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## Select Poetry.

### FORGETFULNESS.

BY BIRCH ARNOLD.

If in the viewless haunts of time,
Some gift of fortune treasured there,
In garnered fullness, might be mine
In answer to entreating prayer,
I scarce could claim a boon to bless
To equal thee, Forgetfulness!

A haunting shadow sups with me,
To greet the morning's old surprise,
With only sense of misery
And bitter meaning in its eyes;
Alas! I cannot seek redress
Except in thee, Forgetfulness!

The summer's suns may rise and set,
And June-day fragrance fill the air;
I see through tears, nor can forget
That ever-hovering wrath of care;
Though sorrow makes the sunshine less,
They're one with thee, Forgetfulness!

Each heart must know its day of grief;
All earthly things must fade and die;
Remembrance brings perchance relief,
Or bitterness of tear or sigh;
For me no other boon can bless
Alike to thee, Forgetfulness!

## Select Story.

### AT 10.30 P. M.

From Boston Beacon.

Dr. Gray, F. R. S., D. Sc., was very clever, very irascible, and he had but few intimate friends. Not, however, because he was irascible, for it was by fits and starts only that he snapped and snarled; but because he was unsociable, and the habits of the recluse grew upon him, and each year of the ten he had lived alone in the modest flat in Mordicamp Mansions he had withdrawn more and more from society, and the few friends who really loved and admired him were sad at heart, for the clever doctor was only just forty, and his dark hair ought not to be turning gray so rapidly; and there was a look in his beautiful, keen eyes, sometimes, that made sentimental women, when they caught it, which was not often, say he had "a story."

And so he had, but the book wherein it was written down was closed and put away ten years ago before he became famous—before he came to Mordicamp Mansions. One or two old friends, such as Tom Teesdale and his wife, knew the story, and willingly would they have written the chapter, which was still untold, in their own way. But the doctor stoutly declared that it would never be written—while he lived—and what could the kindest friend do or say but just listen to him and submit?

When the story began, as stories so often do, with a tender and even romantic love passage, Marmaduke Gray had not reached the professor's chair which he now so ably filled, but it was well known that honors and distinctions were before him. Indeed, for his age he was one of the most gifted among many able compeers, and a most delightful companion if only you could get him away from his microscope and his specimens, wet and dry—living and dead. He was just on the point of perfecting the deductions made from the discoveries that followed the patient labor of years (how his fine eyes sparkled and how the words poured from his eloquent lips as he talked of his work), when the flat above his own was let, and every nerve quivered when he heard a piano-tuner at work in the room over his study.

For days and days, before the professor spoke of his grievance, the Teesdales knew that something had gone wrong.

Then it came out bit by bit, and it had to do with the tenant on the third floor.

"She plays the piano from morning till night," he said, one evening as he walked up and down Mrs. Teesdale's drawing-room. It was then about 8 o'clock.

"But with a padded ceiling surely the sound is muffled?"

"Intensified, you mean! The padding is a fraud! Why did she take that flat?" and the professor's long slender fingers routed up his hair. It was cropped close, so he could not do much harm.

"You are sure it is a woman?"

"Yes. I read her name on the indicator in the hall—Mrs. Vernon. And she is always at home."

Silence for a few seconds, then he asked, with a funny little break in his voice—not the sort of sound one would expect from a professor: "I should not mind so much if she did not play *her* music. It seems like retribution that I should be condemned to listen to it every day, and, yet not—not from—Margery."

Mr. and Mrs. Teesdale exchanged a rapid glance. It was the first time the professor had uttered that name for years.

"How I used to abominate Chopin and all his works!" the clear voice with now a pathetic note in it, went on, and the professor's eyes sparkled almost as if they were wet. As he reached the far end of the room in his walk he was seen to take out his handerchief, but when he passed once more into the circle of light the man of science was himself again.

"I am not going to bear it much longer," he said, in a cool, matter-of-fact tone. "If she insists upon playing all day long I must move. Fancy being driven from a comfortable home by a tinkling piano!"

"Do not be in a hurry. You will get accustomed to it in time."

