

A Wee Bit View

A Story For Memorial Day

"IT'S only a wee bit view I be, but it's a bonny one," said my old Scotch friend cheerfully. She sat beside her window in her big cushioned chair, her crutches within easy reach, for she was very lame and hobbled about her four little rooms with great difficulty.

I went to the window and looked out. I saw the corner of a street and saw coming around the bend a little procession of children playing soldiers. They had flags and a drum, and their voices sounded pleasantly as they marched by.

"Auntie, I inquired, 'how long have you been lame and unable to go about?'"

She replied cheerfully: "A matter of forty years and more, dearie. I can't recall when after the war when my little laddie came home to die, and I never got over it. But I don't suffer so very much, and I take great pleasure in my house and my friends and my bonny wee bit view."

Mrs. MacGregor smiled. She was a Highlander from Inverness, a large-framed, sturdy woman with black eyes and coal black hair, and always she wore a cap with large fells and a band of black ribbon—the sort of cap



"THANK YOU, MY DARLING," her countrywomen call a match. On her neck was folded a white handkerchief, and her rusty black dress hung in straight folds. She had very little to live on, but people helped her out, and she had only one fear in the world, that of being to be "a burden" and of dying without leaving enough to bury her recently beside the fatherly who she had loved so dearly. Three of these had died in the war, and she had seen them all in the peace summer spread its sorrows of beauty over the rebeling land. "Two had since succumbed to disease. The old mother had seen them laid one by one in the pits, which was the only real sight to which she possessed a title deed. One would have expected her to be gloomy, but not Auntie MacGregor was as bright as a May morning.

Just then there came a tap at the door. A tall young man stood there with a helpless look on his face and in his hand a shirt which had met with an accident in the wash.

"The button is off the neckband, auntie," he exclaimed piteously, "nothing me."

"Give it here, lad," said Auntie, and hand me my basket from the bureau. I'll put it right for you in a minute."

"I don't know what I'd do if I wasn't for you, Auntie," said the youth. "All's well with you, Johnny, I hope," said the old lady as she returned the quickly renovated garment.

"Yes, Auntie, thank you," said the boy as he departed with the shirt over his arm.

"Auntie MacGregor," said a little girl, putting her head in at the door. "Mamma wants to know how much specac and squills she must give Bobby. He's threatened with the croup."

The requisite dose was mentioned, and the child flew back to her apartment to tell her mother. Auntie's judgment, I found, was relied on implicitly by her neighbors in such emergencies as illness or burns or bruises.

While I sat with her five different people came in on as many errands and not one was sent away.

To each were given in turn aid, counsel and comfort. As I was ready to take my leave up to the humble door drove a fine equipage, a coachman in livery, two splendid thoroughbred horses—such a carriage as the mill house's daughter drives about in. Out sprang the child of wealth and luxury, a beautiful golden haired girl dressed in the height of fashion, her hands full of violets and lilies of the valley. Auntie MacGregor introduced her young friend with pardonable pride.

"Miss Ruth MacLean—ye'll ken her for ye'll ken her. She's aye ready to do some sweet thing for the likes of me."

"The like of you, dear old friend," ex-

claimed the girl, "when I'm not fit to tie your shoes, you're so patient and I so doughty and so easily vexed. Don't speak that way, please. I came to bring you these flowers and to tell you that tomorrow will be Memorial Day. All you know it, dear heart? And I'm going to the cemetery to decorate your plot. I'll come first and show you the wreaths and the baskets, and you shall tell me first what to do with each and where to put them. I'll do it exactly as you'd do it for your own self if you could go."

"Thank you, my darling," said Auntie MacGregor, with a catch in her voice. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord reward thee for thy goodness. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

"Auntie," said the girl, pausing at the door and returning, "you haven't asked me to sing for you and for this lady, but I'm going to do it nevertheless."

"The day may be long and late, love, but the evening time draws on. There is rest for the worn and weary. And love for the lonely one."

And the Father's house is waiting. Its doors will wide unfold. For the pilgrim who comes with a timid knock. To the beautiful gates of gold.

She sang like a bird, and then with a swift, birdlike motion she was away. "Puff insie!" said Auntie MacGregor, standing by the aid of her crutches for the wee bit of view of her favorite, which the window afforded. "She has her ain troubles—a stepmother and a false lover—but she'll win through. And, aye, I tell her that she mauna marry any man she canna use with all her heart and that the right man'll surely come."

"Is she in love, auntie?" I asked.

