

Mrs. Pell's Decoration Day

By EMILY S. WINDSOR.

BY THE aid of the calendar hanging on her wall, Mrs. Pell found that there were 14 weeks before Decoration day.

She was not an adept at mental arithmetic, so that it was quite a lengthy and laborious piece of work for her to calculate that if she saved 12 cents each of those 14 weeks, she would have one dollar and 68 cents.

She had just finished counting it up a second time in order to be sure that it was correct, when her neighbor, Mrs. Wilkes, from the next room below in the big tenement house, came in for their usual evening chat. She was a thin, nervous looking little woman of middle age. Neither her faded gray hair nor her dress was tidy. She was a strong contrast to Mrs. Pell, who was always neat and clean; she was much older than Mrs. Wilkes, too.

Most of Mrs. Pell's days were spent in office cleaning, while Mrs. Wilkes' time was well filled with washing and ironing.

After they had exchanged their news of the day, Mrs. Pell said: "Would you think that a body could get a nice lot of flowers for a dollar and sixty-eight cents?"

"Sure and I'd think that a lot of money to be spendin' in such a way," answered Mrs. Wilkes, with a look of surprise on her weather-beaten face.

"I'd like it to be more," returned Mrs. Pell, "but not a cent more than 12 cents a week can I spare."

"I'm sure I'm not knowin' what your talkin' about," said Mrs. Wilkes, the surprise in her face increasing.

"I'll be tellin' you. It's for the graves on Decoration day. I've just set my heart on coverin' 'em with flowers this year. I've been wantin' to do it every year, but somethin' always happened to prevent. But this year, they're goin' to be there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkes. "Yes," went on Mrs. Pell, "I'm feelin' sure there'll be nothin' to prevent this year. And it's white roses I want. Teddy was crazy after 'em."

She rocked her chair, and hid her face in her blue gingham apron.

Mrs. Wilkes could not enter very deeply into her friend's feelings. She



Every time she passed a florist, she would stop and look at the flowers.

had never had any children, and her husband had been lost at sea so many years before that he was now but a dim memory; besides, he had never in life given her any reason to mourn his loss.

But she kept respectfully silent until Mrs. Pell's burst of grief was over. Then she said: "White roses is nice. You ought to be gettin' a lot for so much money."

Mrs. Pell shook her head. "I don't know. Flowers is dear."

Mrs. Pell carefully put aside 12 cents each week from her meager earnings.

Every time that she passed a florist's window on her way to work, she would stop and look at the flowers displayed, and try to decide which window contained the most beautiful white roses, "For I must get the finest to be had," she would think.

The prospect of buying those flowers often formed the subject of her chats with Mrs. Wilkes.

To the latter \$1.68 seemed an enormous sum to spend in any such a way. "Be sure that you get the worth of your money," she would say.

"They've got to be fine ones," Mrs. Pell would answer.

Spring had been long in coming that year, and it was late in May before the garden roses began to show their colors. Mrs. Pell had few opportunities of seeing any of these, the tenement in which she lived being in a district where there was not enough earth room for a blade of grass to grow. Mrs. Pell, like many of her neighbors, had a few pots of geraniums on her window sills, but they were not luxuriant in growth. The air, close and sunless, was not conducive to floriculture. Mrs. Pell had once tried to raise a white rose, but it had died an early death.

Then her walks to and from her work were not in the resident part of the city. But on Sundays, when she was not too tired, she went to church. Her way thither led past many beautiful gardens. One of them she particularly admired. It was a large, old-fashioned garden surrounding a beautiful old house. There were roses and old roses climbing over trellises, and clamoring about the broad veranda which ran along the side of the house.

They were just such roses as had grown about the little country home to which she had gone as a bride, says

the Chicago Advance. The sight of them took her back to the days when she had been so happy.

Then had come the dark time when her husband returned from the war with broken health. To mend their fortunes they had come to the city. But things had gotten worse. Her husband had soon died. She and Teddy had struggled alone. She had looked forward to the day when Teddy would be taking care of her, for he was a good boy. But he had been laid beside his father eight years ago. How he had loved those roses! He had often said that he would have a garden full of them when he was a man. He would be a man now if he were living.

The Sunday before Decoration Mrs. Pell went to church and returned by way of her favorite garden. She stopped to look at the white roses. There were such quantities of them. The air was filled with their fragrance. How she wished that she could have enough of them to cover her graves! Somehow, they seemed sweeter than the flowers at the florists.

