

# A FLAG OF TRUCE

By DANIEL CLEVERTON

A BOY and man, Col. Bryant had been a soldier. As a boy his ambition had been a cadetship at West Point, and the army as a life career. Blessed with wealthy parents, there seemed nothing in the way to the accomplishment of his ideal when the opportune time arrived. At 15 he began a course of study that would fit him to pass the required examination and admit him to the United States military academy. At 18 the opportunity came. There was a vacancy at the academy to be filled by appointment from his congressional district, and he entered eagerly into the competition for the coveted place, feeling confident of winning the prize.

His most formidable opponent was Billy Edwards, the son of a struggling clergyman, into whose path fate had thrown no special opportunities, but who had improved every chance for study that had been given him, and who wished the appointment merely as a means of securing a desired education.

The two had never been friendly, and on one of two occasions had had some boyish quarrels over the attentions each had attempted to bestow upon Blossom Nathan. When Billy Edwards won the coveted appointment every semblance of friendship between the two boys ceased, and Bob Bryant refused even to associate with anyone who called young Edwards their friend.

Gravely disappointed in not winning the cadetship, young Bryant entered a military academy with a determination to prepare himself for a military career, trusting to his father's wealth and influence to secure for him an appointment to the army. During their school days both boys kept up a correspondence with Blossom Nathan, until at the end of three years Bryant insisted that she could not retain the friendship of both he and Edwards, and that all correspondence between her and his rival must cease, or he would have nothing more to do with her. The young lady very promptly informed her "angry" suitor

that she would choose her own friends, and he accepted her decision.

Six months after Lieut. Edwards had graduated from West Point and entered the army he made Blossom Nathan his wife, and took her to the western post, where his command was stationed.

Bryant in the mountains had finished his college course, and not finding it so easy to secure a civil appointment to the army, had settled down to the study of law in his home town, and confined his military ambitions to a place in a local company of state guards.

Then came the call to arms to save the union. The southern states had seceded; the flag had been fired upon. Every available company of the regular service had been rushed



Beside the White Stone.

eastward for the defense of Washington. Volunteers in companies, battalions and regiments were flocking into the mustering camps. With the volunteers went Bob Bryant as captain of his company. With the regulars sent to Washington went First Lieut. Edwards, while Mrs. Edwards went back to her old home to await the return of her husband from the front.

The four years of war dragged wearily along. Lieut. Edwards stuck to the regular service and rose to the rank of major, and brevet lieutenant colonel, as which he commanded his regiment. Capt. Bryant of the volunteer service rose to the rank of colonel.

At the battle of Gettysburg Col. Bryant was temporarily in command of a brigade stationed at Cemetery Hill. During the first day's fighting his command in company with all others at that point in the line of battle had suffered severely. With the reinforcements of the second day came the regiment commanded by Lieut. Col. Edwards, and during the fighting of that day Edwards fell and was buried on the field.

The war over, Col. Bryant found the wished for opportunity to enter the regular service, and was sent to the far west as a lieutenant of cavalry. For 12 years he followed the trail of the red man, and then "the good of the service" took him to Washington to serve for a time on the staff of the general commanding the army. It was this that accounted for his presence on the Gettysburg battlefield on Decoration day, 1873. He walked over the ground so fiercely contested in '63 and glanced at the white headstones looking for the name of his comrades. At each grave there was planted a small flag

similar to one he carried idly in his hand. At one grave he noticed the frail staff had been broken, and the flag blown away. He stopped to read the name on the stone. It was: BVT. LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM EDWARDS.

Instantly all the old animosity of the years gone by returned. The man buried here had stolen from him his opportunity, had stolen the girl he loved and then there came to him the thought that this man had sacrificed his life for the flag; that this man had lost his life in bringing success to himself and his comrades, and had helped in saving them from probable annihilation at the hands of the enemy.

Reverently he stooped over the grave and planted the flag he carried beside the white stone. As he did so a woman's voice close behind him said:

"I turned you." It was Blossom Nathan. The same Blossom, though a sad, sweet-faced woman now, instead of the chit of a girl he had known so many years ago. The years of exposure and hardship had changed him so she did not know him.

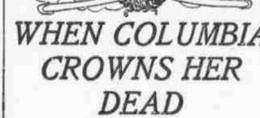
"It is my husband's grave," she explained. "The wind has evidently blown the flag away, and I have been looking for it, but without success. It seemed so lonely without a flag like the others."

"Blossom!" he cried. "Don't you know me?"

The voice brought back to her the days of her girlhood; the impetuous boyish lover.

She gave him her hand, and together they left that battlefield, where hope had died and hope was born again.

A few months later she again journeyed to the west to spend her life at an army post—a soldier's wife.



# WHEN COLUMBIA CROWNS HER DEAD

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

What has set the drums a-beating 'neath the tender skies of May? Why troop the children from the fields with flowers fresh and gay? I see the wet rains gather in their buttoned coats of blue. With here and there an empty sleeve to prove the wearer true: I hear them talk of battles in their youth-time long ago. Where side by side they stood and met the onslaughts of the foe; And now the voice is silent, and each soldier bows his head. For well they know this sacred day Columbia crowns her dead.

