

FOR A LIVING HERO

By COLIN S. COLINS

FROM Main street came the strain of martial music. Four-year-old Nellie Bromley clapped her hands and demanded that she be taken to see the Memorial day parade, but her mother only caught the tiny form to her heart, and tears glistened on the golden head like diamonds in some fairy coronet.

Was it only a year ago that she had been persuaded by all her townpeople to ride in the procession? The orator of the day had feebly spoken of her as "this young widow who gave her best to her country and who shall ever be our care."

When the music sounded—the parade was coming back—and the whistle of the afternoon train added its shrill notes to the familiar air of "Marching Through Georgia." But the two on the big sofa had ears only for a lost voice.

Little Nellie, playing happily on the porch, heard the music stop short and a burst of cheering go up. Then the band struck up again, but it could not drown the cheers. Then down the street they came—the Horicon hose, the Rescue hook and ladder, the Grand Army veterans and the Masons.

Jack Bromley had been among the unidentified dead at San Juan. There would be no wreath on his unknown grave today.

Yet he had been Silvertown's only hero of the Spanish war. The town had no militia, but when Jack went to Carson and joined a regiment there it was not slow in taking due credit to itself.

Only Judge Bromley was missing from the crowd that saw him off at the station. He had not spoken to his son since the day he cursed and disinherited him—the day he married Alice Chase. He could say nothing against sweet Alice, but she was the daughter of Hanson Chase, his enemy, whom even in death the judge still hated.

When the sad news reached Silvertown, he gave no sign of grief. He made no offer of help to the widow and intimated grimly that a government pension would make a very good life insurance.

She, poor girl, said proudly that she would never ask for government relief. She had sent her husband forth with a brave smile. Now, when they told her that he would never come back, she bowed her head in submission.

But before this second memorial day came they had forgotten her. Her worship had lost its novelty. Then Willie Langtry, who had volunteered for the Philippines, had been brought home to sleep among his own people. Here was an actual shrine for devotion.

had ceased to fall as mother love brought comfort to the wounded heart. What if the world had forgotten? She had Nellie left—Nellie with her father's bonny blue eyes and crisp curls. Suddenly she started up in surprise. The Bromley farm wagon stood at the gate, and the judge himself was hitching the horse. What could it mean?

"Kind or surprised to see me, ain't you?" he asked. "Well, them fools is taking things out to the cemetery, and—and I kind or thought 'twas time I was doing some decorating myself. Ford told me the other day how hard you had to hustle, and it struck me it would do a heap more good to decorate your pantry a bit than to put flowers on dead men's graves. Them folks is so took up with dead heroes they kind or seem to have forgotten the living ones."

"What do you mean?" she said. "It means just this," he answered stoutly: "Your pa and me weren't friends, and I took it hard that John was having married you. But you've made a good fight since, and I'm proud of your pluck. If you'll forgive an old man, why—why?" His voice was choked, but his open arms were more eloquent than words.

She paused irresolutely, but only for a moment. Then she stepped forward quietly, and his arms closed around her. As his bearded cheek rested against hers he caught the whisper, "For Jack's sake," and knew that through the dead the living had been heard.

When the supplies were put away, the two sat in the little parlor. As his big brown hand closed over hers he told her how his heart had yearned to share his grief with her, but how pride had held him back till Ford's tale of her privations had conquered his stubbornness. Hot tears rolled down his cheeks, and it was the girl's tender voice that comforted.

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of a Confederate. Drawing his sword, the lieutenant felled his assailant and jumped into the fight. The retreat was sounded twice, but Jonett's fighting blood was up, and he would not leave. When finally he did go, the crew of the Royal Yacht went with him as his prisoners. After an exciting pull back the two launches reached the Santee, the men being in a state of exhaustion. The Royal Yacht was totally destroyed. For this action Jonett was ordered to proceed to Washington, so that he might "be given a command worthy of his gallantry."

During the war Admiral Jonett captured a number of blockade runners, among them being the Kate Dale, Isabella and Susannah, three vessels which were afterward sent to northern ports and profitably sold. In 1860 he aided in the capture of several slaves, which were taken to Key West.

FROM PRIVATE TO GENERAL
Brilliant Records of Two Surviving Comrades of Maine Regiments.
Several papers in speaking of the seventy-sixth birthday of General Frank G. Nickerson of Cambridge, Mass., have said that he was the only man now living in New England to enter the army as a private in the civil war and come out as a brigadier general.

