MEMORIAL DAY.

COVER THEM OVER.

WILL CARLTON.

COVER them over with beautiful flowers
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave
Years they must waste in the moldering grave.
All the ambitions they waited to bloom,
Fell from their hopes when they fell to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the fast,
Give them the honors their future forecast,
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

CHORUS.

Cover them over, yes cover them over,
Parent, husband, brother and lover
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shut from the blue of the motionless sky.
Faces once decked with smiles of the gay,
Faces now marked with the frown of decay;
Eyes that looked friendship and love to the core,
Lips that the thoughts of affection made know,
Brows you have soothed in the hour of despair,
Cheeks you have brightened by tender care;
Oh! how they gleamed at the nation's first cry,
Oh! how they streamed when they made you good bye!
Oh! how they glowed in the battle's fierce cause,
Oh! how they paled when the death angel came

Chorus

Cover their hands that are lying untried,
Crossed on the breast, but not by the side.
Hand to you, mother, in infancy thrown,
Hands to you, father, clasped close to your own
Hands, where you, sister, when tired, dis-ranged,
Hung for protection and counsel and aid.
Hands that you, brother, in youth's airy knee,
Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter agony.
Bravely the musket and saber they bore,
Words of affection they wrote in their gore.
Grandly they grasped for the garland of light,
Catching the mantle of death-darkened night.

Chorus.

Cover their feet that all weary and torn,
Hither by comrades were borne from the bourn;
Feet that have trodden the flowery ways,
Close by your own in the old happy days,
Feet that have pressed life's opening morn,
Roses of pleasure and death's poisoned thorn,
Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right,
Firmly they stood in the shock of the fight.
Ne'er till the bugle of Gabriel sound,
Will they come out of their couch in the ground.

Chorus.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die,
Hearts that have turned in the heat of the fray,
Hearts that have yearned for the homes away,
Hearts that beat high in the charges loud tramp,
Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp.
Once they were swelling with courage and love,
Now they are lying all pulseless and still.
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now their great souls have gone soaring above,
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
They who in mountains and hillside and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell,
Softly the grass blades creep round their repose
Sweetly above them the wild flowers blow,
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'er head,
Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.
Sleep on, our heroes, we'll strew flowers once more,
So in our hearts we'll cover them o'er.
Roses and lillies and violets blue
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.

Chorus.

When the long years have rolled slowly away,
Even to the dawn of earth's funeral day,
When at the arch angel's trumpet shall tread,
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead.
When the great world its last judgment shall view,
When the blue sky shall swing open the gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Past the white captain for final review,
Then from the blood that has flowed for the right,
Crowns shall spring upward untarnished and bright;
Then the glad ears of each war-martyred son
Proudly shall hear the glad tidings "well done."
Blessings for garlands shall cover them over,
Parent and husband, and brother and lover,
God will reward those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Sandy Spillers' Story.

In a rugged district of East Tennessee, in that section of country where, during the Civil war, family neighbors were ranged against each other, but where the members of once devoted families hunted one another with fiendish intent, there was a small graveyard under a spreading persimmon tree. No one knows the name of a single person sleeping deeper who lies beneath this tree. A skirmish took place on the site of the burying ground, a fierce handto-hand encounter, and, after the bodies of the victims, dressed so much alike that no one could tell to wh'ch side they belonged, were dragged together. When a time came for removing federal soldiers to the national cemeteries, the "persimmon-tree grave yard" was left undisturbed.

Near this graveyard there lives an old fellow named Sandy Spillers. During the war he was a confederate guerillia. His daring, his devilish enterprise, and the many stories of his violence made his name a terror.

Last year on Memorial day old Sandy, driving a spring wagon loaded with wild blossoms and the perfumed twigs of rare bushes, and followed by a large number of neighbors, drew up under the old persimmon tree.

"Sandy," said an old man as he placed a box on the ground, "you've got ter make a sort uv speech."

"You know I kaint make no speech," Sandy said.

"Well, there'll hatter be some sort uv expernation made ter these yer folks what kids here promeetin' an' we don't low that there's a man that can do it bet'er n you kan, so git right up thar on that box an' let thet cat outen the bag."

"I'll do the best I kan," Sandy replied, as he took off his white wool hat and threw it on the ground, "with the hope that I won't hurt nobody's feelins." He got up on the box, looked about him in a sort of half-embarrassed way, and then said: "A good many o' you know what I was durin' the war. You know I'd shoot ye soon as I looked yu. Ef any one day I met a tough customer an' I'll say right here that I ain't prepared to dispute it, nither.

