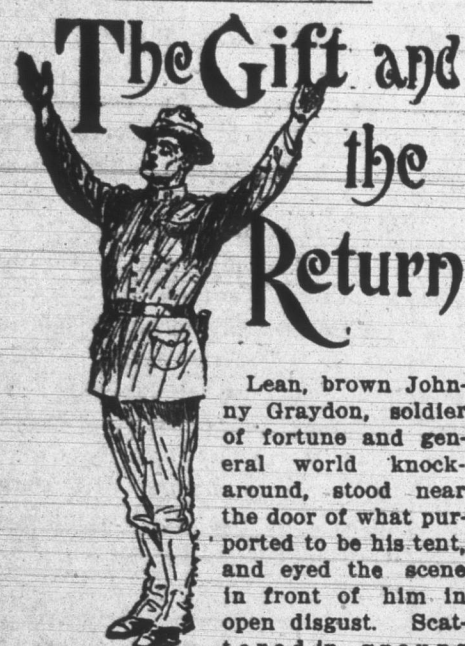


# THE THINGS WE MEANT TO DO.

When at some mystical behest  
Life greets us with its first embrace,  
And with a blind but growing zest  
We learn the strange earth face to face:  
Through orient clouds we love to trace  
A shining pathway in the blue,  
Where gods inspire our eager chase  
To do the things we meant to do.

At midnight on the sunlit crest  
The south glow subdues our pace,  
But still that vision of the best  
Shots out the petty things, and  
base;  
The hurrying byways interlace,  
The broken dreams the wayside  
strewn;  
Too swift the hours, too strait our  
case,  
To do the things we meant to do.

The shadowy islands of the west  
Grow rich with day's declining grace,  
They proffer us the cup of rest—  
The guerdon of a hard won race.  
And yet our restless souls would sue;  
Grant us, oh, gods, a little space  
To do the things we meant to do.  
—New York Sun.



Lean, brown Johnny Graydon, soldier of fortune and general world knock-around, stood near the door of what purported to be his tent, and eyed the scene in front of him in open disgust. Scattered in groups around smoldering fires were about a hundred men, ragged, brown, dirty. With these men Gabillo was attempting to relieve his rival, Casino, from the burdens of office in the little South American republic; and because of his friendship for Gabillo, because, too, of the love of strife born in his blood, he was there as their commander under Gabillo.

Suddenly his attention was caught by seeing a group of men hurrying the bloody figure of a man toward a big fire in the center of the camp. The others hurried toward them, and he caught the word for "spy," repeated again and again, savagely and angrily. The noise of the confusion rose high and sharp, in spite of the fact that he had warned them to keep silent lest Casino's men might appear on the scene and silence them forever beside their smoking campfires. But here another factor that meant trouble had unexpectedly turned up.

He strolled down toward them. What influence he had over them was very little; only so far as their fear of him, black Gabillo, his friend, went did they obey or fear him. As he drew near he saw what was up. Somewhere up the valley they had caught one of the outposts of Casino's army; and they proposed to have some of their devilish fun with him. Cruel and vindictive by nature as he knew them to be, and fired by the heat of hot factional strife, he realized that their fun with the battered figure in their midst would be far from human. Wiser men would have advised leaving the treacherous, undisciplined soldiers alone; but wisdom and fear were not in Graydon's make-up; death had tagged him too closely in his wandering through the southern countries, and life had become a game where the best man wins if luck is with him.

He saw in a moment what they intended to do—throw the prisoner bound and helpless into the big fire in the center of the camp. Quietly and swiftly Graydon stole down, his revolver swinging easily in his big brown hand. Just as they had gripped the gasping figure for the throw Johnny struck them; with one hand he tumbled the men holding the prisoner backward; with his revolver poised and steady he held the others in their tracks. Cries of rage and anger hissed from their dark, distorted lips, quavering with the lust for blood, but Johnny's cool, gray eyes gripped them in the potent spell of dauntless will. The bruised, bloody face of the prisoner looked up into Graydon's face with such a look of gratitude as only a man can give who escapes a horrible death at the last moment.

