

DECORATION DAY.

All the earth is blooming,
Beautiful and green,
All the skies are smiling,
Tender and serene,
Violets are flaunting
In a purple sea.

Lilies white and pink
Twinkling in the sun,
Set the humbles humming
Through the blossom spray,
All the land knows this is
Decoration Day!

Streams on the mast top
Flapping in the air,
Bunting on the turrets
Blowing everywhere,
Music on the highway,
Music on the sea.

The Home of the Brave and
The Land of the Free,
Played for the Blue and
Played for the Gray,
Brothers came upon
Decoration Day!

—R. K. MUMFORD

**IN PEACE AND WAR
A REMINISCENCE
BY HELEN EVERISON SMITH**

TELL you, Brother Carruthers, exclaimed Uncle James, "the thing is impossible. The South cannot really mean war. No, no! There are too many strong ties between the North and South, too much real love, too many mutual interests, too many men of brains and sense."

Uncle James, then standing with his back to the fire, his six feet four inches of manly grace towering high above the low mantel, his benevolent and powerful face surrounded by its halo of thick and wavy silver hair, dominated all others in the room, as cathedrals dominate the cottages at their feet, yet there were several persons present whose future deeds were to show them to be men and women of far more than usual strength in the times that "tried men's souls to prove what manner of men they were."

The little gathering on this special evening occupied the large parlor of a broad red brick and white marble house on St. Mark's Place, a quarter of New York City which had long held its own among the most fashionable, but into which the blight of the boarding-house was just beginning to make insidious inroads. The time was early perhaps in January; I do not quite remember, but I know that it was shortly after the meeting of the futile so-called Peace Commission, whereby well-meaning men of both sides had thought to plant olive trees, and only succeeded in sowing heavier crops of thistles. At least two of the men present had been members of that Commission, and had returned from Washington oppressed by the consciousness that matters were in a much more serious condition than the others were willing to admit.

The little assembly of fine-looking men and women before the speaker was just now very grave. There were friends from north and south of Mason and Dixon's line,—honest, whole-souled persons, all of them, though their sentiments differed as widely as their faces. Some were young, and some there were that were the youthful ones, though they were very old indeed. I believe that one of them must have been almost sixty years old, and was treated with reverence by all save Uncle James, who honored nearly as many years and had a far more venerable appearance, by dint of wearing his own beautiful white hair, while the elder man felt himself compelled to don a shiny, dark brown wig.

This gentleman, Uncle Carruthers, had just risen to make some reply to his tall brother-in-law's remarks, when the persistent and shrill calling of "Extrat! Extrat!" penetrated the closed doors and windows. "Extras" at that time commanded an attention which they seldom receive to-day.

For an instant all maintained the attitudes in which they had been caught by the newsmen's cry. Then there was a break, a dash for doors and windows.

Alas! there was no mistake. The words were plain and each syllable was like a bullet: "The flag is fled upon St. Fort Sumter."

The next morning proved this to have been a false alarm, but the effect on the peaceful little group of old and young was the same that it might have been later when the sad tidings

Nina's father was also a surgeon (now at the front), and she had been taught by him how to make herself useful in emergencies. This day's work proved her efficiency, and was the beginning of a long and arduous service in hospital wards. Young, pretty, and endowed with a nameless attraction which is more potent than youth or beauty, and continues to exert its force when these are gone, Nina soon found her way to "the front,"—the sad, terrible, magnificent "front," where all the virtues and all the vices fought side by side in the same great cause, and so learned lessons from each other; for even vices—so long as they are not inhuman—have aspects which are not all bad, and can sometimes support the virtues with an unexpected strength.

At the "front" was much evil, but also much good. Weakness was made strong, and harshness was softened. Death and hardship are stern masters, but good metal is welded under their blows. Maidenly and sweet young woman tumbled to hospitals where the rough and the gentle of those who had worn the blue or the gray lay side by side, and never by word, deed, or look were harmed by any. Hundreds are still living who will willingly testify to this.

