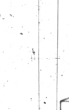
MEMORIES

AFTER MANY YEARS.

By H. Loqueer.



Some ob you is alus a wantin' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole C'Orolinney, an' I'a jes do' tole ye all I knowed ober ober agin."

And our own colored cook, Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the civil war.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

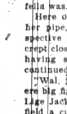
Refilling her pipe, and getting herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes' done recollemember one moah ob dem yarns, but it's erbout de time dat missus hep Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put poses on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young feila was."

Here old Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffed away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat ere big fight at Charleston my ole man, Lige Jackson, he was down back o' de field a cuttin' bresh, an' all at once I seen him drop the axe, an' start fur de house on a run. An' I was dat scart I let de soap boil over, case I was makin' soap out in de yard, an' was bound dat a snake had bit him, or he had got a lick wid de axe—fur Lige was a diligent nigger in de whole kentry, an' I knowed something had happened when I seen him git such a move on to him. An' shore enough, when he came up, all out of breff, I knowed it was time to git scart, an' says he: "Tildy, tell de missus dar's a soljer lyin' down dar back; oh de fence, by de run, an' I recon he is powful bad hurt, 'case he's a grownin'-an' done seem to sense nuttin'."

"Wal, my missus wan't berry ole in dem days, but she was jus' done fading lak a putty posey, along ob dat dreadful wah, expecting to hear dat de country was killed, an' all de oder trouble erbout de niggas gittin' free, wid de place half woked an' fust one army takin' rations and den de oder till it 'pears like day' wassed much fer. Wall, I jis' pulled de stick from underdat soap kittle an' run round to de front porch, what missus was sittin', an' tole her what Lige seen. She got right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkey, de coachman, go and brung dat poah feilah to de house. She an' me a fixin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone.



"SO SCART I LET DE SOPE BILE OVER."

"Byenby dey toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air poah boy dun got he death wound, an de doctor reckon' he was elder shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' left him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he dasn't know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was parlised, so he couldent even move his poah tounge.

"Wall, missus an' me nussed him till we beth pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at las' he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of flah.

But jis afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so purty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couldn't, de big tears fell outen his handsome black eyes an' roll down his cheeks dat was as white as de sheet, an' de sweat lay so cole an' thick on his hands dat his purty dark curls looked like dey were dom got dipped in de rain water barrl.

"De Missus take his han' an' say:

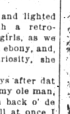
"'Never mine, de lovin' Jesus knows jes what ye want to say,' an' would help him ter make her es'tain,' anyway she would dun find out who his folks war an' write 'em all about how he fit an' died duh' his duty, or what he thought war his duty.

"Den he kep' looking at his pooh ragged clothes, dat was h hangin' whar he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint from his appealin' eyes, and goes and hunts through de pockets. She dun found nothin but a little bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes shine, lake de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a leetle tintype of a purty young thing a holdin' a little baby er about a year old dropped out, an' then he looked so glad. Missus axed him ef dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: "'Jim kin find dem by 'vestain in de newspapers, jim,' I think I dun know what ye want me to tell dem,' an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was lookin' deir light. She dun took his han' in hern, an' sang lake an' angel dat pretty hymn about:

"'All my trus' on de is staid.'

"Dar was two or three verses, but I disremember 'em. Anyway while she was singing de gates on glory opened and tuk dat poor boy in.

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he didder dun know it. He just did his duty as he had learned it from older hades. So de missus had him laid to res' up in de grove back of de house,



HOW WONDERFUL ARE THY WAYS, OH LORD.

an' ebery Decoration Day she dun put poses on de lone grabe, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever advertise?" asked Jennie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Deed she did! an' fur years she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen years. De wal was dun, de niggars all free, Massah Carter lose an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only chile, young Massa John, war growed up to be a man, an' like his pa, as putty as a picter, and dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggahs to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de critfin' ones go.

"Wal, der used to be lots of 'company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massa John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she brung erlong a young school frien', Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a picter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de gardin.

Wal, such time as dem young critters had. Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' hossback ridin' every day ob dere lives. Wal, one sweet, putty morning my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grabe, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun streach herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say:

"'Scuse me, aunty, I'm awful tired of dat grabe; ober since I was a baby I recolmember it,"

But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah soljer ah! I know some day you will git your reward." So she an' missus walked off in de bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', and de carried a great baskit of poses—de kunary suckle an' roses, an' jasamine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue sash.

Miss Liddy she lay dar swingin' in de hammock, and Massa John, after a little, gits up and starts for de grove, too. Den Miss Liddy laffs and sals kinder scornful lake: "Is it Miss Nell or de soljer that takes you out dar dis hot mornin'?"

He jes laugh back at her an' say:

"'Dis ain't de grabe, dat's my 'likenon duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain."