"Accustomed!" The professor was getting cross. "I have done my best." Mrs. Teesdale smiled; she knew what his best was. "I set my will to work to force myself not to listen, and I might have succeeded if——"

"If she had not played like Margery."

The professor started as if he had been struck by a bullet. "You must not speak of her!" he cried out.

"But you said her name yourself this moment, you inconsistent mortal!"

"Very likely; but that is no reason for supposing that I can bear it from you."

"But you ought to bear it; and what is more, you ought to put an end to this estrangement. I believe you are just as fond of her as you were ten years ago."

"Fond of her! What put that into your head? I am not the man I was ten years ago. I have no time for love and nonsense."

"Please answer my question."

"You did not ask one."

"Pardon me. I asked you if you were not in love. There! I wonder if any one ever saw a professor blushing before?"

"Pish! Rubbish! You make me look like a fool!" the professor grumbled, and he flung himself into a chair, and took up a newspaper wherewith he screened his face.

"You cannot deny that she was a very pretty woman," he was heard to mutter, as he presently turned the sheet.

Mrs. Teesdale knew her man. She let him alone for ten minutes, and then challenged him to a game of chess. As they arranged the pieces the professor said:

"I sent a polite message the day before yesterday, stating the hours at which I am out every day; and I asked, as a great favor, that she would practice during my absence."

"A very sensible suggestion. What did she say?"

The professor laughed his celebrated sardonic laugh. She was very rude—said she never received messages through servants, and that if I had any request to make I must make it in person."

"Beware! It is a plan! She wants to see the celebrated professor of physiology. You need not frown. I saw a woman buying your photograph at the stereoscopic the other day. Now, you are caught in your own net, for you know you never admit that women are foolish."

"But what am I to do about Mrs. Vernon's piano?"

"My dear fidgety professor, I cannot imagine you climbing up Mrs. Vernon's stairs; knocking at Mrs. Vernon's door; and begging of Mrs. Vernon to give up Chopin because he interrupts your scientific studies! If she happens to be nice-looking——"

"Go on," the professor breaks in. "You have the move."

Then as he absently followed Mrs. Teedsdale's lead, he muttered half aloud: "Two lives were shipwrecked by Mr. Chopin before; at least mine was."

The game lasted barely ten minutes, and the professor was beaten. "A poor victory," said Mrs. Teesdale; "I believe you were thinking all the time of Mrs. Vernon and her piano."

"I was not thinking of Mrs. Vernon." He snapped the words out quite viciously, and presently bade his friends good-night.

Standing in the open doorway, half in and half out, he spoke again. "I shall send you my new address when I move," he said. "I know it will come to that."

There was work waiting for him when he got home, but he was not in the mood for work. He opened some letters which had come for him by the last post: gushing epistles, some of them from women who followed the fashion in running after the cleverest and most attractive man of his day. Strange to say, these letters did not make him angry. Gentleness and toleration for woman seemed to increase and multiply in him as his fame grew; but not one of the many fair ones who burnt incense before him could flatter herself that he was falling in love. He was charming in every mood, and nearly always pleasant of speech. Now and then came a crushing rebuke or a withering sarcasm, but immediately after followed the old sweet, pleasant smile that each woman tried hard to win for herself. Whether in good temper or bad, Dr. Gray was fascinating.

He was not very amiable, however, this evening, for he was vexed at his inability to work. Events in his life which he had told himself were dead and buried came crowding themselves upon his well ordered brain. Memory played him fantastic tricks. Imagination, more capricious than memory, filled his study with the sweetest, brightest pictures, and made his heart beat as it had beaten ten years before when—

He took up books one after another and flung them here and there about the room; for, just as the mental picture was fairest and most adorable—just as in imagination he felt two soft arms around his neck and saw two sweet eyes looking into his own, some one stirred in the room overhead, and immediately one of Chopin's wild waltzes filled the air about him. The visions conjured up by memory and fancy fled, and the professor, with an indescribable expression on his face, leaned his elbows on the table and propped up his head with a cheek on either hand.