"I am not permitted to say," replied Auntie, with reserve, "but from what I've seen I think she'll be happy yet. The winsome maiden that she is. Bless her, she'll not let my brave laddies unless the flowers on Memorial Day. It's a joy to me, they lying there asleep, with their work all done, that when a May time comes, the kind hand of friendship strews the cover lid above them with the fairest flowers. They do rest from their labors."

I left Auntie MacGregor, feeling that much of her life was composed into the "wee bit view" which was all she would in this life have from her window. After all, it is the spirit we bring to our daily experiences which makes earthly life blessed or baneful. Memorial day with its flowers may come oftener than once a year to those brave soldiers of either sex of whom it shall one day be said, "They have fought the good fight; they have finished their course; henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—Margaret M. Sangster in Christian Herald.

VETERAN TELLS OF WAR'S GRANDEST SIGHT.

"The grandest sight of my war experience," declares a grizzled veteran, "was during Gordon's sortie at Petersburg. The Union batteries on the banks and rear of the breach made it so hot for Gordon that he was surrounded. But the getting out of a trap is the hardest part of it. It was at this crisis that I witnessed that wonderful sight—a Confederate officer on a white horse riding at the breach cannon at full tilt. I stood near a gun in Fort Haskell which was doing more than its share of slaughter when the commander of the battery called out to a knot of us, part of a rifle company, 'Shoot the man on the white horse!' One after another our best sharpshooters squeezed in between the gun and the parapet wall and took aim through the embrasure. After several had put in their shots the orderly sergeant tried it and came back crestfallen. 'Handing me his rifle,' he exclaimed, with a laugh: 'Here, you, Yell! Fetch down the man on the white horse!'"

"With a reputation to sustain I accepted the challenge. When I drew a bead on the gallant horseman I saw that he was leading a band of men back from the main line direct upon our guns. Shells tore the ground in front of him or exploded overhead, and invisible case shot cut down his followers, but he held his seat like a statue of war. Firing at random, I crawled back, handed the sergeant his rifle and said: 'He is too brave. Let him go!' He was finally shot dead by a bullet through the temple within thirty yards of our fort."

GENERAL GRANT HAD MARVELOUS MEMORY.

General Grant's retentive memory was simply marvelous, more especially in those most closely associated with him from day to day in the midst of absorbing thought and with apparently unobtrusive manner his quick ear and eye seemed to hear and notice everything, and two weeks or months later the slightest details had not escaped his attention or memory. This power was unmistakably demonstrated in a game of whist with his guest, Major General Doyle of the British army, between Baltimore and Fortress Monroe. Two staff officers completed the players. With General Doyle at his right it was simply amazing to notice Grant's ability to discover strategic points. He never failed to remember every card that had fallen, whence it came and who was to deliver to him all remaining, which he scooped in as a matter of course, although he never seemed in the least absorbed in the game. He was indeed an enigmatical composition in this as well as in other respects.—National Magazine.

THE REGIMENTAL COLORS.

How a Tet Saved in Battle Led the Regiment Back to Town.

At the bombardment of Fredericksburg, Va., during the civil war a Confederate soldier was taking sight for a shot at an enemy across the street. Just as his fingers trembled on the trigger a little three-year-old, fair-haired baby girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a big Newfoundland dog and gave chase to a shell. The dog was rolling lazily down the pavement.

The soldier's hand dropped from the trigger. There was the baby, amid the torrent of shot and shell, and on came the enemy. A moment and he had grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm, swept his right arm around the child, pinned her against his breast and the baby clung to his breast and the mother trilled in his left hand, was trotting after the boys up to Mary's heights.

Behind that historic stone wall all those hours and days of terror that baby was tenderly cared for. Our boys scoured the countryside for milk and conjured up their best skill to prepare dainty viands for her little ladyship.

When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn the Twenty-first Mississippi, having held the post of danger in the rear, was assigned to the post of honor in the van and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental colors could not be found.

Buck Denman stood about the middle of the regiment, baby in arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front, swung her aloft above his head; her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, and shouted, "Forward, Twenty-first—here are your colors!" and without further order off started the brigade toward the town. Buck himself describes the last scene in the drama:

"I was holding the baby high, adjacent with both arms, when above all the racket I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico, and the woman fainting on my breast. I caught her before she fell and, laying her down gently, put the baby in her arms."

MEMORIAL DAY.

On this returning floral day, When golden morn adorns the blue, We softly come and fondly lay A tribute on your graves anew.

II.

Bless that whisper—hope we bring, Christening rich and lilac rare, Barlards of memory scattering, Their incense on the sacred air.

III.

For us your daring march was made In deadly storm of shot and shell, For us to live sweet life you paid In fearless glory where you fell.

IV.

