

The Color Bearer

A Story for Decoration Day.

By Manda L. Crocker.

KIN hear the drums a-beatin', Josiah... Sarah Parkman stood in her hamock doorway...



"I KIN HEAR THE DRUMS A-BEATIN', JOSIAH."

bad. An' then he is getting' older, an' by an' by... Well, I'll march!... What's that the Scrip'tur says about bein' crucified all the day long?

tom of going regularly on a certain day, generally about the lat of May...

DECORATION DAY

It Will Abide as Long as the Nation Endures.

OUR decades have passed since the cry of war was raised, and men hurried forward to prove the issues...

In more than a thousand battles proof was made of heroism, and in all of these life was counted as but little in comparison with the blessing of a union pledged to liberty of all.

In this, the fortieth year since the first guns were fired on Sumter, and in the first year of a new century, more than one million survivors remain of the great hosts whose hearts beat to patriotic harmony while their feet moved to beat of drum.

These, the living as well as the dead, are brought before a new generation, one born and brought to man's estate since the day of Appomattox, to speak to them of a nation's glory and of men's daring for the increase of that glory.

Individual men live and set their little parts. But the greatest of these pass away, one by one, and their places are filled by others.

And then the Decoration days shall come and go and be commemorated with equal zeal as when the survivors were upon earth and lent their part to the display and pomp of the ceremonies.



"ON GUARD."

abide as long as the republic endures, because it is one which glorifies deeds and not the individuals who performed those deeds.

Decorating the graves of soldiers was practiced ages ago. The custom of placing flowers on the graves of soldiers is of very great antiquity.

civil war. With the steadily expanding majesty of the republic will come quickening and broadening appreciation of the triumphs of the incomparable victory of union over disunion.

Civil War Death Record. During the civil war 5,221 commissioned officers and 90,888 enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds received in battle.

Vicksburg National Park. The Vicksburg National park will soon be complete as far as the acquisition of land is concerned. It will comprise in all 1,231 acres.

ONE DECORATION DAY.

North and South Lovingly Clasp Hands Once More.

THE old soldier stood at the entrance to the lot. He gave one backward glance at the two graves with their bright flags fluttering in the wind.

"Well, it's the last Decoration day I'll see here," he said, aloud; "I'd better go 't' th' soldiers' home next week, an' have it over. A pension's good enough, s' far as it goes, but it don't keep a man's house an' mend his clothes. Marthy was a good



"I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST!"

wife, if she hadn't blue eyes like the little girl down south."

"Yes, I'll go down 't' th' home next week; they'll take good care of the old man while he rusts out. Well, there'll be lots 't' talk about at nights, with th' whole four year 't' th' war to thresh out. Maybe I'll find somebody that's been south since I have an' can tell me if Lottie was happy with that tall Johnny red she thought it her duty to wait for. Well, I was promised to Marthy, too, so I guess my duty was as plain as hers."

He glanced over at a little group standing in a lot not far away. "Tom Belter's folks, I guess," he said. "Tom told me 't' wait an' they'd give me a lit home. Showin' their company round th' cemetery a little, I guess. Well, I ain't in much of a hurry, seem' its th' last time I'll ever see Tom an' Dick's graves. Three brothers that went south 't' fight, an' me th' only one 't' come home out of a coffin."

The sweet May wind brought him the scent of uncounted flowers and the faint echo of "Marching Through Georgia," played by a homeward bound band. "I always love that tune," the old man sighed. "It was Georgia where I met Lottie. How them blue eyes flashed th' first time they lit on a tall Yank. They was floatin' in tears the last time I saw 'em. Well, Marthy was a good wife, an' she never knew I carried a pair of blue eyes home in my heart, along with the bullet in my shoulder."

Voices drew near. A stout, red-faced woman, two girls and a sweet-faced elderly woman in black were approaching. "I didn't know you had any acquaintances here, Mis' White," the red-faced woman was saying as they came. "Somebody ye knew a long time ago, eh? Well, we ain't any of us growing younger. That's th' monument yonder. Th' Ladies' auxiliary made gallons of oyster soup an' tons of cake 't' help pay for it."