The day before Decoration day came. Mrs. Pell had gone much sooner than usual to her work, and by hurrying a great deal, had been able to return home at four instead of six, her usual hour.

It was her plan to put on her best clothes and then go to the florist's and select and order her flowers. She would call for them early the next morning, and take them to the cemetery. The day was to be a holiday.

She had just unlocked her door, and entered her room, when Mrs. Wilkes came in. Her eyes were swollen from crying.

"Sure, and what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Pell.

"It's Sally. She's sick, and goin' to die. The woman that's been takin' care of her wrote to tell me. And she wants to see me once more."

"Well, sure and you'll be agoin'," said Mrs. Pell.

Mrs. Wilkes burst into tears. "It's that I'm feelin' so bad about. It costs three dollars to go, and me with nothin' but a dollar and a half to my name. You see, I paid the rent two days ago. And not one of the neighbors with a cent to lend me."

"And it's too bad, it is," ejaculated Mrs. Pell, feelingly.

"Yes, and there's a train at seven," said Mrs. Wilkes, with fresh tears. "Unless—" she went on hesitatingly, "you could lend me enough!"

"It's too bad, it is," exclaimed Mrs. Pell. "Sure and I paid my rent last week, too." She looked distressed. She was always anxious to help anyone in trouble.

"I know—but—" Mrs. Wilkes hesitated more than before. "I—thought perhaps you'd let me have that money you saved for the flowers. Poor Sallie! I'd like to see her once more. She's my own sister, sure."

"Lend you that money! Oh! Mrs. Wilkes, I can't! I've had my heart set so long on coverin' the graves this Decoration day."

"I thought likely you wouldn't want to. Poor Sallie! And I'll never see her again." Mrs. Wilkes turned away with a hopeless air, and went slowly back to her room.

Mrs. Pell hastily prepared to go to the florist's to select and order her flowers. She felt very sorry for Mrs. Wilkes, but of course she could not lend her that money. If she had saved it for any other purpose but that! She had tried for so many years to be able to cover those graves with roses, and now when she had the money—to give it all up.

She hoped Mrs. Wilkes did not think her mean. She would have been glad to do anything else for her.

And it was a pity that she could not see her sister before she died. She was the only relative she had, too.

If it had only not been that money! And if it were not Decoration day! She wanted to put flowers on their graves at the time that other people were remembering their dead.

Mrs. Pell's steps became slower and slower, and as she came in sight of the florist's shop, she stood still, and remained in deep thought for some minutes. Then she turned suddenly and walked back to the tenement, and into Mrs. Wilkes' room. She found the latter sitting with her face in her hands and crying.

Mrs. Pell put her precious \$1.68 in her hand.

"There," she said, "just take it. Hurry and get ready, and I'll go to the train with you. I do hope you'll find Sallie alive."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilkes, "sure and I

always knew you were a good woman. Poor Sallie! I'll be seein' her again."

Mrs. Pell did not sleep well that night. It hurt her to think of those two graves being flowerless another Decoration day. They were in such a remote part of the cemetery that they never shared in the general decoration of graves. She decided that she would not go to the cemetery at all. She could not bear to think of seeing others carrying their flowers while her hands must be empty.

But in the morning she changed her mind. It seemed unkind to leave her graves unvisited. She would go in the afternoon when the services were over and the cemetery would be comparatively deserted. It was such a lovely day. The ride in the cars would do her good.

Mr. Graham, his wife and Berta and Tom drove out to the cemetery, their



She found these two a mass of exquisite roses.

carriage filled with baskets of roses. They had almost stripped the many bushes in their garden.

After their grandfather's and grandmother's and Aunt Edith's graves had been piled high with odorous blossoms there was still a large basketful of beautiful white roses left.

"Let us drive around and see if there are any graves without any flowers," said Berta.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I like that thought."

But there did not seem to be any graves undecorated until they reached a more distant part of the cemetery. There two sunken graves, with weather-worn wood markers at the head, were flowerless.

"How lonely they look!" said Tom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I think that you must empty this basket on them."

"Let Tom and me do it," said Berta. So she and her brother jumped out of the carriage and went over to the two graves. There were enough roses to completely cover them both.

"Now they don't look so lonely," said Berta, with a backward glance, as she drove away.