Five minutes—ten, passed thus; then he got up quietly and looked at his watch. It was nearly half-past 10. "It is rather late to call on a strange woman," he said; "but I have no time by day, and if this goes on I shall go mad. Why in the name of all that's distracting must she play *that* music?"

He picked up the books that he had flung about; touched some articles upon his study table without knowing that he did so, then went to the door, opened it, and stood for a second or two irresolute, with the sound of Mrs. Vernon's piano still in his ears. The next moment he was out on the public staircase and had begun the ascent to the third floor.

To ring Mrs. Vernon's bell, to be admitted and to find himself at her drawing-room door was the work of a few seconds. He got rid of the sleepy-looking servant by saying that her mistress expected him; and, as she disappeared down the passage, he knocked. A voice said: "Come in," but the playing did not cease. He went in, and still Mrs. Vernon played on.

She did not look around. She thought it was the servant who had come to fetch something.

The professor felt exceedingly uncomfortable; when Mrs. Vernon told him to come and ask her himself to arrange her practice for the hours he was absent, he knew she did not mean him to come at 10.30 p. m.

"Madam," he began, "allow me to apologize——"

The lady at the piano—she had her back to him, and the room was so dimly lighted that she sat in deep shadow—gave a start, but she did not look around, and she did not stop playing. The professor felt so obviously in the wrong that courtesy, tact and temper deserted him at the same moment. But he made a fresh start.

"Madam," he repeated, "I do not intrude upon you for pleasure. I came because you refuse to receive a message, and I cannot wait until to-morrow. Will you allow me to make my request and to be gone? Your music is distracting."

With a clashing of chords, and a sudden sweep of her fingers over the keys, Mrs. Vernon stopped—closed the piano—pressed her hands for a moment to her temples, rose and faced her visitor.

She was a beautiful woman in the very fullest bloom of life and loveliness; small of stature (so small indeed that the professor looked tall beside her, and he was by no means a giant), but exquisitely formed and very graceful. Her fine gray eyes had a mischievous light in them as she bent them upon the startled man who had already retreated a step or two, but there was a note of suppressed pain in her voice as she said:

"I am sorry time has not lessened your antipathy to my music, Marmaduke."

The professor said not a word, but, before Mrs. Vernon could evade him, he caught her in his arms and kissed her as ten years before he had kissed her on their wedding day.

"Margery! My wife!" he cried at length, as he held her from him to look into her eyes.

What he read therein must have satisfied him (and he was hard to please, all his pupils knew), for he drew her into his arms again, and, being stronger than she, she could not get away.

"But you hate Chopin still," she said at last; "and my rival, the microscope, is more formidable than ever.

"You may play Chopin from morning until night if you will forgive me and love me again Margery."

"You have more to forgive than I [illegible] the true woman answered, as she p[illegible] up her hand and gently stroked t[illegible] face which looked older and m[illegible] marred than when she had seen [illegible] last; "I am ashamed when I th[illegible] how horrid I was. But, let [illegible] whisper it, I thought you loved th[illegible] dreadful worms and things better t[illegible] your wife, and I was afraid I was [illegible] young, and—"

"And so we lost ten years of h[illegible] piness," he answered as her v[illegible] broke with a sob, but, although his voice was sad and rather stern he stopped and fondly kissed away the mist of tears from her eyes.

It was some days before the Teesdales heard anything of the professor. Then came a note from him from the Isle of Wight. "I found Margery playing Chopin on the third floor," he wrote. "The microscope has a holiday, and we are enjoying a second honeymoon. I like it."

Quoth Mr. Teesdale: "She's a million times too good for that cantankerous little bookworm." Quoth Mrs. T: "I am sure I hope she will be sensible now and treat him properly. Too good for him! Good gracious! Why, he is a perfect angel. I do not know a woman fit to tie his shoes."

Margery was of the same opinion, but she always tied the professor's.

## DANGERS OF NICOTINE.

From New York Medical Journal.

