

A FLAG OF TRUCE

AS BOY and man, Col. Bryant had been a soldier. As a boy his ambition had been a cadetship at West Point, and the army as a life career.

His most formidable opponent was Billy Edwards, the son of a struggling clergyman, into whose path fate had thrown no special opportunities, but who had improved every chance for study that had been given him.

The two had never been friendly, and on one or two occasions had had some boyish quarrels over the attention each had attempted to bestow upon Blossom Nathan.

Grievously disappointed at not winning the cadetship, young Bryant entered a military academy with a



BESIDE THE WHITE STONE.

determination to prepare himself for a military career, trusting to his father's wealth and influence to secure for him an appointment to the army.

During their school days both boys kept up a correspondence with Blossom Nathan, until at the end of three years Bryant insisted that she could not retain the friendship of both he and Edwards, and that all correspondence between her and his rival must cease.

Six months after Lieut. Edwards had graduated from West Point and entered the army he made Blossom Nathan his wife and took her to the eastern post, where his command was stationed.

Bryant in the mountains had finished his college course, and not finding it so easy to secure a civil appointment to the study of law in his home town, he confined his military ambitions to a place in a local company of state guards.

Then came the call to arms to save the union. The southern states had seceded; the flag had been fired upon. Every available company of the regular service had been rushed westward for the defense of Washington.

At the battle of Gettysburg Col. Bryant was temporarily in command of a brigade stationed at Cemetery Hill. During the first day's fighting his command in company with all others at that point in the line of battle had suffered severely.

the army. It was this that accounted for his presence on the Gettysburg battlefield on Decoration day, 1878.

He walked over the ground so fiercely contested in '63 and glanced at the white headstones looking for the name of his comrades.

Instantly all the old animosity of the years gone by returned. The man buried here had stolen from him his opportunity, had stolen the girl he loved and then there came to him the thought that this man had sacrificed his life for the flag.

Reverently he stooped over the grave and planted the flag he carried beside the white stone. As he did so a woman's voice close behind him said:

"I thank you," he said.

He turned. It was Blossom Nathan. The same Blossom, though a sad, sweet-faced woman now, instead of the child of a girl he had known so many years ago.

"It is my husband's grave," she explained. "The wind has evidently blown the flag away and I have been looking for it, but without success.

"Blossom!" he cried. "Don't you know me?"

The voice brought back to her the days of her girlhood; the impetuous boyish lover.

At the second battle of Bull Run, remarked a member of one of the New York posts, "the famous 35th regiment from Jefferson county, N. Y., suffered terribly, and efforts were immediately made by the friends at home to fill its thinned ranks.

Paradise Lost and Won. Many an amusing incident of army life is given in Lew Wallace's autobiography. For example he writes thus of a tented "Paradise" which was lost and won at the battle of Shiloh.

Civil War Figures. The enlistments in the union army during the civil war reached the enormous total of 2,898,304. It is not possible to know how many enlistments there were in the confederate army, because the confederate state failed to keep a reliable record of the number of men furnished to the service, and such statistics as are to be had are incomplete.

California Alligator Farm. One thousand alligators ranging from the length of a lead pencil to monsters that could crush a man in their jaws, arrived from the southwestern part of Louisiana and were landed loose in a gator farm in East Los Angeles.

Baby's Corpse Sent by Mail. The postmaster of Portales, New Mexico, recently reported to the Chief Post-Office Inspector of Denver that the tiny body of a baby had been found in the mails.

BLUE CHEERED GRAY.

When the Federal Troops Saluted Stonewall Jackson.

Few generals were so beloved and revered by their soldiers as Stonewall Jackson, the "great flanker," was by his. His simplicity, strength, daring, skill and indomitable will endeared him to his troops.

At one time when Jackson's camp was on the southern bank of the Rappahannock and that of the Federal on the northern bank of that river a friendly intercourse, not only confined to the exchange of coffee and tobacco, existed between the outposts of the two armies.



WHEN COLUMBIA CROWNS HER DEAD.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

What hath set the drums a-beating 'neath the tender skies of May? Why troop the children from the fields with flowers fresh and gay?

Romance of Andersonville Prison. Discussion of the movement toward erecting a monument to Captain Henry Wirz, who was commandant of the Andersonville prison, has brought a hitherto unpublished story to light.

The woman in male attire, had been brought to the prison pen a few days before. The captured party, including her husband, were Ohioans, and when surprised by the Confederates she hastily donned a suit of her husband's clothes in order that they might not be separated.

When the real situation had been discovered the day previous, through statements made by her husband, Captain Wirz had the couple hastily removed to the tent outside the prison, and there the babe was born.

When the great war was over and defeat had come to the armies Lee had led, he was visiting the house of a friend in Richmond. With that love of children that always characterized him, the old hero took upon his knee a fair haired boy.

Memoorial Day. From our crowded calendar One day we pluck to give; It is the day the Dying pause To honor those who live.

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Coffee was first produced in Arabia in the fifteenth century. It was first imported into England about 1650.

DECORATION DAY.

Importance of the Proper Observance of This Solemn Festival.

Decoration Day is a solemn festival for the Nation. All over the land the patriotic and true-hearted citizen and his family make ready and go out with appropriate ceremonies and a wealth of blossoms to mark another milestone on the Nation's highway of peace and prosperity.