There had been a terrible day in the hospital at Fortress Monroe. It was after fatal Fredericksburg, and the wounded had been almost piled in the wards, filling the floors so closely that passing between the lines of prostrate men was a difficult matter. There were not nearly enough mattresses and cots to provide for all, for by one of these blunders which are always being made by no one knows whom, a big shipment of these essentials which had been forwarded to Fortress Monroe by the ever-to-be-blessed Sanitary Commission, had been sent back to Baltimore. He who had a mattress had not a cot, and he who had a cot had not a mattress, and yet, even so divided, the supply was so far short of the need that bare floors were thankfully accepted, if in any place where the wounded could be under shelter.

Overworked surgeons, hurrying orderlies, deft-handed colored assistants,

provided care. A quick-eyed orderly, springing forward, caught the pitcher and its bearer.

Another instant and Nina was kneeling on the floor, the bandaged and bloody head pressed close to her bosom, her whole being thrilling to her low: "Thank God! Thank God! Oh, my Wallace, my own, my own!" Over fort, camp, and hospital, and far out over the heaving black sea,



—Drawn by W. B. Brown.
"ANOTHER INSTANT AND NINA WAS KNEELING ON THE FLOOR."

lightning and thunders dashed and roared, and the rains dashed with unheeded fury; but the heavy air grew lighter and sweeter beneath them all, and a quickening pulse of life ran from man to man, and from ward to ward.

In the bright dawn of the morning it was a radiant face that bowed above the battered soldier who had worn the gray. The surgeon was just going to snatch an hour or two of the heavy slumber which comes only to those who are "tired almost to death." He paused a moment to look down at the two. "Yes, my brave girl," he said, in response to her joyful eyes, "yes, he will live now." As the weary surgeon went on, the girl bent over her lover, and kissed almost the only unbandaged spot, an eyelid closed in saving sleep.—Woman's Home Companion.



FOR DECORATION DAY.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the faithful lightning of His terrible, awful sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have built Him an altar in the evening, low and damp;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contempters, so with Me will I deal," says He, and He is true,
The words of the prophet are fulfilled,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Memorial Day.
The highways teem with wanton bloom;
The gardens, wrapped in rich perfume,
Dream out the latest days of May—
Lo, 'tis the land's Memorial Day;
And where the music-making stand
Beside low graves, or where the bland,
Soft Southern breezes stir the leaves
Of the almetto—each receives
Sleeper in Blue, or Gray, his crown.

Over the dark and the terrible road,
Where wars' dread rivers once ceaselessly flowed,
Fluttered the gentle, immaculate dove,
Emblem of peace, of reunion and love,
Out of the martyrs' dark, battle-hewn graves,
Sprang the Heart's-ease in glorified
And through the land, for the Blue and
The Gray
Shrined in the hearts of the people for
Tears fall alike, this Memorial Day.

May 30th.
It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say
That was not part of Nature's own sweet way,
That on the field where once the cannon's
Lay many a hero cold and stark in death,
Some little children, in the after-years,
Had come to play among the brassy spears.

And, all unheeding, when their romp was done,
Had left a wreath of wild flowers over one
Who fought to save his country, and whose
It was to die unknown and rest forgot?
—John Kendrick Bangs.

The Soldier's Grave.
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Reverses to deck their hollowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By flowers unscen their dirge is sung;
By their honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
—William Collins.

Strew Flowers Above the Nation's Dead.
Strew flowers above the Nation's dead!
Oh, gather tenderly around;
With garlands deck their lowly bed,
Tread lightly o'er this hallowed ground.
For us they died—the brave, the true;
In gratitude we linger here,
And thus our offerings renew
With flowers of each returning year.
Peace hover o'er each honored bed;
Strew flowers above the Nation's dead!

Their memories dwell in every heart;
Oh, keep them ever fondly pure!
From him and plain, and crowded mart,
Here gather while the years end re.
Can we forget the gifts they gave us?
The lives that yielded at our needs?
O'er all the land, from wave to wave,
Thus honored be their noble deeds.
Peace hover o'er each lowly bed;
Strew flowers above the Nation's dead!

A Flag Day.
Weave your garlands bright
Before the May-time closes;
Fancies blue and white
And blushing buds of roses.
Blue and white and red,
The lonely graves they'll cover;
And o'er each gray head
The stars and stripes shall hover.
Let this work be wrought
Before the May-time closes,
And bring your loving thought,
More precious than the roses.
—E. S. B.

