MEMORIAL DAY.

Wish waving of starry banners, With music of bugles sweet, All day through our streets has echord The tramp of marching feet. From many a mountain valley, From city and town and hill. Around the graves where their comrade aleep

The soldiers gather still.

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They think of the bitter partings When first they marched away-The ranks of blue from the northland, From the sunny south the gray-Some with hearts that were eager And hot with the fire of wouth. Some with a purpose steady To fight fer God and truth.

They think of the battle's tumult And the cannons' sullen roar And the yellow glow of sunset light When the weary fight was o'er. When, gathered around the campfire, Their yearning thoughts would ream, As softly sweet some "coin rade sang The words of "Home, Sweet Home."

They remember the solemn roll calls And the silons pause that came bellao imegnes ett dand då mi nedi Some minning soldier's mame. They remember the days of terror And nights that were long with dread When loft slone on the field they watched With the dying and the dead.

With ranks that are growing thinner Each year the soldiers meet. All day through our streets has echoed The tramp of their marching feet-Marching closer together, Oh, loyal'tanks of blus! In silence deep your comrades sleep, For the weary strife is through.

Marching closer together Oh, patient ranks of grav! In stienes deep your comrades sleep, And strife has passed away. For both we mourn with loying tears Brave hoarts on either side, The memory of your noble deeds Still thrills our bearts with pride.

And year by year we gather, With wreaths and garlands gay, To deck the graves where dreaming lie The ranks of blue and gray. And the grass shall wave o'er the low

green ten to And biessoms prown the sod When the last brave soldier falls asleep In the long, sweet peace of God. -- Angelina W Wray in Harper's Barar

JACK'S HEADSTONE.

"Here's the flag, Polly. Ain't it a beauty?"

"Lovely | Grandpa'll be decirated splen did! My rosebush has two roses and three buds."

"You ain't goin to pick the buds?" "INdn't grandpa die for our country! Didn't we live till mother died on his pen sion? I think a whole bushel of buds wouldn't be too much !"

Jack was glad Polly did not know about the 10 cent fing he could have got. He had thought 5 cents enough to spare out of their scanty carnings when making the purchase. But after that speech he felt small What if he were but a bootblack carning a most precarious living, and life. Polly nodded her head acquiescently, Polly making only an odd dime now and still too awestruck for words. then by scrubbing a floor or tending chil dran for the neighborst Jack wished he

ing to Evergmens! Why, I'm taking a basket of plants there. Fill take you right along.

And so, much earlier than they expected, Jack and Polly had "dec'rated" the old coldier's grave. The brown paper wat carefully pinned down with the long wire used it. How often mother had used them the children were so proud! The flags were and the children stood, well satisfied with the results.

"Now let's go and see some of the other -'s poorest cemetery. Yet there were some handsome gravestones and many cally speaking, full and strong. carefully kept plots. The children much enjoyed seeing the flowers, but agreed that 'our grave'' was the best of all.

. "The soldiers have covered every bit of the grave, " said a tall girl in a disappoint-ed tone. "I like them to remember grandpa, but-there is nothing for us to do, and we have so many flowers."

"I have on idea," said Aunt Mary, who always had delightful ideas if any one the queen of night: needed cheering. "Let's drive over to Evergreens. There may be some grave: there that we can deporte. It is what dear grandpa would wish. You remember he often said, 'We officers get the glory, but the privates did the work. "That's a splendid plan We'll start at

0000."

It was a long drive through miserable streets. But May and her aunt were used greens each watched for some soldier's sweethcart: grave.

"Oh, aunty, there's one! I see a flagtwo of them. John, John, stop! What a queer thing ' Whatisit?" And Mary knelt by the children's "headstone." "Aunty, aunty, the flowers-quickly !" said the im pulsive girl, her eyes overflowing. "Oh, if I could only find Polly and Jack Kerri" Aunt Mary came with lilles and heliotrope, hyncinths and geraniums-Mary would not have one other rose headde the lovely ones the children had laid there. Smilax was carefully wreathed about "the headstone." and then May rose, only half natisfied.

