

The Spirit of '61

TRUDE MORRISON

HAD it been for the coronation of a king, not more care could the two have bestowed on the selection of that suit. Rip-ton, the easy-going, he of the shambling gait, untidy green socks and dingy brown tie...

"Gray, exactly to match." "Of course, now it's your funeral," Shelby would acquiesce in cheerful regret. Rip-ton consented to a handkerchief bordered with color.

Shelby began that day he started surely up the hill to find Rip-ton. It was spring—real spring.

"Where!" he panted, dropping hastily into a chair that commented his 200 pounds. "What you got there, Bill?"

"Warm for April," agreed Rip-ton, shyly showing into his pocket a white envelope. His drooping, defenseless suggested failure, and glasses stood on the table.

"Takes the ginger—out of a man—climb a hill—summer weather—winter clothes."

"Billy," he finally continued, teetering back his chair, "how about that after you chucked when you saw me coming? Looks aristocratic, somehow. Society editor short of material?"

"The older man flushed and smiled sheepishly under the rally. "They're not inviting me now." In the rebound of the admission he drew himself up into a semblance of military dignity. "Young man," he said sternly, "time was when I danced with the belle of them all."

Shelby nodded briefly. "And a more slender waist, or a trimmer foot—" he stopped under the other's curious gaze. "Shelby, we're one of us—derelicts—because we set out to be—or because we want to be."

"The weak, loose mouth, the hand flapping in its effort to steady a newspaper turned Shelby away in pity, striking out at random, in kindly absence of his former chaff, he coaxed: "What is the letter, Billy? Can't I help?"

"No. It's—nothing. Just a little on the boys are planning.

"Well?" "I mean—the boys—my boys. Company B?"

"You—in command?" "Yes." Years concentrated their attentiveness in that word. He handed over the letter.

"Now, do you know, they never told me that."

"And you never guessed? Oh, I know I've pretty well concealed it. Even my walk's mellowed now." The crunch of the paper in his hand accentuated his crackling mirthlessness.

"It roused Shelby to sudden determination. "See here, you're going."

"Going? Going—where?" "Why, to this here Memorial week reunion they've asked you for."

"I'm—" his eyes wandered over his filthy, faded clothes. "I'm not."

"You bet you're going," snipped down Shelby. "Don't you want to go?"

He had selected and rejected half a dozen suits before he got Rip-ton's reply. "They would be—my own kind—once more."

His glance wandered to the glasses and bottles. "They don't know. Each time I've pleaded illness or business. I shouldn't want them to know. D'you know I could?"

Their eyes met doubtfully. "It would be a week," Shelby was less ebullient. "But see here, Bill," summing all his own buoyancy and enthusiasm, "you can, and you must, and you shall."

Rip-ton caught up the air of uncertainty that had partially slipped from him. "A week's a long time—for me."

A thought loomed against the drab drape. "Shelby, d'spose," lowering his voice, "she'd be there? She married one of the boys."

"Who? Oh! the belle? She of the slim waist and the slimmer ankles?" "George," said Rip-ton, in his voice a touch of gentle dignity new to his friend, "we'll just not mention—her ankles. They don't—among my kind."

Shelby buried his amusement and his smart, to follow eagerly in the wake of this chance straw. "She'll be there. The women are great on reunions. Bet you'll find her on the train." He rose. "Oh, you're going all right, old man. See you tomorrow about fixing you out."

As they walked the platform, waiting for the train to pull in, his quiet suit and plain tie according well with his iron-gray hair, Rip-ton looked the part of a prosperous country gentleman, albeit one with a touch of sporting blood, as was evidenced in the gay border of his handkerchief.

His bearing was dignified, his tread firm, and more noticeably accentuated on the right foot, as became one who was going back to keep step with "the boys." Back farther yet, to things inherited and conventional.

Shelby, who, for the last few weeks, had in turn staided him, sobered him, cajoled, flattered, browbeat and inspired him, poured every ounce of his own vigorous will into the other's vacillating temperament, found himself undisturbed, unable to approach this quiet, self-contained man by whose side he trotted, and was dimly aware that the change was inward as well as outward.