"An' it's a mighty handsome one, too," replied a soft, dreamy voice. "Well, we've got so loyal down o'ah way now that maybe we'll be buildin' monuments, too. My son wore th' blue in the war with Spain, an' nobody was prouder than me. His father'd a' been just as proud, if he'd lived 't' see it. A good many soldiers buried here, ain't they? Is-'tis thain anybody by the name of Shriner?"

"Two of 'em, right over yonder. Now, look at 'em an' 'Gertie, goin' way over 't' the other end of th' cemetery—an' their paigoin' 't' drive the hosses right up here! Em! Gertie! Oh-h, Em!" She started slowly down the path, calling shrilly as she went. The sweet-faced woman wandered on a little, with drooping head. "Two Shriners buried heah," she said. "One of them must be him. To think I'm come so fah to find—his grave!" She paused and looked about her. "Right ovah yonder, Mis' Belter said, 'I'll have time 't' look fer it, befoah she comes back.'"

A tall figure in a grand army uniform stood at the entrance to the lot nearest. "I beg youh pardon," she said, "but is thain anybody by th' name of Shriner—Lewie Shriner—buried heah?" The old man started. "Not that I know of, ma'am. I'm well an' hearty for a dead man; my wife's here, but I—Lottie!" "Lewie! Oh, Lewie! I have found you, at last!" "At last, Lottie, a battered old hulk on his way to the home, an'—"

- Pennsylvania, 258,162; Indiana, 194,362; Massachusetts, 146,467; Missouri, 108,162; Wisconsin, 91,021; Michigan, 88,111; Iowa, 75,790; New Jersey, 75,315; Kentucky, 75,275; Maine, 69,738; Connecticut, 55,753; Maryland, 46,653; New Hampshire, 35,013; Tennessee, 31,092; Minnesota, 25,092; Rhode Island, 25,248; Kansas, 20,985; District of Columbia, 16,434; California, 15,735; Delaware, 12,285; Arkansas, 8,280; New Mexico, 6,561; Louisiana, 5,224; Colorado, 4,930; Indian Territory, 3,830; Nebraska, 3,157; North Carolina, 3,150; Alabama, 2,576; Texas, 1,865; Oregon, 1,810; Nevada, 1,800; Washington territory, 964; Mississippi, 345; Dakota territory, 290.

Remember the Living. A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.—Nixon Waterman.



"HEAVENS! WHERE DID YOUR PARROT LEARN TO SWEAR SO HORRIBLY, MRS. JONES?"

"Oh, I forgot to take him from the room while Mr. Jones was looking for his collar button."—Chicago American.

Grappling-Irons of Success. Life is uphill all the way. If you climb, and wish to stay. Where you are, you'll have to stay. Like all things, well-packed shoes.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Other End. A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty. One day, when he was officer of the watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spleen on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine-room, on duty. Going to the speaking tube, the officer yelled: "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

"Not at this end, sir!" The feelings of the officer, as he turned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described.—Leslie's Weekly.

Can't Cut Him Entirely. "Dear me," sighed Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, "since they were reduced, you know, the Waxwyddles have become meat plebeian. Why, their son has actually become a postman."

"Yes, but then," replied Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, "there's one consolation, his route is in the most exclusive district, so he will still have some of our best people on his calling list."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Recommendation. Tom—Halloo, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co. Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there. Tom—That's first-rate. Who recommended you? Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place.—Tit-Bits.

Youth's Bad Start. Man cut may soar to Fame's proud height. But—drops with dismal thud. When he goes back to neighborhoods. Where people call him "Bud."—Puck.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY. Merchant—Are your habits all correct? Applicant for Position—Yes, sir. Merchant (after a pause)—Do you drink? Applicant (absently)—Thanks. Don't care if I do.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Matter of Appraisal. "Then you don't believe that one can tell character by physiognomy and bearing?" "No; when a man has on his old shoes it gives him a cringing air."—Detroit Free Press.