" 'Forty two Charles street.' I think we might call there, aunty." "Not today, doar. We are too late al

ready We must hurry home." • • • • •

"I'm afreid we've lost the way." "No, there's the big cross. Grandpa is

just near there. I always know our grave by that But I don't remember any other grave that was decirated. Polly !"

Jack could say no more, and, Polly catching sight of the wreath of flowers and smilar frame at the same moment, the children knolt, speechlens with amazament. Star.

"Do you think it was angels?" asked Polly in an awastruck volce. "No," said Jack sturdily "It was this

headstone that did it, Polly Somebody read that." That was the proudest moment of Jack's

SINGING IN CAMP.

iome of the Airs That Found Favor With the Boys In Blue.

Supper is at last over. The pickets are stationed, the pipes are lit, the most rise in all the brillinney of an Indian sam or hairpins, Polly kissing each one bafore she night and the gentle pleasure of the enroundings seeks voice in song. There is to fasten up the long brown hair, of which no more question who will lead the singing than there is who will lead the rogiplaced at the foot, the roses at the board, ment in battle. He got an unwritten and irrevocable commission as regimental singing master the first night the regiment went into such a camp as this, and all the dec'rations," said Jack, "and then we'll tunefully minded lifted up their volces in come back again." So they wandered from song. His was the voice that rang out place to place. It was the poorest part of pre-eminently over all the others. It is a tenore robusto, or tenore lyrican, technic-

> Ob. say, can you see by the dawn's early light Whatso proudly we halled in the twilight's hat glosminet

wells up from his throat like the pipe of a church organ and mellow as the strains from a French horn. Possibly he is reminded of home and the shady gloom of the walk through the woods to the singing school, for without a pause, like a chine of silver bells, he trills an apostrophe to

> Roll on silver moon! Guide the traveler on his way While the nightingale's song Is in tune.

For I never, never more With my true love will stray By thy aweed silver light. Bonny moon.

Then the music and the moonlight make him melodramatic, love and Luna mingle to such neighborhoods in their visits of in his tuneful memory, for, unconsciously charity. As soon as they entered Ever and half under his breath, he sings to his

Oh. Lloved a little beauty. Bells Brandon, And I told her 'neath the old Arbor tree-

And then, as if framing in music the shoughts of the "little beauty" in her faraway northern home, he sings:

Dearcht love, do you remember When we last did moet? How you kild me that you loved me

Encoling at my feat? Laughter and badinage have long since sensed. Flat on their backs, gazing up at the stars through the pine and hemlack boughs, the boys lie quietly smoking while the soloist sings, "Willie, We Have Missed You," " Mother, Is the Battle Over?" etc. This al fresco concert goes on for two solid, happy hours, when, all too soon, the much anathematized bugles, which are ut: ways breaking in upon the pleasures and occupations of the men, suriko up the wall:

Searcy. Devaltobers, withly you filight 10-1-5 8-1 5-0-17

"There goes tattoo! Fall in for roll call " shout the orderly sergeants, and the open all concert is at an end -- Washington

Secred to Reroes.

This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love. Grati-"And by next year we must have a real tude is the fairest flower that sheds its in the heart. Today we tell



Just Received a Large Consignment of 30-Inch Ingrains,

ALI COLORSUU. NO REMNANTS. NO AUCTION GOODS.

A Contraction of the second second

No old stock taken from the basement. All new, fresh goods of this year a manufacture and this year's designs. Not a roll of brown back paper in the stock.

Beautiful Patterns of Tinted Goods in all shades, Ic 22-inch Elegant Terra Cotta, Heavy Gilt IC 22-inch Delft Blue, 2 9 e Figured Gilt Ingrains, Embossed Gilt Goods, -. **30-inch Elegant Ingrains in all Patterns, 5c**

The finest line of Parlor Paper in the city. No white wash goods, but all new, just received. from factory.

The entire store completely filled from top to ground floor, making the largest store everoffered in Western New York.

