

# MEMORIAL DAY

## AN ADVENTUROUS MEMORIAL DAY DECORATION DAY

By  
S. HUFF



HERE squatted in one corner of Col. Walle's plantation a little hut occupied by old Granny Brown, who had lived by herself nearly twenty years. For the past few years her only work had been to knit such articles as "Ma'am Walle's" had directed. Granny's house was built of logs. At one end a rough stone chimney rose two or three feet above the moss-covered roof; at the other a wooden door swung on great hinges and a small window, covered with greased paper, admitted a few rays of light into the single room. A stone threshold, scrubbed to a pearly whiteness, leaned to one side, threatening to lose its place, and near by a single moss rose bush nodded and waved.

Inside old granny sat in a great armchair, her needles clattering busily. Her gray, wavy hair was parted in the middle and drawn back over her large forehead. Her eyes were little and deeply set, but they sparkled and blinked as they supervised the work of her large, hardened hands. Unconsciously her large red lips moved about as she worked, displaying a white row of teeth, which occasionally parted, showing a thick tongue. She was clothed in a red checked gingham wrapper, for now and then her knitting would cease while she carefully smoothed some wrinkled piece in her dress. On a table near by a few pieces of chinaware were arranged with precision on a small blue and red mat. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned bed, whose coverlets were spotlessly white. The earthen floor had been swept, but was uncovered.

It was dusk when granny carefully put away her work and settled back in her chair for a nap. She was nearly asleep when she heard a noise. Thud! thud! it went, then was still for an instant, when it was repeated. Visions of ghosts, hobgoblins and other unearthly things came into her mind. She walked to the door. Nobody was outside. She looked around the room, but saw nothing unusual.

"Wat yo'se 'fraid of, nohow? Ar'n't naughtin' roun' hyah," she mumbled to herself as she sat down again. Some time passed. The old woman was dozing again, when suddenly the floor near her began to crack. She stared in terror. A dirk, grasped by a human hand, appeared. The hole grew in size, as the knife backed at the ground, until a white man's face and shoulders appeared in the gap.

"Oh, God! hab mahcy!" granny cried, gathering up her skirts and preparing to run.

"Be quiet, my good woman," came from the stranger. "I am nothing but a wounded soldier. Be quiet now, I'll reward you. Close your door."

Keeping her eyes upon the unwelcome visitor, she reluctantly did as she was bid. The soldier stretched out his hand, saying, "Now, help me



Thus she worked over him for two days and nights.

out, aunty." Granny took his hand in hers and pulled him to his feet.

His face was thin and pale and besmeared with mud. His eyes were surrounded by dark circles and blood came from a cut in his forehead. One arm dangled uselessly at his side and his clothes were torn and bloody.

"How'd yer get hyah, chille?" asked granny, eyeing the poor man from head to foot. "I'll tell you all afterwhile," he feebly answered; "the rebs will be after me again. No place to hide here, is there?" He looked despairingly around the room. Granny brought out a pot of tea that she had hidden somewhere and offered a cup to the man, who gripped the chair as he drank. "What's that noise?" he asked, setting the cup on the table.

"Git back in thet thah hole, quick," granny said, pointing to the place from which the stranger had come. "It's th' whole ahmy."

