The Story of A Happy Decoration Day

HIS toggery made us Yankees too conspikous under fire,' he remarked, thoughtfully, twirling a red cap on the point of an old bayonet. while over the sides of a battered valise at his feet lay the well-preserved uniform of an Ellsworth zouave.

"Yes, too conspikous," he repeated, regretfully, "and so we donned the blue. But I liked the red," he continued, a gleam of pleasant memory lighting up his face. "I did like the red; it warmed my blood and fired my zeal, some way.

"Of course I didn't object to wearing the blue-wouldn't for the world -but, as I was saying, I did like the red; and if I am to march to-morrow with the boys, halt, grizzled and gray as I am, I mean to wear this rigging. Why, it's a part of me, raley, and I shall be buried in it, headgear and all, some day-yes, some day!"

He took the cap from the weapon, placed it carefully at the bottom of the valise and dropped the steel alongside with a suggestive rattle. Then he folded up the uniform reverently, putting it away also in the ancient receptacle which had aroused the curiosity of Fair Oaks, as to its contents six weeks before, when he came among its citizens with the arbutus blossoms.

Even his landlady, who took him in from a desire to entertain angels, but who had utilized his services as a gardener ever since in a purely mortal manner, had wondered many times what the old ark of a thing contained. And the landlord had gone so far as to hint at infernal machines, counterfeit plates, etc.

To-day it was made clear, and all the village found out before sundown that Mrs. Bellamy's angel was a hero of the civil war, and would march on the next day in real zouave uniform.

But Nelson Travers went on with his hoeing of vegetables that afternoon as usual; nevertheless, he was thinking. "I b'lieve I will," he said, as he thinned a row of young beets carefully, "I b'lieve I will. I'll comb a little of that hair dye into my grizzly locks and dampen my mustache



GETTING OUT THE OLD UNIFORM.

a mite, for I want to look as young as I feel."

He paused some minutes with his chin on his palm, resting his heart in the bygones. "Like yistiday, it seems, the first time I paraded in that uniform," he mused, "and the people fairly tumbled over each other to see the zouave column. And Sis- the possibility of growing gray-the ter Bess was so proud of me that same uniform and the same blessed day that she kissed me on both face of "the marchin' picture!" Had cheeks and said she'd 'always mind Andersonville given up its dead now, just how I looked.'

"And then she said if anything happened me down among the john-nies—and I mind how her voice treming out through the text way with its

ture to comfort her."

A wave of homesickness came him. "I b'leve I would," he half whispered, "I raley b'leve I would give up them zouave fixin's, even con-And with a deep sigh he resumed his brother!"

When Nelson Travers came out of would not have cared much for the -if he had not lost Bess. But she, mourning him as dead, had married and gone, no one seemed to know where, and he had been unable to find her; and she was all he had.

"Right, forward, march!" and the measured tread of disciplined feet



"OH, NELSON, IS THIS YOU?"

together with a swirl of dust swung around the corner of Judge Lynch's fine place, while the colors floated out on the pleasant May breeze as if to say: "Here they come; the heroes, battle-scarred and brave!"

All this happened back in the '80s, when there were more in the ranks of the veterans than now; and Fair Oaks had quite a showing of returned boys in blue to her credit that Decoration day.

Like a slip of flame the zouave uniform seemed in the moving ranks as they came down the sunny street. The grizzled gray of the curly hair and wavy beard had been metamorphosed into a soft brown, and the stranger appeared to be the youngest of the lot.

At the Lynch residence the family was on the veranda to cheer softly with flutter of handkerchiefs as the old heroes went by, for Papa Lynch all days and marched with his comrades as energetically as he once had from Atlanta to the sea."

The woman from the kitchen came ot join the family group, "for," she said, softly, behind her big apron, 'I am only their help."

Here the useful gingham intercepted two great tears and she finished her secret in the friendliness of its ample checks. "Before I lost Brother Nelson I could have stood on the porch with them and felt all right."

The tongue of flame in the undulating line burned through the cloud of dust directly opposite the gingham checks and the tear-dimmed vision, and the owner thereof caught her breath excitedly and stared at the unusual picture. The next moment the breeze lifted the swirling dust, disclosing an unmistakable Ellsworth uniform.

A boy near by began singing: 'Twas a little zouave of the fireman sort, With his face powder blackened-

t He did not finish the stands for a woman hear him uttered a cry, half terror, half delight.