But it was not all over; the heat and brute in their blood was nerving them to action and quick revenge, and that meant—kill. Johnny saw one of them sneak around; swiftly as he whirled he felt the soft swish of a rifle butt falling. But the blow did not fall, but sharply ringing with snap of iron and wrath came the crash of rifles; tattered forms spun and piled around him in screaming heaps—Casino's men had come.

Up from among the shrubbery their white forms fluttered, dark-faced with rifles flashing. With his revolvers he cut a swath through the crowding forms, but too late. There was a wild medley of dancing faces, flashing rings of fire, cries of agony, and shouts of triumph, a far-away cheer like the sound of distant music; and to Graydon things grew still and peaceful as on a summer eve.

He opened his eyes, conscious of a heavy pain in his side; slowly consciousness came, and the fog cleared from his brain. He saw that he was in a small hut, outside of which stood an armed sentry; and it was all very plain to him—captured and tied like an ox—ready for slaughter. A groan

sounded near him; looking across he saw another of his men, then others, sitting and standing in dejected heaps. The sentry turned as he heard him stir. "Ha, sener," he said, mockingly; "a good rest, eh? A better one, longer, coming."

Graydon drew himself into a sitting posture, and the two looked at each other.

"The general told me to tell you he would be glad to meet you when you awoke," the sentry went on, smiling; his dark face twisted into delightful wrinkles.

Johnny smiled grimly. "Tell your general I am glad to make his acquaintance," he answered gravely; but under his breath he cursed him; too well he knew what lay beneath the sentry's mocking—a quiet little corner, a few shots, and a badly dug grave.

"A beastly way to die," he muttered in his own tongue; but the old restless, dauntless courage that had sent him through danger and ill in days gone by rallied to his support.

"Come," the sentry looked in; "the general is ready to receive you."

They led him to a little thatched shanty standing near the road, and the sentry showed him in. Seated on a pile of camping truck was Casino; his small evil face brightened as he saw Graydon.

"So! you're that white dog, that friend of Gabillo, eh? Well, what do you think?" he greeted between his few, dirty teeth.

"Fine weather out, General," Graydon replied.

The fire bit through the small eyes; in silence they eyed each other. Then the fire sank; and a snakey smoothness slid into Casino's face.

"Sit down, sener; I want to talk a little with you. I can kill you where you are; but I'm not going to—not yet. You are a good fighter, you have fought well with Gabillo. Now, sener, if you help me I'll set you free; if you don't, you die. Which?—you can choose."

Graydon smiled his slow Yankee smile. "Gabillo is a friend of mine," he said simply.

Casino looked at him and cursed him in his soft, sibilant language. "Then die you will with Gabillo's other friends in an hour."

Johnny was led out and back to the hut. The others sat in the stupid silence of brutes, all hope and life gone, for they knew that death was near, the strange mystery whose coming blots out something in men and leaves them mere heaps of dirt.

Swiftly the brain that had never failed him was plotting a way to freedom. But it was all hopeless; the walls were strong; at the door was silently standing, keen-eyed and ready, a sentry with rifle poised for a moment's aim. It was simply a case of die. It comes to each man somewhere, some time. It had come to him.

He sat down and folded his hands. To die—rather a queer thing, he thought to himself; he had seen a good many men die; and it had always seemed queer to him. The sunlight, the air, the trees, the music—then darkness—then. He jumped up and walked to the door.

Men were passing and repassing, getting the camp stuff ready for removal; some of it was blood-stained—why, he knew, too. Strangely to his ears came the many sounds of the life outside; somewhere a light-hearted soldier was singing a love ballad; and the laughter of a few men playing a practical joke on another stung through into his consciousness with bitter reiteration. Outside was life and sunshine, inside was death and gloom. He wondered how many men had looked out and felt as he felt in the long years since man had fought with man.

Swiftly like a faded panorama sped before him visions of his early life—boyhood, the younger manhood, the wild tossing years that had followed, the following of many roads that ended here. With the recollection came a flood of memories a man tries to forget and never can. He turned away.