His last words of counsel and pleading clove to his tongue as he gazed helplessly at his own handiwork. Perplexity wrote her heavy sign across his forehead. He could only rasp out, as he helped his friend mount the steps: "Not a drop, not a drop, mind."

Understanding what the other would do for him, Rip-ton wrung his fat clammy hand and, as the train pulled out, carefully replaced the gay handkerchief with a white one, its R fastidiously arranged to view.

Three days passed. Thursday Shelby surreptitiously hung around the station. Friday he met the trains openly and took the bar-room crowd into his confidence. "Bet Bill's full," they sniggered, "of the spirit of '61."

Martial sounds hurried him to the main street. There they came—a big "Billy," he finally continued, teetering back his chair, "how about that after you chucked when you saw me coming? Looks aristocratic, somehow. Society editor short of material?"

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IMMORTAL LEADERS OF THE BLUE AND GRAY



U. S. Grant. R. E. Lee

The Swords of Grant and Lee

Methinks tonight I catch a gleam of steel among the pines. And yonder by the lilted stream Repose the foemen's lines: The ghostly guards who pace the ground A moment stop to see If all is safe and still around The tents of Grant and Lee.

'Tis but a dream; no armies camp Where once their bayonets shone And Hooper's calm and lovely lamp Shines on the dead alone. A cricket chirps on yonder sere Beneath the cedar tree Where drifted north the summer skies The swords of Grant and Lee.

Forever sheathed those famous blades That led the eager van! They shine no more among the glades That fringe the Rapidan. Today their battle work is done, Go draw them forth and see That not a stain appears upon The swords of Grant and Lee.

Today no strife of sections rise, Today no shadows fall Upon our land, and 'neath the skies One flag waves over all: The Blue and Gray as comrades stand, As comrades bend the knee, And ask God's blessing on the land That gave us Grant and Lee.

So long as southward, wide and clear, Potomac's river runs Their deeds will live because they were Columbia's brave sons. So long as bend the northern pines, And bloom the orange trees, The swords will shine that led the lines Of valiant Grant and Lee.

Methinks I hear a bugle blow, Methinks I hear a drum; And there, with martial step and slow, Two ghostly armies come. They are the men that met as foes, For 'tis the dead I see, And side by side in peace repose The swords of Grant and Lee.

Above them let Old Glory wave, And let each deathless star Forever shine upon the brave Who led the ranks of war; Their fame resounds from coast to coast, From mountain top to sea; No other land than ours can boast The swords of Grant and Lee.

—Author unknown.

LEE'S SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX

Date Should Be Irrevocably Fixed in the Minds of the American People.

By J. A. WATROUS.

I AM writing on Wednesday, April 8, but thinking of April 9, fifty years ago, when two powerful American armies came together for the last time to fight after having fought for nearly four years in a score or more great battles, not to mention many smaller ones; the day upon which one of these armies, that of the Army of Northern Virginia, which had been under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee ever since June, 1862, surrendered to General U. S. Grant, commander of all the armed forces of the Union.

It was a great day for both armies, and, for that matter, the whole nation, the South as well as the North. Although Lee's army and the South did not look upon it from that standpoint at the time, I am of those who have always maintained that the supremest kindness ever manifested toward a people was extended to the South when, under the leadership of Mr. Lincoln, the rest of the Union prevented the South from leaving the Union to build up a southern confederacy. That is why I say, fifty years after the momentous event, it was a great day for both armies and the nation.

Many things happened at Appomattox aside from the one overshadowing event. One of them is the fact that Grant's soldiers and Lee's soldiers began to fraternize as soon as possible after the surrender.