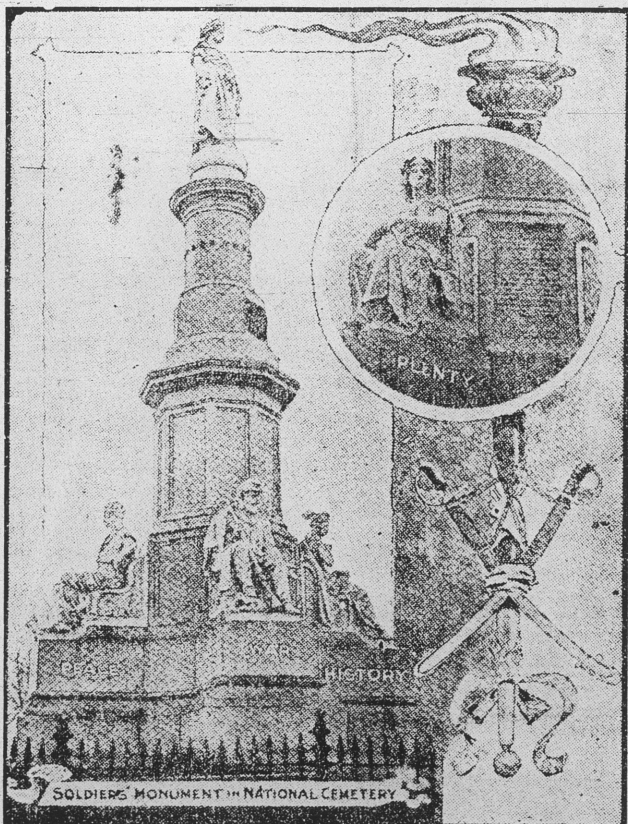
Further direction was unnecessary. Into the gap jumped the frightened man. Granny pulled the table near, placed her chair over the hole in the floor, sat down and spread her dress out around her. Seizing her needles she began to knit rapidly, singing loudly:

"De sun shines bright in de ole Kentucky home,  
'Tis summah an' d' darkies are ga—"  
"Don't make so much noise, nig-gah," spoke a young officer, poking his head in the door. "Show us that clevah rascal yo've got in hyah or we'll whip you soundly."

"Sakes alive, man, wha don' yo' all scash a pooah woman?" granny

all preparations were made to leave. He thanked granny again and again for having saved his life and promised she should hear from him again. In answer to her question about himself he said:

"My name is Crawford Floyd. I am one of a party of six who were sent out by Grant into the Confed's country to learn what they could for the use of the Northern army. Three of us were captured in a skirmish at Pond Fork and taken to the temporary prison at Apple Valley, where two of my comrades were shot for attempting to escape. I fared better, however, and got away after being shot in the arm. The men knew I



A NATION'S MEMORIAL TO THE SOLDIER DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

said, feigning great surprise. "Whar's that man now?" insisted the soldier. "Wat yo' talkin' bout, sah? Yo' oughten know I ain't got no man hyah," granny answered, looking angrily at the man who had spoken.

While this conversation was going on several privates had entered the room, looking behind the table, around the chair and tearing the bedclothes from their place. The old negress was bewildered. "Nothin' in this shack!" "Niggahs haven't enough wit to hide a car." "We'll get him soon, though," and similar remarks came from the men as they left the house.

Granny kept knitting for half an hour before she moved her chair. By that time it was dark. The poor fellow crawled from his hiding place. "Gee, that was close," he whispered, as he took another sip of tea. "Got anything to eat? I'm awful hun"

Knock, knock, at the door. Granny motioned to the hole and walked toward the door. "Whar yo'se bin, granny, is yer sick?" asked a how-legged little girl when the door had been opened. "No, I ain't sick, Chloe, Nevah was feelin' bettah. Run along to yoah own maw, now," answered granny, as she closed the door. The child's bare feet could be heard clapping against the ground as she ran away.

Cutting and buttering a few slices of bread and making another pot of tea, granny handed them to the man, who still remained in the hole. He grasped them eagerly. When he had finished eating granny persuaded him to come to the bed, where she dressed his wounds by candle light. Her patient became unconscious during this time. Granny wrapped him in a blanket, forced him to take some tea and rubbed his arms until nearly morning. Thus she worked for two days and nights, the man remaining asleep all of this time, except when awakened for some dainty granny had prepared.

Three weeks passed. The man's wounds had healed splendidly. A bullet remained in his left arm and gave him some trouble, but he determined to leave for headquarters in spite of his nurse's objections. After much trouble in getting a horse

and I often suffered for air and drink, but after nearly giving up in despair, I happened to break through the floor of your house, my good angel. Tell nobody what has happened until you hear from me again, which will not be long, I hope. The war'll soon be over now. God bless you and good-by."

