The Color Bearer

A Story for Decoration Day.

By Manda L. Crocker.

KIN hear the drums a-beatin', Jo-Sarah Parkman stood in hamole doorway, leaning her head a little farther out in the May dusks, in listening

"What's that ye hear, Sairee?"

A thin, angular man came out of the cabin and stood beside the woman. Tapping the cornects pipe he held in his right hand meditatively on the thumbnail of his left, he bent his gray locks to the breeze.
"What was it that ye heard, Sairee?" he

repeated, softly. "Drums a beatin'," she answered crisply; "they're gettin' ready for Decoration to-

As if in emphasis, the wind blew briskly op from the quarter indicated by "they," old man's ear.

"Harrah! hurrah for the old flag, Sairee!" And he began marching up and down the white path running to the wicket.

"Let's go termorrer; say yes, Sairee!"
He put out his bony hand through the shadows until it rested on the ample shoul-

"Josiah!" she said, warningly, "When ye have served the kentry like St. Paul, in fastin's, an' perils, an' marchin's, an fightn' and then wasted all your livin' on agents an' lawyers to get the pension due ye nigh ento 20 years, and are no whit better off? What! Shall we go over to Mentone togorrow and parade around with them as don't want us or don't miss us? I guess sot! We've said we wouldn't since that day young drunken Dudley car-ried the flag instead o' lettin' you; and so far we've kept our word." Having thus delivered herself, Mrs. Parkman looked ever the head of her husband away into the infinitesimal and shut her lips tigatly.

"You said that, Sairce," he protested, feebly, "an' we've kept your word; but somehow I kinder feel as if I'd like to go termorrer. I'm a-gettin' older every year, Sairee, an' mebbe, by an' by, I won't be hyar to go!"

The lank arm fell from the wife's shoulder and Josiah went back into the shadowy cabin from whence her remark had called him. His blood, usually slow and sluggish, seemed warmed again by the fire of the sixties, and ran quickly through his veins, calling up his latent strength. Whiswhen a boy, he began knocking around and fumbling about among the primitive fur-niture in the semi-darkness. Sarah heard him whistling and fumbling, and knew he was bent on going "termorrer."

"If I hadn't mentioned them confounded drums!" she said, half angry with herself, "why, he wouldn't 'a' got the war fever to-

For a moment she stood irresolutely debating the question. "I wouldn't mind if all through these years of pinchin' and waitin he could have had a bit o' that pen-sion money. I should think after he's turned every chip from Maine to Californy to get it, such doin's would 'a' took all the herrah out o' him; but it hasn't! Well! I'll go to-morrow, if I die he it, jest to please

"What ye doin'?" she asked a little later, geing inside and directing her question to the man whose patriotism was rising fast

to the stimulation of "Yankee Doodle. "O, nuthin'." The tune dropped long enough for the answer to his wife's question, and then began again on a higher key, gathering momentum as it west.

when she lifted the te looked around, Josiah was deep in the 'chist o' drawers as was onct his mothers,"

and she knew what he was doing.
"Ain't them beauties, Sairee!" holding up to view a suit of blue and a big hat with G. A. R. on the front in gilt letters. "I'm a goin' to air 'em up kinder, to-

he continued, wistfully, "fer we aire a goin' termorrer, ain't we, Suiree?" She folded her hands in her apron and at down before one answered him; then "I reckon so, Jesiah, you're such the said:

The next morning when her husband was buy "hitching up." Mrs. Parkman stood by, remarking: "If ye had your pension, now.

on that pension deal," she said, warmly.

"I'm clean done with him. He thinks sheep

mearin'll be along shortly, an' he's figgerin' on your havin' it about then. Jest tell him,

Josiah, that ye calkilate to begin fattenin'

another lawyer's purse the next move ye

But Lawyer Foote saluted them as old

friends in his usual cordial manner, and

carefully parting his coattails, settled him-

self on a log before he made his errand

Mr. Parkman, you remember the pen-

sion business you put in my hands last

Before Josiah could spit on the toadstool

at his feet and pull himself together for

don't want to hear another word about

the old fraud," she said, "an' we haven't

Lawyer Foote clapped his hands on his

knees and laughed heartily. "That is right, Mrs. Parkman," he said. "I wouldn't,

either. But you won't have to worry any

more," he added, comfortingly. "Mr. Parkman has his pension now, back pay and all; that is what I came to speak about."