Songs of the Soldiers.
Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.
Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be.
And if spared, and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,
Battle scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Children of the flag are we!
—Miles O'Reilly.



FLAG DRILL AT SCHOOL.

PRINTERS' LINGO IN ENGLAND.

In many respects the technical terms of the printer's trade are the same in England as in the United States, yet there are several radical differences of nomenclature which sound peculiar to the American ear. Over there a pressman is a machine minder, or simply a minder. What we call a press proof here is there called a machine proof, while they give to press proof another meaning, that of a proof which is presumed to be the last before going to press. With us, of course, a press proof means a proof taken on the press, and implying that the impression is more or less made ready, so as to give a result equal to the final job. Composition done by the week in England is "on stabs" as opposed to "on pieces." An office correction with them is a "house mark," although such corrections are encircled by the proof reader, as with us. A proofreader's room or compartment is called a closet and the meaning of the word is extended to cover the proofreading fraternity, which is spoken of as "the closet," just as we refer to the business department as the counting house. The copyholder is usually denominated the "reading boy" while the foreman is the "overseer." A man's salary or wages is his "screw," while a battered letter is a batter. The sizes of the printing machines are indicated by the papers they will take on, a double demy, crown and small crown machines. The word press is reserved for the handpress, all the others worthy of the name being called machines. A paper cutter is a "guillotine," and a stone is an "imposing surface." Quotations with them are "hollow quads." A press-clipping bureau is a "press-cutting agency." Lithograph and lithography are almost universally abbreviated to "litho," and a detergent, or other substitute for lye, is a "type wash."

WORDS OF WISDOM.
BY R. J. FREDERICKS.

In any relation of life avoid the man who whines when he talks.
The pull of a politician is as remorseless as the pull of a dentist.
You can estimate a man pretty correctly by the men whom he does not know.
We hear a great deal about the irreverence of children toward their parents. I am not sure that the children are altogether to blame.
As soon as girls learn that there is neither romance nor logic in making a mystery about honorable relations with young men, we can hope for the future.
A young man who does not keep his word is not only a liar, but a poor sort of fool. He deceives only himself, and is no better than the fellow who makes faces at himself in the mirror.
If a young man thinks enough of a woman to ask her to become his wife, he should insist upon letting the whole world know it. If he does not mean to act honorably with her there is every reason why he should want to befuddle his and her relatives and friends with secrecy and mystery. To keep an engagement "on the quiet" has resulted disastrously for many a woman.
Why shouldn't a young man consult his father and mother about the matter of his marrying? Does he know more about human nature than his parents? If he gets into trouble or becomes sick he bawls for help in the loudest manner. Yet he does not know that these things are as nothing compared with the troubles of an unhappy married life.
Two Young Cavaliers.
During a heavy thaw, when the crossings were running brooks, a lady making her way up a quiet street found herself confronted by a small hoodlum. Going back to a corner, she crossed the street, only to find another barrier between her and the sidewalk. Doubtful, she stood still, examining hummocks of snow which might serve as stepping-stones. Two small boys saw her difficulty, and with eager words and gestures pointed out a crossing place.
"Step here and step there," said one, while the other, with the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh, seized a large block of ice and deposited it in the gutter for a causeway.
Deighted with such unusual attention, the lady bowed cordially, saying, "Thank you, my young cavaliers." Then, as she passed on to meditate on the charms of youthful chivalry, one of the gallant knights cried out, "Say, ain't you goin' to give us a cent?"
Strings of Noses.
In a paper read by Miss Adele M. Fleide before the section of biology of the New York Academy of Sciences, the joints composing the antennae of ants were described as a series of noses, each having a special function. The first joint distinguishes the ant's native nest from the nest of an enemy; the second discriminates between the odor of ants of different colonies, but of the same species; the third discerns the scent of the track left by the ant's own feet and enables it to return over its route; the fourth and fifth joints discover the distinctive odor of the larvae and if removed disable the ant from caring for the young in a nest; the sixth and seventh joints make known the presence of an ant of different species. Only after these joints are developed will ants of different species fight one another.
Doubt About Artificial Diamonds.
Everybody has heard of the artificial diamonds which the French chemist, Henri Moissan, produced several years ago by fusing in an electric furnace a mass of iron rich in carbon and then suddenly cooling it. The minute crystals formed in the cooled mass were regarded as true diamonds. But now another Frenchman, Monsieur Combes, attacks Moissan's conclusions and declares that the crystals in question are not diamonds, from which they differ in their refractive properties. Monsieur Combes also argues that nature forms diamonds at a comparatively low temperature, and in support of this position he quotes a statement, namely: that Messrs. Goepfert and Friedel have found plant remains in diamonds.—Youth's Companion.

