

Two Kinds of Courage.



MEMORIAL DAY was at hand. The smallest child sat down and began to cry. Her tumbled yellow curls had pushed to one side her white nurse's cap, and in spite of the red cross sewn upon her sleeve she was as scared and miserable as a little five-year-old girl could be.

"Oh, I hate war! I hate war!" she wailed, while the commander-in-chief, Julius Wellington, aged ten, stood and looked at her in scorn.

"I wouldn't be such a baby, Madge," he cried, sharply, but Madge sobbed on until grandma came out on the piazza.

"Now, Julius," she said, "tell me what you were doing to make your little cousin cry so."

"Why, grandma," Julius answered, promptly, "we were just charging up San Juan Hill and Bertie was wounded—severely wounded. So I told Gertie and Madge—they're the Red Cross nurses, you know—that he couldn't live more'n a minute or two, 'cause he had both legs and both arms shot off, and a bullet hole somewhere else in his body, and then Madge began to cry and say she didn't want Bertie to die. She's a little 'frail-cat!'"

"Julius Wellington! I'm not a 'frail-cat' 'tall!" cried Madge, in eager defense. "Only I didn't want to play Brother Bertie was wounded, and I hate to see blood."

"But that's not being brave, is it, grandma?" Bertie asked. "Julius says it's an honor to die for your country, and besides, I was going to have a military funeral to-morrow, so she needn't have felt so bad, after all."

"I don't think girls ought to play they're army nurses if they get scared," added Lieutenant Louie.

"No, they oughtn't," said the commander-in-chief, firmly. "We've got to practice up for to-morrow, and if Madge can't play right she needn't play at all."

The tears were gathering once more in Madge's eyes when grandma spoke. The old lady had been looking beyond the rose tops into the far away days of her youth.

"Julius, my dear, I can't believe that Madge is a coward," she said. "Don't you remember how afraid she was of that great yellow dog next door? Yet she ran out and drove him away to save her kitten's life. What you've said makes me think of something that happened years and years ago, and maybe when I tell you the story you'll understand that there can be two kinds of courage."

Madge snuggled her head into the comfortable curve of grandma's shoulder, the other little nurse came to lean against her knee, and the boys seated themselves on the steps below.

"I am going to tell you about a little girl who lived in Tennessee. Madge reminds me of her, for she has just the same yellow curls, and the same way of being frightened at fighting and blood. Her big brother used to tease her and tell her she would never be brave."

"Margaret was about twelve years old when the Civil War broke out and our dear country was torn in two. Her father was dead, her big brother had ridden away to fight for his cause and Margaret was left to care for her mother, who was sick and worried. Most of the servants were gone, and the old house was full of loneliness and dreary thoughts to poor Margaret."

"One evening Margaret saw a man coming slowly across the snow covered lawn, and she ran down stairs to open the door. Perhaps her brother had come back, she thought, but as the lamplight fell upon him she saw that his uniform was dark blue, and that the right side was drenched with a color she hated to see."

"He looked even younger than her brother, and when she saw how weak he was she forgot the blood and the uniform and called for the servants to help her. They laid him on the wide spare room bed, then Margaret struggled on her jacket and hat and rode through the dark and cold for the nearest doctor."

"For five weeks the soldier lay ill. All that time Margaret helped to nurse him, and when he went back to the army he kissed her and said, 'Good-bye, my dear little sister. When the war is over I will surely come back to see you.'"

"He did go back, and he found Margaret more alone than ever. The old home was broken up, her mother was dead and her brother never came back from the war. So he brought the little girl who had done so much to save his life to her home, for this soldier was my youngest brother."

"They came in May, just such blue, sunshiny weather as to-day. We were celebrating our first Memorial Day, I remember, and Margaret helped us with the wreaths and flowers."

"Margaret was always 'little sister,' and years after, on another Memorial Day, she married a soldier. She was Madge's grandmother. That's where Madge gets her curls and her name and what you call 'frailcatness.' And I am sure that when the time comes she will show just the same kind of courage."

The sun had grown crimson while grandma was telling her tale.

"Red sky at night, Sailors' delight," she said, as she rose to go indoors.

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THE WAR EAGLE.

By Mary L. Austin.



IN the summer of 1861 the call came for troops to preserve the Union. None responded more promptly than the boys from Wisconsin.

The company which formed at Eau Claire became the proud possessor of a beautiful eagle, then two months old. They named him "Old Abe," in honor of the President, and when they joined the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry at Madison they took the bird with them.

He at once became a universal pet, and gained for the Eighth the name of "The Eagle Regiment."

When the gallant band left Camp Randall for the seat of war in October, 1861, Old Abe accompanied them, and everywhere on the route he was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, receiving the continuous ovation with becoming dignity.