Nicotine is one of the most powerful of the "nerve poisons" known. Its virulence is compared to prussic acid. If birds be made to inhale its vapor in amounts too small to be measured they are almost instantly killed. It seems to destroy life, not by attacking a few, but all of the functions essential to it, beginning at the center—the heart. A significant indication of this is that there is no substance known which can counteract its effect; the system either succumbs or survives. Its depressing action on the heart is by far the most noticeable and noteworthy symptom of nicotine poisoning. The frequent existence of what is known as "smoker's heart" in men whose health is in no other respect disturbed is due to this fact.

Those who can use tobacco without immediate injury will have all the pleasant effect reversed, and will suffer from the symptoms of poisoning if they exceed the limits of tolerance. These symptoms are: (1) The heart's action becomes more rapid when tobacco is used; (2) palpitation, pain, or unusual sensations in the heart; (3) there is no appetite in the morning, the tongue is coated, delicate flavors are not appreciated, and acid dyspepsia occurs after eating; (4) soreness of the mouth and throat, or nasal catarrh, appears and becomes very troublesome; (5) the eyesight becomes poor, but improves when the habit is abandoned; (6) a desire, often a craving for liquor or some other stimulant, is experienced.

In an experimental observation of 38 boys of all classes of society and of average health who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, 27 showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth, 32 showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough and craving for alcohol; 13 had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

A great majority of men go far beyond what may be called the temperate use of tobacco, and evidences of injury are easily found. It is only necessary to have some record of what the general health was previous to the taking up of the habit, and to have observation cover a long enough time. The history of tobacco on the island of New Zealand furnishes a quite suggestive illustration for our purpose and one on a large scale. When Europeans first visited New Zealand, they found in the native Maoris the most finely developed and powerful men of any of the tribes inhabiting the islands of the Pacific. Since the introduction of tobacco, for which the Maoris developed a passionate liking, they have from this cause alone, it is said, become decimated in numbers, and at the same time reduced in stature and in physical well-being so as to be an altogether inferior type of men.

A man for whom we have always had the highest regard said in our hearing recently: "a man's friends are his capital," a truth to which we heartily assent. One may have honor, position, great wealth or learning, but if we have not friends of what avail are they! There is no treasure so precious as a life-long friendship. How few such friendships there are! There are so many ways of losing [illegible] have friends he must show himself friendly.

## ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY

**REV. C. S. SLAGLE,**

**Before Burns Post, No. 13, G. A. R., and Citizens of Westminster, Maryland,**

**Memorial Day, May 30th, 1889.**

*Members of the Burns Post, G. A. R., and Fellow Citizens:*

Another year has rolled away into the deep bosom of eternity, carrying with it all its joys and heartaches, all its pleasures and pains. Another year have our heroic dead slumbered in their graves while we have been enjoying the boon which they have purchased with their lives. It is well that the heart of the nation fully responds to the memory of her fallen heroes, for a reluctance to do them honor would indicate not their unworthiness but our degeneracy. The moral worth of a people may be measured by their treatment of their dead. A decent care of the dead is indeed one of the first attributes of man, dividing him from the brute creation by all the breadth and wealth of moral affections and religious sentiments and hopes. In proportion to the moral culture of a people, the development of the finer sensibilities and the delicate and amiable virtues is their pious affection for the dead. In all the beautiful dignity of the life of Abraham there is no incident more touching in itself nor more ennobling to humanity than that in which he appears mourning and weeping for Sarah, and at the same time weighing out 400 shekels of silver that in a land of strangers he may secure by solemn compact the possession of a burying-place for his dead. That sepulchre, guarded in turn by Jew, Christian and Mohammedan, witnesses for this pious sentiment of our humanity, through all changes of race, of dynasty, and of religion, and through all the ravages of war and of time.

The last insult that barbarism or fanaticism can invent is an insult to the remains of the victims of its cruelty. The code of war has been so far humanized by the instinct of respect for the dead that the victor pauses in the celebration of his triumph to give a decent burial to a fallen foe and to drop a tear of pity on his grave. There is not a soldier in the civilized world to-day who would not turn with loathing from the scene pictured on the walls of Egyptian temples, where the king, returning from battle, is represented as gloating over the hands and other members severed from the dead bodies of his victims, and even from dying prisoners, and piled in ghastly heaps around him. Our celebration of victory; our exultation at the overthrow of the assailants of our national honor, unity and life; our tribute to our own heroic dead, are marred by no feeling of revenge, no act of dishonor toward those who fell fighting against us, and the air once dense with the sulphurous smoke of war is fragrant with peace and good-will. We attest our Christian civilization, we exemplify the tone of our moral culture, when we so honor our dead that the hands that bore with ours the shock of battle are wreathed with flowers for their graves.