It is true that no one foresaw how gigantic a war it was to be. The talk at first was of 75,000 men and 90 days. But suppose it could have been foreseen that the conflict would last four years; that 2,700,000 men would be enlisted on the Union side; that the Union casualties would be 67,000 killed in battle, 43,000 died of wounds, 199,000 died from disease, and 44,000 died in prison and by accidents, would the awful toll have dismayed the loyal people of the nation? Would the South have been more than sobered by the corresponding losses for itself? In the year after Gettysburg and the Vicksburg surrender the campaign toward Richmond, beginning with the Wilderness, was still to be fought, and to prove the bloodiest episode of all, with the Union loss in killed and wounded over 50,000 in Virginia alone. It was up to then the most destructive war of modern times, that

of half a century ago. Its terrible demands were revealed by degrees. But the Union would have been preserved in any case. Those who stood by it met the emergency after every reverse. They would not have faltered if the future could have been read, because they knew that a nation that will not defend its rightful authority under all circumstances pronounces itself unworthy, and chooses for itself the worst of all fates.

Many Women Volunteers. Undoubtedly quite a number of women served as soldiers in the Civil War, disguised as men. And many more, who would have liked to go, sought the opportunity in vain. One, who made application to the officer in charge of the draft bureau at New York, wrote: "Pardon the liberty I take; but I am an able-bodied woman, and, if you will enlist me, I will put on soldier's clothing and go. There shall never be anyone the wiser until my time has expired. I think I should make a better soldier than a great many men who are always talking but won't fight."

Would Not Have Faltered. Had the Men of '61 Foreseen the Duration of the War No Disloyalty Was Possible.

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REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."



Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you need special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

There are lots of cooks who can make fresh vegetables taste like canned.

CLEAN SWEET SCALP May Be Kept So by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoo of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and itching. Nothing better than these pure, fragrant, supercreamy emollients for skin and scalp troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

All Work Together. The present war, terrible as it is, is said to have brought women of all classes nearer together than anything else could ever possibly have done in Europe. In England the mistress and maid each try to outdo the other in bravely going on with their work, forgetful of the sorrow that they may only recently have suffered. In London there are plenty of social affairs, but they are all for a serious purpose. The "teas" and "luncheons" are simply for the sake of getting together to decide what the next work shall be. It is probably the same in other countries at war.

Always Deliberate Work. All fine imaginative work is self-conscious and deliberate. No poet sings because he must sing. At least no great poet does. A great poet sings because he chooses to sing.—Oscar Wilde.

Recipe. Jack is such a favorite with the girls. "Yes; he handles them with gloves—about ten pairs per year."—Puck.

He Knew. Bill—I've just acquired a combined carpet sweeper and talking machine. Dill—Married it, eh?

One little peek-a-boo makes the whole world peek.

The Clock Was All Right. A man went into a clock store and handed out the pendulum of a clock, which he wished to leave for repairs. The clockmaker asked him why he didn't bring the whole clock.

"The clock is all right," was the reply. "It's the pendulum that won't go. As soon as I pulled that out, the rest went like the very dickens."—Judge.

Thought for the Future. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge have contributed about one-half of the men who have given England leadership in government science and letters. Now two-thirds of their students have enlisted in the war; Trinity college has been converted into a military hospital. Could we not select from those who would not otherwise have the opportunity men of ability equal to the students who have attended the English universities and prepare them for work equally important? And could we not give opportunity to foreign men and women of ability to continue here from which they will be debarrred by the conditions following the war?—Popular Science Monthly.

Her Wise Papa. She—Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a street car any more.

He—Really? Does he expect me to walk all this distance? She—Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage hired by the hour.—New York Weekly.

Very few husbands are as good as bad as his wives imagine they are.

Oxen and sheep are believed to fatten better in company than when kept alone.

MARRIAGE SERMON MADE HIT

Couple Interrupted Discourse on Subject in Maryland and Parson Tied Knot.

The regular service in the Baptist church at Frederick, Md., was turned into a wedding ceremony on Sunday evening when someone walked up the aisle and whispered in the ear of the pastor, the Rev. George W. Whiteside, as he was in the midst of a sermon entitled, "Take Unto Thyself a Wife."

