

The Girl With the Flag

By MRS. GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT

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THE long lines of infantry had swept up through the green valleys of southern Pennsylvania and were warily marching northward to a battlefield somewhere, no man of them could have told where. They only knew that they were tired and footsore and hungry, and the rich green fields they had passed had brought no comfort.

A young soldier took off his ragged cap, wiped the perspiration from his face and looked over at a little cottage with its encircling vines. It made him think of another little cottage across the lines, where the vines had embowered his childhood.

As the head of the column came opposite the house a girl ran out from the open doorway to the front of the portico. She had a United States flag tied around her as an apron and she stepped upon a chair that the whole army might see it and waved it defiantly at the approaching troops.

The leader looked around apprehensively. Some of his men had come from the most frightfully devastated part of the south. How would they take the sudden defiant presentation of the banner under which that ruin had been wrought? With a swift, graceful movement he wheeled his black battle horse out of line, lifted his cap, bowed to the warlike maid and saluted the flag she bore. He turned to the advancing men, waved his hand, and every tattered cap was lifted and each man as he passed saluted the enemy's colors. The leader rode forward to his place and the long line moved on.

"She is a little fighter," thought the boy who had waved his cap to her. "I should like to have her for a sister. Only if she were my sister she would wave but one flag."

He sighed, remembering the lonely cottage under the magnolias.

"In love again, by Jove," said the older soldier who marched beside him. "Hi, boys! What do you think? Shivers is in love with the little Pennsylvania amazon."

"Shivers is always in love," said another. "He's the victim of chronic affection. Do you remember how he fell in love with the guerrilla's daughter and came near being shot for a spy? Some day Shivers will have a fatal attack of love and Gen. Lee will quit lying awake nights trying to keep at the head of the army, in the light of Shivers' increasing military fame."

"Military fame, indeed!" growled a rugged veteran. "All the fame Jack Shivers will ever get will be for writing verses and singing love songs with guitar accompaniments."

All the while they were marching on—they who dreamed of home and love, they who professed a lofty scorn for sentimentalities, and they who went silently to the field where a cause was to die.

On the morning of the third poor Jack Shivers was one of those who lay behind the low, long hill and looked eastward into the space between two ranges of fir-crowned peaks. A man was crouched down beside him with his hand resting on his shoulder. Neither spoke, but there was a comradeship in the touch that told of a love greater than men put into words.

Beyond the crest they waited as the slow hours went by—waited till the order came, and they went down into the valley of death. What they did on that fatal field of Gettysburg is inscribed on the page of history.

In the beginning of the retreat Jack Shivers was wounded. The overwhelming force of the enemy were closing in from every point.

"He is dead," thought the man. He scarce noticed the shower of balls that fell about him nor marveled over the apparent miracle that not one of them touched him as he bore the unconscious boy to a spot of greater security. Under the grove of trees not quite in the line of fire he laid his friend on the smooth grass that had been untouched by the storm of war. With his untutored skill he dressed the wound and sat looking at the still face and trying to tug with the fingers of hope against the weight of despair that filled his heart.

The boy moved restlessly and opened his eyes.

"Are we dead?"

"No; unfortunately—we are lonesomely alive. We'd have more company if we were dead."

"Did we win the battle?"

"Did we win? Boy, I am too heart-weary and dazed to know anything but pain, unless it be thankfulness that you are alive."

"But tell me something—where are we and where are the others? O, I see; I am wounded and can't go on—but you—you must leave me or you will be taken prisoner or killed."

"Not much, old man; here, open your mouth and take a swig of this."

ghostly Independence Day that was climbing over the hills of the east. Jim went to the edge of the woods and looked up and down the white sand road. He heard the crunch of wheels and presently a man whistling. The sound seemed to bring him out of his isolation. He was still in a world where men could whistle. He stepped out into the road as the wagon drew up. The driver stopped his horses suddenly and said in a gruff, but not unfriendly, tone:

"Mornin'."

"Good morning."

"What do you want, comin' 'round skeerin' my hosses so early in the mornin'?"

"A ride in your wagon and something to eat."

The man took from under the wagon seat some pieces of bread and meat and a bottle of coffee.

"I keep a perambulating house of entertainment. Breakfast fer two of you wan' ter bring a friend, an' trained waiters. Furrin languages spoke. Guests requested not ter fee the waiters. All perquisites belong ter the boss. All you want now is a fire ter warm it by an' somebody ter perside at the bar, which I'm him."

There was a glint of honesty in the rugged face and a frank tone in the voice that inspired confidence, and Jim led the way to where his wounded friend lay.

"Purty as a picter. I'd like ter set him up on the mantel piece ter look at, but in a storm I'd rather ter ter you."

He so far yielded to the universal dominance of the picturesque as to kindle the fire and heat the breakfast for the wounded boy.

"I allers goes pervided; no tellin' what might turn up."

"You had brought it for yourself, and now you are giving it away," said Jim, who had arrived at a stage where the claims of his fellowmen began again to appeal to him.

"That's nothin'. Anybody along the road'll give me a lunch. Most of 'em expect a ride in my wagon some time. It allers makes folks generous hearted to you fer you ter have sump'n they wants."

"Now, you fellers can't stay hyer," he said after the breakfast was finished. "It's dangerous. Somebody'll come along an' nab you en, leastwise, my hotel is the only trav'lin one in these parts, an' when it moves on you won't have no feed." That's a place down hyer on the road whar you'd be safe 'nough. I'll take you thar. They's Yanks en your rebs, I take it, but they ain't people to go back on a feller whar's wounded, net one at's takin' keer er the unfort'nit."

"Yes; we're rebs. What are you?"

"I'm a teamster," replied the host, with a fine air of neutrality.

They stopped in front of a cottage with a rose vine growing over it and pink roses peeping out brightly. A great Newfoundland dog sleeping in the yard arose and came to the gate, wagging his tail in a friendly way.

"Here we are," said the teamster, lifting the boy out. As he carried him up the steps, confident of the welcome he did not stop to ask, a girl came out on the portico.

"How are you, Rosalyn? You see I've brought you a Johnny reb to take care of."

The girl frowned darkly.

"How dare you call him names? Maybe he was that when he fought. When he is wounded he is a southern soldier."

"She has brown eyes," thought Shivers, looking at her with a long, slow glance through half shut eyes. She was not defiant now, but gentle and sympathetic, and Shivers thought she had tears in her eyes when she looked at him. He could not see well. He was dazed by fatigue and the pain of his wound. Even as he looked at her he drifted off into unconsciousness.

When he came back to the world the soft eyes still looked compassionately at him. His thought went back, groping for a memory of her.

"You are the girl who waved the flag at me."

"Oh, but I wouldn't if I had known that you would be wounded. I'm so sorry."

"Sorry that I am wounded?"

"Yes, and that I waved the flag."

"I am not sorry for that; I rather liked it. Perhaps I am not so sorry for being wounded as I was some hours ago."

His wound had been skillfully dressed and the pain was lessened. Through a window opposite his couch he looked out into a mesh of pink-blossomed vines above which was a glint of blue sky, sun-bathed. And the soft eyes yet looked at him sorrowfully. Small wonder that his grief was assuaged.

July dreamed into August, August drowed into September, September awakened the world to a new life, and then Jack Shivers went to his southern home, leaving a very sorrowful little maiden in the cottage under the oak trees, but she held a sweet hope in her heart as he held her hand at the parting and said, "When the war is over—"

The daisies have blossomed many times on the field of Gettysburg and the snows of time have descended upon the heads that then were young. In the little cottage under the magnolias a white-haired man and woman go hand in hand down the slope of life. When the Fourth of July comes she lifts brown eyes upward to him and says: "Let's hang out the old flag, Jack." He assents and she brings it from his hiding place. The passerby might say that its colors were faded and its stars had lost their sheen, but Jack Shivers says it is more beautiful now than when it waved defiance to him in the long ago. Then they both fall to dreaming of the Fourth of July in '63.

THE MAN AND HIS GOOSE.



Find the Man's Wife.

A certain Man had a Goose that laid him a golden egg every day. Being of a covetous turn, he thought, if he killed his Goose, he should come at once at the source of his treasure. So he killed her, and cut her open; and great was his dismay to find that her inside was in no way different to that of any other Goose.

MORAL—Those who are of such craving and impatient tempers, that they cannot live contented when fortune has blessed them with a constant and continual sufficiency, deserve even to be deprived of what they have.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

True Type Is One Who Is Charming, Companionable and Works for a Living.

The real typical American girl is not a society girl. Portraits typifying her as such are untrue. She has her social diversions; she had her parties and picnics and her social merry-go-round of pleasure, but they are not her life, they are mere incidents of her life, for her life is work, says William Allen White, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

Of course, there are girls who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves year in and year out. Pictures of these girls, with their kind, in festive gear, in full dress, in golf-clothes and in yachting rigs, are doubtless typical of the class. But the entire class does not number 100,000 among 70,000,000 people, and members of this leisure class are merely flies on the wheel. Typical Americans must be drawn in their working-clothes if the drawings represent the type. So the typical American girl will not be found in her party dress, though she wears it becomingly and with real grace when the occasion demands; but rather she will be found in her working clothes. In her working clothes—be they of the kitchen, the factory, the shop, the office, the household or the schoolroom—she is as real as God intended her to be. But mark you, even then the chief point about her is that she knows how to wear her frocks, knows how to dress tastefully at a small expenditure, and that whatever her work, she is at pains and is ambitious to make herself look well. And she succeeds. Whatever her station, you will be pretty sure to find a girl worth looking at. The true type of the American girl will always show a pretty, young woman attractively dressed.

The typical American girl, then, is one who is charming and good looking, who lives in the spirit of fraternity and who works for a living. But in this connection the word "living" does not mean "board and keep." It means living in the broadest sense of the word—growing, aspiring, becoming. The American girl who works with her hands does so only that she may rise to better condition of soul and mind and heart. It is not the bread-and-butter problem that is making a wage-earner of the American girl. Fathers and brothers can take care of that. It is the soul problem—how to live; how to get all the best out of civilization; how to grow in grace. Young men are not the only beings who shall "see visions." The American girl also sees visions, and she is fired with an ambition as resolute as her brother's.

A Bargain.
It was in the raspberry season, and a freckled, barefooted little girl in a torn blue calico gown came to the door of a country boarding house to sell some berries she had gathered.

"How much are your berries?" asked the mistress of the house.

"They are 15 cents a quart, ma'am. But," she added in the same breath, "if you don't want them, you can have them for ten."

"I don't want them; so you may give me three quarts," replied the lady, merrily.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

American Girl.
"I'm used to being drowned," writes a Kansas City merchant, "but it is crowding the mourners to have the price of beef rise because the Missouri river does." That humorous stream, which now takes away your farm in the night and transfers it to your neighbor, now expends his holdings to your own, now overflows you altogether. It is a good symbol of American fortune. Bury the dead, get a new suit of clothes on credit, and to work again!—*Everybody's Magazine*.

What Imagination Can Do.
She had a singing in her ears. "Someone is thinking of me," she murmured.

A gentle smile wreathed her ruby lips and lingered as she sank to slumber. Then the mosquito went to work.—*Newark News*.

SEAMLESS BRONZE STATUES.

Newly-Discovered Secret of Greek Sculptors Now Being Used in Indianapolis.

The lost art of the Greeks, by which they cast "seamless" bronze statues, is being employed in Indianapolis, says the Indianapolis News. It was only a few years ago that German sculptors, who had been knocking at the door of the secret for many years, found the key to it and began to turn out "seamless" bronzes themselves quite as perfect in detail as the old Greeks themselves ever turned out. Rudolph Schwartz, the Indianapolis sculptor, who became tired of sending his casts east, as all western sculptors have to do for large castings, last fall began to build a bronze casting furnace at the side of his studio. He imported German bronze casters and with them the newly discovered secret of the Greeks. Several small castings have been made at the Indianapolis plant, but it was not until the last month that big ton, ton and a half and two ton castings were made.

The big ten-ton 13-foot seated statue of the late Gov. Pingree, of Michigan, which is just now being completed in Indianapolis for the city of Detroit, is the first big statue that has been tried out in Indianapolis and in the west by the newly discovered process. By the process the original cast in which the bronze is generally poured is used in making a perfect statue in white wax. The mold is broken away and the wax is inspected for detail lines and defects are corrected. Another mold is made on this wax cast. The material used in making this mold is proof against heat and when thoroughly set and dried on this perfect wax statue a hole is made in the base of it and it is placed over a slow heat, which thoroughly bakes the mold, and heating the wax on the inside, reduces it to a liquid state so it will run out of the opening. When the wax is thoroughly melted out a perfect hollow mold is left for the bronze to run into. This mold is jumbled and tamped so that every point has strong resistance. The bronze is then "poured" and when it sets the mold is broken away and a seamless bronze is the result.

In making as large a bronze as the Pingree statue, it was necessary to cut it in several pieces. In doing this the wax statue was of even greater service than in making a single casting, as it was cut in sections following the lines of the deep seams and folds in the costume. The quartering process can be done so skillfully that when the castings are made and the pieces assembled they fit and dovetail into these natural crevices in the statue and admit of easy detection.

Several of the pieces of the Pingree statue which have been "poured" during the last week, weigh over 2,500 pounds. There is an element of danger in this work for molds have been known to break, turning the stream of molten metal loose. Many lives have been lost in bronze-casting factories, but no serious accident has happened in the new Indianapolis plant as yet.

The "pourings," as a rule, are made in the evening and the scenes are more spectacular than even those at iron foundries. The process, in the rough, is much the same, however, but requires much more skill, for failure on a 2,500-pound bronze cast means heavy loss.

Death Is Gradual.
It is becoming understood that death is often—if not always—a gradual process, cells or tissues remaining alive for hours or even days after the organism as a whole is dead. Professor Hering points out that this is especially noticeable in some of the lower animals. The action of ciliated cells from the gills of a clam or the trachea of a dead frog may be observed for a long time under the microscope, and when supplied with nutrient solution cells from a frog's brain have been kept alive for more than a week. Hearts of animals often move long after removal from the body. The heart of a frog will beat for hours, and that of a turtle or snake sometimes for a week.—*Knowledge*.

Woman's Nerves



Give Warning of Approach of More Serious Trouble.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability, bordering upon hysteria? Are your spirits easily affected so that one minute you laugh, and the next fall into convulsive weeping?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; sometimes loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy, with a tendency to cry at the least provocation?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration. Undoubtedly you do not know it, but in nine cases out of ten this is caused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves centering in and about the organs which make you a woman influence your entire nervous system. Something must be done at once to restore their natural condition or you will be prostrated for weeks and months perhaps, and suffer untold misery.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women have written us so.

How Mrs. Holland, of Philadelphia, suffered among the finest physicians in the country, none of whom could help her—finally cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I was a constant sufferer from extreme nervousness, indigestion, and dizziness. Menstruation was irregular, had backache and a feeling of great lassitude and weakness. I was so bad that I was not able to do my own work or go far in the street. I could not sleep nights.

"I tried several splendid doctors, but they gave me no relief. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I soon began to feel better, and was able to go out and not feel as if I would fall at every step. I continued to take the medicine until cured.

"I cannot say enough in behalf of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and heartily recommend all suffering women to try it, and find the relief I did."—Mrs. FLORENCE HOLLAND, 622 S. Clifton St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Jan. 6, 1902.)

Another case of severe female trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after the doctors had failed.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in poor health for several years. I had female trouble and was not able to do my housework alone. I felt tired, very nervous, and could not sleep. I doctored with several doctors. They doctored me for my stomach, but did not relieve me. I read in your book about your medicine, and thought I would try it. I did so, and am now cured and able to do my work alone, and feel good. I was always very poor, but now weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

"I thank you for the relief I have obtained, and I hope that every woman troubled with female weakness will give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. I have recommended it to many of my friends."—Mrs. MARIA BOWERS, Millersville, Ohio. (Aug. 15, 1901.)

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the fact that it will help them be made plain? Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick, and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Too Suggestive of the Past.

"No, the Duckleights never have any fever."

"But I thought they had everything that was fashionable."

"Yes, but they are a little sensitive about hay fever. Their father used to run a feed store, you know."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

Merit Makes it the World's Leader.

Merit, greatest medicine ever put into convenient form for quick, easy, pleasant use—backed by the right kind of advertising, has given Cascarate the greatest sale in the world among laxative medicines. Over ten million boxes a year are now being bought by the American people. Great success always brings out imitators, and readers are warned that when it comes to buying medicine the best is none too good, and whenever a dealer offers to sell you something just as good, put it down as a worthless fake, put your money in your pocket, and go to a store where you will be treated fairly, and where, when you ask for Cascarate, you will get what you ask for.

People who tell you they would be great readers if they had the time are not lying about it. They are simply mistaken.—*Washington (Ia.) Democrat*.

COMPULLED TO USE A CRUTCH FOR EIGHT MONTHS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. F. CONLIN, CARBONDALE, PA.

Mrs. F. Conlin, 82 Greenfield Avenue, Carbondale, Pa., says: "I suffered with backache, and, despite the use of medicines, I could not get rid of it. I was compelled to use a crutch for eight months, and a part of the time was unable to walk at all. I fairly screamed if I attempted to lift my feet from the floor, and, finally, I was taken to a hospital through weakness, as I could neither bend nor straighten up to my full height, and if ever a woman was in a serious condition, I was. My husband went to Kelly's drug store and brought home a box of Doan's Pills. I felt easier in a few days, and, continuing the treatment, I

Radiation on the Chippewa.

A new town in Sawyer county, Wis., on the Omaha Road. Located on both the Chippewa and Coudersport rivers, in center of a most fertile and promising hardwood district. Good muscalonge, bass and pike fishing in both rivers. Exceptional opportunities for landseekers. If looking for a new location don't fail to see this new country. For map and full particulars write to Postmaster, Radiation, Sawyer Co., Wis., or to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, C. St. P. M. & O. Rv. St. Paul.

A Lack of Coincidence.—Downer—"I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit."—Uppes—"Why?"—Downer—"Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Men and Women

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To slur is human; to forgive takes time.—*Town Topics*.

Doan's Kidney Pills

was soon able to walk. At the end of two weeks the pain in my loins left. When I had completed the treatment, I had not an ache nor a pain, and I have been in that condition ever since.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and droopy signs vanish.

They correct urines with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculus and gravel. Believe heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

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