It was a custom established by the laws of Athens that the obsequies of those who had fallen for their country in battle should be performed in the most solemn and public manner. The bones of the slain were gathered on the plains or mountains and were brought in solemn procession to the city. There they were guarded in state and received the votive offerings of friends and relatives, such as flowers, weapons and precious ornaments, which were brought as tributes of affection and evidences of the proper appreciation of their services. Coffins of funeral cypress then inclosed the honored remains, which were borne to vaults in the suburbs, where, shaded by the sacred olive and watered by cool rivulets from the surrounding hills, the turf was kept forever green. Where such a custom existed, it is not to to wondered at that patriotism and love of country burned in every breast with a flame which a thousand years of oppression and tyranny were unable to crush out. And shall we, the freest of all nations in our paradise of liberty, feel less patriotic fire in our breasts than that which glowed in the youthful bard of Hellas, and inspired his burning words? Can *you*, the living representatives of the martyrs of our country, forget those partners in the toils and hardships of war who fell at your side, and with fast-failing breath, whispered dying messages of love in your ears for the dear ones at home? When many a subsequent incident of your lives shall have been swept away in the ocean of the past, those dying accents will ring as clear in your memory as if they were but of yesterday. Can *we*, who are enjoying to-day the gifts which they purchased for us with their lives, forget them? Let us all revive our patriotism by the acts of this day and strengthen our loyalty by the example of the noble dead around us. Thrice blessed be their memory, for we and the rising generations can scarcely realize the debt of gratitude we owe them. Each loyal State vied with the other in noble emulation to send to the theater of war the greatest number of troops, burning with zeal first to measure arms with the foe. From city, town and village America's noble sons rallied to the support of their country. This county was by no means negligent to her duty. This Post by its very name is perpetuating the memory of one of the first to offer his services and his life's blood upon the altar of his country, and with the name of Lieutenant William H. Burns, who fell at Fisher's Hill while carrying the colors, the names of Byers, Shreeve, Zentz, Ocker, Lawyer, McElroy, Lemon, &c., who died in the defence of their country, come to your minds. May the example of their devotion to duty and noble patriotism ever strengthen us in the performance of *our* duty.

History could not furnish us with encouraging precedents; her teachings rather seemed to indicate that disastrous results were almost the inevitable consequences of intestine struggles. When the first roar of cannon sounded over the waters of Charleston harbor, when the first flash of fire sent the blasphemous challenge to the Stars and Stripes on the ramparts of Fort Sumpter, then the forbearing indignation of the loyal sons of the Union burst forth into a blaze of enthusiastic wrath. The first shock of the strife came, and the brave hearts which now lie pulseless beneath the turf stood like a bulwark between the citidel of freedom and the front of the enemy. The roll of the dead then opened its pages and with terrible swiftness the victims of four long years of bloody strife filled the voluminous annals of death. "Dead on the slippery deck! dead by the campfires at night! dead in the smoke-cloud of battle! dead at the lonely sentinel outpost! and dead in the murderous prison pen!" Long rows of graves and deep streams of blood marked the line of march and tears watered the hearthstones of numberless homes during the fearful struggle. At last the Union was saved, and the old ship of State that had entered the tempest in the most perilous moment, and under the discouraging scorn of foreign rivals who had wished to see her go down beneath the breakers of rebellion, floats as proudly as ever. Undaunted by reverses our warriors carved a road through defeat to victory and unchecked by misfortune they swept away every obstacle. Every vacant place caused by the carnage of battle was filled by another brave warrior, who bade defiance to death, until at last the beam of hope shone through the clouds of smoke and the bright rays of victory cheered the loyal hearts amidst the scenes of agony and horror. The storm and waves beat high, the captain perished, and many of the undaunted crew fell at their posts; yet the noble craft weathered the most frightful blasts. A quarter of a century has passed and the old ship of State now rides more proudly than ever on the smiling ocean of prosperity. The nations wondered over the sight of a voluntary obedience to law and freedom controlling a power unequalled and unknown in realms where obedience is exacted only by fear and compulsion. The oppressed all over the world shouted applause to the dogma that republics, based upon self-government and genuine freedom, possess a latent power of self-preservation which makes the monarchical structures of the Eastern Hemisphere tremble. It is this appreciation of their greater loss and higher sacrifice which impels us annually to pay our homage to our departed heroes. The dead who sleep in the bosom of the earth or beneath the ocean waves hear our vows. They have helped us erect that glorious superstructure of universal freedom and equal rights upon the foundation of our republic and have cemented it with their heart's blood. Let us complete the grand design and make our country truly the world's "Temple of Liberty."