General Nickerson, by the way, is also a Maine man, a native of Swanville, in Waldo county, and he enlisted as a private in the Fourth Maine. He was later colonel of the Fourteenth Maine and became a brigadier general in November, 1862. His father was in the war of 1812 and his grandfather an officer in the Revolution. In recent years he has been a resident of Massachusetts.—Kennebec Journal.

HE GAVE UP THE PASSWORD

Story of a Negro Sentinel and General William T. Sherman.
Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances, and asserted that until the negro learned not to display his vanity he was useless in any confidential capacity.

By way of illustration he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were lax when on sentry duty and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so he muffled himself one night in a cloak and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" "A friend!" and the "Advance, friend, and give the countersign!" had been exchanged, Sherman replied: "Roxbury."

IN BLUE AND IN GRAY.

A New England Veteran Who is a Member of a Confederate Camp.
It is a strange anomaly that one man should belong both to the Grand Army of the Republic and the organization of Confederate Veterans. James Anderson of Springfield, Mass., is, however, a member of both bodies. On Memorial day he appears in the blue uniform of the Union army, and he is the possessor also of a suit of Confederate gray. But Mr. Anderson did not fight on both sides during the civil war. He was with the forces of the north, a member of the Thirty-first Maine volunteers. His membership in the organization of Confederate Veterans came about in another way. About four years ago the Union veteran was in Petersburg, Va., visiting the old battle ground. He was invited to a meeting of Confederate Veterans and responded to an invitation to make a speech. So highly did he praise the bravery of the soldiers of the south during the Petersburg siege that he quite won the hearts of the old Confederates seated about him.

Howard and Kearny at Fair Oaks

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, one of the few army commanders now living, says the Washington Post, tells the true account of an interview between General Phil Kearny and himself which took place the 2d day of June, early in the morning, near the Fair Oaks railroad station, Virginia.



"I had ridden down from the hospital on the hill which is east of the depot," said General Howard. "I sat up with the driver of the ambulance, taking a seat by his side, and had a very comfortable ride considering that my arm had been amputated the evening before. My brother, Lieutenant C. H. Howard, was in the ambulance, and so was Lieutenant Colonel Fiske of General French's staff. They were each wounded in the leg and could not walk or stand."

met me just after my arm was carried away by a shell. This cannot be true, because I received two wounds, both with bullets—one through the forearm and the other through the elbow, lodging near the shoulder. The bones of the arm were so thoroughly comminuted that an amputation became necessary, and my arm was amputated in the evening about 5:30 o'clock on the day I received the wound. In the operating room of the hospital above referred to, on the hill, Dr. Gabriel Grant met me far out to the front and put on a bandage. Dr. John F. Hammond of South Carolina discovered the nature of my second wound. Dr. Gideon S. Palmer of Maine, my own brigade surgeon, who had come out with my regiment, the Third Maine, superintended the whole operation of the amputation. He caused me to wait from about 11 in the morning until 5:30 in the evening for this work, because he said it was necessary for a reaction to set in.

"Several men have said that they carried me off the field. This is also a mistake, for I walked off the field very near the Seven Pines crossroads to Dr. Grant's field hospital on the hill, near the Fair Oaks station. It was somebody else that was carried on a stretcher. Who afterward became my brother, who afterward became my brother General C. H. Howard, for he was shot through the thigh and had difficulty in walking; a step.

"We took the first train from that station to the White House and went thence by boat to Fort Monroe, and from that place to Baltimore by steamer, and after a rough transfer of my brother and myself in a hack from the steamer to the railroad depot we were taken to New York by the cars and stayed over night at the Astor House. Here Mrs. Stetson, the wife of the proprietor, supervised our needs and gave us every courtesy and kindness until we set out the next day after our arrival for Maine."

SUPPORTING A BATTERY

Thrilling Story of an Artillery Duel and Its Sequel.

"I shall never forget the first time I was under fire," said Colonel Thomas Crenshaw to a party of veterans who were fighting their battles over again. "We were supporting a battery and had lain down on a stretch of ground as level as a ballroom floor. The Confederates were beyond rifle shot, but they opened on us with artillery, and they did everlastingly plow up the ground with shot and shell. Every old soldier knows that artillery fire at long range is not half so much to be dreaded as the rattle of musketry, which sounds on the battlefield like Chinese fire-crackers in a thunderstorm, but it is a good deal more 'skeery' to a novice. There we lay for half an hour, never moving a finger, watching the puffs of flame from a dozen cannon and the shells coming tearing through the air with their fiendish shriek, apparently headed directly for our faces. I tell you a position of that kind tries the very soul of your raw recruit. Give him a chance to shoot back, and he is all right, but fighting is one thing and waiting to get killed without striking a blow is quite another."

