THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.



S 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 Blessed with wealthy paroareer. cats, there seemed nothing in the way to the accomplishment of his deal when the opportune time arrived. At 15 he began a course of study that would fit him to pass the required examination and admit him to the United States military acadamy. At 18 the opportunity came. There was a vacancy at the academy to be filled by appointment from his congressional district, and he entered eagerly is the competition for the coveted place, feeling confident of winning the prize.

His most formidable opponent was Billy Edwards, the son of a strugsting clergyman, into whose path tate had thrown no special opportonities, but who had improved every chance for study that had been given him, and who wished the appointment merely as a means of securing a desired education.

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. When Billy Edwards won the coveted appointment every semblance of friendship between the two boys ceased, and Bob Bryant refused even to associate with anyone who called young Edwards their friend,

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



BESIDE THE WHITE STONE.

letermination to prepare himself for a military career, trusting to his ather's wealth and influence to sesure for him an appointment to the the army.

During their school days both boys kept up a correspondence with now, Augustus, boy, let me give you Bossom Nathan, until at the end of a little advice. When the order is three years Bryant insisted that she given to advance on the rebels, I could not retain the friendship of want you, my dear boy, to remember soth he and Edwards, and that all the Scriptural injunction, 'It is more

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

He walked over the ground sc flercely contested in '63 and glanced at the white headstones looking for the name of his comrades. At each grave there was planted a small flag, similar to one he carried idly in his hand. At one grave he noticed the frail staff had been broken and the flag blown away. He stopped to read the name on the stone. It was, BVT. LIEUT, COL. WILLIAM ED-WARDS.

Instantly all the old animosity of theyearsgone 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; that this man had lost his life in bringing success to him and his comrades, and had helped in saving them from probable annihilation at the hands of the enemy.

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 turned. It was Blossom Nathan. The same Blossom, though a sad, sweet-faced woman now, instead of the chit of a girl he had known so many years ago. The years of exposure and hardship had changed him so she did not know him,

"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, It seemed so lonely without a flag like the others.

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

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

She gave him her hand and together they left the battlefield where hope had died and hope was born again.

A few months later she again journeved to the west to spend her life at an army post-a soldier's wife.

Quoted Scripture.

"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. Among the first to spring to its rescue was one Augustus Buel. who was famous as a hunter in John Brown's tract, and distinguished for being a capital fellow and excellent marksman. His uncle, Deacon Weatherby, met Gus a day or two after he had enlisted, and said:

"'Well, Augustus, I understand you have endisted in the 35th?'

Yes, uncle, I have,' was the reply, 'and I am to start for the regiment tomorrow morning."

'That's right, my boy; that's right, contiued the deacon, 'I am very glad you have enlisted, and you have my prayers and blessings. And

BLUE CHEERED GRAY.

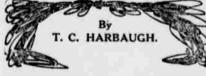
When the Federal Troops Saluted Stonewall Jackson,

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, while his successes roused their admiration. Whenever great cheering was heard in Jackson's camp those who were detained from being present would say, "Here comes either Jackson or an old rabbit!"

At one time when Jackson's camp was on the southern bank of the Rappahannock and that of the Federals 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, and friendly greetings were often exchanged across the river. One day when Jackson rode along the bank of the river and the Confederate croops ran together, as was their custom, to greet him with a yell the Federal pickets shouted across the river asking what it was all about. "Stonewall is coming!', was the reply, and immediately, to Jackson's astonishment, the cry "Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson!" rang out from the Federal ranks. Thus the voice of north and south, prophetic of a time of renewed unity, mingled in acclamation of a great soldier .--- Los Angeles Times.



CROWNS HER DEAD.



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? I see the vet'rans gather in their buttoned coats of blue,

With here and there an empty sleeve to prove the wearer true:

I hear them talk of battles in their

youthtime long ago, Where side by side they stood and met the onslaughts of the foe:

And now the voice is silent, and each soldier bows his head.

For well they know this sacred day Columbia crowns her dead.



The flag half-mast is flying and the air is filled with praise Of those who by the Nation stood

throughout her trying days, When strode the God of battles in his

fury o'er the land, And crimson grew Potomacs tide and

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. Truly, it is a fitting and beautiful way to emphasize the story of the great and good work wrought by the patriot souls and the faithful hands of the fathers, sons and brothers of this grand and glorious Republic.

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 and were laid with reverent and trembling hands in hallowed graves and bedewed with the bitterest drops of anguish that can fall from human eyes.

"Slain in Battle." "He fell with his face to the foe." These were the messages that were flashed over the wires and sent to the waiting ones at home by brave and thoughtful comrades. Those who lived through those trying times need not be reminded how sacred is the trust committed to our charge. They know what the day means in all its comprehensive and broad significance, and it needs no burst of martial music, no flourish of trumpets or beating of drums to tell the story. They know the history of those trying days and the most eloquent efforts of oratory cannot make it more clear or more dear to them.