Could it be-? Yes, it was the same brown curls-she had forgotten after 20 years?

The Lynch family, speechless with

HEPATHS GERY

bled-she'd have that marchin' pie- arch of flags, and, bareheaded and breathless, flying along the column until she caught up with the solitary uniform.

"Oh, Nelson!" a woman's voice rang out clear and shrill above the rub-asent to be buried without 'em, if I dub of the big bass drum and sweet could find Sister Bess; but I guess martial music alongside; "Nelson I've lost her till the Great Day!" Travers, is it you? Tell me, my

The slip of flame became stationary so suddenly that the veteran bethe southern prison pen it seemed hind it stumbled and came near everybody had forgotten him. He breaking ranks. But a woman's arms encircled Mrs. Bellamy's angel and world-it had never been overly kind whirled him out of the way in a twinkling.

"Oh, Nelson, say, is this you?" sobbed the clear voice, "or is this American. only another Decoration day dream of the old picture?"

"Why, it's me, of course!" and the man was crying as he kissed the care lines on the upturned face; "'course it's me, and, Bess, my sister, do I raley see you once more? It seems too good to be true; it does, raley!" He stood stroking the wind-blown hair from her temples in his old brotherly way.

For some time the happy two were oblivious of everything but each other, but the curious crowd grew until it seemed that half the village were standing up in an overgrown guessing match. "It's his wife, he's just bulance drove up to convey his remfound," asserted one. "No," came in nant to the hospital, and he finished half audible negative from his neigh- gurgling.—Baltimore News. bor, "it's his sister. I heard her call him brother."

The Lynch family left the house in a body and came to stand near by. "I know now why she spent a week's the waiter what it was, and the waitwages on flowers for decorating," ex- er replied: "It's bean soup, sir," claimed Mrs. Lynch, tearfully; "she thought he was dead!"

The music, the flags, the comrades and all were out of sight and hearing when Nelson Travers, looking up, beheld a sea of sympathetic faces gazing kindly, curiously into his own. He removed the red cap with its bobbing tassel and made the speech of his life.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this is my long-lost sister, and we're so s'prised at finding each other. But, after all, it was the toggery that discovered me to her; she remembered the old red uniform. And, as I said vistiday, 'I liked the red,' so to-day I like it better than ever!'

His voice faltered and he held out his hand. Everybody crowded around and for a long time he and his sister stood in the midst, receiving congratulations of the people.

Rub-a-dub-dub! they were coming back from the cemetery, not with slow marching step, but on a healthy double-quick. The word had spread like wildfire that something had happened in front of the Lynch residence. And the sight of the crowd only served to augment the story.

Rub-a-dub-the crowd gave way and the Shields post formed a hollow square about Nelson and his sister. And when they had heard all about threw aside his legal airs this day of the reunion three rousing cheers went up for a real live Ellsworth zouave, a hero of Andersonville and "our comrade!"

But Nelson Travers only said. and stood out on the lawn by her- through his happy tears: "Bess, let's self. Although invited, she would get out of this; we're too conspikous. toggery; but, after all, I do like the red!' MANDA L. CROCKER.

> THE YOUNG MAID'S APOLOGY. (From Detroit Free Press.)



Upon her cheek she dabs the rouge And then the pallor fades away. She reconciles her conscience thus: "Why, this is Decoration day."

HUMOROUS.

Flattery.—She—"Do you believe in hypnotism?" He—"When you look at me I do."-Somerville Journal.

Traveler—"Has paganism died out in these parts yet?" English Settler— 'Yes; died out with the natives."-Town and Country.

Knicker-"Somebody has said that ome architecture is frozen music." Bocker-"Well, old man, that cottage of yours may be rag time."-N. Y.

"Jones? Oh, he's so changed that some of his old friends do not recognize him. Been sick?" "No; lost all his money." — Philadelphia North

"I'm surprised at his moving to Swamphurst. The place is full of ma-"That's just why he's moved laria. there. He's going to open a drug

store.-Philadelphia Press. Mistress-"Mary, didn't I tell you I liked my beef well done?" Mary-"You did, marm, but I didn't say anything, did I? People can have their whims, if they want to, for all o' me." -Boston Transcript.

"Yes, Biggins has completed his new airship, and will name it 'Truth.'" "Odd name. What's the idea?" "Well, he figured that truth crushed to earth will rise a-" But just then the am-

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him. So he asked whereupon the Englishman in high indignation responded: "I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!"-Philadelphia Times.