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Now, my countrymen, what are the commanding duties which this occasion points out and patriotism enjoins? If there be one message borne up to us from these hallowed graves; if from the spirit suppliants above us there comes down one prayer, that message, that prayer is, that we strive for a standard of moral independence, political integrity, obedience and loyalty which will guarantee a citizenship at once independent, incorruptible, obedient to law and loyal to the public good. If it be meet, then, that the tongues of the living bear the message of the dead, we summon the manhood upon which the country leans to-day, to lift itself up to the true stature of American citizenship. Without a vigorous, noble and true manhood, though our empire reach from sea to sea, we are as a rope of sand.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Fidelity to conviction, devotion to duty, loyalty to conscience and contempt for servility are the qualities which moulded the men who honored American citizenship and adorned her public service in the past, and it is a hope, to aid whose realization all the battles of the Union implore the living, that the influence of American Civilization and the inspiration of American progress may produce for Columbia's future citizens a race of men, "being admirable in form, noble in reason, infinite in faculty," will add thereto integrity of soul, a mighty priesthood of truth who will take not their souls to the public mart or the election polls, but will stand ever more as manhood incarnate.

The common infirmities of a government in which sovereignty speaks through popular elections are the absence of political integrity and the presence of a blind and heedless party idolatry. These are the twin vices of republics. We have nothing now to fear from the hostility of open enemies—foreign or domestic. But there is an enemy, subtle, insidious, treacherous, venemous, secret; an adder in the bosom of the republic. To the safety of our institutions a stuffed ballot box is more dangerous than an army of foreign invaders. To the honor of the American name a corrupt ballot is fraught with greater peril than the steel point of a traitor's bayonet. To the perpetuity of our liberties, the hand tainted with a bribe is more fatal than the one that grasps a traitor's sword. These are our imminent dangers; and they are not "air drawn daggers," they have become "real poniards" in the heart of the nation; nor can we too soon comprehend the truth so vital to our institutions, that the seeds of degeneracy and decay lurk in that condition of political morals which renders possible a degree of party idolatry in which no amount of probity and honor will command the esteem of the opposite party and no depth of political and moral profligacy forfeit the respect of our own; that loyalty to party, when it ceases to be loyal to the public good is the highest disloyalty to the government; that lawless faction is treason while observance of order and obedience to the authorities are the beginning of liberty; that where intrigue and fraud begin patriotism ends, while honor in politics is the essential mark of fitness for self government. The people are the source of authority, the fountain of honor, the keepers of the republic's jewels; whatever measure of virtue shall exalt them, in that same measure of virtue will it feel the uplifting touch. If they employ themselves in partisan strife where the triumph of faction rather the prevalence of right is the object of contest, it becomes certain as the fiat of omnipotence that the country will express and obey the baser will and the government gradually degenerate into a political despotism. To avert so calamitous a dispensation, may we not say as a fit utterance for this memorial occasion, that whatever we may surrender, as we love our country and her institutions, let us hold fast to honor, virtue and loyalty, to law and order, the foundations whereon we have builded and on which we must stand, or perish from the earth. Thus may the republic, once saved by fire and sword, be saved again for evermore by the example of our fidelity to the principles and institutions of our government.