Mrs. Parkman bounced up like a ball.

You don't mean to say-"
Words failed her, and Lawyer Foote

ashed the sentence; "that your husband

has his pension papers all right? Yes, I do,

and it comes to several hundred dollars,

"Lawyer Foote, you're an angel," cried

Sarah, finding her tongue.
"No, I am not," he answered. "I am only

one of those heartless lawyers that even

As he said this he jumped up with a

queer little laugh, bade them good-by, and burried away, leaving the old couple star

ing after him.
"My gracious, Josiah! what d'ye 'spose

alls him; runnin' off sudden like that?"

queried Sarah, snapping off a dead twig

after the disappearing disciple of Black

"Ye doant 'spose he heard what ye said as he came up, do ye, Sairee?" asked Jo-

"Why, my gracious! I dunno!" answered ha, in a blank collapse. And it was full as minutes before she said another word;

to she did not mention Lawrer Foote.

the Scripture does not dote on.'

the reply, his wife answered for him:

another cent to waste on it, anyway."

known. Then he said:

we could be a lectle forchanded to-day. We could a had a real surrey to carry us, and the luncheon; we could a had flowers, too. But," she added, disdainfully, "we ain't takin' any flowers, an' they'll say 'there somes ole Parkman in his one-hoss shay."

But Josiah was straightening the tugs and only sighed in reply.

When the rickety old chaise stopped with a rattling jerk near where the columns were forming, the post adjutant came over to them with a smile like the morning sun. "We've been waiting a mite," he said, as he shook hands with them both.

"Wastin'?" echoed Mrs. Parkman, "wait-in' for what?" "Why! for Josiah to carry the flag," he

answered, meekly; "he promised me Sat-orday, he would." "Josiah B. Parkman!" exclaimed Sarah

warndy; but that individual slid out of the chaise and deeply interested himself in tying Dobbin to a staple. "I've a big notion to not march a step!" she said, stoutly; "but then Josiah'd feel



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

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

But Josiah Parkman took his place at the head of the column with quick, firm step, as fine-looking a color bearer as in those other days.

"A leetle mite elder an' a leetle mite grayer; that's all!" he murmured, jubi lantly, as everybody swung into line after the blessed old flag and the rolling drums. And Sarah found that the W. R. C. had

planned for her coming, also.
"We expected you," said the lady chaplain, handing her a wreath and a basket of flowers.
"You did?" queried Sarah. "I want to

know! It's mighty strange when I didn's even expect myself." "But Josiah said you would come," was the startling rejoinder, "and that nothing

but sickness would keep his wife from Decoration services." What a dissembler Josiah B. Parkman

had gotten to be! His better half was as tonished into silence. She took her place in the line without exchanging further con-Wearily she smiled through a tearful mist

as she put the blossoms on the graves and tried to be humorous with herself. "I feel like a 'mixed drink," she said, "'bout 'alf an' 'alf;' 'alf patriotic an' 'alf cruci-

But when she looked at Josiah she forgot everything but the great pleasantness in his dear old face. He, with his comrades, was recounting memories of those who slept under the fragrant offerings.

After the speech in the grove, Lawyer Foote elbowed his way to where the Park mans were getting ready to go home.

"This has been a great day for me," re

And Barah saw him coming. "He needn't be aigin' this way for another ten dollars

eries with bouquets for the graves of the soldiers who had been killed in battle. The intense devotion of the southern women to the lost cause led them to continue this practice after the war had been ended, and little by little it became universal in this country. In 1869 Gen. John A. Logan, then commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, announced May 30 as the day on which the graves of soldiers should be decorated. There is, however, a con troversy about the fact of the custom origin nating in a particular locality, some claiming that it sprang up spontaneously in almost every section of the country at once, and, considering the universality of the practice of planting flowers on graves, there is no reason to believe that the custom, as claimed by some, originated in or was peculiar to the south, even during the early days of the war.

It Will Abide as Long as the Nation Endures.

********* OUR decades have passed since the cry of war was raised, and men hurno man can show than that he offer him- from the sun, as he looked. as sacritice for truth and country.

