



death. It was the home people—the people who mourn such dead as we are here to-day to honor—who realized the war's worst trials.

THE BOY HERO OF THE WAR.

And lo! thy matchless boy, O Tennessee! With pinioned arms beneath the gallows tree, Looked forth, unmoved, into the wintry skies, The nut-brown ringlets falling o'er his eyes; He, by kind gaolers, had been oft implored; "Speak but one word! To freedom be restored!" The lifted signal, "Hold," the messenger cried; And, springing up, stood by the hero's side. "My boy! This bitter cup must pass you by!" Too brave, too noble, and too young to die! Your mother, father, sisters—when they learn— Even now, perhaps, they wait your long return. Speak, but one word—the real culprit's name; 'Tis he should bear this penalty and shame.



FROM MODEL DESIGN OF THE SAM DAVIS STATUE.

Live for your mother! Think a moment how—"Not with the brand of fraud upon my brow! I and the 'culprit,' true, might both go free; The broken pledge would haunt not him, but me; How light soever what promise man may make,

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright, Flashed the sword of Lee! Far in the front of the deadly fight, High over the brave in the cause of Right, Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light, Led us to victory.

Forth from its scabbard, high in the air Beneath Virginia's sky— And they who saw it gleaming there And knew who bore it, knelt to swear That where that sword led they would dare To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand Waved sword from stain as free, Nor purer sword led braver hand, Nor braver hand for a brighter land, Nor brighter land had a cause so grand, Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed That sword might victor be; And when our triumph was delayed, And many a heart grew sore afraid, We still hoped on while gleamed the blade Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain, Bright flashed the sword of Lee; 'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again, It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain, Defeated, yet without a stain, Peacefully and proudly.

—Father Abram Ryan.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

Ere yet the sun had pierced the eastern skies Or dews of morn assumed their diamond hue, With diligence intent upon surprise In steady lines old Southland's columns drew; With sudden peal the voice of thunder woke The hills that slept in Shiloh's solitude; And valor pressed through floods of fire and smoke, Inspired with hope and manly strength renewed. When fickle Fortune veiled her face the while And Sorrow filled the soldier's heart with grief, And Victory relaxed her cheerful smile And gently stooped to crown her fallen chief, Where shades of Southland's dauntless spirits dwell, To consecrate the spot where Sidney Johnston fell.

—M. M. Teagar, Flemingsburg, Ky., in Confederate Veteran.

A YOUNG CONFEDERATE.

Master Hugh T. Morton, Jr., illustrates the spirit of his class. His grandfathers were both colonels in the Confederate army, and the little fellow, though but eight months old, was manifestly as happy as older persons. He was evidently the youngest "Rebel" who participated in the memorable occasion of the Birmingham Reunion.

KISMET!



—Cartoon by Triggs, in the New York Press.

Story of the Massacre Told by an Eye-Witness

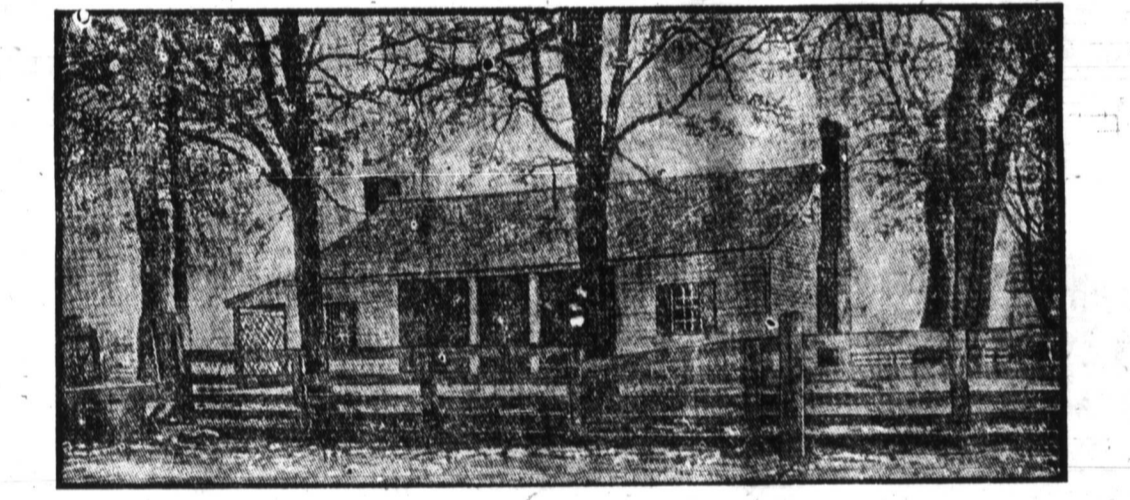
Armenians Shot Down by American Missionary's Side While Begging Official to Protect Them—"Adana Was a Hell"—Military Commander a Craven.