"Bah!" he muttered. "I'll die like a woman if I keep this up."

As he seated himself he heard a man speak at the door. They had come, four of them—the death squad. Easily as one would go to kill pigs they came in, kicked the stupefied men into life, snaked them out by the collar, and jerked them, pleading and praying, to their feet.

Graydon, with hands bound, walking beside the first soldier, asked him for a cigarette. The man stared at him a moment, and handed him his lighted one. Down by the river, where the shadows are long and thick, they lined them up side by side. Graydon watched them as they lined up before them and coolly and unconcernedly loaded their rifles; one was telling another of a sweetheart he had left in a village behind.

He wondered if they were going to bandage their eyes—the shade was dark and heavy enough to render this unnecessary, but they did. The chap in command came up. Graydon took one long look at the world he was to leave so soon. He leaned a little forward so that he could fall on his face—the flies get at a man's face if he lies on his back. He hoped they would make it sure; he wondered what the shock would be when the bullet struck—a great blow and then—

He heard the rattle of equipment as they came to attention—so near that there could be no missing.

"Tention!"

"Aim!"

"Ah! now!"

"Fire!"

Something struck him in the chest with the concussion of the rifle, the darkness reeled; he felt himself fall across soft forms, something moist and wet spread over his face—yet—he was

alive! With quick instinctive action he kicked feebly and lay still.

Some one prodded him with a foot. "They're done for," the commander remarked; and the sound of footsteps passed away.

The figure beneath him stirred convulsively; but he lay silent. Still and unmoving he lay, knowing that through some strange miracle he was alive. In a little while the figures stopped their convulsive movements and lay quiet. Fearful lest some one should come, he lay like one of the shadows that grew deeper and darker till evening had come, and all around him he could see only indistinct masses of gloom.

He lifted his head—silence was everywhere save for the noise of the myriads of night insects; he got up slowly, then withered into an unmoving mass, one with the darkness; a light burned and flared into his face. He saw a gleaming rifle barrel; behind it a dark, distorted face. He drew his muscles beneath him for a spring—life had come too wonderfully to lose it now; but a voice spoke, a voice he did not recognize, but in it was a note that all men can understand—the note of kindness.

"Si, sener, be not afraid; it is I."

Under the dull torchlight he recognized the face of the man.

"Come quickly this way," the voice said.

The man led him into the heavy brush, stuck the torch into a crotch, and swiftly and tenderly he bound up Graydon's wounds; then taking him to the edge of the brush he pointed across the night draped valley where the lights of Gabillo's campfires were softly shining.

"There you will be safe, and here is the way. You gave me life by saving me from your men; I return the gift. My friend who was to shoot you used a blank cartridge. Bueno, sener."

Graydon held out his hand in silence, the brown hand and the white clasped in a close warm grip, and Graydon slipped away into the night—San Francisco Argonaut.

## TRICK OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

Latest Device Is Exposed by Woman Who Posed for the Picture.

"You must not imagine," said the woman of the world, according to the New York Tribune, "that just because the camera is of necessity truthful one can depend upon the veracity of a photograph. One can't. The very latest conceit—I may say, conceit—of the fashionable photographer seems to me worth telling about.

"Now, just about once in her life a woman gets a picture that satisfies her, and I don't mind confessing that when it is my picture I want it to be a fulsome flatterer. I know one woman who has her one faultless picture taken ten years ago. She has now reached that painful period when birthdays are no longer hilarious occasions, and the picture is out of date in the matter of sleeves and hair. So when she felt recently that it was time to pay another visit to the photographer she sought out the one who had treated her so well a decade ago. She took with her a print of the old negative and she had herself posed in precisely the same attitude. This was for the hair and dress of the new picture. As to the face, I don't know by what mysterious means the photographer accomplished it, but the face was lifted from the old picture and put into the new one—a picture that is entirely satisfactory. The hair and sleeves of the new picture are of 1910 model and the face doesn't look a bit younger than when the subject is in her own room with side lights and rose-colored shades. Furthermore, the woman is so proud of it that she makes no bones of telling how the thing was done. She says it's every woman's privilege to be the age she chose for insertion in her marriage license and for her best photograph, even if she can't blot out the record in the family Bible."

