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## THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

THE American people honor today those who fought and those who fell in what will ever be for this nation the Civil War.

The story of this war will never grow old while the republic endures. Since the last shot was fired a new generation has arisen and another is rising. Yet the boy of fourteen today is as keen to read and speak of the Great Civil War, as was his father twenty-five or thirty years ago.

It was different from other wars. It was not fought for land or room or to reach the sea, nor for an international position. Much less was it fought for a dynasty or a personality, or against any dynasty.

The American Civil war presents the unique spectacle of a conflict arraying a whole nation in arms for ideas—for principles so firmly held that both sides were ready to die for them. It was the trial of the issue between conflicting ideas of society and government before the tribunal of the God of Battles.

It was waged on both sides with a zeal born of absolute conviction in the righteousness of the cause. It was waged until the victors had well-nigh exterminated their opponents, as the scars of the south after nearly half a century still bear witness. And it was the final Civil war for the American people. They may disagree, and disorderly factions may rise in arms. But never again can they be so divided as they were then. In a furnace heat that tested human will to the limit of endurance has been welded their national unity.

The character of the conflict whose glory and whose sorrow it recalls is what makes it unique in the world's real unknown to other nations. On this day we honor, as we should, the memory of the brave in the Civil War. He's wars. But we also celebrate as that which gives to the day its unique and distinguishing significance and that which sets us apart from all other peoples the Great War that in very deed truly made as well as saved the American republic.

Blest and lottering, with their own have turned toward the setting sun, the soldiers of the National home decorate their comrades' graves each Memorial day. As they lay the simple flowers there the fancy goes back to a time when side by side they fought, facing death and war's horrors with unflinching intrepid strength, and in memory of those comrades who had shared with each other the joys and sadness of the camp and the battlefield, and later the rest of the home, these old men pay their tribute to the dead.

It will not be many years until Memorial day will find the grave of every participant in the Civil War in the decorated. Become their lives with kind, appreciative words while they are on earth. Do not wait until they are in their graves to do the decorating. This year, the fifty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Civil War, should be observed in the most expressive manner. Give the survivors respectful consideration while they live.

It should be borne in mind by parents as well as children that it is contrary to the law of the state not only to kill song birds but also to molest their nests or destroy their eggs. And no better training of any kind can be imparted the children than obedience of the law, respect of the right of others and kindness towards all beasts and birds and fishes.

### Checking Motion of Ship.

In actual practice the rolling of ships in the sea is reduced approximately 11 per cent. to 2 per cent. by the invention of Herr Frahm of Hamburg. His system makes use of a tank extending through the hold transversely from one side of the ship to the other and the passage of the water from one side of the boat to the other effectually checks the motion of the boat.

### Bound to Be Discovered.

If a man is really reliable he doesn't have to devote much of his time to exploiting that virtue; you are watched pretty closely, whether you know it or not.—Atchison Globe.

### Independence Earned.

The independence and liberty you possess are the work of common dangers, sufferings and successes.—Washington.

# The WREATH by the RIVER

## A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By T. C. HARBAUGH

THE great war had been over a few years and in soft gloaming of May the fairest wreaths that the bright fields yield fell annually upon hero graves. In the valleys of Virginia the marks of that terrible strife remained, for the scars of battle are hard to obliterate, and the roses of Peace, though they grew over the cannon ruts, saw now and then blown aside, showing the work of the crimson demon.

The home of the Morrows was one of simplicity, though set among hills which had ever reverberated to the booming of the great guns, and the near by river sang the song of peace as it sought the sea. By lucky accident the little house and its surroundings had escaped the ravages of war.

Hester Morrow stood on the old vine-embowered porch and looked out

Looked Out Upon a Scene of Exquisite Loveliness.

upon a scene of exquisite loveliness. Everywhere the last month of spring had garbed the landscape in matchless beauty. Of course she remembered the war. While she stood there she recalled how one day a regiment of Union soldiers was hard pressed and how stubbornly they held their ground around the house, how the brave went down before the missiles of battle, and how the boy young girl-hood she had tried to stanch the life tide of a soldier wounded to his death.