Humor of Today

Mary's Watch.
Mary had a tiny watch,
And swallowed it one day,
Perhaps to save a little time,
That a what the neighbors say.
She would have been a happy girl,
Except for this bad mix:
That watch could beat her little lamb,
It had so many ticks.
—Wheeler (W. v.) Telegraph.

His Occupation.
First Little Girl—"My father is an editor; what does yours do?"
Second Little Girl—"Whatever mamma tells him."—Glasgow Evening Times.

Supplied.
The Fiance—"Why, yes, at times I thought you might not accept me."
The Fiancee—"Is it possible? I didn't think love could be as blind as that."—Puck.

Wille's Philosophy.
Mamma—"Stop that, Wille! Do you expect me to speak to you every five minutes about that?"
Wille—"Oh no! You'll get tired after awhile."

Comfort.
Mr. Gotrox—"What! Would you take my daughter from me? Why, she is all I have to comfort me in my old age!"
Lord Notasent—"Gad! I thought you had \$200,000."—Puck.

Caught Her.
Jessie—"How in the world did you discover her age?"
Bessie—"I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry, and she said promptly, 'not before she's twenty-seven.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Papa Was Busy.



His Daughter's Sweetheart (on the telephone)—"I called you up to er—er you er—er—"
Her Father—"Take her and make her happy. You'll have to excuse me; this is my busy day."

A Definition.
"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do," said the elder boy.
"Don't I, though?" replied the younger.
"Well, what is it?"
"It's the bones with the people off."—Pathfinder.

Even in Aladdin's Day.
Aladdin was rubbing his wonderful lamp.
"Isn't it lovely?" they cried.
"No," he returned, "I'd much rather skin the gas company."
With a heavy sigh he paid the bill.—New York Sun.

Easy Enough.
"He pretends to be a philosopher."
"Yes; but I notice one peculiar thing about his philosophy."
"What's that?"
"It's only other people's hard luck that he is able to accept philosophically."—Chicago Post.

The Explorer's Apprenticeship.
Stanley was penetrating darkest Africa.
"But," they faltered, "do you think you can find the way?"
"Certainly," replied the intrepid explorer; "I once got to Brooklyn all by myself."—New York Sun.

The Difference.
"Now, Mr. Hamble," said the professor, "you may tell us the difference between the dollar and the cellular forms of life."
Mr. Hamble thought for a moment.
"One lives in a house," he ventured, "and the other lives in a flat."—Judge.

Possible Explanation.
"I don't see what I ever married you for, anyway," angrily exclaimed the ex-widow.
"I'm sure I don't know," calmly rejoined the other end of the combine, "unless it was to get even with the late lamented for quitting the game."—Chicago News.

Facts in the Case.
Muggins—"Fellow called me a blundering idiot this morning. What do you think of that?"
Wiggins—"Well, I think it's up to him to consult an oculist."
Muggins—"Because why?"
Wiggins—"Because you look seedy instead of blundering."—Chicago News.

A Detailed Explanation.
"The hills of Lassa is high up in the hills, isn't it?"
"I dunno."
"I was going to say that the British invading force might suffer from the altitude."
"In what way?"
"Why the altitude might bring on Lassitude. And the—ah, on there. What's your hurry?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Thing in Common.
Towne—"He was at one time quite prominent in Wall street financing, wasn't he?"
Brown—"Yes, but he's settled down now as a gentleman farmer; raising fine cattle and that sort of thing."
Towne—"Well, well! How entirely different from his old work!"
Brown—"Oh, not entirely. He waters his stock, of course."—Philadelphia Press.