Adana, Asiatic Turkey, via Constantinople. — The Rev. Herbert Adams Gibbons, of Hartford, Conn., a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions stationed here and at Tarsus, was an eyewitness of the scenes of terror and destruction at the centre of the Moslem uprising. He gives the following story of massacre, rapine and incendiarism: "The entire vilayet of Adana has been visited during the last five days with a terrible massacre of Armenians, the worst ever known in the history of the district. The terror has been universal, and the Government is powerless to check the disorders. Adana, the capital of the province, has been the storm centre. "Conditions have been unsettled for some time past, and there has been animosity between Turks and Armenians, owing to the political activity of the latter and their open purchasing of arms. "Early last Wednesday morning, while I was in the market, I noticed that the Armenians were closing their shops and hurrying to their homes. An Armenian and a Turk had been killed during the night, and the corpses were paraded through their respective quarters. The sight of the dead inflamed the inhabitants, and crowds at once began to gather in the streets armed with sticks, axes and knives. A few young Armenians assembled in the centre of the crowded market and began firing revolver shots into the air. By 11 o'clock in the morning the crowd had begun the looting of shops. "Military Commander in Seclusion. "The military commander of Adana was by my side in the market when the firing commenced. He had not the courage to endeavor to disperse the mob; he returned to his residence and did not venture out for two days. "William Chambers, Field Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and myself proceeded to the Konak and found a howling mob demanding arms with which to kill the Glorious. We then went to the telegraph office to summon the British Consul. On the steps of the building we saw three Armenians who had been killed. Their bodies had been mutilated. While we were in the telegraph office a mob burst into the room where we were and killed two Armenians before our eyes. The unfortunates were supplicating the protection of the Vail when they were struck down. "We managed to make our way into the next room, where we made representations to the Vail. This official said he could do nothing. He was afraid for his own life, and he made no attempt to protect us. Somehow we managed to get to the interior of the Konak, where we remained at the side of the Government officials for the next forty-eight hours. "That afternoon the situation grew distinctly worse. The Armenians withdrew to their quarter of Adana, which is situated on a hill, and converted the houses that held advantageous positions into fortresses. Here the fighting went on for two days, during which the Armenians succeeded in beating off their Turkish assailants. "British Woman Cares For Wounded. "Wednesday evening Major Daugherty-Wylie, the British Vice-Consul at Mersina, arrived at Adana and established headquarters in the house of the dragoman of a wealthy Greek. "Fans Threaten Umpire and Police Place Him in Safety. Roanoke, Va.—To prevent a mob of mad baseball "fans" from doing him bodily injury, Umpire Robert Pender was rushed to the city jail by a squad of police following the Virginia League game between Norfolk and Roanoke, which the former won by the score of 2 to 1. The spectators declared that Pender, who formerly managed the Norfolk Club, deliberately threw the game to Norfolk. They swarmed upon the field, but the police rescued Pender.

Many Unknown Graves of Heroes all over the South

All over the South there are myriads of graves unknown to the loved ones at home. A lady in Georgia once remarked, in speaking of her life: "My riches are all in Virginia. I love the dear old State; she is keeping all my treasures for me; the dust of my five sons is beneath her soil"—and here in Kentucky, scattered amongst its cemeteries and down in its valley and along its hillsides, there are thousands of such mounds as these, which represent the costly and dreadful sacrifice the homes and hearts of the South paid in the struggle of the Confederacy, to be free. The world is beginning to understand that the greatest heroes of the war were not its officers. It is not probable that more than 30,000 officers, of all ranks, laid down their lives in defense of the Confederacy, and there were more than 400,000 privates who gave up their lives for that land. The largest proportion of the heroism and chivalry of the army of the South was in her ranks and the bravest men who died were those whose history will never be written. The scout, the picket, the men in the skirmish line, the men in the rifle pit, and on the parapet and in the trench, were the men who dared most, endured most and gave most in that struggle. The men who showed the greatest bravery, the truest self-devotion, the most splendid courage, were those who carried the guns and "never reasoned why, but only marched to do or die." This isolation in burial, this loneliness in death, speaks in no uncertain way of the poverty of the war's survivors and of the desolation which followed in the wake of the South's defeat, and of the dreadful consequences to its people when its banner went down before the storm. These almost forgotten heroes were best known to the wives, and mothers and sisters of the South. It was woman's tenderness which sustained

loved best, remembered best, and in her heart lived longest and truest the deeds of those who, unknown to fame, surrendered their all on the altar of their country. For those who have been buried here or elsewhere without affection's recognition, the heart breathes out sweetest benediction and praise. It may be that in these far-away homes they only hold some garment, faded, tattered and torn, it may be a gray jacket which loving hands prepared for the young soldier when he went forth to the



BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, FAIRVIEW, KY. THE RESIDENCE AS IT APPEARED IN 1886, WHEN REPLACED BY A BAPTIST CHURCH.

conflict for his country; now, as they touch this sacred and holy relic, in tears and in anguish they say: "Fold it up carefully, lay it aside, tenderly touch it, look on it with pride; For dear must it be to our hearts evermore—more— The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore. Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band, Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land, And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray, How proudly he donned it—the jacket of gray." "They've laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed, No stone have they placed o'er his pillow-less head, And the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay, 'He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray.' Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside, tenderly touch it, look on it with pride, For dear must it be to our hearts evermore. The jacket of gray that our loved soldier boy wore."

The severest and most trying of all tasks connected with the late war, was the watching and waiting for those who would never come; the uncertainty and the gloomy despair which gathered as days and months passed by and no tidings were brought of the father or son. This, towards the end, became the crowning sorrow of the sufferings which pursued the people of the Confederacy. Prisons, hospitals, death on the battle field, and the horrors which connected themselves with the awful word "missing"—which marked the last years of the war, left their deepest touch on the homes and hearts of the women who longed for a word or a line, or a report to tell them when, where and how the object of love had gone down into the shadows of the hereafter. The "Unknown List" carried with it a terror and anguish that even the most widespread benevolence could never impart. The activities of actual war alternated with its hardships and softened its privations. It was those who watched and waited who felt the keenest sorrow that followed in war's train. Death then oftenest came suddenly and without note of warning, and it was those at home who suffered deepest and longest; and the sharpest of all its pangs was to yearn for forms that would never appear and to listen for voices which were hushed in

A CONSPICUOUS DAUGHTER.

One of the most conspicuous figures at the Confederate reunion in Richmond, Va., was Miss Mary Hall, of Augusta, Ga., a daughter of the Confederacy, who occupies a unique position in the regard of the Southern people, and especially of the veterans who fought under the stars and bars. Miss Hall, who was an earnest adherent of the "lost cause" during the Civil War, still cherishes for it a feeling of reverence and devotion. She glories in the fact that she was identified with it, and as a token of her changeless loyalty to it she invariably wears a small Confederate flag or badge. She is the only woman who is a full member of a Confederate veterans' camp, and she marches for miles with the camp at reunions, attired in gray and wearing a campaign hat, which, with her close-cut hair, gives her quite a soldierly appearance. The crowds along the lines of march always give her an ovation. Miss Hall has placed six hundred silken Confederate flags on the graves of departed soldiers. At the reunions she is always an honored guest and receives many attentions.



MISS MARY HALL, The most conspicuous Daughter of the Confederacy in the South.

Pure and Spotless. The South's flag, born in the vindication of State rights and nurtured by the blood of her sons upon an hundred battlefields, went down as pure and spotless as the breezes that play upon the bosom of the "Shining River."—Confederate Veteran.



HUGH T. MORTON, JR.



GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, Atlanta, Ga., Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

them and woman's heart which alone appreciated them and gave them their just place among the noblest of the earth. The boy who came back on his shield was to women the greatest and truest of all, and she worshiped and cherished him as woman alone can worship and cherish. The most sacred of all her treasures, the tenderest of all her memories were connected with those whom she had given as a sacrifice to the South. She

Not Saying Much. Carrots are said to be four times as nutritious as cucumbers. That is not saying much for carrots, either.—Macon Telegraph.

Man Beaten to Death. Thomas Brown, sixty-six, was found beaten to death at his home in President street, Brooklyn, N. Y. His son Edward, seemingly insane, was accused of the murder.

Prohibition Closes Many Glassware Plants. Pittsburg, Pa.—Prohibition has made such progress during the last year or two as to cause a decided slump in the glass and tumbler manufacturing business. A Zihlman, head of the Huntington (W. Va.) Tumbler Company, said that the plant of his company will have to shut down for lack of orders. Mr. Zihlman said the temperance wave has so diminished the demands for glassware of the tumbler variety that many factories have shut down.