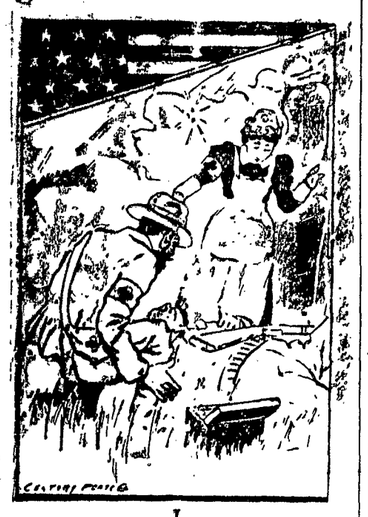
SANTIAGO BAY



I.

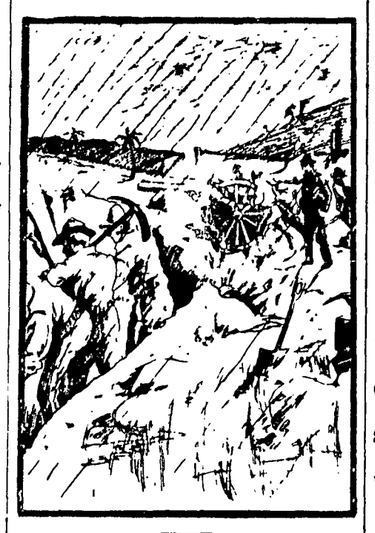
'Neath the tropic sun of Cuba, 'neath the misty dews of night
Many wearied soldiers faltered there and dropped out 'fore the fight,
For old Santiago hillsides counted victims guns ne'er fell
Where the swamps were found no Eden and the trenches worse than hell.
But angels hovered 'round them—good angels who could cheer
'Till gloomy faces brightened, and the sad eyes lost their tear;
For the Red Cross nurses labored where the fever stricken lay,
'Mid the everglades of Cuba there near Santiago Bay.

II.

And of angels there the tenderest, most thoughtful, too, 'twas said,
Was a dark-eyed Cuban Sister who wore a cross of red.
Where she came from none were asking. It was all they cared to know,
That she labored on unceasing when the fever laid them low.
How she fanned the flickering life-spark back and turned death's feet away,
Will be oft repeated story when those Hero heads are gray;
For memory must weave out its thread whose end lead far away
Beyond the trench and roaring guns of Santiago Bay.

III.

There were youthful soldiers tramping through the dampness of the swale
There were gray-haired veterans swearing at the scarcity of trail,
As they tugged and strained and panted 'neath tropic sun and rain
Dringing field guns into action 'bove old Santiago plain.
And the commissaries tarried while fell hunger stalked abroad,
But the soldiers never murmured—never voiced a thought of fraud,
For they were there for fighting, and not to rest on beds of ease,
And the bravest are most cheerful when war its famine frees.

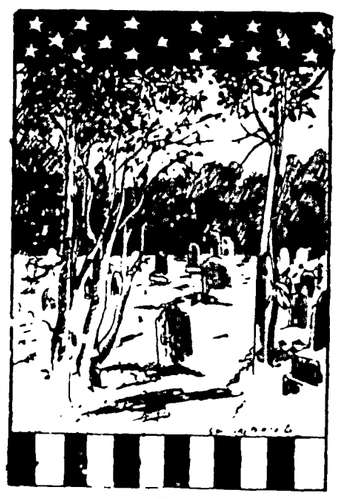


IV.

There were dark-eyed Southern heroes, there were blue-eyed Northern boys,
With a singleness of purpose, counting hardships but as joys
For they are the bone and sinew of a glorious Liberty
That is broadening out and spreading to islands of the sea
If a younger generation, they've the hero blood of sires
Who showed the world at Gettysburg how bravery faces fire,
And in future rhyme and story they will tell you Blue and Gray,
Both starved and fought together there near Santiago Bay.

V.

They'd have no more of cruelties for oppression it must flee
Before the standard God hath blessed as emblem of the free,
And San Juan had its heroes with birthrights in every State
Who swept upon their foemen like the nemisis of fate.
'Mid the thickest of the fighting—let our Nation 'plaud the sight,
Of a colored troop advancing in support of troop that's white
So that hero knows no color—let the skin be what it may,
It was courage all undaunted won at Santiago Bay



VI.