In more than a thousand battles proof after great rains. Lives ebbed out slowly or went out quickly after each volley of shot. begions were wounded sorely, only to die later of the shock, or to linger on to this day afflicted by the burden of the leaden,

So dear and so priceless the blessing of a country, one and indivisible. More than two millions of soldiers were enlisted during the civil war on the side of the union, and hundreds of thousands of those died in the land of the cypress and the pine. Their blood has been balm to the healing of revolt and dissension. In this, the fortieth year since the first

guns were fired on Sumter, and in the first ear of a new century, more than one million survivors remain of the great hosts whose hearts beat to patriotic barmony while their feet moved to beat of drum They live bearing in their persons the witness of perils undergone, herose acts performed and faithful service rendered for the republic they love.

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. They speak in their deeds and in the results of those deeds.

All that the dead could give they handed in for the union cause. Yet the living offered just as much-life itself, which, in their cases, was not accepted. None the less wa theirs the honor and the glory, although theirs is the reward of witnessing the preciousness of the heritage they secured to the generations to follow after them.

Individual men live and act their little parts. But the greatest of these pass away, one by one, and their places are filled by others. Their deeds only survive, and it is deeds only in this world which receive the baptism of immortality. Decoration day comes and goes, each emphasizing the greatness and glory of the battles that were fought, and in each recurring anniversary the number of brave survivors grow less and less. Only too soon their number will fall to tens of thousands, and then to hundreds. The day is not distant in the years when a bare half-score will remain. Marthy, too, so I guess my duty was as and, finally, the name of the last survivor plain as here."

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. The day will be and



marked Josiah, after awhile; "a great day It seems to me I'm a long way toward the Grand Review! And-and-and-" He backed old Dobbin into the tnilk and stood leaning his bead against the faithful beast so long that Sarah wondered Then he resumed in a tender little quaver: "I'm so glad of the pension, Sairee; ain's

you? His sharp chin quivered visibly through the thin gray whiskers, and a big tear rolled unpoetically down his nose as he relapsed into silence. With an effort, he swallowed s great lump in his throat, for fear if it came to the top he would give three rous

ing cheers and scare everybody.
"Why, to be sure, I'm glad, Josiah!" an bis wife, huskily. Then she brisked up. "But I tell ye what; next year you won't hitch up no old rattletrap to go te Decoration in. We're goin' to have a real surrey and take them Jenkinses along. They orter see their grandfather's grave deco rated once in their life, anyway. The Lord knows, it costs enough to be patriotic!"

"I doant quite understand, Sairee," said Josiah, slapping the lines together across Dobbin's broad back as they jogged home

"Nor I, nuther," she replied, looking away from his puzzled gaze; "but I am glad for you, Josiah." But he did not answer. He was clucking

to Dobbin and reckoning on the cost of a

OF ANCIENT ORIGIN.

Decorating the Graves of Soldiers Was Practiced Ages Ago.

HR custom of placing flowers on the graves of soldiers is of very great an-tiquity. One ancient writer mentions the fact that on the birthday of Alex ander the Great certain Greeks in Alexandria were accustomed to visit his mauso leum and place flowers on the threshold The custom of planting flowers on graves is of an antiquity almost as great, and has been practiced in all parts of Europe for many centuries. The practice being once established, a local application of it in particular cases was easy and natural. During the civil war in this country the women of both north and south instituted a cus-

"ON QUARD." abide as long as the republic endures, be cause it is one which glorifies deeds and not the individuals who performed those deeds A man dies and his mensory oftentimes i forgotten. It is permitted to a few only in each generation that their names shall be handed down to subsequent generations for praise and honor.

Decoration day glorifies the deeds of the unknown dead who sleep their long sleep in the nation's cemeteries equally with the skill and strategic force of Grant and Sher man and Sheridan.

The war was a battle royal between mer of the same race and country who differen as to questions of right and polity. Eacl battle added a new witness to the glory of courage and patriotism and served to make prouder and nobler the citizenship of the republic.