And with every passing year the proper observance of the National day becomes more important. To the children born since the war it lacks the heart-touching and tender sentiment and the tearful memories that cluster around the days when our loved ones were brought home to us from the field of war.

But to those who are to come after us—those who know the war only as a sad and awful tradition—the day and its meaning must be made plain. They cannot know the sorrow, the pain, the tireless anxiety and the ever-present watchfulness that filled those wearisome years of struggle.

The light frocks and fluttering ribbons, massed or singly, seemed to repeat and accentuate the tints of the flowers in bloom there in the cemetery, and the knots and wreaths and loose handfuls they bore in their baskets or heaped in the hollow of the arm.

So when the engagement was broken with no word said in explanation on either side gossip ran riot, nor were there lacking shrewd folk to note that the break came just a week later than Miss Barbara Grahame's return to the old home.

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SECRET OF THE ROSES

A Story of Decoration Day.

Far away in the olden days and golden, folk held the rose a flower of silence, wisely discreet as to all which came within its ken.

Somehow, in spite of the muffled drums, the arms reversed, the line of scarred and grizzled veterans, now grown pitifully short and thin, there was distinctly a holiday air about the crowd which streamed into the ragged cemetery.



AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

though for long men and matrons of sober years had counted it their privilege to bring hither flowers and greens, upon this day the work had fallen wholly to the girls and younger women.

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Captain John Grahame, the elder, had not died in battle, albeit he slept well to the head of the cemetery's soldiery. He had come from the long fighting with a bullet in his chest, but had grown within a year of peace so much his old self, handsome, hearty, sunny-tempered, that he had married joyfully, the sweetheart he had left behind him.

His widow sobbed piteously, but in a year was consoled—a twelvemonth later married again. Then Miss Barbara adopted little John, saying grimly as she took him upon her knee: "John you are never to forget it is through the wickedness of war you are fatherless and worse than motherless."

She was not of the throng of today; her old enemy had her hand and fast in his clutches. But she had stripped garden and green-house for the flower-bearers. Three, whose baskets she had filled, were talking eagerly together as they stood listening to the minute guns that marked the close of the ceremonies.

the third said, nodding faintly toward the place where Peggy and Captain Grahame, in unlooked-for encounter, were saluting each other with elaborate if tremulous indifference.

"Oh! that couldn't be! Why! Miss Barbara could not hang a rag of objection anywhere about Peggy. She has grown up here—we know all that is to be known of her—her mother is the loveliest sweet lady, and her grandfather almost the richest and quite the best man in the village."

"But her father—may be you have never heard that he fought through the war on the other side—and all the time engaged to her mother whom he had met at college—Harvard, I think—"

"Hush! There comes Peggy with her grandfather and three bears. That must be interesting for Captain Grahame. Peggy, dearest, aren't you glad? Is all over and that everything went so superbly, just as you had planned?"

Peggy nodded with her most dazzling smile. All day she had been very gay and high with those about her. The cadets had wheeled for the countermarch. Now they came trooping past the group in the shade at the wayside.

The soldiers were out of sight, the town folk for the most part well homeward when Peggy who had lingered unaccountably and was just outside the cemetery gate, said hurriedly: "Oh, I have forgotten something; don't wait for me," and ran back before anybody could say a word. She ran so deviously that though they looked after her her companions could not keep track of her.

When young Captain Grahame got home to his delayed dinner he found his aunt in wait for him with a most unusual look in her eyes. She trembled all over, too, and there was an odd break in her voice as she bade him sit beside her so she might take his hand.

"John, I am a wicked woman; I have brought sorrow to one who is—but listen: I did go to the cemetery today; after all the crowd had gone I wanted to touch your father's shaft and read his name on it, and the names of the battles he fought in. I was just coming to it—still, hobbling, a bent and withered old woman—when I saw a vision, something white, with the motion of the wind. It ran and knelt by my dear grave, softly kissed some royal roses, touched the blossoms to your father's name, and hid them in the greenery about the shaft. Then it said: 'Oh, Fathers up in heaven! surely you two understand and forgive and are happy. Please help John to be happy—I can bear everything but that.'"

"It was not wholly you," John said wretchedly. "I had too little patience. I raved when I should have soothed her; told her she did not care for me, if she would let scraps of her father's memory or anything come between us—"

"You have no time to waste recalling folly," Miss Barbara said severely. "I shall never forgive you if you do not go to her at once and fetch her here, that I may ask her pardon!"

Peggy came stately under her mother's wing and peace was made upon the instant. But the why and wherefore is still a secret in Grayville. Everybody knows though that there will be a brilliant wedding very early in the fall.

Two Mourners.



"Sleep," quoth the one with the silver locks,

"Sleep till the life anew; This flower is red for the blood you shed In the struggle of sixty-two."

"Sleep," quoth the maid with a throbbing heart, "Cressid by a sweetheart's tear; For my love is there 'neath the rose" fair, On the grave of a volunteer."

Lived Simple Life, Reached 102. David Howard has died at Stroud Infirmary at the age of 102. He worked on farms in the Stroud district all his life, being employed on one from between sixty and seventy years. He attributed his longevity to simple food, hard work and no worry.—London Standard.