While countless ages roll along, Earth's royal pageants pass away, Your matchless deeds, spotless in fame, Shall consecrate this holy day.

—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SALUTE THE DEAD



THROUGH the doom of the guns that thunder Their yearly salute to the dead There comes again the minor refrain From the guns of the days long-faded. When brave men fell in a smoking dell And the earth was splashed with red.

In the smoke of the salutation The old scenes rise to sight. Whence the red sun—red as the battle-field— Till the dun clouds veiled its light. And the flag—was seen through the rift— between As it drew the tides of the fight.

THEIR arise again the faces Of those who went down in the fray, Whose blood congealed on the shot swept field. As their life life ebbed away, The boys in blue back in sixty-two, Our comrades of yesterday.

A Memorial Day Poem
By JAMES A. EDGERTON
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From out of a smoke framed vision These lost ones open their gaze: There was brother—hey with the face of a boy— And a trick or two Mother's says, And good old Ben—he was captain then— My playmate of other days.

ROY fell in the fight at Shiloh As his head lay on my breast, "Tell mother," he sighed, "I loved her and died." Trying to do my best, . . . Then Captain Ben at the head of his men Went down on Lookout's crest.

The dead past rises before me Till it seems like yesterday, And I rub my eyes as I realize It is fifty years away. There remain, like ghosts of those mighty hosts, These few of us, bent and gray.

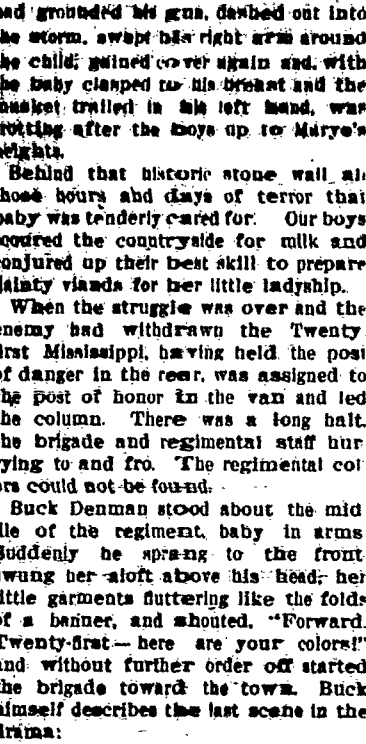
COMRADES and friends and brothers, All of them gone ahead, And when next May brings again this day A few more names will be read. Perhaps they'll be boys as men duck with flowers The graves of the soldier dead.

So be it, We'll know for our country We have done our little share; That Old Glory waves above our graves, And we kept her folds in air, And that those we love in the realm above Will welcome us over there.

GIVE BACK THE FLAGS: TWINE NEW WREATHS.

NEW heroes come to claim applause And bask in worldly glory, To hear the people's glad hurrahs And shine in song and story. Past wrongs appear as present rights, Old scores and hates are buried, And always unto fairer heights The sons of men are hurried. But rich in honor still they stand, And bright their eyes shine, Who fought for their God given land And saved your land and mine.

We may forgive, we may forget The wrongs which rent our land; The bonds that should have bound and fettered, Escape the cannon's thunder. I greet my father's foemen's men As trusted friend and brother.



Our lives met with sword and gun; We clasp hands with each other— But, though the wrongs are worn away, There still are wreaths to twine For your dear land and mine.

The scars are healed upon the tree That felt the shock of battle; The ruts are smoothed upon the sea Where grates the peaceful cattle. Oh, let the tattered emblems go! Give back each flag and token That tells of brave hearts plunged in war And knightly spirits broken. But ever with brave hearts beat true And sun and stars shall shine Fresh laurels for the heroes who Saved your proud land and mine!

General Butler and Old Ironsides. The ship Constitution, popularly known as Old Ironsides, lay at Annapolis during a part of the war. General Butler, on taking possession of that Maryland city, learned of a Confederate plan to secure the historic old vessel. He called for volunteers from his men to man the steam ferryboat Maryland, which he had captured, and loved the frigate, after much difficulty, out of harm's way.

SHELBY GOT THE HORSE.

Californian Tells How He Lost Valuable Animal.

"I was very anxious to see General Joe Shelby during my stay in Kansas City and regret that he is away," said Charles C. Allen of Los Angeles.

"My first knowledge of Shelby was during the war and was down in the southern portion of Missouri. Shelby was in command of a force of Confederate soldiers who were galloping over the country and making it very hot for any small bodies of Federals they overtook. A Union regiment in which I was an officer, was very short of provisions one day. I decided to ride on ahead of the command and see if I might possibly find something to eat. I was accompanied by our body servant, a faithful negro, who on that trip rode my horse. That horse was the pride of my heart. We were both very tired, and I soon nodded my head and dozed as I was riding, and while I was thus oblivious of my surroundings the negro went on ahead a short distance. Without warning we rode directly into a strong force of Confederate cavalry, commanded by Shelby. I was aroused from my doze by the commands to the negro to halt.