From the graves of our dead, and triumphs of the past and the needs of the present another inspiration springs which will honor any heart that flings wide open its gates to receive it. Reconciliation and forgiveness are as important now as were heroism and valor in the hour of our country's supreme peril. This day lays no higher command on the patriot than to promote a restoration of national feeling and fraternal affection between the alienated sections of our country. If there remain upon the garments of the Union a single stain of sectional pride, hate or jealousy let us not rest until it is wiped away, and it is the to the credit of the soldiers of the North that they have always risen in this respect to the demands of the hour. Nearly one year ago there was witnessed on the battlefield of Gettysburg, a scene to which history offers no parallel; the Blue and the Gray soldiers of the North and of the South mingling in fraternal Union and exchanging those greetings of sympathy and love that bind together those who have the courage to battle for their convictions. No, it never was difficult to bring together the participators in the war for and against the Union. A judge once remarked "it is very easy to reconcile the plaintiff and the defendant and even the lawyers in a hotly contested suit, but as for the witnesses, you never can bring them together. You can yourselves note the application of this illustration to the subject before us.

The capitulation of Lee was signed on Palm Sunday, the anniversary of the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem. As the latter event was prophetical of a reign of peace and good-will to men, so should the former have inaugurated a new reign of peace and fraternity between the alienated states of the Union. After Appomattox Gen. Lee made the great speech of his life when he said, "Soldiers! we have done our duty as we knew it; now let us go home and be good citizens." A greater than Lee—the nations silent chieftain—also spoke, and his utterance will not soon die, "Let us have peace." From the hearts of patriots everywhere, attuned to the same melody, is lifted up the glad refrain—celestial choirs prolong the joyful chorus, until the spirits of our martyred dead send back the swelling anthem, "Let us have peace. Let us be good citizens." But there should be no forgetfulness of the past that would lull the nation into indifference to security for the future; no gushing sentiment of honor to those who died in the act of rebellion; no obliteration of the distinction between loyalty and treason; no apotheosis of rebellion; no immunity to crime by venerating the memory of its perpetrators. This would be neither national nor patriotic. Our erring countrymen may not have sinned against conscience; they may have justified their act to themselves; but the republic can have no standard of law or morals that does not condemn as a crime the act of rebellion against her constitutional authority; and the only conceivable national basis of reconciliation and restoration is the recognition of the rightfulness of the war for the Union and the entire acquiescence in its results. With these qualifications every consideration of the hour commands us to cover the transgressions of our vanquished countrymen with an ample forgiveness. The carnival of blood ended long ago. The fields that were crimsoned with human gore and piled with the bodies of the slain, yield now their bountiful harvest to the peaceful sickle. The streams that ran red and glimmered in the sun, roll now their crystal waters unstained to the sea. The silvery moon has shed her peaceful beams upon the fields of strife, the stars have shot down their eternal rays upon them and the winds from every quarter of the earth have swept them, until every trace of carnage is worn away. Nature, as if to set a pattern for man, who suffers the embers of hate to smoulder in his bosom, has recovered her serenity and smiles upon the guilty battle-fields the same as when they were innocent of blood. Over the green earth, from whence they were frightened by the smoke and tumult of battle, the birds, now without a note of discord, warble their sweet songs in tuneful glee. So in hearts once tumultuous with war's stormy passions, now let the bird of peace sing her sweet praises to a God of peace. Let the resentment of the past be buried in the graves of the past, while the erring and vanquished are welcomed with fraternal hands to deep draughts at the fountain of forgiveness. Thus may a true unity of patriotic faith be restored in all loyal hearts, and the people, North and South, rising above the mists of earth, the smoke of battle, the clouds of resentment and hate, into the golden sunlight of their better natures, will find their rock of reconciliation in the reflection that the dark and stormy path of war was the light to a redeemed and regenerated republic. Animated by these views and inspired by these hopes Americans can hold fast their faith in their country. And the republic, guided by principles which follow in the wake of Civilization as verdure follows the path of the sun, freighted with the golden triumphs of the past and led by faith in an immortal destiny as by a "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night," will continue her majestic march down the centuries, plucking new laurels and winning new victories, until ripe with years and with a completed destiny she lays the finished crown of her glory at the feet of Jehovah at the jubilee of eternity.