The pastor nodded his head in answer to the whisper and a moment later Hillary C. Rockwell and Miss Nelle B. Barber walked to the altar and were married. The sermon was not finished.

A Vague Hint. He—When they put the X-ray on my head, they didn't find anything. She—Probably they didn't expect to.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU. Try Merino Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. No Stinging—just eye comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail. Free. Merino Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Coffee derives its name from Kaffa, a district of East Africa, south of Abyssinia.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for THE TROOPS. Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it cures the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Blisters, soothes aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere. Try IT TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

The Cautious Investigator. "You say this summer hotel you recommend is only a stone's throw from the station?" "Yes."

"By hand or catapult?" ELIXIR BABEK A GOOD TONIC. And Malaria Out of the System. "Your 'Babek' acts like magic! I have given it to numerous people in my parish who were suffering with chills, malaria and fever. I recommend it to those who are suffering and in need of a good tonic"—Rev. S. Rymanowski, St. Stephen's Church, Perth Amboy, N. J. Elixir Babek, 50 cents, all druggists or by Terrett Post, prepared from Kieleski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Dentist Versus Undertaker. "I am convinced," said Mrs. Twickembury, "that we should save largely on dentists' bills if we should buy each of the children one of those new pyrotechnic toothbrushes."—Christian Register.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcherson In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

His First Duty. "I suppose you know all about railroads, banking and currency, and kindred subjects?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum. "If I studied all those things I'd have so little time to make speeches that my constituents would think I was neglecting my business."—Washington Star.

The Clock Was All Right. A man went into a clock store and handed out the pendulum of a clock, which he wished to leave for repairs. The clockmaker asked him why he didn't bring the whole clock.

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Her Wise Papa. She—Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a street car any more.

He—Really? Does he expect me to walk all this distance? She—Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage hired by the hour.—New York Weekly.

Very few husbands are as good as bad as his wives imagine they are.

Oxen and sheep are believed to fatten better in company than when kept alone.

Backache Spells Danger

Census records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 20 years. People can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disorders is prompt treatment—the best medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Maryland Case

"Very Picture Titled Story" Mrs. J. Tighman Wright, 648 N. E. Avenue St. Baltimore, Md., says: "I was no bad with kidney trouble. I couldn't walk, and I had awful backaches. I weighed only seventy pounds and had to be helped around. I doctored and tried all kinds of medicine, but nothing did me any good. I had been confined to bed for six months when a friend told me about Doan's Kidney Pills. I used them and got strong and well. I have gained in weight and am now able to do my household work."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

IF YOU HAVE

no appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Not clean, ornamental, convenient. I have gained in weight and am now able to do my household work."

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A new colony for the South. How to get a land warrant to locate land and make a home. Under management of the Georgia Colony. Free information. Address The Tribune New Colony Company, 425 La Salle St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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\$5 to \$10 a week as our representative. Particulars FREE. Register with us. Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 22-1915.

Why He Kept a Servant. "In the days when he was superintendent of the Portsmouth dockyard in England, Lord Fisher, the present admiral of the British fleet, had the seagull attitude toward the men; he frequently tested them with all the harshness of a whaling captain; they, in turn, treated him with a half-friendly, half-hostile familiarity.

Several years after his Portsmouth days Fisher visited one of his old associates of the forecastle who was then living on half-pay. He found the old man comfortably settled in a cottage, attended by another superannuated seaman.

"Why do you have this other man here?" asked the admiral.

"I keep 'im here," said the pensioner, "to come up into my quarters at five o'clock in the mornin' an' sing out 'Hi there.' At that I merely rolls over in my bed, and says, 'Tell old Fisher to go to 'ell.'"

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The Smiles of the Satisfied Are the Smiles that Count. In thousands and thousands of homes this morning, and yesterday—for years and years—there have been happy smiles over Post Toasties—and cream. These crispy sweet bits of choicest Indian Corn, wonderfully seasoned, cooked and toasted, were never better than they are now. Post Toasties—the Superior Corn Flakes. With cream or fruit, how "The Memory Lingers"