· (4 ++')

had done more for his soldier grandfather But a thought struck him

"Oh, Polly ' I'll tell you what I'll do. '

"For tomorrow?" "Yes! You know it'll be years before we get a monnyment for grandpa, for we must get an eddication first, and though the fing'll show it's a soldier's grave I think folks ought to know more. Well, I've learned to print rost clear, and I'll print a real nice headstone, and we'll fix it down on the grave, and folks'll see it for that day anyway

"That's splendid' You do it, and I'll get supper

Jack rushed out for stiff brown paper and ink, and the kind shopkegper, who knew the children, learning what he in tended to do, gave him two large sheets of manilla paper and showed him how to use a "groose orayon," thereby saving the boy from innumerable spatters of ink. Jack purchased the 10 cent flag on the spot and returned with his prize.

'We can est dry bread awhile,'' he said as his sloter looked doubtfully at the flag "That's my buds !"

Planning to write a headstone was only thing, quite another to do it. We cam's say ' 'reoted,' for it's goin to

be staked down How would you begin Polly*' "My teacher says" (Polly's teacher was

her unfailing standard) "If you're writing to just tell what you've got to say as short as you can."

'Lot's see." And Jack printed rather crookedly, but clearly:

> JOHN DOYLE Wounded at Bull run

DieD at 48 Charles Street.

"Do you remember when he died?" Jack asked, glad to rest awhile, but delighted with his progress.

"Why, I wasn't born, Jack! But can't we say his loving grandchildren havehave-fixed this to his memory!"

"Why, Polly!" said Jack admiringly "That's real tombstony! That's good enough for the monnyment. Let's see.' And Jack eat with pencil poised, then slow ly and laboriously printed, Polly's bright eyes watching engerly:

This is writ by Polly and jack Kerr in memory of

Grand Pa.

"Oh, Jack! It's just lovely! And-of -oh-I've got something!" And Polly, her bright face growing sweetly solemn, stepped to the old bureau and opened her most precious possession-an old bo which held her peculiar treasures.

"Here's four of mother's hairpins," she said solemnly. "I've saved 'em, but they'll be just the thing to fasten down the headstone-better than bits of wood."

The children could hardly sleep from excitement. Bright and early they were about, stopping a moment to gaze rapturously on "the headstone" and to water the precious rosebush, which any florist would have admired, so perfect were the buds and roses. Then Jack started out to black boots and attend to one or two furnaces. while Polly washed dishes and tidied rooms for three different families, receiving 5 cents from each. At noon they were ready to start, the ruses carefully wrapped within the headstone, lest the sun wilt them. the flags carried by Polly.

It was a long, long walk to Evergreens. But the children's rent was due in two days, and they dared not spend money on car fare. On they trudged, the thought of the honor to be done to grandpa keeping Polly's tired feet going. But before they had accomplished a quarter of the distance Jack caught sight of a great express cart coming up the hill. "Hold on, there's a fellow I know. He'll take us in. He's first class. Mr. B---," he called, "can you give us a life?"

"Certainly." And the good natured expreseman drew up for the children. "Go

"But the eddication. "

"We'll do it all," said the boy, with a new confidence in his powers. "Now let's suffering, the defents and victories of take a few of these home to remember the day by."

They took a bit of heliotrope, a hyacinth and a spray of sinilar and walked, with no kings should be told. We should tell our sense of weariness, so exalted were they by what they had found, back to the rooms which had been grandpa's and mother's, history of the Declaration of Independence one of which they had managed to keep by toil almost incredible in such mere chil dren.

The next day seemed dull and prosy to

Polly, as days do to all of us after unwont ed excitement. The little girl had just settled down to study her lessons for the night school Jack and she attended, when there came a knock at the door. Polly opened it and was confronted by two ladies, one tall and slim, the other "fat and comfortable," as Polly told Jack. IngersolL

"There are our flowers," exclaimed May, who had given her aunt no rest till she took har to 49 Charles street. "so you must

be Polly Kerr." "Yes, ma'am," said Polly, much sururised.

