

MEMORIAL DAY.

O'ER SOLDIER'S GRAVES.

You ought to have a pension, and I am sure that the president knew how badly you are, he would give you one, ventured Julia, not knowing just what a pension could be obtained.

"A pension? the price of blood, girl, what do you mean? Would I take money for the life of my boy?" cried the infuriated creature, raising her face in a threatening manner.

"No, no! we did not mean that, but is there nothing we can do to help you?" explained Daisy.

"Yes, you can take yourselves off and let me alone, was the sharp rejoinder. No sooner had they turned away than the door was shut with a bang, and the bolt slipped back to its place.

"What on earth are you after?" After considerable grumbling, the old woman hobbled across the room and demanded what they meant by disturbing her.

"I don't know what you are after," said Daisy, "but I can't give you Tommy's roses, for I could not bear to break 'em off, because he was to have the first one."

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HUSBAND AND HEATHEN.

"Der men of Kithosa she would pour her name, A. M. E. G. Green." "As green, am as June, which it nearly is. An' the power, 's'grov in' of their own, 's'grov as thick, as stars in a clear sky."

"Here they are; just feel of them a bit, ma'am. The grass as soft as a baby's cheek to the touch, ma'am. I warrant 't will be a treat to you."

"The mother knelt reverently by the two graves that were so exactly alike no eye could detect the difference. She laid her withered face against the cool growing grass, and remained motionless a long time. And if she were crying out in rebellion in her heart, or if she were praying, there were none to know, save God."

"The old man turned away, shaking his head sadly, while the mother arranged the flowers about the two graves to suit her slight touch."

"When they were finished they were just alike in their decorations, even to the two flags or stars at their heads. The boys murmured the stricken mother, 'my dear, dear soldier boys, whom God hath in his most holy keeping. Mother here, but you are not here, you are not here, I cannot see your faces, or even your dear graves, but he will tell you that mother is coming soon.'"

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A FAMILY AFFAIR.

"This is a most extraordinary thing!" said Horace. "The child is sent by rail addressed here."

"Mr. Mordle read the ticket: 'H. Talbert, Esq., Hazelwood House, Oakbury, near Hereford, Wiltshire, England.'"

"Where did you say it came from?" asked Horace, turning to the stolid faced porter. "Let us hear about it again."

"Guard of five o'clock down, gentlemen," he says, "the train is in a first class carriage. Mother got out at Didcot, and missed the train or didn't come back. Guard told me to get cab and bring the child here. Said I'd be paid well for my trouble. Cab was three and six, gentlemen."

"There must be some mistake. What are we to do?" asked the brothers. "I don't expect any visitors, I suppose," said Horace.

"None whatever. You must take the child away again," said Horace, turning to the porter. The man gasped. "What am I to do with it, sir?" he asked.

"That parcel office," suggested Mr. Mordle quietly. "What a reproachful look. The matter was too serious a one for jest."

"Cut the label off," was the curate's quick rejoinder. "There may be a letter under it."

"They took it off. The label was a piece of writing paper gummed on to a plain card which had been torn or out irregularly. No letter was concealed under the wrapper. The card was a pocket of the child's little coat, but found nothing. Their perplexity increased."

"I'll wish you good evening, gentlemen," he said, "I have a family of three and six. 'The Tabbies' were in the horns of a dilemma. The eyes which could detect the discrepancy in the unfortunate Mrs. Jenkins' stockings, shied to see in the baby was well, even very well, clad. It was just possible that a letter had been scammed in the course of an hour or two and explained matters. The safest plan was to keep the child for a while."

THE POPULATION OF MICHIGAN.

It is about 1,800,000, and we would say that about one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Trial size free. Large bottles 50c and \$1. Sold by all druggists.

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THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE U. S. COURTS.

The great fighting interests of New England have united to crush the Moxie from the threatened monopoly in the beverage market. Crowds of people are rushing to the rescue, many of them fully recovered by the Moxie after having been paralyzed for years. Moxie, so far, is triumphant. The company put a 75c bottle of Moxie on the market with the ice water makes 75 half tumbler of rich nerve food beverage, giving double powers of endurance to the weary nervous, weakly, tired and overworked, for a paltry three cents per day. Emulment chemists tell the story in his harmless and rich.

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