The passing years have effaced bitter memories and wiped away tears of regret and the former things of discontent and rebellion. The first Decoration day of the new century shows a people united in love for the union-a union the mightie and greater and nobler because it was tried as by fire and proved itself equal to the severest test of human strength. And the coming years of the century will bring with them more sacred memories and higher appreciation for the union preserved by the trials and heroism of the soldiers of the

tom of going regularly on a certain day, civil war. With the steadily expanding generally about the 1st of May, to the cem, majesty of the republic will come analyses inc. majesty of the republic will come quickening broadening appreciation of the triumphs of the incomparable victory of union over disunion.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Civil War Death Record. During the civil war 5,221 commissioned officers and 90,868 enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds received in battle; 2,321 commissioned officers and 182, 329 enlisted men died from disease or accident, making a total loss of 289,739 men. Deaths occurring after the men left the army are not included in these figures.

Vicksburg National Park.

The Vicksburg National park will soos be complete as far as the acquisition of land is concerned. It will comprise in all 1,231 acres. It is proposed to restore all military features that marked it in the struggle of

ONE DECORATION DAY.

North and South Lovingly Clasped Hands Once More.

HE old soldier stood at the entrance to the lot. He gave one backward glance at the two graves with their bright flags fattering in the wind. The turf in the lot had been carefully clipped and the shells which outlined the mounds were even and white. There was one more grave ery of war was raised, and mon hure in the lot; on it clumps of Sweet Williams and Heartscase were blithely blooming, which their faith was joined. Greater zeal The old soldier shaded his eyes, but not

"Well, it's the last Decoration day I'll see here," he said, aloud; "I'd better go was made of heroism, and in all of these t' th' soldiers' home next week, an' have it life was counted as but little in compari- over. A pension's good enough, s' far as son with the blessing of a union pledged to it goes, but it don't keep a man's house liberty of all. Blood flowed freely as water 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. He lighted his pipe with a faraway look

in his eyes.
"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 o' 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 reb she thought it her duty to wait for. Well, I was promised to

He glanced over at a little group stand

'Tom Beltzer's folks, I guess;" he said "Tom told me t' wait an' they'd give me a lift home. Showin' their company round th' cemetery a little, I guess. Well, I am't m much of a hurry, seein' 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 Lot-

tie. How them blue eyes flashed th' first time they lit on a tall Yank. They was floating 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 shoul-

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 acquaint ances here, Mis' White," the red-faced wom an 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 o' oyster soup an' tons o' 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 outh way now that may be we'll be buildin' monuments, too. My son wore th' blue in the wah with Spain, an nobody was proudah 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-is thaih 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 o' th' cemetery—an' their pa goin' t' drive the hosses right up here! Gertie! Oh-h, Em!" She started : 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 some so fah to find-his grave!" She paused and looked about her. "Right ovan youdah, Mis' Beltzer said. I'll have time t' look fer it, befoah she comes back. A tall figure in a grand army uniform

"I beg youah pahdon," she said, thaih anybody by th' name of Shriner-Lewis Shriner-buried heah?' The old man started. Not that I know of, ma'am. I'm well an' hearty for a dead

stood at the entrance to the lot nearest.

man; my wife's here, but I-Lottie!"
"Lewis! Oh, Lewis! I have found you, at last!" "At last, Lottie; a battered old hulk on his way to the home, and-"
"On your way to th' home, my home, that's a waitin' for youah, Lewis-for us

North and south once more clasped ELISA ARMSTRONG. hands. Our Great Volunteer Army. The following is a summary of volunteera furnished by each state to the federal army

both!

Pennsylvania, a.,..., nois, 258,162; Indiana, 194,362; Massachusetts, 146,467; Missouri, 108,162; Wiscon sin, 91,021; Michigan, 88,111; Iowa, 75,793 New Jersey, 75,315; Kentucky, 75,275 Maine, 69,738; Connecticut, 55,755; Mary land, 46,053; New Hampshire, 33,913; Ver-mont, 33,272; West Virginia, 32,003; Tennessee, 31,092; Minnesota, 24,002; Rhode Island, 23,248; Kansas, 20,095; District of Columbia, 16,534; California, 15,725; Dela ware, 12,265; Arkansas, 8,289; New Mexi eo, 6,561; Louisiana, 5,224; Colorado, 4,903 Indian Territory, 3,536; Nebraska, 3,157; North Carolina, 3,150; Alabama, 2,576; Texas, 1,965; Oregon, 1,810; Nevada, 1,080; Washington territory, 964; Mississippi, 545; Dakata territory, 206.

Remember the Living.