"I won't tell in purticler how I was forced ter sorter bush-whack, but I will say that the Lawd knows that I never had nothin' against the old man. Yit, one day while I was layin, in ther cane-brake down yon on ther creek, fast asleep, fur I had been er doddin' round all thar day before, a party o' union soldiers come up, they did, and nabbed me fo' a renegrade, they sez, in ther consciatiy. They didn't gin me no chance fer fight, an' I don't reckon I deserved none. The sergeant uv ther party fer the sorter grinned at me, an' says:

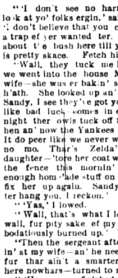
"'Parson Sandy, we know you an' we sweater tell you that it's all up with you.'

"'Well, you mout,' says I, 'an' yu, Dave, fetch that rope offen my saddle.'

"'Tu fetter fetch ther rope and I don't think I ever seed a uglier-lookin' string in my life. 'Gentlemen,' says I, 'thar ain't no wuts axin' mount yu from, I reckon, but I tell you what I wush you'd do. I wush you'd take me over yonder whar my wife an' daughter Zelda lie a mile from here,—an' let me look at 'em agin. You won't hear no squealin,' I kin tell you that, fur my folks is as merry as this here generation hev ketched.'

"'You kan't lead us inter no sorter o' trap,' the sargeant sez, 'an' we sez mer-cifully. Hold up yo' head an' take this here hemp medicine.'

"'Gentlemen,' says I, 'nearly ever' feller in this here community is argin me, an' I don't see how I ken lead you in no trap. Ef I had been in sich common a' traps I would er slep' at my home las' night stead o' layin' out here. I ain't er good man, I ken tell you that, but I never did things that a Christian would sorter shake his head at, but I don't wanter lead you in no trap. I just wanter see my folks one mo' time an' then I'll go out an' hol' up my head un'er ter tree. You won't hear no bellerin', I ken tell you that. My wife won't beg an' my daughter won't. They'll gin you some pies an' some bread. I low, an' tell me good-by an' that will be ther end o' it. Don't think, gentlemen, that I'm begging fur my life, but just fer a chance ter take one mo' squint at them folks.'



HE STOOD ON THE BOX.

"'I don't see no harm in lettin' you look at yo' folks ergin,' said the sargeant, 'I don't believe that you could lead us in a trap. I'd wanted ter fire at ye ev' seed about 'e bush here till yo' sorter fellers is pretty skace. Fetch him along, boys.'

"Well, I jest tuck on ter him, an' we went into the house Moll—that's my wife—she was er bakin' some pies on the h'arth. She looked up an' says, says she, Sandy, I see they've got you. It do peere like bad luck comes in er bunch. Last night I sewed ther tuck off the Bominecan hen an' now the Yankees have cotch you. It do peer like we never will git straight ter stay. That's Zelda'—meanin' my daughter—'tote her coat when she got over the fence this mornin' an' thar ain't enough buttons off ter shut ther place tu fix her up again. Sandy, they air goin ter hang you, I reckon.

"'Yas,' I owned.

"'Wall, that's what I lowed, too, an'—wall, fur pity sake ef my pies ain't most totally burned up.

"'Then the sergeant after sorter sniker-in' at my wife—an' he neenter done that fur thar wasn't a smarter woman round here nowhars—turned to me an' said:

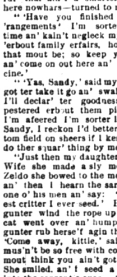
"'Have you finished all yo' arbitry transgressions? I'm sorter pushed fur time an' kain't neglect my duty in talkin' 'erbout family erfairs, however pleasant that mout be; so keep yo promise now an' come on out here an' take yo' medicine.'

"'Yas, Sandy,' said my wife, 'ef you've got ter take it go an' swaller it down, but I'll decklar' ter goodness I'm mightily pestered ter git them pies bein' burned. I'm afeered I'm sorter loslin' my mind, Sandy, I reckon I'd better crap that bottle fuse fuse fuse. Ef I kin git anybody to do ther sqaur' thing by me.'

"Just then my daughter Zelda come in. Wife she made a sign ter me an' she an' Zelda she bowed to the men an' sot down, an' then I hearn the sargent whisper to some o' his men an' say: 'She's the purtiest critter I ever seed.' He sot down an' gunter wind the rope up in a ball. The cat was ther an' humped her back an' gunter rub hersef agin the sargent's leg. 'Come away, kittie,' said Zelda. 'You ain't fur free with company,' fur they mout think you ain't got good manners. She smiled, an' I seed a new light creep into the sargent's eyes. 'Ain't you glad, Zelda speakin' ter the sargent, 'that the war is mighty nigh over?