Reversionary. Agnes—He is what might be called a reversionary type of man. Edith—Reversionary? Agnes—Yes; it's so easy to make a monkey of him!—Puck.

The Ideal Vehicle. Jaggles—What do you consider to be the great need of the present day? Waggles—It seems to be an automobile with horse sense.—Judge.

Farewells. "We may never meet again this side of eternity." "Well, so long!"—Puck.

AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING. The Story of Three Men, Good and True, and a Monument. IT'S no use talking; we can't have that monument for another year," signed the major. "We've talked and saved, given bean cakes and magic lantern shows, but we can't raise within \$300 of enough to pay for it."

"That's so," sorrowfully agreed the captain. "It did seem as if we could dedicate the lot this Decoration day, and do the unveiling next one; but that's to-morrow—no hope now."

"That's right," said the private; "and the list of names to be remembered all ready, too. What d'ye suppose the boys'll think of us up there? All these years a passin' by, and no monument to show folks they're remembered!"

"The boys up there are all right," said the captain. "They know it's hard fighting for a living without one's natural number of arms and legs. But time is passing, and—"

"There'll be a lot more names ready to put in the list by another year," broke in the major. "I guess none of us needs to be sure of witnessing the unveiling now. Wait a minute, cap, while I run into the post office to ask for my mail, and we'll go home together."



"A CHECK FOR THE FUND."

think of us up there? All these years a passin' by, and no monument to show folks they're remembered!" "The boys up there are all right," said the captain. "They know it's hard fighting for a living without one's natural number of arms and legs. But time is passing, and—"

There'll be a lot more names ready to put in the list by another year," broke in the major. "I guess none of us needs to be sure of witnessing the unveiling now. Wait a minute, cap, while I run into the post office to ask for my mail, and we'll go home together."

"All right," agreed the captain. "He's not as young as he used to be, poor old fellow. I'm afraid we'll do that unveiling without him when it comes."

"Fraid so," sighed the private. "It's hard, too, after he's worked—Why, look—"



HEIGHT OF CARELESSNESS.

"Heaven! Where did your parrot learn to swear so horribly, Mrs. Jones?"

"Oh, I forgot to take him from the room while Mr. Jones was looking for his collar button."—Chicago American.

Grappling-Irons of Success. Life is uphill all the way. If you climb, and wish to stay. Where you are, you'll have to stay. Like all things, well-packed shoes.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Other End. A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty. One day, when he was officer of the watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spleen on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine-room, on duty. Going to the speaking tube, the officer yelled: "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

"Not at this end, sir!" The feelings of the officer, as he turned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described.—Leslie's Weekly.

Can't Cut Him Entirely. "Dear me," sighed Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, "since they were reduced, you know, the Waxwyddles have become meat plebeian. Why, their son has actually become a postman."

"Yes, but then," replied Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, "there's one consolation, his route is in the most exclusive district, so he will still have some of our best people on his calling list."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Recommendation. Tom—Halloo, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co. Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there. Tom—That's first-rate. Who recommended you? Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place.—Tit-Bits.

Youth's Bad Start. Man cut may soar to Fame's proud height. But—drops with dismal thud. When he goes back to neighborhoods. Where people call him "Bud."—Puck.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY. Merchant—Are your habits all correct? Applicant for Position—Yes, sir. Merchant (after a pause)—Do you drink? Applicant (absently)—Thanks. Don't care if I do.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Matter of Appraisal. "Then you don't believe that one can tell character by physiognomy and bearing?" "No; when a man has on his old shoes it gives him a cringing air."—Detroit Free Press.

Reversionary. Agnes—He is what might be called a reversionary type of man. Edith—Reversionary? Agnes—Yes; it's so easy to make a monkey of him!—Puck.

The Ideal Vehicle. Jaggles—What do you consider to be the great need of the present day? Waggles—It seems to be an automobile with horse sense.—Judge.

Farewells. "We may never meet again this side of eternity." "Well, so long!"—Puck.