"I cast one hurried glance in front, saw the Confederates in force, wheeled my horse and fled up the road at the best gait possible and with enough bullets whistling around me to load a small wagon. It was a race that was run in earnest. The stake was human liberty, and you bet I gave that horse all the encouragement I knew how and finally was able to get back to a place of safety. But that horse! He was a fine fellow, and I lost him and the negro. Since the war I learned that after the capture the horse became the property of General Shelby and was ridden by him for many months during the hardest service he saw."—Kansas City Journal.



THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

How One Dandy Learned All the Facts With Safety.

"Negroes generally have funny answers for almost every question," said L. W. Mitchell of Atlanta to a group of comrades at Camp Roosevelt. "You have heard perhaps of the fellow who was visiting at the scene of the battle of Antietam and met an old woolly head African, who took pleasure in explaining to the visitor all 'facts' about the engagement there. The negro was asked if he was present when the fight took place, and his answer was: "'Sartly, sah; sure, I wuz right heah.'"

"'Guess you saw the whole thing?'"

"'Deed I did, sah, an' it wuz right bilious times, sah.'"

"'What position did you occupy?'"

"'I wuz down in de cellar, sah. I got down dar to keep out de way of de Yankees, case I knowed dat I would be 'bleeged ter' whoop fer dem, an' I knowed dat Mars Bob Lee didn't speck dat he'd so I 'd get down in de cellar an' let 'em sit it out.'"

The Chivalry of General Grant

AFTER the Chattanooga campaign and the victory of Grant's armies at Missionary Ridge that part of the country was deserted by the Confederates. One day Grant and his staff officers, a party of about fifty mounted soldiers, while riding about the country came upon an old log cabin with smoke issuing from the single chimney. An orderly was sent over there to see if the party could be supplied. He came back and stated that there was no one there except a middle aged woman and that she declined to say whether she could or could not supply the party.

General Grant immediately started across the field for the house, the staff officers galloping after him. The woman met him at the door of her humble home and told him that she would not do anything for him nor for any other Yankees. Then General Grant said:

"Madam, there is a state of war in our country. We cannot observe peaceful amenities. You will prepare din-



ner for my party, and we will pay for it, or we will take everything in sight, cook our own dinner and pay you nothing. You may do as you please."

"Under such circumstances," said the lone woman, "I'd be a fool to go broke." When the dinner was concluded and the horses had been cared for and they were all ready to depart General Grant said:

"Now, madam, you have fed us, and we are ready to pay you. It is very plain to all of us that you are a Confederate through and through. I have here in my hand a bunch of Confederate money and in my other hand plenty of Yankee money. You can have your pay in either kind of money."

The money of the Confederacy wasn't worth a dollar a barrel at that time. The woman knew it. For a moment she hesitated, but she took the money with her apron and pocketed it. "I will take the Yankee if it's any other kind of coin."

Then Grant counted out \$200 in the money of the United States, laid it on the table beside that stout hearted woman and, placing his hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Madam, I am proud of you. I see in you the true spirit of American womanhood. It is no wonder that American soldiers, south and north, make the best soldiers in the world. You have shown to us the spirit of the American womanhood of the Revolution, the spirit of the mothers at home that made stout the hearts of Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge and in all of their campaigns. You are not overpaid. God bless you, madam, and bless your soldier husband and sons also."

An incident of the War.

The pickets of the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin made arrangements with the "rebs" one afternoon to cease hostilities for two hours. Things went along charmingly for more than an hour, when a young officer appeared on the Confederate line and ordered the men to go to firing.

"We can't do it, sir," said the sergeant. "We have agreed with the Yankees to quit shooting for two hours. The time is only half up."

"Sergeant, order the picket to begin firing at once."

"I can't break my word with the Yankees, sir."

"Then I will. Begin firing, every man of you."

Not a man touched his gun or started for the pits.

The young officer seized a gun and shot at the Union pickets. That was the signal for our line to open fire. The balance of that day the Confederate pickets in front of those two regiments didn't shoot to kill. Those who didn't shoot in the air separated the chunk of lead from their cartridges—blanked them.

That night a dozen or more of the pickets left their pits and crept into the Union lines, giving us their excess the conduct of the young officer. Their haversacks were filled the next morning by the Massachusetts and Wisconsin boys as they started on their journey north.—Chicago Times-Herald.