## Surely Is King of Letters.

What letter of the alphabet outshines all the rest, and reigns king over all the others? It came first with God, and it will end in all things. It is in what is most valuable to men—gold and gems that glitter—and you will find it even in the middle of a fight and in the gambler's den.

And it even stoops to conquer in the most inferior objects, in the goat, while he kicks up his heels and horns, and in the hog—in fact, in all pigs. It is in our faithful friend, the dog, while at our feet we find it in the green grass; and how could we build a house except for the ground where it begins? Just see how it sticks to us in gum like glue, and in the middle of the night, be it never so dark, it can be made to shine.

While it commences in the most great, grand and glorious things of earth, it ends in the most gruesome of all, the grave. You will find it in the best and in the worst, even in garbage. In what is it more glorious than in our flag that waves, then droops over the grave of the soldier? And then this wonderful letter immediately arises and perches itself right in the center of our great and glorious American eagle.

Who can dispute that the letter "G" is the king of letters?

## Imitation.

"Why, Gladys, you are spoiling your dolly."

"No, mamma; I am painting its cheeks with the same color that you use."—Judge.

About all some men here on earth seem to be good for is to keep pushing a cloud of cheap tobacco smoke up into the air.

# DECORATION DAY.

With sable-draped banner and slow, measured tread,  
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead.  
And, decking each mound where a comrade's form rests,  
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.  
Ended at last in the labor of love,  
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move.  
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief  
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief.  
Close crouched by the portals a sunny-haired child  
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:  
"Oh, sir, he was good, and they say he died brave;  
Why—why did you pass by my dear papa's grave?  
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true  
As ever marched into the battle with you—  
His grave is so humble no stone marks the spot.  
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!  
For my poor heart will break if you know he was there  
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.  
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood  
In rich crimson streams from the top-crowning sod  
Of the breastworks, which were in the front of the fight—  
And died shouting: 'Onward! for God and the right!'  
O'er all your dead comrades your bright garlands wave,  
But you haven't put one on my papa's grave.  
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side;  
Her weary heart broke when dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief.  
"This orphaned young maid has full cause for her grief."  
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street  
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate  
The long line repasses, and many an eye  
Pays tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.  
"This way it is—here, sir, right under this tree;  
They lie close together, with just room for me."  
"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound.  
A love pure as this makes those graves hallowed ground."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir; I ne'er can repay  
The kindness you're shown little Nellie to-day;  
But I'll pray for you here each day while I live;  
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.  
I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma, too—  
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;  
And they will both bless you, I know, when I tell  
How you folded your arms 'round their dear little Nell—  
How you cheered her sad heart and soothed it to rest,  
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast;  
And when the kind angels shall call you to come  
Who'll welcome you there to our beautiful home.  
Where death never comes his black banners to wave,  
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

## THE OTHER LEE.

Seated in the dining room of the Inglette Hotel, Havana, one evening early in April, 1908, were half a score of Americans, mostly newspaper correspondents, surrounding Consul General Lee, each demanding of him when he would leave Havana and when war would be declared. General Lee was evasive and finally, to check the flood of questions, dropped into reminiscence of the Civil War.

"You boys don't seem to realize," he said, "that this is a sad anniversary for me. Yet in view of everything that has happened I don't know why I should call it sad. While I am proud of the struggle we of the South made and while, had we to do it over again, history would repeat itself, I am glad

## THE LESSON OF MEMORIAL DAY.



# CHEERS FOR THE LIVING. TEARS FOR THE DEAD.



to-day that God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.

"It is just thirty-three years ago to-night that I led my cavalry in a forlorn hope south from Richmond. It has been said that I left the army with my men without the consent and approval of my uncle, General Robert E. Lee. That is not true, although it is true that he sent for me to return when he learned that General Grant's generous terms depended upon his ability to surrender the entire army.