AMERICAN ELEPHANTS.

The Identification of Species from Fossil Remains Has Been Progressing Very Slowly.

Enough information is afforded rom year to year by newly found fossils to enable the naturalists to improve their classification of the elephants that once roamed over North America. Frederic A. Lucas, one of the experts in the natural museum in Washington, writes to Science to say that at least three such species have now been identified. Elephas primigenius, which is the species whose frozen bodies have been exhumed in Siberia, lived in Alaska, British America, and as far south as Washington, D. C., and St. Louis. It had upward curling tusks, a shaggy hide, attained a height of from nine to 13 feet, and is popularly known as the mammoth. Then there was a second species, Elephas columbi, which inhabited the southern part of the United States, and was a little larger than the creature just described. The late Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, one of the greatest authorities in these matters, thought that he recognized a third species, to which he gave the name of Elephas imperator. Mr. Lucas says that teeth discovered in Indian territory last fall confirm Leidy's belief on this point, and establish Imperator as a distinct species. Remains of mastodons also have

been found in abundance in this country, though in the majority of cases the species are very incomplete. Indeed, it is unusual to find more than a few teeth or tusks of these animals. However, inasmuch as the distinction between mastodon and elephant is based mainly on dental characteristics, an important clew is furnished by a single tooth. Mr. Lucas declares that more confusion exists in regard to the proper classification of mastodons than of elephants. Only one species of the former is satisfactorily outlined. This is the widely distributed Americanus. He regards the Shepardi, of California, a fairly distinct species, and also the Oscurus, or Floridanus, of the South Atlantic coast. He inclines to think that Leidy was too cautious in his separation, while Cope appears to him to have gone to the other extreme. It is not unlikely that there were half a dozen species of mastodons in America, but further light is needed to make them clear.

Miniature Holland.

The striking thing about Holland is that everything, except the old parish churches, the town halls, the dikes and the trees, is in minature. The cities are not wide, and one can go from the most northern point in the country to the most southern or from the extreme west to the extreme east in a single day, and if it e a summer day, in daylight, while from the top of the tower of the cathedral at Utrecht one can look over a large part of the country. The Hague and Rotterdam are only 16 miles apart, and The Hague and Amsterdam only 40 miles. Arnhem and The Hague are the two most cosmopolitan cities in the kingdom, and one meets in the streets all sorts and conditions of Netherlanders. - Boston Transcript.

An Appropriate Comment, "Gad zooks!" ejaculated the court jester as the monarch, full of sack and humor, waggishly swatted a fawning courtier half way across the apartment just because he happened to think of it. "Od-zounds! That's what you'd call a belted earl, or I don't know the symptoms."

And the bon-mot so pleased his royal scrappiness that he very promptly granted the fool a life pension for total disability.-Judge.

Only When Necessary. He-But don't you think you are

somewhat extravagant? His Daughter-Now, papa, don't be unreasonable! You know I never ask you for money except when I haven't any!-Stray Stories.

DEPENDS ON PLACE OF BIRTH.

Just Because One Han Seen Snow One May Not Know All About

Everything.

When the young man from Florida came to live in New York ne woke up one morning last winter and, going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene. It was a snowstorm, the first he had ever seen.

Jumping into his clothes, he ran into the street. He stooped and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air; he jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his text he first and sent it flying with

his teet; he finally lay down and rolled in it—all this time shouting and laughing at the top of his voice.

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure lits and religiously the result of the countries of the c

"I haven't any," the young man said.
"What's the matter with you, then?"
"Why, don't you see the snow?"
"Yes, I see it. What of it? I have seen

"Well, I haven't," said the Florida young

man.

"What! You never saw snow before?"
asked the astonished questioner.

"Never. Seems strange to you, don't it?"

"It beats any sample of verdancy I ever

ran across."

"Oh, I don't know," mused the Florida cracker, according to the New York Mail and Express. "Did you ever see an alligator eating a black boy? No? Well, you are not so many after all. I have seen it many times." And, throwing a handful of snow down his shirt collar, he pursued his joyous earnbols.

Papa Was Pleased.

"And what did paps say?"
"He said it was all right."
"Didn't he seem very reluctant?"
"I can't say that he did. When I told him that I came to ask him for your hand he muttered something that sounded very much like "Thank heaven, at last!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Cynical Suggestion. "Do you think that people are less ro-mantic and imaginative after they are mar-

"I don't know about the romance," answered Mr. Chillins. "But if they are going to try to explain everything, they've got to be more imaginative."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Assumption.

"The shovel fish of South America," said Uncle Jerry, "is the most accommodating fish there is. It has a snout in the shape of a shovel, and it will jump out on the bank and dig bait for you to catch it with."—Baltimore American

Pa Had Purchased Some. Little Willie-Say, pa, what are summary

Pa—Early strawberry boxes, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

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Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating, feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Let the other fellow have a little of the

credit. It won't hurt you, and may swell him un until there is an explosion.—Atchi-

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., "Sad about Bingham, isn't it?" "What's the matter with Bingham?" "He went to the bad being a good fellow."—Baltimore

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It would be easy for a woman to believe that every cloud has a silver lining if every dress only had a silk lining.—Judge.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

The next time you think of applying to a man for help, remember that he probably has a load, too.—Atchison Globe.

The poor being always with us, it is for-tunate that they are so much more toler-able than the rich.—Puck.

Sometimes a man's bad luck is due to his reputation.—Chicago Daily News.

Practice builds on the plans laid down by principle.—Ram's Horn.

When a woman's eyes say. "no," it does not mean "yes."—Puck.

Could Hardly Believe It. A Prominent Woman Saved From Death by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

" DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :- I suppose a large number of people who read of my remarkable cure will hardly believe it; had I not experienced it myself, I know that I should not.



MRS. SADIE E. KOCH.

suffered for months with troubles peculiar to women which gradually broke down my health and my very life. I was nearly insane with pain at times, and no human skill I consulted in Milwaukee could bring me relief.
"My attention was called to Lydia

E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound; the first bottle brought re-lief, and the second bottle an absolute cure. I could not believe it myself, and felt sure it was only temporary, but blessed fact, I have now been well for a year, enjoy the best of health, and cannot in words express my gratitude. Sincerely yours, SADIE E. Koch, 124 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis."—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

Such unquestionable testimony proves the power of Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound over diseases of women

Women should remember that they are privileged to consult Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., about their illness, entirely free

SUFFERED 25 YEARS

With Catarrh of the Stomach-Peru-na Cured.



In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman Congressman Botkin says: "My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleas-

ure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure."—J. D. Botkin. Mr. L. F. Verdery, a prominent real

estate agent, of Augusta, Ga., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from catarrhal dyspepsia. I tried many physicians, visited a good many springs, but I believe Peruna has done more for me than all of the above put together. I feel like a new person."— L. F. Verdery.

The most common form of summer catarrh is catarrh of the stomach. This s generally known as dyspepsia.

Peruna cures these cases like magic.

If you do not derive prompt and satis-

factory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable ad-

vice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Reassured, He Furchased.

A tattered, forlorn miss of 15 summers entered the office of a young real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals, but this day he was at busy that he didn't know "where he was at." So, with a swift glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharp-

ly:

"Well, what do you want?"

"P-p-p-please, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cuckoo clock?" replied the

girl, hesitatingly.

"Buy a ticket on your cuckoo clock?

What the deuce would I do with a cuckoo clock, even if I should get it?"

"Oh, you won't get it, mister. Please buy a ticket."

He bought.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

When a man is accused of leading a dog's life it may be an insult to the dog.—Chicago Daily News.

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AND STRAIGHT, AND FINE,
AND STRAIGHT, AND FINE,
AND STRAIGHT, AND FINE,
THEY KNEW HIM AGAIN IN PINETHEIGHT, TRONG WITH THE CHEEKS 9 BROWN TRONG FROM THE SPREADING FARMS PATRIOTS EVERY ONE! DITRONG FROM THE SHOPS -"TO ARMS!"-

RELICS OF WHAT MAS BEEN,
BLEAR-EYED AND WEAK OLD MEN. DOWS WHO WHINE OR FROWN LD CREATURES IN RUSTY BROW GROWL THAT THEY'RE WITH US YET. WOOSE WE THE PENCE THEY GET THEY ARE THOSE WHO MAVE MAD THEIR DAY!

THE WAY TO DO IT, BOW THEY CAME LIMPING DTHEY KHEW HIM IN NIHETY-HIME! 32 1902

S VETERANS ONE THEY MARCH TO DAY, HE VETERAN YOUTH AND THE VETERAN GRAPI-T MAY BE THAT REPUBLICS ARE UNGRATERUL, TIME, IN BAINGING WHAT IS JUST