The flag half-mast is flying and the air is filled with praise. Of those who by the Nation stood through-out her trying days. When strode the God of Battles in his fury o'er the land. And crimson grew Potomac's tide and red the Rio Grande; When the cannon tore the cedars in the green vales of the South. Where now the blue-bird builds her nest deep in the mortar's mouth. But ah! the snowy wings of Peace above those fields are spread. And Columbia, like a mother, comes to crown her gallant dead.

No more I hear the rattle of the battle's hoarse car. I have to part the flowers fair to find the wounds of war; I hear a robin singing where the colonel bravely died. And a butterfly is hovering where the legions multiplied; The bugle is no longer heard on fields we love to name. And the roses bloom in beauty in the sacred camps of Fame. And down the street a-marching, with Old Glory at their head. Come the 'bet'rans, for Columbia bids them all salute her dead.

Sleep on, O wearers of the blue! the deed of praise you've won. Sleep on the long, long summer thro' it shadow and in sun; The sweetest bloom that Nature yields lies on the soldier's breast. And ne'ermore war's clarion notes shall break your peaceful rest; The battle's vanishes like a distant cannon's boom. Behold! Columbia gently lays a wreath upon a tomb. "My children! Peace be with you!" speaks she low with drooping head. Then she kisses all the roses she has laid upon her dead.

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

New Jersey Private Mistook Virgin Resin for Shaving Soap. "A soldier named Ed Morton," said a veteran from New Jersey, "was one of the quickest men with the fiddle I ever listened to, and he carried it with him to beguile camp life. A fellow named Charles Foster was his tent mate, who, having discovered a slight down on his chin, endeavored to coax it forward by frequent application of his razor. "One day Charlie was boasting of a cake of shaving soap he had found, and said that he had used it twice, and had found it just fine. He offered to lend it to Morton. When the 'soap' was produced Morton exclaimed: 'Why if there ain't my rez, that I have been looking for more than a week.' "There was soap enough in the brush to make lather and Charlie thought he was using soap when he had the fiddle medicine."

First Folding Envelope. The folding envelope was first used in 1838.

# THE NEW INSURANCE AGENT.

He Comes in With the New Law—Paul Morton on His Opportunity. The new insurance law of the State of New York has opened up a promising field for both men and women with brains and energy in the sale of life insurance. The law now provides standard forms of policies, each of which practically bears the hall mark of the State of New York, and this new order of things has established the sale of life insurance on a correct basis.

The prohibition against rebating and extravagant allowances to agents has driven out of the business the old type of insurance agent, who in many cases virtually bought business, with large rebates, instead of selling it. His place is being taken by professors, lawyers, school teachers of both sexes, and others, who find that being a life insurance agent under the new system offers a greater reward than their previous vocations. The law has reduced commission but all of the commission now goes to the agent. Life insurance is something that everyone needs and under the present system its sale is being conducted with becoming dignity and propriety.

Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, has taken the lead in building up an agency organization that is in keeping with the demands of public sentiment, and the standard he has set for his company. He says: "We want new agents, both men and women, but none except energetic, able and truthful people need apply. For such there is a splendid opportunity."

Mr. Morton's policy of infusing new and vigorous blood into the agency force of the Society is meeting with success in all parts of the country.

# SAHARA GROWING DRIER.

French Observer Says the Oases Are Shrinking and Will Disappear. C. F. Gautier, a French explorer, is authority for the statement that the Sahara is continuously becoming drier to such an extent that the oases are perceptibly drying up and will disappear altogether in a relatively short time. He quotes historic records and physical signs to show that springs were at one time more plentiful than now, and that the extent of the patches where vegetation flourishes were much greater even 50 to 100 years ago.

As the climate of the region has undergone no change in perhaps thousands of years, he believes that the disappearance of the water must be due to purely mechanical causes. He considers that it is due to the continual advance of the great sand masses to the north, thus forming an impenetrable barrier against the waters of the Atlas mountains.—N. Y. Sun.

# Ghosts of Dead Lakes.

In the great basin between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas lie the ghosts of many dead lakes. Rivers still flow down to the dry edge of these one-time great reservoirs and are licked up by evaporation and the chinook winds. Of all the lakes that once lay there, only Great Salt Lake, Lake Tahoe and Bear Lake are left. The Southern Pacific rolls for 155 miles across the bed of what was once Lake Lahontan, and the passengers gazing idly from the windows may see the terraces and wrinkles in the crust of the fossil lake which nature robbed and defrauded of its crystal treasures ages ago.—Exchange.

# His Favorite Decent.

"But why don't you care to take children?" asked the lady who was hunting for a flat. "Because they take up too much room in the elevator," grumbled the despotical janitor. "Well, my little boy won't use the elevator. Will that satisfy you?" "No; if he don't use the elevator he will scratch up the steps every time he comes down." "But he won't come down the steps." "What? He won't come down the steps?" "No; he will slide down the banisters."