It was often declared that men carrying with them the national emblem of victory could never suffer defeat; which prediction proved true.

They had not long to wait for active service for, five days after breaking

and as many skirmishes, but had never lost one drop of his royal blood. When the term of enlistment had ex-



OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE.

camp, they engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, Missouri. At first Old Abe was wildly excited, but soon calmed down, and never after showed any signs of fear. He delighted in danger and seemed to bear a charmed life.

Enveloped in smoke, and surrounded by shot and shell, his shrill scream was heard above the din of battle, inspiring his comrades to greater efforts and dauntless courage, until they became known as the "Invincibles."

On the 3d of October, 1862, at the battle of Corinth, the regiment was greatly alarmed for fear they had lost their mascot. Sterling Price, the Confederate General, had given orders that Old Abe must be shot or taken prisoner at any cost, saying he would rather capture that bird than a whole brigade. A continuous fire was directed toward him, and a missile ball cut the string that confined him to his perch. He soared far away and disappeared in the heavens, but after a few moments his friends were greatly relieved to see him returning to his accustomed place. He was regarded with awe and dread by the opposing forces, and it is related that in one engagement when our men began to lose ground the eagle, seeing the danger, with a mighty effort broke the restraining cord, and flying directly into the Confederate lines flapped his wings in the face of the enemy and uttered his piercing screams till they broke in confusion and fled, when our conquering hero returned in triumph to his friends.

The case is on record where a Confederate soldier deserted to the Union ranks, giving as his reason that he could not fight against the American eagle.

In the memorable battle of Jackson, Miss., the soldier bird was in the front ranks with his regiment, and he bore his part in the terrible siege of Vicksburg.

Old Abe, with his heavy perch, was no light weight to be borne aloft through all the vicissitudes of war, but though the soldiers often suffered for food, it was seldom that Old Abe went hungry, for the whole regiment would sometimes turn out to catch a rabbit for his supper.

The brilliant victory at Hurricane Creek, La., August 23, 1864, was a fitting termination to our hero's military career. He had been in the thick of the fight in twenty-five severe battles

voted to present him to the State of Wisconsin. Three years before, when entering upon new and untried experiences, he had excited great curiosity and interest, but his journey home, his head grown white in his country's service, was a triumphal march. He was received at Madison by Governor Lewis, with appropriate ceremonies, on September 26, 1864, and given a room at the capital.

From that time until his death he was in constant demand at soldiers' reunions and public demonstrations, where he was always the centre of attraction. He attended the Sanitary Fair, at Chicago, in the winter of '64, and later the Soldiers' Home Fair, at Milwaukee, where the sale of his pictures, sketch of his life, quilts, etc., netted large sums of money for the soldiers' relief fund.

He occupied a prominent position in Agricultural Hall at the Philadelphia

Centennial, where he was constantly surrounded with crowds of admirers. During the winter of 1878-79 he spent two delightful months in Boston in the interest of the Old South Church.

Old Abe was a magnificent bird. His wings measured six feet and a half



In Memory.
Little feet, come, gather round
Where the soldier's grave is found.
Little fingers crown his rest
With the lovers you love best.

The Soldier's Dirge.
Dead in the battle—dead on the field;
More than his life can a soldier yield?
Dead for his country. Muffle the drums,
Slowly the sad procession comes,
The heart may ache, but the heart must swell
With pride for the soldier who fought so well.

His blood has furnished his sabre bright;
To his memory, honor, to him, good-night.
—Elizabeth Hartman, in Lippincott's.

The Soldiers of the Past.
I.
Strew garlands on their moulded clay,
The men of days gone by.
In hallowed ground they rest to-day
Beneath the summer sky.
No stain was on the flag they bore,
These men who wore the blue,
And proudly did the eagle soar
Above their ranks so true.

II.
None blush to-day for any deed
Done by those hero bands—
The men of every race and creed,
Who gave their hearts and hands,
No blood-red stain of murder done
Beside their banners now.
Each dreams in peace of victories won,
Where valor kept its vow.

III.
Yes, fairest flowers will deck each grave,
And tender hands will lay
The garden's treasures o'er the brave
This Decoration Day,
No tears for them, but tears of shame
For what the living do,
Whose deeds have blurred the Nation's fame
And stained the coat of blue.
—J. P. O'M.

Memorial Day.
Did, old men in carriages, trundling along
So slow;
Did, old men a-marching, with the spirit of
long ago;
Did, old flags furled straitly, dreaming of
sword and shell;
All that is left of the old war, save the tale
the histories tell.

Young men marching briskly, all in their
khaki brown,
Heroes of Santiago or far Manila town,
Wounded, they never weakened. They suf-
fered and yet they sang,
And over the land long shranked the hymns
of freedom rang!