And so it was that when late in the afternoon Mrs. Pell came to the lonely spot where lay her husband and son, she found the two mounds a mass of exquisite roses. And they looked like the roses she had had in her little country home in those long past days—the white roses that Teddy had so loved.

PSALM OF THE OLD SOLDIER.

The blue is fading into gray,
Just as when sunset comes
With bugle calls that die away
And softly throbbing drums;
The shadows reach across the sky
And hush the cares of day;
The bugle call and drum beat die—
The blue fades into gray.

The gray is blending into blue—
A sunrise glad and fair,
When, in the richness of the dew,
Above the gray the grasses creep—
The bitterness of yesterday
Is lost to me and you;
The blue is fading into gray—
The gray blends into blue.

They're sleeping now the long, long sleep—
The boys who wore the blue;
Above the gray the grasses creep—
And both were good and true;
And in the twilight of our life—
The ending of the way—
There comes forgetfulness of strife—
The blue fades into gray.

Above each mound the lily glows
And humbly dabbles nod;
The ruby glory of the rose
Sheds luster on the sod;
The tears—the tears—they are the dew
That greets the coming day.
The gray is blending into blue—
The blue fades into gray.

—W. D. Nesbit, in the Baltimore American.

O, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

Albert Diges

JAPAN OF MODERN TIMES.

Comparison with the United Kingdom in Size, Population and Other Particulars.

Concerning the United Kingdom the following points of resemblance between it and Japan are remarked by the Anglo-Japanese Gazette: Japan consists of a group of islands lying to the east of the continent of Asia, as the United Kingdom consists of a group lying to the west of the continent of Europe. Both groups extend from north to south; the main islands of the Japan group are about the same length as the United Kingdom—viz., about 700 miles; both groups have a similar population—Japan 44,000,000 and the United Kingdom 42,000,000; both groups have a similar area—Japan 147,000 and the United Kingdom 120,000 (English) square miles; both groups are washed and their climates modified by important ocean currents—the British Isles by the gulf stream and Japan by the Japan current.

The resemblance ceases, however, when the two are contrasted as empires. The one is the land of the rising sun, the other that on which the sun never sets, while the population of the British empire is about 400,000,000, nearly a quarter of the population of the globe and nearly ten times that of Japan.

The revenue of the United Kingdom is more than four times that of Japan, but the foreign trade is 17 times and the national debt 12 times greater. The marked contrast between the national debts of the United Kingdom and Japan is that the former has been raised almost entirely for carrying on the wars in which that country has been engaged during the last 200 years, while that of Japan has been chiefly for public works and industrial enterprises.

In the United States the population is, roughly, twice the number in Japan, its size is 23 times as large, its revenue four times as great, while the foreign trade of the United States is nine times and its national debt seven times that of Japan. Russia covers one-seventh of the surface of the globe, is 60 times the size of Japan, but its population is less than three times greater, consequently population in Japan is 20 times thicker than in Russia. France has an area nearly 40 per cent. larger than Japan, but a population 10 per cent. less, and not growing. Its national debt is enormous—the largest of any nation in the world—nearly double that of the United Kingdom and 20 times that of Japan. Germany, which now aims at becoming a world power, is about the same size as France, or 40 per cent. larger than Japan, while its population is one-fourth greater. A striking feature of the population of Germany is that it is growing at a much greater rate than that of the United Kingdom or Japan, and justifies, in some measure, the desire for expansion.

NO BUCKET BUSINESS.

When Sam and Bill Met There Was No Hugging or Any Other Nuisance.

"On the train, as I was going to Chicago the other week," said a Detroit, according to the Free Press, "I fell in with a man who was on his way to visit his brother in a certain town. The two had not met for 30 years, one having lived in New Hampshire and the other in Michigan all that time. I became somewhat interested in the affair, and in imagination I pictured the greeting between them after such a long separation. Indeed, I was more enthusiastic than the traveler. He had given no notice of his coming, but when we reached the town he picked up his satchel and looked out of the window and said:

"I think I see my brother right out there on the platform now."

"I followed him out and he walked up to the other and queried:

"Ain't your name Sam Blank?"

"Yep, and ain't your name Bill Blank?" queried the other in reply.

"It is. Howdy do, Sam?"

"Purty well, Bill."

"Come to visit me?"

"Yep."