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 wearlsome years of struggle, and that had by the greatness of Divine power, strength and courage to wait for the fullness of time, that bright and shining and glorious time when the youngest Nation of the earth should shake off the burdens and unloose the shackles of discord. and rise in her might, a daughter of the gods, divinely fair, divinely strong and royally gracious in her supreme and conscious strength, and stand once more, clothed and in her right mind, in her own proud position as the grandest and most to be envied of all the Nations of the earth.

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 relator of the story, a resident of Americus, Ga., often visited the prison where her husband was doing duty for the Confederate Government Upon one of her visits Captain Wirz said that he needed her assistance. He conducted her to a small tent just outside the prison stockade. Within was a woman-a Federal prisoner with a day old babe in her arms, while by her side sat her husband, also a prisoner. The woman in male attire, had been brought to the prison pen a few days before. The captured party, including her husband, were Ohioians, and when surprised by the Confederates she hastily donned a suit of her husfband's clothes in order that they might not be separated.

SECRET of the ROSES A Story of Decoration Day.

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AR 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. Times change-manners with them-why not flowers as well? Possibly it is nature's kind provision. Otherwise -but a story should begin always

at the proper beginning. 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. Indeed, there could not help but be-for the lilacs, snowballs, oridal wreath and flowering almond were all riotously in blossom, the syringa clumps green miracles of swelling white buds.

In the face of that youth could not be sorrowful, even though it came out to mark the land's old desolation. It was mainly those too young to remember that time, save as a vast vague cloud of storm and distress, who came in line beyond the veterans to deck their comrades' graves. Not a man in the fire-new Graysville cadets, marching as escort to the old soldiers, was over thirty. And



sober years had counted it their privflege to bring hither flowers and greens, upon this day the work had fallen wholly to the girls and younger women.

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 tue arm. But nobody was quite so much the day's embodiment as Peggy Farley-who had on a white gown, fine and clinging, a broad blue sash and a cheaf of red, red roses made fast to her belt She was easily the prettiest girl in Graysville-the best liked, too, for all she had certain little willful proud ways. Over against them were to be set the kindest heart, the readiest hand, lips wholly free from guile. Everybody had rejoiced over her engagement to young Grahame, the nne, tall captain of the

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 Earbara 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 lovellest sweet lady, and her grandfather almost the richest and guite the best man in the village."

"But her father-may be 50.1 have never heard that he fought through the war on the other sideand 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 beaux. That must be interesting for Captain Grahame. Peggy, dearest, aren't you glad 1: is all over and that everything went so superbly, just as you had planned?'.

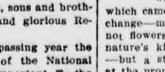
Peggy nodded with her most dazzling smile. All day she had been very gay and high with those about The cadets had wheeled for her. the countermarch. Now they came trooping past the group in the shade at the wayside. Again fate set the captain of them where his sweetheart's eyebeams must stream straight into his heart. The poor lad was no stole. He felt himself color, and for a minute saw all things blurred and dim, because, forsooth, a young creature who did not come up to his shoulder had waved her hand at him and flung him a rose from the cluster on her breast.

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 isbut 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-stiff. 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; toid her she did not care for me, if she would le scraples of her father's memory or anything come between us-"You have no time to waste recalling folly," Miss Barbara said se-"I shall never forgive you verely. If you do not go to her at once and fetch her here, that I may ask her pardon!'. Peggy came stately under her mothers wing and peace was made upon the instant. But the why and wherefore is still a secret in Graysville. Everybody knows though that there will be a brilliant wedding very early in the fall.



tval must cease, or he would have pothing more to do with her. The young lady very promptly informed her angry suitor that she would shoose her own friends, and he acepted her decision.

Six months after Lieut. Edwards ad graduated from West Point and intered the army he made Blossom Sathan his wife and took aer to the sestern post, where his command was stationed.

Bryant in the mountains had finand his college course, and not findar it so easy to secure a civil apcintment to the army, had settled lown to the study of law in his rome town, and confined his miliary ambitions to a place in a local ompany of state guards.

Then came the call to arms to save the union. The southern states had oceded; the flag had been fired upa. Every available company of the egular service had been rushed astward for the defense of Washagton. Volunteers in companies. attalions and regiments were flock as into the mustering camps. With he volunteers went Bob Bryant as aptain of his company. With the agulars sent to Washington went first Lieutenant Edwards, while Irs. Edwards went back to her old .ome to await the return of her susband from the front.

The four years of war dragged vearily along. Lieut. Edwards stuck to the regular service and rose to he rank of major, and brevet lieuwnant colonel. Capt. Bryant of the olunteer service rose to the rank f colonel.

At the battle of Gettysburg Col. tryant was temporarily in command " a brigade stationed at Cemetery fill. During the first day's fighting us command in company with all sthers at that point in the line of attle had suffered severely. With he reenforcements of the second day ame the regiment commanded by Lieut, Col. Edwards, and during the ighting of that day Edwards fell and was buried on the field.