De ole missus allus like to habe us all come up dar, too, so I war dar jes as Mr. John got dar, an', as usual, my missus opened dat soljer's Bible an' was jus' goin ter read when Miss Nellie saw de leetle tintype, and she gabe a leetle cry lake, an' takin' it from de missus han' she said:

"Oh, Mrs. Carter, my ma has got jes such a picture, an' it hers an' mine when I was a baby." Den she laid her haid down into missus' lap an' began ter cry, an' she sobed out dat her pa was in de wah, an' disappeared, an' day-dun tried ebery way' to fine out someting erbout him. Missus axe her what was her pas and mas name, an' she tole her dere names war "George an' Lucy." An' missus opened de Bible, an' dar was writ on de leaf "From Lucy to George." Den she took de poah young lady in her arms, an' said: "How wonderful are dy ways, Oh, Lord!" An', my chile, dare under all, dem flowers sleeps your father, an' in this peaceful spot. He has not been like a stranger, or neglected, fur now in de Providence ob de good Lord, de dearest wish ob his heart is fulfilled, I trus' you will be comforted.

"Massa John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' verse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

"Let dis jar teach yez a lesson ob faith. Do your duty, no matter how lonely de way is, or how dark de clouds.

Wal, chilfen, it is time ye were in yer beds. Its jes erbout true, dis yarn. Ebery word is as true as de gospil. Yas Miss Jinnie, dat are grabe is decorated ebery year when dis day comes round, though de ole massa and missus is lyin' down beside dat young soljer boy an' it's Miss Nellie's grabe now, for she dun gon' an' married Massa John, how he jus' lubs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubed her, too, and you ought to a seen what ere Miss Nellie done for de ole missus in her illness, fur months afore she dun went to her reward, and she say ober and ober agin:

"'No kind act is overlooked by de Master; an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now for honorin' de dead by a few flowers on a lonely grabe upon de day de nation set apart to 'membrate dose dat fell."

TWO HOLIDAYS.

Two Little Relation Maintained Between May 30 and July 4.

There is far too little relation maintained between Independence Day and Memorial Day. One is the natural sequence of the other, and the celebration of both should be observed with due solemnity as well as with comely and becoming rejoicing. A service of thanksgiving, of grand and appropriate music, then with the congregation pouring out into the highways and by ways of the earth, the spirit of peace and good-will might be merged into a feeling of joyousness and a giving way to all forms of hilarious sport and innocent amusement. We have in one of these days honored our forefathers through whose wise and determined efforts the country was established, and in the other we have remembered those who rescued us from danger and saved us for a great and glorious future. These days are the red-letter days in the American calendar—inseparable because they are reminders of great struggles, because they made our present condition of existence possible; happy because we know by them, and what they typify, that the spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice and the great and all-comprehensive spirit of divinity that was originally planted in the hearts of men has neither been dimmed nor extinguished. It has only slumbered and smoldered; the living fire is there, and needs but the breath of treason or the slightest blow from an assaulting hand to bring it full-grown to its feet, a stalwart young giant able to cope with any adversary that threatens the life and the union of the states.

Memorial Day and Its Significance.

There is a melancholy pleasure in considering this great anniversary second only in importance to Fourth of July, but overshadowed by a vastly different sentiment. Independence Day is the birthday of American freedom. Memorial Day may well be called its day of baptism and its consecration. On this occasion we turn from the everyday concerns of life and give ourselves up to the contemplation of acts of heroism that raise humanity above the common level and link it more closely to the Divine Spirit. These heroes whose graves we strew with flowers gave their lives for their country, sacrificed themselves and all that they possessed that liberty and peace as established by the Constitution of the United States might be freed from the bands that had been thrown around them, and might flourish untrammeled, unconditioned, and without reproach.

It Was Worth While.

The war of the rebellion, dreadful as it was, a strife of brother against brother, was worth while if for no other reason than that it broke the bonds of millions of human beings, and made human slavery in the country impossible forevermore.

CHAPTER III.

IT WAS ABOUT this time, I think, that such training as Mr. Loraine had indirectly given me began to bear its first crop of fruit. When first I stepped into the world, the novelty and freshness of all I saw hid the evil which I had imbibed in the background. But now that I was a man, now that the glamour with which a boy surrounds everything had faded away, much of Mr. Loraine's teaching, many of his cynical axioms, came back, perhaps unawares, to me. The certainty which he had always felt as to some selfish motive being the hidden mainspring in every action of man or woman, with me became at least suspicion. I had already met with false friends, who had, under the guise of friendship, robbed me not only of money, but of what I value more, trust in my fellows. After a while, I began to persuade myself that such popularity as I enjoyed was not due to my own merits, but to my worldly possessions; that I was by no means a fine fellow, merely a young man of large property.