The soldier rode off in haste, Granny stood watching him until he was out of sight. "Whew-w. A no'the'n spy. Bet this hyah nig-gah gets ketch'd yet," she said to herself as she hobbled into her shanty.

"Oh, Granny, Granny—y-y! Don' yer know this hyah day am Deach-rashun Day?" Early one May morn-



ing Granny was awakened by a little urchin who cried thus in a shrill voice. The old woman rose and dressed slowly. Presently she threw open her door and, squinting her eyes in the bright sunlight, said, reprovingly: "Desecration Day! 'Wat yo' mean by sech a thing, boy? I nevah heerd o' the laik."

"Lookie! Lookie, Granny," the boy went on; "yondah comes a man on hoahsback." Shading her eyes with her hands, Granny looked where the child pointed and saw a man, covered with dust, riding a black horse, whose sides were flecked with foam.

The man sprang from his saddle and, leaving his horse in the road, ran up the short path to where the old negress and the boy stood. Frightened, the pickaninny ran away, but Granny waited for the man to speak.

"Miss Granny?" he asked, lifting his hat.

"Evalene Harriet Brown's ma whole name, sah, but roun' hyah I's called Granny," came the answer as Granny placed her arms akimbo and looked searchingly at the new arrival.

"Oh! beg your pardon, Miss Brown," said the man, making a low courtesy. "I am from Major Crawford Floyd, to whom you rendered a service some time ago. He has charged me to deliver this trifle as a little token of the high esteem he has for you." So saying, he handed Granny, who was thoroughly surprised, a neat little package, which she took without answering.

The words were scarcely spoken before the man had mounted and was riding away. The old negress looked at the package with a smile. "Wondah wat's in thah?" she said, as the package was laid on the table and slowly untied. The sight which met her eyes made her jump. Before her lay a circular piece of gold, the first she had ever touched. Taking it to the door, Granny turned it over and over, chuckling to herself. Slowly and tediously she spelled out the inscription on the back, which read, "Twenty Dollars."

That night the piece was placed with extreme care in an old cup and hidden away as securely as the tea had been which she had given the wretched spy.—Pittsburg Gazette.



### SAILOR DEAD-SOLDIER DEAD

BY MARY AUSTIN

**SOLDIER** dead, soldier dead,  
Do you wake and know the hour  
When the children two and two—  
Ray flag and rosy flower—  
Sweep the grave grass with their  
marching overhead?  
Do you quicken to no sigh,  
Does no smallest piercing cry  
Break the silence where you lie,  
Soldier dead?

**ONCE** we left our books and play,  
Once we came with running feet  
When we heard the stirring drum,  
Heard the soldiers in the street,  
When we pushed between the knees  
along the line,  
When we saw the jackets blue,  
Heard the fife ring true,  
Then we wished that we were you,  
Brave and true.

**NOW** we think how still you lie,  
And how low your grassy tents  
Think how chill the graveyard air,  
And how cold the monuments;  
So we know you must be glad to have  
us come,  
Glad of blossoms that we spill,  
Glad of banners bright and still,  
Of the fife ring shrill,  
And the drum.

**BUT** we cannot hear it plain  
For the trumpet frets and cries,  
And we cannot see it clear  
For the banners blind our eyes,  
And the warm air stirs the bright  
boughs overhead,  
And we think perhaps we, too,  
Must come here to lie with you  
Ere we get the message true,  
Soldier dead.

**SAILOR** dead, sailor dead,  
From the pastures that you knew,  
Where the upland plover pipes,  
From the woodlands where they grow,  
Ere are garlands we have gathered,  
white and red,  
And we cast them on the waves  
From the shore your valor saves,  
For we do not know your graves,  
Sailor dead.