When peace has spread its glory over fever swamps and fields,
Made sacred by the memories of comrades death conceals,
You may hear, perhaps a story of devotion pure and sweet,
As the golden streak of sunlight is where clouds may wish to meet.
But world to sunshine's not give over, nor yet to pitiless rain—
Fair mixture of the grave and gay sweeps on in endless train.
And spot's ne'er found where love is dead if there be two to play.
Both history and romance said at Santiago Bay.

VII.

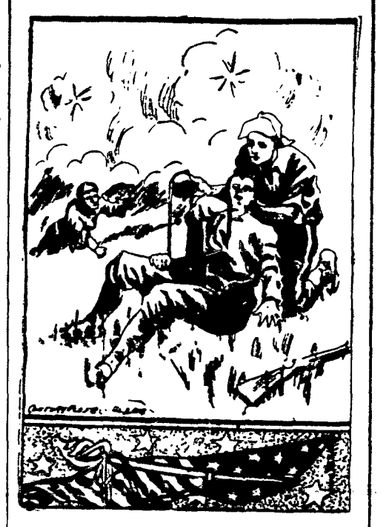
So our little Cuban sister, with her soulful, midnight eyes,
Found much for willing hands to do, as each one must who tries,
And her voice was low and soothing, and her touch it seemed to say
"Come rally now, lets reckon your recovery from to-day"
Was it wonderful that reason when returned to fevered lad
Must lose itself in gratitude and love for nurse he'd had?
Or that she should look with favor where blue eyes lead the way
Beyond fever swamps and trenches there near Santiago Bay.

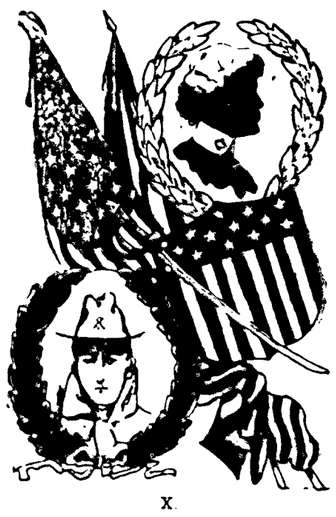
VIII.

Where the blockhouse stood defensive and they charged the barren hill
Where the rank grass failed to shelter and the Mausers whistled shrill
There a tall youth spent before them and the fire of battle glowed
In his eyes so blue and tender which the camp fire shadows threwed
Never backward glance retracing anxious thought of who might come,
Rushing forward faster faster while the bullets whirr and hum
Like a million greedy demons cutting loose for fiendish play
With hideous shouts of laughter there near Santiago Bay

IX

But he never reached the summit where the Spanish soldiers lay
Behind their earth embankments, sending showers of lead that way.
For some were sent with truer aim and one found place to rest,
With cruel and murderous meaning, in this hero's breast
There were tender hands to lift him, there were willing hands to bear
All the wounded ones and dying back to safety and to care
And a dark eyed Cuban Sister with a face of ashen gray
Knelt praying there beside the lead, near Santiago Bay





X.

While the bullets fell about them with their spiteful whirr and hissed
In angriest disapproval of the very air they kissed,
Did the Spaniards' aim grow careless, did they shoot with foul intent
On an emblem held so sacred for the mercy that it lent?
Whatever it was directing aim, God only can forgive
The wicked hireling who could do such a dastard's work and live.
For one more cruel than all the rest, struck the nurse who knelt to pray,
And they buried both together there near Santiago Bay.

—S. E. Hampton.

OLD GLORY'S MEANING.

"'My country, 'tis of thee,'" Ralph hummed in the pause that followed his announcement.

"My country, 'tisn't," interrupted Edith hotly. "Oh, Ralph, what have you to do with this silly war! I can't let you go."

"But, my dear girl, it's——"

"It isn't a crusade. It's hysteria. It's jingoism. It's a play to the gallery."

"Those are phrases. When a man's country calls him, and there is no reason he shouldn't go——"

"There is a reason, when he is engaged to be married to such a nice girl." Her tone had grown pathetic. "I suppose I'm horrid, but I don't love my country one thousandth part as much as I love you. In the civil war, the women always said: 'Go, my boy! I'd be the last to keep you,' with a smile on their lips, and were dreadfully noble about it. Maybe we've degenerated, or maybe it's just me. I don't love honor more, or anything else. I love you."