White heads bowed and feeble! O brown
heads high and proud,
We love you and pray God bless you! we
who stand in the crowd,
And we thank the merciful Father that, all
our history through,
He has given us such a memory and such a
hope as you!

Youth's Companion.
The First Minnesota at Gettysburg.

The recent dedication of the monument, First Minnesota Regiment at Gettysburg, has called public attention to the fact that there are in history charges quite as terrible, interperid and bloody as that of Balaklava, made justly famous by Tennyson, and that the charge of the First Minnesota Regiment at Cemetery Ridge was one of them.

On this occasion a breach had been left between the Union forces of Hancock and Sickles, and the Confederates advanced to take advantage of it. The objective point was a battery which was covered by the First Minnesota Infantry. Reinforcements were on the way, but at the moment this regiment was the only one to stay the advance. Hancock, at the post of danger, looking over this little force of two hundred and sixty-two men, exclaimed to the leader:

"What regiment is this?"
"The First Minnesota."
"Colonel," said the General, pointing to the enemy, "charge and take those colors."

This was no blunder, like the order at Balaklava, but a desperate chance. The Minnesotans advanced in splendid order against a force vastly greater than their own; they did not recoil under a terrible fire that mowed them down; they hurled themselves on the run into the enemy; they were literally swallowed up in the Confederate ranks. The line of the enemy was broken, and fatally; for the movements which Hancock had in the meantime ordered succeeded in checking the advance.

After the fight was over, and the Cemetery Ridge had been saved to the Union forces, the First Minnesota—"all that was left of them"—came back with the flag of Wilcox's Confederate brigade, which was the one that Hancock had ordered the regiment to capture. But only forty-seven men returned!

Fifty-six of the two hundred and sixty-two were killed outright and sixteen were mortally wounded on the field. Not one was taken prisoner.

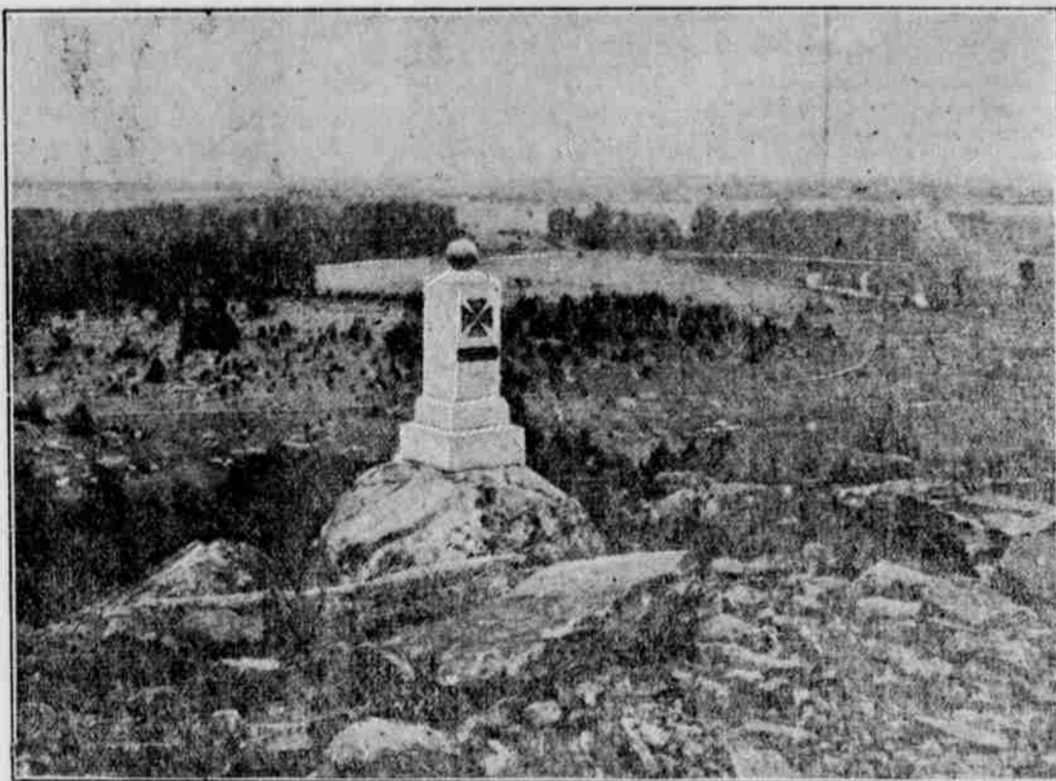
The Light Brigade at Balaklava consisted of six hundred and seventy men. Of those all but one hundred and ninety-eight were killed or wounded—a loss of about seventy per cent.

The charge of the Minnesotans was the more brilliant, not only because it was more bloody, but because it effected its purpose.