This was the first of many visits May made to the next little room. The gen-eral's granddaughter befriended the old soldier's grandchildren, and with ber help men, from tenenth the datales that grow and counsel Jack and Polly have "a roal on the unknown tomb of many a soldier headstone" and -an education. - Independent.

Sherman Under Fire,

General Sherman and General Thomas were warm and intimate friends. In their familiar intercourse they were to each other usually Bill and Tom, after the free and ensy fashion of school boys, rather thin like dignified and austere warriors.

Near Resaca, during a sharp action, General Sherman went upon a railway embankment directly in the line of fire and stood carelessly amid the flying bullete making his observations and giving his orders.

Turning he saw the head and shoulders of the portly and magnificently proportioned Thomas appearing above the protection of the railway earthwork. Sherman, always careful for his friends rather than for himself, called out:

"Pretty hot up here, Tom. Better not come up. "What are you doing there yourself.

then?" answered Thomas. "Oh, I just turn edgeways to 'em," said

the tall, attenuated commander with a grin, as he resumed his duties .- Youth's Companion.

The Conscript.

The loyal north had not much faith in "conscripted" soldiers, and the boys down south had less, and the poor fellows led a hard life until they demonstrated in some way the misapplication of the doggerel, which ran as follows:

How are you, conscripti How are you today?

The provost murshal's got you in A very tight place, they say.

Oh, you should not mind it, Nor breathe another sigh, For you're only going to Dixie

To fight and-mind your eye. ----Selected

A War Incident.

The first-time during the war that a passenger train was captured and robbed was in February, 1864, when the rebels ca; tured the Baltimore express train for Wheeling near Kearneysville, W. Va.

Confederates In National Cemeterics. Over 9,000 Confederates are buried in: the national cometeries, all told, principally, however, at Woodlawn and Finns Point and at Jelferson barracks, Camp Butler, City Point and Loudon park.

history of our country's life, recount the lafty deeds of vanished years, the toll and herolomen, of mon who made our pation great and free. • • • On this day the story of the great struggle between colonists and children of the contest-first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the -the chart and compass of all human rights-that all men are equal and have the right to life, liberty and joy. This Declaration uncrowned kings and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the sceptor of usured and arbitrary power. It supersoled royal grants and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career, it knighted all the some of toil, it opened all the paths to famie, and put the star of hopo above the cradle of the poor man's babe .-- Oolonel

Value of Self Sacrifice.

In the observance of Memorial day we learn the value of self sacrifice for the good of others. The glassy marbles and ever lasting granito of our gravoyards often marks sleeping dust, and mone so poor as to do it reven nee. But from beneath the flowers that cover the graves of those noble who perished in the malaria of Libby, in the famine of Andersonville, in the bullet swept forests of the Wilderness, will rise memories that will make their names forever sacred, not only as brave soldiers, but in the bright calendar of philanthropists and martyrs. Self scorifice is the energy of every reform and religion that has ever reached and secured the worship of humanity. Not even the Son of God would found his divine religion without this. At the beginning of duty is the condescension of Bethiehem, the sufferings of Gethsemane, and the accursed death of the cross and all this that "he might give his life for many. "-Rev. H. O. Rowlands, D. D.

Inquicate Patriotion.

At this season there should be no alloy vears. in the golden tribute of our country to the soldiers. Their memory should be oberished, their bravery extelled and their examples emulated. It is impossible to value too highly their deeds on southern battlefields or to speak too emphatically of their patriotic motives. The inculcation of the lessons of patriotism is as much a duty as the defense of the country. The anniversary of the day when the graves of our beloved heroes are strewn with the flowers of a nation's love should be ob-

served with all the ferror which a patriotic and home loving people can command .--Selected.