"But, Edy, dear, there's such a thing as duty. When your country has been pretty good to you——"

"Well I've been good to you, too, and one's country is such a far off, abstract thing. Oh, I know I'm not appearing well! The way to be truly admirable is to wish you had three sweethearts, so that you could give them all for your country. I'm small and selfish, and I don't blame you if you are disgusted with me, I deserve it. You can break with me altogether, and I won't make a move to keep you." And in proof of this, she clasped both arms tightly around his neck. Ralph looked troubled, but his affection evidently survived the confession.

"I'll tell you," he said presently. "Walk down to the recruiting office with me, any way. Then, if you still feel this way, I will put off enlisting until the next call for volunteers. Will that do?"

Edith reflected that the government might not need a second supply, and agreed.

"I know how I ought to feel about it," she said later, a little wistfully. "I can appreciate patriotism, I know how beautiful and splendid it is. Only I just can't feel it, and I've got to be [illegible] anything

office was solid with men, while women and children fringed the edges of the crowd. Every one who went in the door and every one who came out was cheered, and commented on with the jovial irony in which the American clothes his enthusiasm.

"Wear your colors, lady—only ten cents, all silk!" shrieked a small vendor, crowding the trap of badges under Edith's eyes.

"No, no," she exclaimed impatiently.

"Sorry I ain't got no Spanish colors to sell ye, if ye don't like these," he said with cheerful impertinence.

Edith pretended not to hear, but she winced more than she would have confessed at the thrust. You may [illegible] your patriotism yourself, but [illegible] care to have street boys doubt it [illegible] you.

A double cheer went up for a country six-footer who passed, blushing through the door that led to glory, and a woman turned to Edith with a beaming smile.

"Ain't it just beautiful?" she cried. Uncle Sam don't have to speak more'n once when he wants his boys. They just fall over theirselves to help him out."

"But war is so dreadful," returned Edith, with a sudden longing to have some one else on her side. Ralph was talking with a knot of men.

Well, I'd as soon end by a bullet as a bacteria," said the woman stoutly. "Dying this way, you've done something anyhow. It's marching down the front steps a little early; instead of sneaking out by the back stoop later."

"Oh, but if you had people belonging to you going, you wouldn't feel that way!" Edith spoke half-imploringly. Every one seemed to be against her.

"Lord love you! Two sons and a brother," was the brisk answer.

The girl turned away, metaphorically pressing her fingers in her ears.

"She can't care as I do," she said to herself. "Any way I might let my sons go. But Ralph!" Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and she caught her breath sharply as a roar of "Good boy, Billy!" saluted a fresh recruit. The fellow flushed and triumphant, made his way through the crowd to an older man, who was watching him sourly.

"They took you, did they?" was his greeting. The younger nodded. "Well, you know what I think of you—going off to fight for a lot of measley niggers. What did you get for it—thirteen dollars a month and yellow fever". The boy's face darkened, but he made no answer as they walked away.

Edith laid her fingers on Ralph's arm.

Wouldn't you like to hit him?" she said. "How could he wet blanket the poor fellow so? No one has aright—" She checked herself guiltily, with a quick glance at Ralph's face. If he saw any inconsistency in her words, he was too wise to betray it.

"Well, well, Edith' Down here to enlist?" said a voice behind her

"Oh, captain, don't!" she exclaimed, turning to an elderly man of military outlines. 'I'm all against it. I think it's wicked! Everybody is patriotic but me, yet surely some of them must feel as I do. I'm all at sea. I can't let Ralph go."

"You can't help it my child. A man's country is a rival that will cut out his sweetheart every time, if he's worth his salt. You'll catch the fire, and then you'll be glad of it. Didn't I go through it all in '61?"

"But I don't want the fire. I don't believe in the war," said Edith desperately.

"Neither do I, but I'm going if they'll take me. I've just about one fight left in me, and I want to have it out." The words, spoken with a laugh, thrilled Edith in spite of herself. She took her fingers out of her ears for the first time since Ralph made his announcement.

"I don't see how you can fight for a cause unless your heart is in it," she said, but there was no conviction in her voice.

