizens; and let it not be said this is a land "where wealth accumulates and men decay," a land that enriches its few and leaves the many poor indeed. When we look upon the flag and know that your hands placed it where it is, it makes us proud and prouder still to hear you say

"She's up there, old glory, she's waving 'ore head, She dazzles the nations with ripples of red, She will wave for us living or droop ore us dead, "She's the flag of our country forever." "She's up there, old glory, no tyrant dealt scars, No blur in her brightness, no stain on her stars, The brave blood of heroes have crimsoned her bars, She's the flag of our country forever." "Great God! we thank thee for this home, This bounteous birth land of the free; Where wanderers from afar may come, And breathe the air of liberty. Still may her flowers untrampled spring, Her harvest wave, her cities rise; And yet, till Time shall fold his wing, Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise."

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

There are graves that lie in the forest deep, There are graves on the plain alone, Where the fallen soldiers calmly sleep, 'Neath the plain board marked "Unknown."



There are graves where no prayer was ever heard, New echoes of the muffled drum, But their dirge is sung by the forest bird, While the wild bees drearily hum. Heed not if the falling drops greet our ears As we deck each lowly bed, God's clouds are weeping sorrowful tears O'er the graves of the unknown dead.

REAL THREAD OF LIFE.

A Tiny Wisp of Tissue Imbedded in the Heart's Walls.

According to tradition, it was Atropos, the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, who slit the thin spun life, and many of Milton's readers may have wondered whether there was any thread in the anatomy of man the severance of which would be immediately fatal. Injuries to the brain and heart, in both of which the principle of life has been supposed to reside, may be survived for shorter or longer periods; but, as an article by Dr. C. E. Lea reminds us, physiologists have of late years discovered a nerve or bundle of nerves which might well be described as the thread of life. One of the developing sciences of our time is cardiography, the science of the heart beat. The heart, as most people are aware, is divided into auricles and ventricles. The ventricles are the pumping chambers; the auricles are the collecting chambers of the blood and, like the stroke of a racing eight, set the rhythm of the heart beat. A little instrument called the sphygmograph is placed on the wrist pulse and magnifies its movements and traces them with a recording pen in a zigzag curve, telling the observer what the ventricles are doing. Another instrument, the polygraph, placed on the jugular, records the more delicate vibrations of the auricle. With the aid of these two instruments the physician can find what all the four chambers of the heart are doing. Now, the auricular contraction acts as a stimulant or starting shock to the ventricular contraction. Most stimuli are conveyed along nerves. Therefore a little nerve in the heart to act as a telegraph wire between auricle and ventricle was to be expected. Such a thing has been found by physiologists; but, rather than a nerve, it is a specialized sensitive portion of the heart muscle itself. It is a little wisp of tissue not an inch long and only one-twelfth of an inch thick.

On this delicate communicating wisp, called the auriculo ventricular bundle, hangs existence itself. Evolution has arranged that it shall be so small and so sheltered in position in the heart that it is rarely damaged even by large injuries to that organ. But if it is severed then the ventricles must stop and life must instantaneously cease—London Post.

A Useful Implement.

Aunt Ann Arkwright, the bustling spouse of Uncle Joshua Arkwright, proudly showed him a silver implement which a friend had given her as a birthday present. It was shaped something like a spatula, but broadened considerably toward the handle. Uncle Joshua inspected it with some curiosity.

"What is it?" he asked. "Haven't you any idea?" she said. "No, not the least in the world." "Well," said Aunt Ann, "it's a pie knife."

DEFENDED A BRIDGE

Gallant Act of a Band of Boys During the Great Rebellion.

IS A THRILLING WAR TALE

"An order came from General Lee for every sick and wounded man who was able to report at Staunton river bridge, as General Corts with 2,700 men was advancing to burn the bridge," writes a survivor.

"Colonel Farrington put me in command of the artillery. After telling each man what I expected him to do and how to do it I received an order from Colonel Farrington to report at once to his headquarters. I found he wished to hold a council of war. During our talk two and I think three old gray headed ministers reported



"FIRE LOW AND FAST!" that they were there with their school boys to help save the bridge.

"It occurred to me at once that this was our chance, and I advised Colonel Farrington to put the boys in the breastworks on the other side of the river, the river being behind them and the enemy in front of them. The colonel agreed at once. The ministers began to protest on account of the age of the boys. The colonel asked if they did not come to help save the bridge, and he insisted upon their holding their position.

"The rest of the command was then placed in breastworks on the south side of the river. I then went at once back to the artillery. I had accurately reached it when I saw the enemy come out and form in line of battle to charge the bridge, four times our number. My heart went out to those boys. I opened fire on the enemy at once with the four guns and did all the harm I could. I tried to make them think that we had a large force in their front. At this time the order on the other side was given to charge. Down came 2,500 men on those boys and disabled soldiers. Not a word did we hear from the boys until the enemy were within about 200 yards of them, when one of the dear old ministers sprang upon the works and gave the order, 'Fire low and fast!' The little fellows swarmed up from the ground like yellow jackets. I do not know that they killed many, but the result was that the enemy was repulsed and as badly frightened as I ever saw.

"The bridge was saved, and in my judgment saved by the preachers and boys."

THE POSTOFFICE.

It Seemed to Be Located in a Rather Lonely Place.

A veteran stagecoach driver in Idaho used to tell of an incident that happened when he drove the stage over to Boise City from the Union Pacific line. He had on one trip only a single passenger, a little tenderfoot of a New England schoolmaster going to take charge of a school in that town. She had never before been further from Boston than the Hudson river. Along about dusk one evening as she sat on the box by the driver and the team wound its way around the shoulder of a bleak mountain a highwayman suddenly stepped into the middle of the road and held up his hand. A coach road rested easily in the hollow of his arm and his muzzle pointed straight at the driver's head. He quickly pulled up.

"Throw over Wells Fargo's box!" said the man with the gun. The driver reached down and swung the box into the road; then he started to gather up the reins.

"Hold on!" the other cried impatiently. "Where's the mail bag? Don't you think I want that?"

For reply the driver swiftly kicked it overboard.

"All right," said the man on the ground in a sullen tone; "you can drive on now."

For half a mile they rolled along in silence, schoolmaster and driver. The former seemed to be in deep study. At last, turning to the driver, he said, "I don't know anything about the west, of course, but that certainly does seem to be an awfully lonesome place to have a postoffice."—Washington Post.

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PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY.