

Written for THE SUN, and Dedicated to the United Democracy.

THE RED BANDANNA!

Words and Music by M. H. ROSENFELD, Author of "THE KENTUCKY GALLOPADE," "KUTCHY, KUTCHY, OOP!" &c.

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Sheet music for the first part of the song, including the title 'THE RED BANDANNA!' and the lyrics: 'From the North to the South comes a bat-tle cry, From the East to the West floats a bon-ny flag, Like a star lead-ing on-ward to vic-tory, Ringing with the praise of Hosan-na!...'

Sheet music for the second part of the song, including the lyrics: 'Ring forth the song, Cleve-land and Thurman in the van!...' and 'Ring forth the song, Cleve-land and Thurman in the van!...'.

Sheet music for the chorus, including the lyrics: 'March! march! we'll march a-way, Neath the flag of the dear old ban-ner!...'.

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Sheet music for the chorus, including the lyrics: 'March! march! we'll march a-way, Neath the bright and the red Ban-dan-na!...'.

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A ROMANCE OF THAT MYSTERIOUS SHIP OF DEATH.

By W. Clark Russell, Author of Numerous Exciting Sea Novels.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DEATH SHIP'S FORECASTLE.

Next morning being very fine, the first bright day I had seen since I had been in the ship, I thought, since it was early, an hour to breakfast. Vanderdecken in his cabin and Arents alone on the poop deck with the crew who stood, that I would look a little closely into the vessel, and ascertain if possible where and how the men slept, where they dressed their food, and the like.

CHAPTER XXV.

WE SIGHT A SHIP.

It was like coming out of a sepulchre to step from that forecastle on deck, where the gloom sun was, and the awning shades, and where the wind rushed in a soft breath over the bulwarks rails, with soft enough in it to cool the cheek, and to raise a gentle hissing along like the settling of champagne. I stepped on deck, and there I looked frantically and sweet as a white rose in the dewy morn, wore a straw hat turned up on one side, and looked at the sea with a part-colored rosiness, and though this ribbon was faded with age, and the straw yellow and the hair black, the glow did not dim her beauty, and I could have sworn that I had never seen a more beautiful creature in my life.

stood a box or sea chest. Against the aged sides, hanging by nails or hooks, were coats, trousers, oil skins, and the like, most of them in a state of decay. The deck was a mass of the ship. Some odds and ends of shoes and boots, a canvas bag with two, a tall basket, in which I saw the fish, and a couple of the men ate and drank with, completed, with the hammocks overhead all the furniture. The air was rank, and the smell of the forecastle, rain-awakened, was and noxious forestale.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

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