The war over, Col. Bryant found he wished for opportunity to enter to regular service, and was sent to he far west as a lieutenant of cavsiry. For 12 years he followed the

orrespondence between her and his blessed to give than to receive.""

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: "Within our lines there was a drinking tent, on which was written 'Paradise.' It was taken by the Confederates in the first day's fight. and the victors wrote beneath its name 'Lost.' By Beauregard's order all camp furniture was left intact, as he expected to possess the whole field in the morrow's struggle. The Union Army recovererd their ground by the second day's battle, the pleasnre tent was retaken, and to the two names was added the word 'Regained.' '.

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 confedera'e 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. It is estimated, however, that there were between 600,000 and 700,000 men in the confederate armies, and that fully 200,000 of this number died in battle or from wounds and disease.

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. They were brought in a specially arranged freight car over the Southern Pacific. The increasing demand for alligator leather which is converted into pocketbooks and handbags, makes the consignment of saurians valuable and accounts for the new industry started here .-- Los Angeles Correspondence, Baltimore Sun.

Baby's Corpse Sent by Mail.

The postmaster of Portales, New rail of the red man, and then "the Mexico, recently reported to the ood of the service" took him to Chief Post-Office Inspector of Den-Vashington to serve for a time on ver, that the tiny body of a baby the staff of the general commanding had been found in the mails.

the Rio Grande When the cannons tore the cedars in

the green vales of the South. Where now the blue-bird builds her nest deep in the mortor's mouth; But ah! the snowy wings of Peace

above those fields are spread, And Columbia, like a mother, comes to crown her gallant dead.



No more I hear the rumble of the battle's brazen car,

I have to part the flowers fair to find the wounds of war;

I hear a robin singing where the colonel bravely died,

And a butterfly is hov'ring where the legions multiplied;

The bugle is no longer heard on fields we love to name,

And the roses bloom in beauty in the sacred camps of Fame,

And down the street a-marching, with Old Glory at their head, Come the vet'rans, for Columbia bids

them all salute her dead.



Sleep on, O wearers of the blue! the meed of praise you've won,

Sleep on the long, long summer thro' in shadow and in sun;

The sweetest bloom that Nature yields lies on the soldier's breast. And nevermore war's clarion notes

shall break your peaceful rest; The battle echoes vanish like a dis-

tant cannon's boom, Behold! Columbia gently lays a

wreath upon a tomb, "My children! Peace be with you!"

speaks she low with drooping head .

Then she kisses all the roses she has laid upon her dead.



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

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.

In the visitor the poor woman found a friend. She quickly returned to Americus and secured for the mother and babe necessary clothing and medicine and such food and comforts as her then limited means allowed. Soon thereafter the Ohioian, his wife and babe, were sent away from the prison .-- New York World.

A Story of General Lee.

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. The proud mother, to please her guest, asked the child, "Who is General Lee?" Parrotlike the expected answer came, "The great Virginian who was a patriot, true to his native state." And then came the question, "Who is General Scott?" and the reply, "A Virginian who was a traitor to his country."

Putting down the child and turning to the mother, the general said: "Madam, you should not teach your child such lessons. I will not listen to such talk. Coneral Scott is not a traitor. He was true to his convictions of duty, as I was to mine."-From Hilary A. Herbert's Address Over the Graves of the Confederate

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

cadets. 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. She had been five years away seeking vainly to escape her arch enemy, cheumatism.

Captain John Grahame, the elder. had not died in battle, albeit he slept well to the head of the cemetery's soldlery. 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 rejolcingly, the sweetheart he had left behind him. When young John was born it seemed there was nothing left to wish 'or-but almost in the first joy of 'atherhood the end came.

His widow sobbed piteously, but n a year was consoled—a twelvenonth later married again. Then diss Barbara adopted little John, mying grimly as she took him upon ter knee: "John you are never to 'orget it is through the wickedness of war you are fatherless and worse .han motherless."

She was not of the throng of totay; her old enemy had her hard and fast in his clutches. But she and stripped garden and green-house or the flower-bearers. Three, whose askets she had filled, were talking tagerly together as they stood lisening to the minute guns that markd the close of the ceremonies.

"I asked if these were not especally for her brother, and oh, the sook she gave me!" one pretty creaure said.

"It was petrifying," said her mate. 'and only fancy her saying: 'I wish you children of to-day would inderstand it is the cause, not indiriduals, that one honors. Give my prother his share, but no more-'.

"Do you know, I am as certain as



In the struggle & sixty-two."

Sleep,"quoth the maid with a throbbing heart,

"Caressed by a sweetheart's tear; "or my love is there 'neath the roz** 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 in he she is at the bottom of that," . vorry .- London Standard,