"If your country wants you, never mind why. Don't sit at home and tell her she ought not to have run herself into that fix. Pitch in and pull her out—and then scold her, if you like. You've a right to your opinion, but she has a right to your fist!" The elderly soldier glowed with enthusiasm, and the men around clapped their approval. Edith lifted her head and drew a deep breath. Her heart was beating excitedly.

A movement in the crowd made her look up. A window high above them had been opened, and from it was thrust a flag—not the brand new, glaring stars and stripes, such as decorated the office below, but a soiled and faded emblem, ragged on the edges darkly stained and slit with black edged wounds. As it shook itself out above their heads, the harsh reality of war against the brilliant ideal of its untried fellow below, a momentary hush fell on the crowd. Then the hats came off, and the feeling that had welled up broke out in the shout that thrills as no other human sound can, the shout that means "our country!"

The significant odor of powder and the call of fifes seemed to vibrate from the torn folds as Old Glory swung itself free and streamed over their heads in its tattered magnificence. Edith caught Ralph by the arm, her face uplifted, and knew that something had been born within her which nothing could conquer or kill.

Up went the voices as the bats had gone—"Glory, glory hallelujah!" echoing down the street. Ralph and Edith shouting with the rest. The song left them looking straight into each other's eyes.

A flippant voice jarred against their ears

"What a lot of fuss over an old rag." It was foolish, girl bravado, but Edith wheeled upon the speaker like an insulted goddess of liberty

"You don't deserve to have a country," she said, with blazing eyes. "That 'rag' is worth a million human beings; it's greater than any city, or all of them put together. It means the nation!" Then she turned to the man beside her. "Go and enlist, Ralph. I want you to be among the first," she said.—Juliet Milbor Tompkins in Munsey.

DEATH OF A DRUMMER BOY.

A Pathetic Story of the Little Drummer's Last Call.

A pathetic story of the civil war was related by the corporal of an Illinois regiment who was captured by the Confederates at the battle of Wilson's Creek.

The day before this regiment was ordered by General Lyons to march toward Springfield the drummer of the company fell ill. There was no one to take his place, and while the captain was wondering how he should supply the place a pale, sorrow-stricken woman appeared at his tent door, begging an interview. She brought with her a little boy of 12 or 13 years, whom she wished to place in the regiment as a drummer boy.

"Captain," she said, after the boy had been accepted, "he won't be in much danger, will he?"

"No, I think not," replied the officer "We shall be disbanded in a few weeks, I am confident."

The new drummer soon became a favorite, and there was never a feast of fruit or other hardly-procured dainties that "Eddie" did not get his share first. The soldiers were stirred by the child's enthusiastic devotion, and declared that his drumming was different from that of all the other drummers in the army.

After the engagement at Wilson's Creek, where the Federals were defeated, Corporal B——, who had been thrown from his horse, found himself lying concealed from view near a clump of trees. As he lay there with his ear to the ground he heard the sound of a drum, distinct, but rather faint. In a moment he recognized the stroke of Eddie, the boy drummer, and hastened toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. In a clump of bushes propped up against a tree he found the boy. His drum was hanging from a shrub within reach and his face was deadly pale.

"Oh, Corporal!" said he, "I am so glad you came! Won't you give me a drink of water, please?"

The corporal ran to a little stream close by and brought the child a draught. Just at this moment there came an order for the retreat, and the corporal turned to go.

"Don't leave me," said the little drummer "I can't walk. See!" and he pointed to his feet.

The corporal saw with horror that both feet had been shot off by a cannon ball.

"He said the doctors could cure them," continued the boy, pointing to the dead body of a Confederate soldier who lay beside him. "He was shot all to pieces, but he crawled over here and—tied—my legs up—so they—would—wouldn't bleed so!" And Eddie closed his eyes wearily.

The corporal's eyes were blinded by a mist of tears as he looked down. The Confederate soldier, shot to death and in the agonies of the last struggle, had managed to take off his suspenders and bind the boy's legs above the knees.

As the corporal bent down to raise the child a body of Confederate troops came up and he was a prisoner. With a sob in his voice he told the story, and the Southern soldier tenderly lifted the wounded drummer onto his own horse swinging the drum before him. When the little cavalcade reached camp Eddie was dead, but the little drummer's last call had aroused the noblest feeling in the heart of one who was his foe, one whose last act was an effort to save and comfort the boy enemy, who was faithful to his duty.—Women of the War.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Under certain circumstances silence is a lie.