The carnage of the battles for the Union is over, but the battle of life goes on. One by one your comrades are yet going down before the grim destroyer death. God alone knows how many of them, worn out by the hardships of war, have, since peace was restored, laid down their lives upon the altar of their country. As comrades you cannot help feeling the cords that bind you growing stronger as the years pass and you hear the oft-repeated order "Close up" as your comrades fall by your side. Another quarter of a century and a new generation shall join a few gray-haired veterans in strewing sweet flowers over the graves of those who fought in the cause of right, which was and is forever right, and by whose sacrifice and the desire of Almighty God the Union was saved. May the rising generation never forget to honor their memory.

The God of Battles, who was with us and aided our armies in the hour of the greatest danger, will not desert us in the time of peace, if we do not neglect our duties toward Him, our country and ourselves. He guided our forefathers to victory in their struggle for independence and to free our bondsmen. Let us then ever look for wisdom to Him, and while we offer homage to the dead let us bow our heads in humble gratitude. And while rendering thanks for all His mercies, let us be reminded that in honoring our beloved dead we wish to honor also the cause for which they fell. With every garland of affectionate remembrance which we place upon a grave, let us repeat our pledge that never shall we be untrue to the principles for which they fought, and that we never shall cease to labor for the noble cause for which they died, and having finished strewing our flowers and chanting our requiems we will return to our fireside with fresh inspiration inhaled from the fragrance of their virtues and deeds, keeping the sacred flame of patriotism bright upon the altar of our American hearts.

## A WELL-TRAINED OWL.

My own bird is at liberty. This he uses to the very best of his ability, making the third member in our small house. He is by no means the least important, for he claims and receives the greatest attention at meal times. He steps from his perch on to the hand, sits on the place appointed for him, and chatters all the time it is in progress. Sometimes, by way of a change, he will run about inspecting all things; he is very swift on foot and most inquisitive. Very affectionate, too; he shows that plainly. He is about more in the day-time than in the evening or night, and he will sit in the full light of the sun. All through the hot summer of 1887 he has done so as a matter of choice.

His food consists of mice of all kinds, birds of the finch tribe, old and young. Starlings, blackbirds and thrushes he will not eat, nor insects such as chaffers and others of a similar kind; he will not even look at them. It is not always possible to procure birds and mice for him; then he will content himself with tender, lean beef, quite fresh. He is so particular in that matter, though, that he will not eat fresh pork. He seldom drinks water, and never uses it for the purpose of washing, preferring to roll and scratch about in a lump of draft sand like a domestic fowl. In fine feather he now is, and he keeps himself beautifully clean! His legs are long, and he uses his toes and claws with the dexterity of a monkey; in fact, when at his little games he is more like a little monkey than an owl.

His conversation, kept up continually, is a croon and chatter, and when in high glee he will puff the feathers of his throat out and look intently at me with his bright yellow eyes and treat us with a solo sounding like the gobble of some unfortunate turkey. If I ask him as a particular favor to change that tune, he will give a succession of shrill barks like a terrier. He roars like a tiger when his dignity is ruffled, and squeaks like a pig. This does not occur very often, and when it does the fault is my own. It generally happens when he is introduced to strangers, which he hates. As a rule he is most amiable, If I wanted to cure a man of melancholy and never-smiling grief I would present him with a little owl, the Punchinello of his tribe.

Not long since a prominent Newburg divine was called upon by a woman who inquired if he would marry her. He answered that he would most certainly. Shortly after this the lady again visited him and informed him that she was ready. The dominie said very well, and inquired where the groom was. To his horror the woman announced that he was the party who had said he would marry her, and that she was ready to fulfill her part of the contract! Of course, the good minister explained that he understood she meant for him to marry her to some other person, not to take her himself, and she departed highly indignant.

There may be worse men in this world than the one who deliberately interrupts you in the midst of your pet story, but you don't think so.

The American base-ball players are in the Eternal City, and have probably learned ere this to call a base-hit a Roman punch.

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