In a little while the girl, who had turned back into the house, came forth modestly dressed and with a smile on her lips.

A few minutes later she might have been seen running hither and thither with the sprightliness of young girlhood gathering flowers of many hues which grew in profusion where she sought them.

Hester had often despoiled the woods of their treasures. Each memorial day she had stolen forth to gather flowers where they never failed to bloom. These she twined into a rich wreath, and when she had finished it she repaired to a cross set upon the river's bank under the spreading boughs of a stately tree and placed her offering to valor on a lone grave there.

John Dunham—that was the name carved on the wooden head-board—was a soldier of the Union. He had marched to battle with high hopes, but fate had decreed that he should never return with his comrades. Of his family, if he had one, the girl knew nothing.

"Mother Ithia," smiled Hester, as she stood in her wreath, "I don't ought to marry Jack. But a girl should choose for herself, and while Jack is a clever fellow, I haven't yet enough of the world to settle down," as Aunt Mary says. I would like to know what sort of world lies beyond the river, over yonder where the blue came from that part of the country and, as yet, it is an unknown world to me."

She had scarcely finished her wreath when she looked up and beheld a young man coming through the grove toward the rippling river.

"Jack!" cried Hester. "I don't is not Jack. He is a trifle too tall for him. Perhaps he is one of the strangers who have come to town to keep the day."

She had already been perceived; the stranger was coming toward her and as half a dozen flowers fluttered to the ground at her feet, she caught sight of her beauty.

"You will pardon me, miss," said the young man, as he bashed before the surprised girl, and cavalierly removed his hat. "This is my first visit to this part of the country. I concluded to take a little stroll before the services begin and—"

"It is a beautiful morning and August well for a pretty day," gently interrupted Hester. "I too, had taken a stroll out here, but I do so every year since flowers for my hero."

"You have a hero, then?"

"Yes, one who sleeps apart from his comrades."

"The Gray fought bravely, Miss—" "But we lose here is not of the Gray, though as you see, I am southern and I honor the gray-clad braves. Would you like to see where my hero sleeps?"

"Nothing too well would I look upon the grave of your Bayard," was the reply. "I am here on what I fear is a hopeless mission. My father—"

"Was a soldier? We meet a good many people whose relatives were in the war. I had relatives who wore the Gray."

"No doubt of that, miss."

"Come with me," and Hester Morrow led the way across the grove to the historic stream.

The tall young man at her side stole glances of silent admiration at his companion as they passed along. She was as fresh and lovely as the flowers she had just gathered; her voice breathed song; and in her blue eyes was a light he had seldom seen. At last the girl paused and turned toward her companion.

"This is my Mecca on Memorial day," she said, as she dropped the fragrant wreath from her arm. "Here sleeps the northern soldier guarding in death as I tell my friends, the river he guarded so well in life."

At the feet of the couple so strangely met was the lone mound.

The young stranger approached the grave, and stopped at its head as the one more looked at Hester.

Something thrills me as I have not been thrilled for years," he whispered softly. "By the way, miss, you have not told me the name of the one who sleeps here. Or is he one of the unknown?"

"No, he is not unknown. His comrades carved his name on the head-board. You have but to part the grass to read the name and regiment of the sleeper."

The young man knelt reverently while Hester, stooping, placed her wreath on the mound.

Suddenly there came from the stranger's lips a cry that startled the young girl.

When she looked up she perceived that he had sprung erect and was pressing his hands to his forehead as if he would keep in leash his wildly throbbing emotions.

"What is it?" cried Hester. "Did you know—"

"Found at last!" was the response. "For years I have sought this spot, and I have gone from Maine to Mexico, the south always looking for a soldier's head-board that bore the name of John Dunham of the ——th Massachusetts. At last my task is ended. I can now go back to the old home and tell mother where father sleeps."