"A rose to the living is more than sump tuous wreaths to the dead."-Nixon Water



O! comrades, ye who gently sleep Neath the evergreens and snow All's quiet" where, below the full, Potomac's waters flow.

"All's quiet" at the front to-night, And white the ground and chill, for since the angel sounded taps, The camp is wondrous still.

"All's quiet" here; the guns are stacked. The guidens all are furted;
The lights are out, and while you sleep
Peace rules your slient world.

So quiet! from no sentinel. The challenge sharp I hear, No clarion horn nor rattling drum Proclaims the fee is near

But yonder in perspective rise The more than queenly city, whence The laws of freemen com

To her your priceless sacrifice Made sure for coming years, The powers whose wide expanding away Thrills both the hemispheres

"All's quiet" here; but millions, yon, Awake the jubilee! A race, with grateful song, recall The price that made them free.

'All's quiet" here; but through the earth Your deeds reverberate; Inspiring peoples to arise And nations to be great. Hark! dimly come in undertone,

The rhythmic waves of sound, From the cities to the silences That in your camp abound. They are the pulse and throb of life, Which, like a mighty sea,

Moves on resistless in its sweep To larger liberty. And in that boundless life your deeds Shall live for evermore. Till deeds of earth, like billews, break On Heaven's eternal shore.

'All's quiet," comrades, and the snows That mantle you in white Are whispering softly to your dreams, Sleep peacefully to-night. Softly we tread who marched with you,

So many years ago; And, marching still, we're coming on To join you 'neath the snow.

For frosts have touched us, limb and brow. And snows are on our head That ne'er will melt until, for us, The silent tents are spread

AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING.

The Story of Three Men, Good and True, and a Monument.

I'S no use talking; we can't have that monument for another year, and they instantly gave me the place.

-Tit-Bits. tern shows, but we can't raise within \$304

veiling next one; but that's to morrowno hope now.

"That's right," said the private; "and the list of names to be remembered al ready, too. What d'ye suppose the boys'



"A CHECK FOR THE FUND." think of us up there? All these years a page

in' 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 num-ber of arms and legs. But time is passing, Jaggles-What do you consider to be the great need of the present day's

"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 felw. 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.

The major was waving a bit of paner and whooping like an old Comanche. "A check for three hundred for the fund, boys!" he shouted. "We'll dedicate that lot to-morrow! And, boys, the letter says:

Please give one soldier buried somewhere as "unknown" a thought when the moun-ment is unveiled."

Cost of American Wars

The estimated cost of American wars is s follows: Revolutionary war, 1755-82 \$135,193,000; war with Great Britain 1812-15, \$107,159,000; Mexican war, 1846 48, \$65,-000,000; civil war, 1861-65, \$3,025,000,000.

REIGHT OF CARELESSNESS.



"Heaven-! Where did your parret learn to swear so horribly. Mrs.

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

Grappling-trons of Success

I if he uphalf all the way If you climb and wish to stay Where you are, you'll have to use; Like all linemen, well-spiked shork +Detroit Pres lives,

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 gramble about, he attempted to vent his spile on one of the stokers of the vessel, who was in the engine-room, on duty. Going to the speaking tube, the offcer yelled:

"Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

The reply came quick and startling: "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 Waxywoddles have become mess plebeian. Why, their son has actually become a postman." "Yes, but then," replied Mrs. Diddledaddle, "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-Hallon, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner &

Bill-Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there

Tom-That's first-rate. Who reeommended you? Bill-Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you.

Youth's Bad Start. of enough to pay for it."

"That's so," sorrowfully agreed the cap
tain. "It did seem as if we could dedicate
the lot this Decoration day, and do the unWhere people call him "Bud."

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

-Puck.



Merchant-Are your habits all cor-

Applicant for Position-Yes, sir. Merchant (after a pause) -Do yon drink?

Applicant (absently)-Thanks. Don't care if I do.-Chicago Chronicle.

A Matter of Apparel.

"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

Edith-Reversionary! Agnes-Yes; it's so easy to make a monkey of him!-Puck. The Ideal Vehicle.

Waggles-It seems to be an automobile with horse sense .- Judge.

· reversionary type of man.

Farewells. "We may never meet again this side

of eternity."

"Well, so long!"-Puck.