**SAILOR** dead, soldier dead,  
Though our thoughts are little worth  
Yet our thinking comes to this,  
Only you of all the earth  
Know the wonder that is hid from  
such as we,  
Why we draw the quickened breath,  
Why we pant for soldier death,  
When the trumpet cries and saith,  
"Follow me!"

**NOW** the files of veterans go,  
Now the crowds and music pass  
Will you whisper to us true,  
Whisper through the leaning grass,  
As we spell among the graves the  
thing you know?  
What we pant for you have found,  
Lying straightly underground,  
Without motion, without sound  
All arow.

### The Unnatural Hen.

By BILL NYE.

It is not alone the fact that the amateur carver misses the joints and tries to cut through the largest bones that fills him with regret and his lap full of sage and onions. It is the horrible thought that the entire company is looking at him. No matter how the perspiration may trickle down between his shoulder blades, or how the hot flashes may chase the chills up and down his spinal column, or how much his eyes may be dimmed by unshed tears, the rest of the company never allows its interest to flag a moment. We remember one time we were called to assume the management of a free-for-all carving tournament at the home of a dove-eyed dumpling, whose kind regard we desired to catch on to as far as possible. How clearly come back to us now the smiling faces of the guests, the rippling laugh, the bald-headed joke, the thanksgiving conundrum, and all as merry as a marriage bell. We call to mind the girlish laughter of that one whimsy very existence, as she sat on our left that day, seemed cemented and glued to our own. As we sharpened the glittering blade on the ringing steel, we felt buoyant and proud—proud to think how we would slice the white, calm bosom of that deceased hen; proud to think how, in our mind, we had laid out the different pregame points about that old cackler, and in the anticipation of applause glad and free, when we had accomplished the warfare and victory and stuffing had perched upon our banner. We softly jabbed the shimmering fork a-straddle of the breastbone, tore off a goose pimple from under the wings of the late lamented, gouged out a few shattered fragments from the neck, and tried to cut a sirloin steak off the back. An oppressive gloom seemed to pervade the air. The old hen didn't have her joints where we had them laid out in our mind. She was deformed. It seemed to be a freak of nature. She rattled us and unnerved us. We gorged wildly at the remains, squirting the gravy right and left, and filling the air with fragments of bread-crumbs and sage. By some kind of omission or miscalculation, we made a wild stab at the back of the late lamented hen, and with a frenzy born of repeated defeats and depressing failures, the knife struck the platter with a loud crash, and ceasing not in its untamed fury, glanced aside, and in an instant buried itself with a sickening thud in the corset of the hired girl. With difficulty we drew out the glittering blade, now ensanguined with the gore of a fellow-creature, wiped it on the table-cloth, and fled out into the cold, unsympathetic world, out into the crash and confusion of struggling humanity, to battle on through life under an assumed name. That is why we tremble and turn pale when our past life is inquired into by biographers. That is why a baked fowl makes us quail.

### Deep Frying Pan.

If a deep-frying pan for fish is not possessed an ordinary one may be used instead. The former is very useful, being fitted with a wire drawer and handles at the ends. If an ordinary frying pan is used care must be taken that the fat is as deep as possible. An iron spoon is a good substitute for a fish slice.

A wire sieve should find a place in every kitchen; these are usually strong and durable.

Many sauces are greatly improved by being passed through a sieve, this utensil being also helpful when grating bread crumbs. If, however, the sieve is not at hand bread crumbs can be made by grating bread on a grater, and these are required for frying fish put small pieces of bread in the oven, and when thoroughly crisp and well browned crush them with a rolling-pin.

### Egg Plant With Cheese.

Remove the shell from one egg plant and cut into lengthwise halves. After scooping out the seeds, place the pieces of egg plant in a saucpan of boiling water with a lump of salt, a small onion stuck with two or three cloves and a bunch of parsley. Boil until tender. When the egg plant is cooked drain well, put in a hot dish covered with small pieces of toast and cover with the following sauce: Rub together one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of butter. Place in a stewpan over the fire and add gradually one teacupful of boiling water. Cook for five minutes stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and mix in two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. This can be further improved by adding the juice of a small lemon before putting in the cheese.