"Then come along to the house."

"That was all," sighed the narrator—"no hugging—no tears—no lingering handshakes—no old-oaken bucket business whatever."

"After 30 long years Sam had happened to be at the depot as his brother Bill got off the train, and Bill went home with Sam. It made me so vexed that I didn't enjoy the rest of the day at all."

Coffee-Drinkers and Alcohol.

A traveler has made the observation that coffee-drinking people are very seldom given to drunkenness. In Brazil, for instance, where coffee is grown extensively and all the inhabitants drink it many times a day; intoxication is rarely seen. The effect is not only noticeable among the natives, but the foreigner who settles there, though possessed of ever such a passion for strong drink, gradually loses his liking for alcohol as he acquires the coffee-drinking habit of the Brazilian.—Detroit Free Press.

Precept and Example.

The small boy seemed to be deeply interested in the picture.

"Pop," he said at last, "when we went rowin' last summer you used to tell me never to stand up in the boat."

"That's right, my son."

"An' you're always tellin' me to take George Washington as a model."

"You could have no better, my son." "Well, just look at him crossin' the Delaware."—Chicago Post.

What They Indicate.
A phrenologist says that the bumps on a married man's head frequently indicate the possession of a strenuous wife.—Chicago Daily News.

A Beautiful Young Society Woman's Letter.

St. Paul, Minn.,
531 Wabasha St.
Dear Sir:
"I took Peruna last summer when I was all run down, and had a headache and backache, and no ambition for anything. I now feel as well as I ever did in all my life, and all thanks is due to your excellent Peruna."—Bess F. Healy.

The symptoms of summer catarrh are quite unlike in different cases, but the most common ones are general lassitude, played-out, tired-out, used-up, run-down feelings, combined with more or less heavy, stupid, listless, mental condition. Relish for food and the ability to digest food seems to be lost.

Skin eruptions, sallow complexion, biliousness, coated tongue, fitful, irregular sleep, help to complete the picture which is so common at this season.

Peruna so exactly meets all these conditions that the demand is so great for this remedy at this season of the year that it is nearly impossible to supply it.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

THE INTELLIGENT JUROR.

One Who Had to Inquire the Meaning of "Plaintiff" and "Defendant."

It is a common and natural practice of lawyers in addressing a jury to single out one member who seems to them the most intelligent, and to deliver their appeals to him. They usually feel that if they can impress him, his influence will be valuable in its effect upon the other members. If they make a mistake they rarely discover it, says the New York Sun. But the stenographer of one division of the supreme court tells an incident of a mistake that was found out.

All the testimony in a case had been taken, the lawyers for both sides had summed up, and the judge had charged the jury, when up rose the intelligent juror whom both counsel had singled out as the recipient of their impassioned appeals. He wanted the court to give him some information.

"I have been bothered a good deal," said the juror, "about two words the lawyers use here all the time."

"What are they?" asked the court, expecting to be called upon to expound recent legal acts or a fortiori, or some other dead term.

"Why, 'plaintiff' and 'defendant,'" said the juror. "I don't just know what they mean."

Mrs. Clubman—"Will you be home early, Jack?" Mr. Clubman—"We'll, yes; but don't wait breakfast for me."—Brooklyn Life.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it sets the head and heart to work and animates a man to do his utmost.—Collier.

Information Wanted.
"Professor," said the medical student, "will you kindly tell me the best antidote for water?"
"Antidote for water!" exclaimed the astonished professor.
"Yes," replied the embryo M. D. "You see, I intend to practice in Kentucky, and I want to be prepared for the worst."—Chicago Daily News.

About Your Vacation.
Little journeys to lake resorts and mountain homes will be more popular this summer than ever. Many have already arranged their summer tour via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and many more are going to do likewise. Booklets that will help you to plan your vacation trip have just been published, and will be sent on receipt of postage, as follows:
"Colorado-California," six cents.
"In Lakeland" and "Sommer Homes," six cents.
"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," four cents.
A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Responded Too Soon.
His Aunt—John, why did you enter the ministry?
John—Because, dear aunt, I was called.
"Are you sure, John, that it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—Puck.

Why Don't You enter into the spirit of the times and progress? No better way to gain a few live pointers regarding Indian Territory than by writing for the May issue of our coming Country, now ready. Address "Katy," 503 Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.—Stanislaus.

What Everybody Says.

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