"The last stand had been made, and we fought the last fight we were capable of entering. For months we had seen the end approach, hoping against hope that a miracle would intervene to save the Confederacy. At last it became apparent that the end could be no longer delayed. When General Lee announced to us his decision to accept the best terms for the surrender of the army that could be obtained from General Grant, I asked and received from him permission to skirt Richmond with my cavalry, or what was left of it, and make my way south, cutting a road through the Union forces if necessary.

"I was a very young man in those days, and hope died hard. My thought was that if I could take my boys out of the trap we might form a nucleus about which the South could once more rally. My uncle expressed the opinion that the adventure was foolhardy, but finally gave a reluctant consent. So it happened that just thirty-three years ago to-night with my men I rode south and by daybreak was safely beyond the Union lines.

"As I have said, in those days I was a very young man. I thought I had something of a corner in the knowledge market. Even the rough, hard knocks that had come to me during the war had not been sufficient to drive the conceit out of my head. I received a mental jolt that morning, however, that started me along the right path and soon placed me where I was willing to admit there were others who were at least fully as wise as myself. I had always held my uncle in the very highest respect. I still regard him as the military genius of the war, but at that time I thought I could see mistakes he had made.

"It was just at break of day, while we were riding down a rough country road, the dust of which had been laid by a heavy shower, that we came up

on an old Southern woman. Perhaps she belonged to the poor white class, but her knowledge of men was profound. She stood in front of a cabin, and I drew up and asked for a drink. As she handed me the gourd of water she inquired for news from Richmond.

"The war is all over, aunty," I responded. "We are going home. General Lee has surrendered."

"No, he hasn't," was the quick response. "Perhaps that no 'count, shiftless, triflin' General Fitzhugh Lee has surrendered, but not General Robert E. Lee. I know he has not surrendered, and the war is not ended."

"Even under the coat of tan that had accumulated during my four years of service I could feel my face flush as I heard my companions' fruitless efforts to suppress their merriment.

"We rode on, and we were perhaps four miles south of Richmond when a courier from General Lee overtook us and I received my instructions, which meant the surrender of the last remnant of the army that had so valiantly defended Richmond."—New York Herald.

## The Passing of the Veterans.

The years roll by. Time swiftly wings its flight.  
We're growing old.  
The wintry blast has touched us with its blight.  
We're growing old.  
Our eyes are dimmed, our ears refuse to hear,  
Our faltering steps proclaim the end is near.  
It was not thus when treason raised its head.  
Then we were young;  
When strong men paled and all was doubt and dread,  
Then we were young.  
At Lincoln's call we fought for liberty,  
A land we saved, a people we set free.  
We murmur not at our advancing age,  
That will be done;  
We've played our part; we're passing off the stage,  
That will be done.  
We wrought for God, for country and for right,  
We've borne our cross. O, may our crown be bright.  
—J. E. Gilman.

## What Soldiers Liked.

No matter how serious the situation nor how near to death the soldiers were, they were always able to exchange a few jokes and to see the comic side of life. As evidence it is related that while in camp at Memphis, Tenn., a great flood came on and the camp of the Union soldiers was put very largely under water. It was the custom of the soldiers to dig large holes in the ground, for disposal of the waste from the camp, and these were covered over, but at the time of the flood the water prevented the passerby from seeing the covering. It was just at this time that Dr. David Evans, whose home was at Boston, below Richmond, and who was a surgeon, made his appearance in a handsome new suit of clothes and went out to visit a certain portion of the camp. In doing so he unfortunately landed on top of one of the waste pits, with the result that he fell through, his new clothes were ruined and he had to stand for a great deal of joking.

## Under Both Flags.

At a Confederate campfire in New York a few years ago an elderly man approached General Wheeler, who was the guest of honor.

"I want to shake hands with you, general," he said, putting out the only one he had.

"Gray or blue?" laughed the general, grasping it promptly.

"Both," was the reply. "I fought with you under the stars and bars, and my two boys fought with you under the stars and stripes."