"'The Lawd in Heaven knows I am,' he replied, 'fur I'm sick o' seein' blood.'

"'I never wouldn' had nuthin' to do with it,' said I, 'if it hadnter been shoved on me.'



"MY DAUGHTER ZELDA CAME IN."

"'Why didn't you go inter the reconlized army,' asked a fur-off voice, ther sergent asked.

"'Cause I couldn't get a shack at the folks I wanted ter git ter gether. Some folks in this curmunity got in ter the habits o' shootin' at me, an' bein' a mighty han' ter take a joke I knew that is surgeons by folks I dropped sorter nachy in ter ther habit o' shootin' at them. Wall, I stayed right ther an' so did I, an' ever' once in a while I'd drop one o' em; but I never shot at a blue-coat yit, an' never wanted ter. I couldier dropped you t'other day when you war ridin' under Spencer's bluff, fur I knew yu war yoose yoo.

"He didn't say nothin' fur some time, but he kept er looking at Zilda. 'Ole man,' says he, 'I aint got it in my heart to hang you. You ain't a enemy to our side arter all. Boys, let's go.'

"'Daughter,' sez I, sez my wife, 'I've got some pies that ain't burnt an' if you'll stay we'll—here she broke down an' cried. The sergeant jumped up ter ther Lawd. Zelda I-en dropped an' I reckon I dropped too. After that we all fell ter kissin' pies. The next day the sargeant he came back an' brought us the news that the war was over. I could make ther folks git. Sandy ketch up a package and began to take a newspaper from about it. 'My son-in-law an' his wife sent them some flowers to be scattered on these unknown men's graves. We'll sprinkle 'em along with the dogwood blossoms an' the flowers o' the red bud tree.'

OPIE P. READ.

A Tribute To Our Honored Dead.

How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division, and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are blessed. They that do it in death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud that them it were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing point in the marble pavement, a tablet that preserves their names. Plous love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the buffeting elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Poetry shall utter many an immortal sacred inspiration, whose elder brothers dying nobly for their country, left a name behind them. Orphan children shall find the sands of fathers and mothers t' love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public. Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that after sunset of our life forever. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak through our land and our souls, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that inspire our society, and make the people with nobler motives and more heroic attributes?

Yes that mourn, let a glorious mirror your tears. The dead are not now his the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires the land household. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrow; now he is national. Shut up to home, he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours; now he is ours. He has left the home family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall be sweet to the ear of our children in modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear thorough life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Honor is a sacred, noble badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall enjoy him who beneficently limpy. No strange is the transforming power of patrio ic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crutches shall be a sign of honor, and cripples, and uncover in the presence of freeblemes and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pass by the sound limbed and with loving reverence honor those whose fo't are no longer able to march except upon that journey to the grave. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live for er. Your sorrows are our joy. Your loss, the nation's because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Story of a Bustle.

Talking about bustles, said the father of a family, suddenly arousing himself from deep meditation and slapping the Star man on the knee. They had been speaking for the past twenty minutes, and the last thing mentioned before that was dressmaking. The conversation all ran from bustles to dressmaking.

"Here's an advertisement I had prepared for the Star:

WANTED—A servant without a bustle or other artificial enlargement of the anatomy; no objection to carrying cold vituals home to the family, and no Sunday apply.

"My wife wanted to know if I was drop ping back into barbarism, and declared that the tyranny of men would stop at nothing. Why would I attempt to abridge the civil rights of servant girls by depriving them of their constitutional privilege to wear bustles? My woman's sense of justice was shocked, and she declared that if women had votes I would not dare to suggest such a thing. She then proceeded the election frauds that might be practiced by women with bustles full of ballots, to begin to argue that I was a fool, and I was inspired by envy because she had just that day bought a new extra-size 99 cent bustle, that made her dress stand out just lovely. I might have it if I wanted it, and she would continue wearing the old one that was twisted all on one side and made her back look like a chicken going across the wind. She enlarged upon the subject by declaring that I wanted to deprive poor servants of their principal source of comfort—the rudder that kept them upon their course, and that I would not deprive a poor girl of her bustle.

"And I listened to all this and more. Then I led her gently into the kitchen and unhooked the bustle Honesty had left hanging behind the door. Honesty is the name of our servant girl that was. There was something prophetic in the choice on her christening day. I quietly unhooked Honesty's bustle, and attempted