"But there was more ahead for us. After the artillery duel had raged for some time a regiment of Confederate cavalry debouched from the wood with all the deliberation and precision of a dress parade. They were Mississippians, tall, athletic fellows, who sat

their horses like centaurs. They halted and dressed ranks while the batteries behind them hurled a perfect rain of shells over their heads. We could see their colonel riding down the line and pointing with his sword to our battery, which was plunging shells in among them with frightful rapidity, but little effect. They advanced a step or two, every horseman seeming to choose his ground. Here they come, slowly, steadily, like a great gray wave, conscious of irresistible power. The bugle rings out sharp and shrill, they break into a quick trot, 800 sabers leap into the air and the stars and bars stream out on the smoky background like a portentous meteor. On they come; 800 yards, 700, 600! Gads, has our battery gone silent? Five hundred, 400! Charge! Every spur sinks deep, the 'rebel yell' rises from every throat, and the column leaps forward like a thunderbolt, into the face of which crashes the canister from our four 6 pounders. Great ragged holes are torn through the four deep columns, but they close instantly, and it comes on unchecked.

"Now it is our turn! We are in front of the battery, in the pathway of the avalanche. We pour a volley into it at eighty yards! A hundred brave men reel out of their saddles, a hundred horses go plunging to their knees! The line wavers! Another volley and another! The line breaks and suddenly retreats, while we swing our caps and cheer and hug each other for joy. And that was war!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CIVIL WAR DESERTIONS.

War Department Data Fix the Number at About 117,247 Soldiers.

The actual number of desertions from the United States army during the late civil war is unknown, but it has been estimated by the record and pension office, from the best data obtainable, that the number of actual deserters at large at the close of the war (making due allowance for those incorrectly reported as deserters) was 117,247.

Many charges of desertion have been removed by the war department on the ground of manifest error in the record under the acts of July 5, 1884; May 17, 1886, and March 2, 1880, and the acts amendatory thereof. No record has been kept showing the number of cases in which the charge of desertion has been removed by the war department, and it would be impossible to determine that number, even approximately, without examining the records of the department from the war period to the present time.

The Seventh Michigan's Exploit.

The success of the brilliant move across the river at Fredericksburg makes a bright page in the annals of the Seventh Michigan infantry. Confederate sharpshooters lined the opposite bank and impeded the work of laying pontoon bridges, which had finally been abandoned. A call was made for volunteers to cross and drive the enemy out. Soldiers of the Seventh seized some empty pontoons, rowed rapidly across, jumped ashore and drove the Confederates from the rifle pits and from the houses. Two Massachusetts regiments followed and aided them in holding the position.

The Royal Geographical society has recently acquired the boat's compass used by Dr. Livingstone on his first journey down the Zambesi valley in 1856.

THE WOUNDED FLAGS

By W. D. NESBIT

THE wounded flags! They bear them aloft today in pride—The living ones, who share them. Alike with those who died—The flags that faintly flutter in cadence with the drum As though they sought to utter Their joy that peace has come.

The wounded flags! We hold them far dearer than the rest; Close to our hearts we fold them—The flags by tatters blest; The flags with shot holes gaping, That tell their tale of strife, Today are gently draping The ones who cling to life.



THE FLAG WITH SHOT HOLES GAPING.

The wounded flags! How proudly they flutter in the days When drums were thrumming loudly And fifes sang warring lays! How brave was all their glowing Where fierce the war guns spoke, Their stars forever showing A beacon through the smoke!

The wounded flags! We hail them And revel in each hue, Though age and time may pale them And red blend into blue. Though all grow dark and duller, Yet in every part, We see the living color That thrills the nation's heart.

—Baltimore American.
An eminent English student of economics, Professor Smart, regards the trusts in Britain "as in the main the elimination of the unnecessary—the unnecessary persons, the unnecessary process, the unnecessary machinery of production and distribution. They mean smaller cost of raw materials, the dispensing with costly advertisements, larger shipments, fewer middlemen and a smaller staff."

Advertisement for W. S. HOLBROOK furniture store. Features 'SPECIAL SALE' and 'BETTER FURNITURE HERE FOR YOUR MONEY.' Lists prices for bedroom suits, dressers, sideboards, and china closets. Address: 109-111 East Second Street, Davenport, Iowa.