### Badly Glazed Pottery.

Badly glazed pottery should be avoided. Acids and all greasy substances soak into unglazed pottery or cracks in the glazing, and impart a bad flavor to food which afterwards is placed in vessels of this kind. For this reason pickles and salted meats should not find a place in such utensils.

### Cleanliness must be practiced if kitchen appliances are expected to last a reasonable length of time.

Nothing should be put away in a soiled condition, as the article thus treated will certainly be injured, and will not last so long.

Although one may not possess a large stock of kitchen utensils, it is not necessary in many cases to set aside good cookery recipes because the usual requisites are not at hand; for the most common kitchen appliances can often be pressed into the service if one knows how to use them.

### Recipes.

**Italian Salad**—Cut six cold boiled potatoes in dice, six flages sardines, three small cucumber pickles chopped and a stalk of celery cut fine. Serve with French dressing.

**Banana Sandwiches**—Cut bread thin, spread with butter; slice bananas, also thin, lengthwise, sprinkle with a dash of nutmeg, place between the bread and fry in one teaspoonful each of lard and butter until a delicate brown.

**Spring Sherbet**—Drain apricots from the can, put the pulp through a sieve, add the juice from the can and two cupfuls of sugar and a scant quart of water; stir until the sugar is dissolved, freeze and serve in sherbet cups with chopped pistachio nuts sprinkled on top.

**Ginger Dross**—Cream one-half of a cupful of butter, add one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour milk, one-half of a cupful of molasses, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour to make a drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins.

**Sweet Potatoes Southern Style**—Pare the potatoes, cut in halves lengthwise and steam fifteen minutes. Put in a buttered baking dish a layer of the potatoes, dot generously with butter and sprinkle lavishly with maple or brown sugar; add other layers until all are used. Cover and bake until tender.

**Cream of Water Cress Soup**—Cut two bunches of water cress fine, cook five minutes in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two cupfuls of white stock and a tablespoonful of butter mixed well with two tablespoonfuls of flour, add salt and pepper and cook together, for five minutes. Just before serving add one-half cupful of milk and the yolk of one egg slightly beaten. Serve with slices of French bread browned in the oven.

### Indian Methods.

The great medicine man of the Creek Indians was asked by a United States commission (of eminent physicians): "Can you cure cancer? We have a patient who has been dying for seventeen years, and we are unable to do anything for him." The aged redman called for a hot iron, and with it burned a big hole in the leg of the man where the cancer was gnawing. The physicians were astounded. He explained briefly: "Indians no cure cancer; Indian easy cure burn!" Therefore—burn, burn, burn, when a dog or snake bites you."—New York Press.

### Pigeon Post For Tiny Colonies.

Pigeons are to be pressed into service to serve one of the tiny colonies not linked to us by cable or wireless. An attempt is being made at Montserrat, one of the Leeward Islands, to establish a pigeon post with Antigua. Some homers have been imported from England, and, as soon as they have increased sufficiently, attempts to establish a regular post between the two islands will be made.—London Tit-Bits.

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The HOUSE and HOME

### To Remove Iron Mold.

This stain is usually caused by material coming into contact with rust, or by ink. To remove it sprinkle the stain with lemon juice and salt, and expose to the air and sun. Repeat this until the stain has gone. If the above remedy fails, dip the stain into boiling water, and rub it with salts of lemon, using a rag for the purpose.

Then hold the stain over a cup or basin, and pour a stream of boiling water through. The article should be well rinsed and washed to remove all traces of the salts, which would otherwise burn the material. This last remedy must not be tried with color. If colored material is stained with iron mold, the only remedy is lemon juice, and this must be used cautiously as it destroys some colors.

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