How immense appear to us the sins which we have not committed.

Reticence may not be considered sound sense, but it is good sense.

It rarely happens that any right ideas can be given to the world without suffering exaggeration.

When the first baby is about a year old almost all the money in the house may be found in the baby's bank.—Atchison Globe.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "am jes' like er bob-tail gush. Dey meks er mighty fine appearance, but dey doan' count."

An instructor asked a French girl why beer in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

"Some sermonizers," asserted Sydney Smith, "preach as if sin were to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep sleep."

Uncle John—Jimmie, if I were to take one dollar and divide it into four parts, and give a quarter to each of your brothers, what would be left? "I would."

A New York paper gravely observes that the suicide of a farmer, which it notices, "is singularly strange, inasmuch as he has not been in the habit of doing such things."

"I never eat pork," said Mr. Squills, "without thinking of the parasites." "Dear Paris," replied Miss Lakeside, "but are they really large consumers of our pork, though?"

"There's a leak in the roof, sir," said the bellboy, "and the gentleman in No. 7 wants it attended to." "All right," said the hotel proprietor. "Cashier, have that roof fixed, and charge it to room 715."

A Difference.—"Do you guarantee the photographs to give satisfaction?" demanded the cross-eyed man with the pug nose and prominent jaw. "Well—no," said the conscientious photographer, "but I can guarantee a good likeness."

David said "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." "The overworried people who take upon their own shoulders all the responsibilities of the world might do worse," suggests the Watchman, "than go over that text once in a while and strive to get into its atmosphere.

PHYSICIAN AND PATIENT.

"After you," politely remarked the undertaker as he met the doctor at the door with crape on it.—Cleveland World.

"Willie, did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery?" "Wallace, oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me $10 a visit." Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Crisfield, Md., man who "never took a dose of medicine" died yesterday, aged 102. Had he taken his medicine he might have been 200.—Pittsburg Press.

Small Boy—Papa, what does M. D. mean after a doctor's name? Papa (just received his physician's bill) It must mean Many Dollars, I think.—New York Journal.

In a country newspaper office a reporter lately wrote, "Dr. Johnson felt the deceased's pulse before prescribing." The printer set it up "Dr Johnson felt the deceased's purse before prescribing."—Amusing Journal.

"Now," said the physician, who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature." "All right," responded the patient, in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that, too."—New York Dispatch.

Elsie—Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor, and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded. Ada—Indeed! Elsie—Only fancy During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue. Ada—Well, he won't do the latter again.—New York Dispatch.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Mr Lakeside—You are more to me than my life. Miss Detroit—Well, I should think I ought to be, in view of the fact that you live in Chicago."—Detroit Free Press.

Lady—You know, I wish my portrait to be a total surprise for my husband. Artist—Yes, madam. I understand. Lady—And you will try not to have too strong a likeness, as I would not like him to recognize it at the first glance.—Tit Bits.

"That was very kind of your uncle to pay your debts." "Humph! I don't think so. He might have given me the money and let me pay 'em." "What difference would that have made?" "It would have re-established my credit."—Harper's Bazar.

Watts—Do you think it does any good to belong to so many lodges? Potts—Well, when I went over to Europe I used to add the initials of all of them to my name when I registered at a hotel, and got all sorts of deference from the clerks and waiters.—Indianapolis Journal.

The justice looked first at the wheelman and then at the man who had been injured. "I think I will have to fine the defendant," he said at last. "Every man must be protected in his legal rights on the highway." "Rights on the highway!" cried the wheelman. "Why, judge, he hasn't any. He never owned a wheel in his life."—Chicago Evening Post.

MODERN PROVERBS.

Vanity speaks for itself.

No woman is as pretty as she looks.

The Lord helps those that help others.

The average man counts time by pay days.

Yesterday's mistakes are to-morrow's faults.

People who deserve sympathy are not apt to ask for it.

Even the most delightful people will slop over at times.

The first kiss and the first quarrel are soon forgotten.

Man wants but little here below, and generally gets less.

Self-sacrifice is many a woman's most fatal weakness.