The Jefferson Barracks National ceme tery-once an old military post, but en larged-contains the bones of 11,689 soldiers, including 1,106 Confederate prisoners taken in the early battles of the war in Missouri. At the Marietta (Ga.) cometery repose, the remains of 10,160 Union soldiers, collected from various parts of Georgia, and at the Beaufort (S. C.) cemetery rest 9,279 bodies of soldiers and sailors who died on the seaboard of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Half of these are unknown.--Selected

The museum at Governors island, New York harbor, is full of glorious relies of old battles, but to the student of history the splendid collection of flags is by far the most interesting. In front of the collection of battleflags

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Parishes are Deing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Lima.

in town last week,

gerald's store.

financially.

for the past two weeks.

Brockport over Sunday.

couple of days last week.

day with friends here.

Sunday with friends in this place.

Thomas Carroll is working in M. L. Fitt-

Will Toomey and Ray O'Neill spent Sun-

Miss McCarthy is improving slowly. Drs. Wicker and Wilbur have charge of the case.

Miss Julia Leahy is home from Plainfield.

N.J., where she has been for the past two'

Shortsville,

Caledonia

Mrs. Jerry McMahon and daughter of

Honeove Falls are visiting friends in town.

Jake Hilbert entertained his brother from

The settle at

Macedon."

the former's siliter, Mrs. B. Gilligan,

The mission which has been conducted by The mission which has been conducted by Monday morning, and the Pauloniat Fathers at St. Francis de Sales tended, Rev. W. A. MoDoniel of church during the past two weeks, has been What Our Friends in the Surrounding very largely attended. Otte wask was devoted to the women, and the other to the men. Services were held in the morning and evening, at which excellent sermons were delivered and splendid music rendered At all services, evening services especially, the in Geneva, the guest of relativest The remains of Wm. Leary, who died in church was filled to overflowing.

NEXT TO MACKIE'S.

Gentevs,

West Bloomfield last Saturday, were interred here last Monday. Rev. John Hickey of Geneseo was here last week visiting his father and sister who reside here. Father Hickey is a member of light, inflammable material with which is was the Geneva Coal company on Jackson street was discovered on fire Monday evening at Sife of clock by Katherine Graney. The start diverged was a faw diverged week. the Redemptorist order, and is at present en. | stored made a bright blaze that was very some gaged in mission work throughout this state. spicuous from all parts of the city and are aged in mission work throughout this stars. Include hundreds to the some. The fire was in former yeasr. A committee of old sol-a het one while it issted and gave an op-portunity for the fire chiefs and manbet of as in former yeasr. - A committee of old soldiers will decorate the graves of their comportunity for the nee chiefs and members of the department to do none spiendid work in subduing the configgration and saving the surrounding property. The officers of the conloomenoy are sta idea to socionit for the origin of the firs, and the theory is ad-vanced that it was the work of an incen-diary of was caused by the carelessness of a tramp who crawled into the building for a might a real. rades in all the principal cemeteries. Flowers should be, left at the town hall Saturday morning before 9 o'clock. Robert McDonald spent a couple of days Michael Ryan was in town last Sunday George Lockington was in Syracuse

wight's reat. The warehouse was well filled with pre-Thomas Carroll is working in M. L. Fitt-erald's store. Miss Jennie Smyth was in Lima last week. Honeoye. John McGreevy and son of Buffalo spent sunday with friends in this place. Will Toomey and Ray O'Neill spent Sun-Times

Misses Mary Rogan and Annis Murphy role their wheels from Willard to Geneva one day last week

Measles are like latest rage in General Mrs. James Sparrow and family of North avenue are confined to the house with them as is Katherine Welch of North street. Sat Mrs. B. Daley and son William are visiting: rah Maylan of Jackson street had just ra-the former's sliter, Mrs. B. Gilligan. Covered from an attack of them, and there Miss Kate Dicts of Auburn isvisiting Mrs.

Mcintyre. Mrs. M. Kinsella, who has been quite ill. guest of friends in Geneva this west

Maj. James Boyle, formerly of Auburn The entertainment given by St. Dom-inic's society was well attended, socially and financially. Maj. James Boyle, formerly of Auburn bat now of Buffalo, was greeted by a num-ber of hearty hand shakes on Tassiay last and by his Geneva friends.