This feeling is a danger which continually besets a rich and sensitive man, especially if his companions are poorer than himself, and his own nature is not such as can accept flattery as is his due. Under such circumstances, it is easy to develop much of the cynicism of Julian Loraine.

Women had as yet done nothing to lower my self-esteem. Until now, I had not found the woman I could love. One reason for this was that I was still of a romantic nature, and was resolved that whomsoever I asked to be my wife should love me for myself, not for my money.

I wish, so far as possible to keep this tale free from any sarcastic remarks of my own, but at that time I often wondered if the mothers of fair daughters would have found me such a charming fellow had not Julian Loraine made that brief will.

But at last I was in love—hopelessly, unreservedly in love. My nature is, I believe, a passionate one, and now that it had found its aim, I gave it full and free scope. I loved madly, blindly, and, alas! jealously.

I had set my heart upon the daughter of no wealthy or well-born family. The girl I loved was not one whom I met in society; yet I proudly thought of the day when every eye would turn and be dazzled by her beauty—when people who appraised the charms of fair women would rank those of my wife high above all.

Of course I was partial—all lovers are—but now, as I look at the face from my paper—the portrait which hangs on the wall facing me, I tell myself that my love did not lead me far astray.

The soft, thick, fair hair growing low down on the forehead, and swept back over the ear to join the knotted, silky mass at the back of the head. The head itself, small, well-shaped, and, above all, well-poised. The large, soft, dark blue eyes. The fringe of long, straight lashes—eyes, straight, not curved—falling, when the eyes are closed, literally on the cheek. The girlish, yet perfect figure. Ah! I need not look at the portrait to recall and describe my love!

For the rest, her name was Viola Keith. She was an orphan, and all but alone.

How I met her, when I met her, matters little. Nearly all first meetings take place under prosaic circumstances. Anyway, as my eyes met hers, I told myself that I looked at the one woman whom it was possible for me to love with an eternal love.

I knew nothing of her family or her surroundings. I cared to know nothing. I asked but one thing—transient, as I had been staying. Yet at times I fancied that his merriment was forced, and again and again I saw his keen eyes fixed on me with a searching expression, which annoyed me beyond measure.

When at last I rose, he followed my example, Viola, as was her custom, accompanied me to the door of the house, but this evening I noticed, or fancied I noticed, a certain reluctance and hesitation in her manner. Eustace Grant passed on in front of us. He opened the door and stood on the steps. I lingered for a moment to bid Viola a last good-night.

Presently Grant turned, as if impatient at my delay. There was a lamp exactly opposite the house, and the hall was also illuminated. I could see therefore, see the man's face distinctly, and there was an indescribable look in his eyes which told me the whole truth. This Eustace Grant, whoever he was, loved Viola even as I loved her! All my jealous and mistrustful nature surged to the surface. I grasped Viola's hand and hastily drew her into a little sitting-room close by. She looked at me in a startled manner.

"Viola," I said, "who is this man?"

"Dearest, I told you; Eustace Grant, my guardian!"

"Who is he? What is his profession?"

"Ah! that is a secret as yet. He will tell you some day, for Julian, you will love him like a brother when you know him."

"Never! Listen, Viola. That man is in love with you!"

She made no answer, and by the light which passed through the half-opened door I saw a soft expression of pity and regret upon her sweet face.

"You know it?" I asked.

She sighed. "I am afraid it is so, or has been so. Poor Eustace!"—

The intonation of the last two words carried comfort to my heart. It told me that I need fear no rival. I embraced Viola, and left her. Grant was still on the door-step. He was evidently waiting for me. I paused in the road, looking for a vacant handsom.

"Do you mind walking a little distance with me, Mr. Vane?" said Grant; "I have some distance to go. I would rather drive."

"I will not take you far, but I have something to say to you."

He turned in an authoritive manner, as though fully expecting I should follow him. I hesitated; then joined him, and we walked side by side.

There was a frigid silence between us; but as I glanced at the tall, stately figure by my side, as now and again by the light of the gas lamps I saw that powerful striking face, the demon of self-distrust began to rise again. How, I asked myself could it be possible, all things being equal, for a woman to choose me in preference to this man? And thanks to my nonsoaking my name and true position, the chances apparently were that Grant had as much to offer the woman as I had.

By and by my companion stopped and opened the door of a house with a latch-key. He invited me to enter, and showed me into a room on the ground floor. Once inside his own house, his manner changed. He was now a host, and I was a guest. He apologized for the state of confusion which reigned in the room. He had only returned to his lodgings yesterday, and had not had time to arrange things straight. The rooms, although plainly furnished, showed that its tenant was a man of taste and culture. Books were scattered broadcast here, there, and everywhere. Grant swept a pile off the chair which he offered me.