Fate had selected the regiment for a sacrifice, and it went to the sacrifice with perfect willingness and unsurpassed intrepidity. Its deed deserves to be commemorated not only in granite, but in deathless verse.

262 went in.
56 killed.
19 mortally wounded.
140 lay wounded on the field.
47 returned with the flag.

DECORATION DAY



Gettysburg Battlefield.

(Big and Little Round Top From Emmitsburgh Road.)

"We'll have a bright Memorial Day to-morrow. Now, don't quarrel any more, dears."

Julius turned to Madge. "Nurse," he said, "after all, this soldier has only one leg broken, but you must take good care of him so he can march in the parade to-morrow."

And Nurse Madge, gathering up the bandages, answered bravely, "All right, general!"—Charlotte Culbert Roberts, in the Youth's Companion.

First Memorial services.

The first memorial service was held over the graves of the Union prisoners who died at the stockade at Charleston, S. C., May 30, 1865.



"I am Going to Tell You About a Little Girl."



Her Clothes

Prevailing
New York Style—
after Design
by
May Manton

New York City.—Shirred waists always are becoming to young girls and are greatly in vogue at the present time. The very pretty and attractive



MISSIE'S TUCKED SHIRRED WAIST.

May Manton design shown combines the broad shouldered effect with the shirring at the waist line, which give the effect of a belt, and is as new as it is attractive. As illustrated it is made of white mull with a yoke of lace, but soft wool and silk fabrics are appropriate, as well as the cotton and linen ones.

The waist is made over a fitted foundation which closes with it at the back. The yoke is faced onto the lining, and the waist proper is shirred and arranged over it. The sleeves are shirred at their upper portions to form continuous lines with the waist, and again between the shoulders and the elbows. They can be made in elbow length, as illustrated, or in the long bishop style, as shown in the small

the new boat-shaped hat is the thing. Its lines are rolling, graceful as sea billows, and it turns up on both sides. An exceedingly smart example from Susanne Blum is of the finest and richest black straw. It is faced with burnt Cluny, which is caught down, or studded, with black straw nail heads. The only trimming is at the left side, where two ostrich plumes curl along the brim and droop over the hair. One is of black, and one of champagne color. The black one is over the light one two-thirds its length, and its quill is hidden in a plented and rolled bow of black taffeta, which extends quite to the edge of the front brim.

A New Plique Waist.
A white plique waist has been made in rather an unusual way. Fancy bands of heavy cream lace are in the front, and it has trimming of embroidery in a deep cream shade. The sleeves show no lace, but there is a small point of it on the front of the stock. The tops of the sleeves have the cream embroidery.

Coral Collars.
Wide collars of many rows of coral beads are enriched with a central plaque and slides of brilliants.

Black Straw in Favor.
Black straw will be used profusely, and threatens to take the place of white entirely.

Woman's Gumpie.
Gumpie dresses have become so common for grown folks as well as for children and young girls that the gumpie may fairly be counted a necessity. The very desirable May Manton



A STYLISH RAIN COAT.

cut. If a transparent effect is desired the lining can be cut away beneath the yoke and beneath the full portions of the sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths yards of all over lace.

Woman's Rain Coat.

Every woman knows the comfort of a coat that completely covers and protects the gown in stormy weather. The very stylish May Manton one shown in the large drawing is adapted to heavy and to light weight cloth as best suits the season, but is shown in tan colored cravenette in medium width stitched with corticelli silk. It is simple and loose fitting at the same time that it is smart, and allows of wearing over the jacket when occasion requires. The sleeves are large and ample and can be drawn on and off with ease. In each front is inserted a convenient pocket and a concealed opening is made at the seam.

The coat is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are faced to form lapels and the neck is finished with the regulation coat collar. The sleeves are in full bishop style with roll over cuffs. The loose back is confined to the waist by a belt that passes through the under-arm seams and closes under the fronts, but which may be worn over them if so preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, or four and seven-eighths yards fifty-four inches wide.

Military Novelty.

For fair ones who found the old English walking hat very becoming,

one illustrated is made of shirred batiste with a yoke of lace and is high at the neck with long sleeves, but the same combination can be used with the low neck when preferred or the materials may be anything which best suits the gown.

The gumpie is made with fronts and backs which are faced to form the yoke that can be square or round as preferred. When desired low neck it can be cut on either round or square outline. At the waist is a casing through which tapes are inserted which are drawn up to the required size. The long sleeves are the new full ones that droop over the cuffs and the elbow sleeves show soft puffs at their lower edges.

The quantity of material required

for the medium size is two and three-fourth yards thirty-six inches wide, with seven-eighths yards of all over lace.



WOMAN'S GUMPIE.