# One Hundred Years Ago.

Gen. Zebulon Pike was discovering the peak that bears his name. "The reason why I know I'm the first white man that ever saw it," he said, "is that it hasn't got any patent medicine signs on it." Regretting that he couldn't spare the time to stop and discover the gold that lay hidden all around him, he took a parting look at the snowy summit of the peak and resumed his toilsome march.

# No Time for Extras.

Tiny Sister rushing into big sister's room—Please hurry, Lulu. Mr. White is downstairs. Lulu (very grandly, while she dabs her face with the powder puff—Very well, dear; I'll be down. Tiny Sister (nervously)—Oh, please don't wait to shave!—Woman's Home Companion.

# DR. TALKS OF FOOD.

Pres. of Board of Health. "What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the felly-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits. "From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth. "I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Perfectly simple and simply perfect in dyeing with PUTNAM FADELESS DYE. 10c per package.

The better some people are the more violent the reaction.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, slays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

It is frequently easier to be sure you are right than it is to go ahead.

Krause's Cold Cure. For cold in head, throat, chest or back. Best remedy for La Grippe. Druggists, 25c.

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Improved Farms Within 50 Miles of St. Paul. Cheap and desirable for homes. 50% profit for investment. Write Mrs. Evans Real Estate Co., St. Paul, Minn.

When a woman is unable to get what she wants she tries to convince herself that it wasn't worth having anyway.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kane, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Yes, he is very bright." "Always says the right thing at the right time, I suppose?" "Better than that; he always keeps still at the right time."

To improve the general health, take Garfield Tea for a time. It purifies the blood, eradicates rheumatism and many chronic ailments and keeps the health good. Garfield Tea is made of herbs; it is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Law. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All Misfortune. "Pop," said Farmer Korntop's little boy, "what does it mean when you say 'misfortunes never come singly'?" "Wal," replied Farmer Korntop, "thet's just about the truth. First comes a wet spell that'll split the tomatoes an' then comes a dry spell that'll spile everything else."

THE COW'S UDDER is kept in a clean, healthy and smooth condition by washing it with Borax and water, a tablespoonful of Borax to two quarts of water. This prevents roughness and soreness or cracked teats which make milking time a dread to the cow and a worry to the milker.

Squaring Accounts. The man was near starving to death. The world owed him a living and he was trying to collect. He accosted the world thus: "You see, nature is pressing me for what I owe her and so I ask you to square up what you owe me." The world laughed: "You pay the debt of nature first and then I'll come across."—Kansas City Times.

# SPECIAL TRAINS.

National Editorial Association and Christian Endeavor Conventions. Personally conducted special trains via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line leave early in July for the Pacific Coast. Special all-expense tours at very low rates for round trip, including sleeping car accommodations, meals, etc. All the advantages of a delightful and carefully arranged tour in congenial company. Write for itineraries and full particulars. S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark Street, Chicago.

# Return of the Prodigal.

"I do play in tough luck sometimes," declared the impecunious girl. "Last night, you remember how it rained. I happened to be in the neighborhood of some friends of mine whom I had not seen since the last hard rain. I concluded to call. Before they asked me in they grabbed the umbrella I carried, hurried across the room with it, placed it in a closet there and locked the door on it. 'Thank heaven!' they cried. 'At last! Our long lost umbrella!'"

# Not So Long.

There was so much ceremony connected with a church cornerstone laying in New York city a few weeks ago that the moving picture machine man felt warranted to take a couple of miles of photographs. These pictures proved to be very good, and large crowds were delighted with the exact reproduction of the dedicatory exercises. "I like the moving pictures better than I did the original service," confessed a prominent member of the congregation. "You do," gasped a devout elder. "I'm surely pained to hear you say so. Why should you prefer the pictures?" "Because the picture man," answered the prominent member, pleasantly, "cut out all the sermons."

# WOMEN SUFFER

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance. How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? The cause may be easily traced to some feminine derangement which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, dragging sensations, flatulency, nervousness, and sleeplessness. These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded, a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The best remedy for all these symptoms is

# Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs. No other medicine in the country has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female ills. The cause may be easily traced to some feminine derangement which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, dragging sensations, flatulency, nervousness, and sleeplessness. These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded, a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The best remedy for all these symptoms is

# Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.

# Sunshine the Great Disinfectant.

Let plenty of sunshine into your house. Sunshine is the greatest of disinfectants. It will also discourage "bugs" of all kinds, great and small. No room is fit to inhabit if the sun doesn't shine full into it for a couple of hours daily. Carpets and hangings? Yes, of course it will fade them. If you value your carpets and hangings more than the health of yourself and family by all means keep out the sun.

# A Counter Irritant.

"Have you made arrangements to prevent fraud in the election?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I couldn't quite manage that. But I've done the next best thing to defeat the opposition's iniquity. I've made arrangements that'll make their fraud so insignificant by comparison that it won't be noticed."

The world is a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown, and your own gloom is recast.—George Eliot.