The marriage is announced of Miss Kale Dowd to Walter Stepleton, to occur at St. The case of Milis Lizzie O'Neill against The case of Main Lizzie O wells against Francis de Sales church on Wednesday merning acxt.

Miss Ellen McNicholas, sister of Mrs. dict being, sos sufficient evidence, Miss John Cannon, arrived in Geneva from Ireant voyage and fair weather on the trip.

merly a resident of Geneva, and after twelve years' absence from her old birth place returned for one day only. She noted a remarkable change in Geneva during that Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Maxwell are re-joicing over the birth of a little daughter, born May 23d.

duration. - Mrs. J. L. Toner spent Monday last in Mrs. James Weary visited relatives and Bellons on business

Miss Emma Hennessy of Clinton street is riding wnew bicicle

friends in town Monday. Hugh Neary entertained about fifty of guest of her aunt, Miss Katherine Graney, his young friends on Tuesday, May 25th, it on Jackson street.

The funeral of the late Thomas Relliv.

held from St. Franchinde Salas The following acted as beament Kane, John Kane, Thomas The Toole, John Brannad and Pileter Interment was made in Mr. Passion

Andrew Canage of Willard wornt Emade

church was filled to overflowing: The large barn and storage warshouse of Intends in town on Bunday lat.

Mrs. Theodors David of Aubern better Street of her sister, Mrs. John Co

Pictalond.

Last Thursday, Harbart Poersil, will driving a spirited cast backaging to Go Fo for max with a very paintal anchings whill lat him with a backy spenthed dotte. Mrs. P. Langon in expecting sector while from her broches in che sing Mins Lizzie O'Bries had seempled a five in the state scapital at Wellard. Miss Agrice Mailage of Ratiogenty been ill at her going is. Philaderes for their parties

Mrs. Marshar al Acchants white May Small Sec. Syste Miss Elis Farmi has been manualing days of the past week, with Labord Char

Miss Marne Mullans of the Rombest State hospital spint Satarday and Smith with her parents.

Miss Kittle Salkvan is on the side dist M. King and family visiting interadi in

J. Bell of Fairport was the graves all the th Hackett last Taesdays Asthura.-

P. J. Mohan has latting Nave, Toba has nonephed a lattation position. Martin Lowen, st., Left for Clean O., Monday sporalog.

Miss Mary E. Lewier of Ocean my Accuments is the protocol in Clark street

In Clark stores. Rev. J. McGrail, of Measurement town a lew dess law work the store The function of Theorem Margin dess from his late none, we Possible income for his late none, we Possible income of lock Menday meaning, work for Mary's church store. The charge income filled with sorrowing friends of the desse Assistant Paster Rev. (1) Charge of Assistant Paster Rev. (2) John Cannon, arrived in Geneva from Ire-land on Saturday last, and reports a pleas ant voyage and fair weather on theirip Miss Elizabeth Curry of Rochester spent Monday in Geneva. Miss Curry was for Thomas Arundel.

Penn Year The following offstern Mays To for the Ladica' Antibious Bring County president Mathematic dant, Lattic O'Kerry Theorem Matian morniting excerting tol finandal ancietars, Kan urel Annia complete complete gan; guide, Mallie Correst LAUSE & Gringer Hid & Ales Ales fare Washe with haf a

> (Contil si il ne

uting obscene mail matter was tried before Justice Cameron on Saturday last, the ver-Where They Sleep. O'Neill paying the costs of the court. Miss Nellie O'Connor of Geneses has been the guest of her cousin, Anna Coffey?

Two Faneral Flags.

friends in Rochester Saturday and Sunday. Tames Farrell of Palmyra called on

being his tenth birthday. are two small stands, and on them are two flags carelessly disposed. One of them is Peter McCarty and family have moved to whose death accurted on Saturday hat, was the funeral flag of General Grant, the oth- Fairport. er that of General Hancock.