"Your father!" cried Hester. Morrow. "Do you mean to tell me—"

"This soldier was my father. His comrades came home, but he did not.

Beheld a Young Man Coming Through the Grove.

And you for years have placed a wreath on his grave! You have gathered the treasures of June and July and letting this man, although he may have strayed, mingle with your people, you have crowned him beside the river that sings to the sea. Let me—let me, I pray, do some for myself, but for my mother. She would more than thank you if she were here."

He held out his hands to Hester and she placed hers in them. For a moment they stood over the wreath by the river, looking into each other's eyes, and feeling in their natures thrill they had never felt before.

At the moment there came from the village the clear notes of the chimes, mingled with the shrill, almost warlike call of the regimental bugle, and when Harold Dunham and Hester Morrow walked from that solitary grave they doubtless realized that the echoes of their lives must commingle, long almost before the wreath by the river had lost its fragrance the memory of that one Memorial day had been strengthened at the altar.

## FILLER FOR MILK BOTTLES

**Device Invented by Massachusetts Man Provides for Filling Several of Them at Once.**

A device for filling milk bottles, by which several of them can be filled at a time, has been invented by a Massachusetts man. Of course, the apparatus can be used for other liquids than milk, but was primarily designed for the latter. A lateral pipe running from the tank in which the fluid is kept has openings at intervals along it. Under these openings are flitable spouts, removably attached. The bottles are sent in a row under these spouts, and in a pan with a slatted tray in the bottom so that the overflow from the bottles can drop through, and not be wasted. The flow of milk into the bottles is regulated by a spigot just as the flow of water is through the

Milk Bottle Filler.

pipes of a house. In large dairies, where thousands of bottles of milk are filled daily, the use of the apparatus of this nature will save a great deal of time.

## FROM THE CALF TO THE COW

**First Few Months' Care Will Largely Determine What the Grown Animal Will Ultimately Be.**

In order to make a good dairy cow we must start with the calf of some good dairy type. The care that the calf gets during its infancy will largely determine the quality of the adult animal. Giving the calf a good, strong, healthy start is one of the prime essentials of success in growing it.

The calf need not be kept rolling fat, but it should be kept thriftily growing from start to finish.

Except for beef production with the beef type, it is best to raise the calf by hand method. When it is a day or two old take it away from its dam and teach it to drink milk.

For the first feed take some warm milk fresh from the cow and place some with the hand on the calf's mouth. It will lick this with its tongue and of course the taste of it is good. Then place the pail up to its mouth so that the warm milk will touch its lips.

Be patient for the first time. It will require several minutes and possibly nearly an hour, but when once it learns what is in the pail and how to take the food there will be no further trouble in urging it to eat.

It may be necessary the first few times for you to wet two fingers with milk and allow the calf to suck up the milk with the hand partly immersed in the liquid.

Feed whole milk warm from the cow about twice a day and then gradually substitute skimmilk for the whole till at the end of the fourth week nothing but skimmilk is given.

Always warm the milk as it is most natural for the young animal and demands less energy from the digestive organs.

After the third month the calf will begin to want extra water, and some may be served with the milk.

The calf at this age should be allowed access to drinking water every day. At the end of four months milk may be withheld and other feeds substituted, as the calf will then begin to nibble on hay and other feeds.

From this date place some fine well cured and preserved hay where it can reach it. Soon after (in six weeks) give it a handful of shelled corn, or place corn meal in the milk feed.

### Success With Dairying.

If we are to be successful dairymen we must have a love for our work and the animals we are working with.

The lack of love for a cow and lack of appreciation of what she is doing for us is noticed in the size of the cream check.

Ever notice how the dairy business flourishes when the owner is interested in his work. There is too much lack of interest among dairymen.

### Value of Dairy Cow.

The paying production of milk is what determines the value of the dairy cow in order to obtain good paying results proper care and attention must be given the cow which supplies the milk.

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