"You smoke?" he said, producing a cigar case, "I can give you some brandy and soda, too."

He opened the cupboard and brought out the bottles. I declined his proffered hospitality, and awaited his communication. He stood with his back to the mantelpiece, and mechanically filled a pipe. He did not, however, light it; and, although I looked as carelessly as I could in another direction, I knew that he was attentively scanning my face. This scrutiny became unbearable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IT HAD TO BE.

A Fatality That Could Not Possibly Be Helped.

It was in one of the mountain towns of eastern Kentucky. I had dropped into a general store in the evening to make a purchase and was lingering to hear a conversation between three or four men, when one of them arose, winked at me to follow him, and started out, just as an old man who was known as "Cap'n Jim" entered, says the Detroit Free Press man.

"Yo' is a stranger in town, I reckon?" queried the winker, as we got out.

"Yes."

"An' nobody's dun told you about Uncle Tom, who keeps this stoh?"

"No."

"Then I'll explain. That yere Cap'n Jim has cum to town for powder to shoot squirrels. That yere Uncle Tom keeps it in a keg and he allus lights a candle to weigh it out in the back room. I've bin a-talkin' to him fur the last twenty years, but he dean' believe it."

"Don't believe what?"

"That that air candle and them air powder am jusa dead sual to cum together sum time. Got to do it. Uncle Tom's powder am old and dampish, and that's got to be a calamitous calamity in that back room."

"And you think it will come off as night?"

"Highly likely, sah. I 'lated to git up and go out afore nunbody had treated, but we an' in dooty bound to save our lives, I reckon."

"You didn't say anything to the occupants?"

"I'want no use. They way talkin' about bars and a bar story would keep 'em thar' if the house was afire. Besides, they know all about it."

We had already sawed about thirty rods while talking and had just taken seats on the hotel veranda, when there came a terrible rumble, the night was lighted with a great flame and then the earth seemed to rise up in waves.

"It's that yere powder and that yere candle cum together!" shouted my friend, as he picked himself up. "And now I hope that yere Uncle Tom feels a leap hard for his peartness."

The store was demolished and four men killed, while almost every pane of glass in the town was broken.

"Had to be," said my friend, as we stood among the crowd gazing at the ruins. "Yere was trembly Uncle Tom with whisky in him; that was the taller candle with a proper ambishun; yere was the keg of powder jesa' itchin' to be tackled. Had to be. Couldn't git shet of it."

Wheeling Etiquette.

Wheeling etiquette is not yet in a very advanced stage, although a few rules have been laid down.

A gentleman should never mount until the lady with whom he is riding is seated in her saddle. Then he may mount and follow her. When practicable they should ride abreast, the lady always on the right side. When a narrow road makes this impossible the lady should go ahead so that her escort may know at once should any danger menace her.

At the conclusion of a ride the gentleman should first dismount that he may relieve his companion of her wheel as soon as she has jumped from it. But a gentleman should never help a lady to mount. Such a thing would be very distasteful to the independent spirit of a wheelwoman.

While chaperons are not considered necessary by high-spirited American girls it is certainly good form for a young lady to be accompanied by a more elderly member of her sex.

In cycling, as in everything else, leap year entertainments have crept in. In tandem riding a lady always sits in front, but now faddists would have us reverse this order of things. That usage, however, will be discontinued after leap year, when normal conditions will once more be in vogue.—Exchange.

"Fudge" Are Vassar Chocolates.

Vassar girls not only indulge freely in "sweets" of every known variety, but they get up new recipes whenever their sated palates demand a change. The following is the recipe for "fudge," the latest confectionery dainty:

Two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, a piece of butter one-half the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. The mixture is cooked until it begins to get grainy. Then it is taken from the fire, stirred briskly, and turned into buttered tins.

"Fudge" may be eaten hot or cold, but it is never so truly delicious as when at early or evening hour of midnight it is first removed from the gas jet or alcohol lamp and served on bits of cardboard or portions of a manicure box by a group of maidens in night attire.

Breaking the News.

Maud—I hear proposing parties are all the style this winter. The girls do the proposing and the one who proposes best gets the prize. Have you been to any?

Ethel—No; but I had a proposition party come to me the other evening. How do you like my ring?—Harper's Bazar.

No bird of prey has the gift of song.

Chicago Farming Lands in South Dakota. Along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway can now be had upon reasonable terms. The very prospects were never better and a glorious harvest for this year is already assured. Thousands of acres of unoccupied lands in over twenty counties are now open for settlement. For further information address H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 226 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Shells are no known means by which the ears made by smallpox may be removed.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

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Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent, Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

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