

The Partnership ... Hat ...

THE hat in question was a fine black straw, nearly flat in shape and tastefully trimmed with pink roses and black lace. And each admired the hat belonged to a different girl, a curious partnership. The two owners of this very pretty hat were Mary Olden and Minnie Owens. So the initials inside could be shown as proof of the ownership of both or either.

These two young girls worked in a factory where there was much to do and little to earn. They lived in a tiny house quite a mile from the factory. The reason they did this was that they did not like the surroundings in the cheap boarding places where the majority of the factory girls lived, and here they had the advantage of privacy, quiet and the motherly care of the owner of the house.

By dint of great economy both girls had achieved neat black mohair suits for "best," but it seemed impossible for them both to get hats suitable for the mohair costumes for the price which they could afford. And so they wear hats in vogue at that place did not appeal to either of them, but the



"NO, NOT FOR TWENTY PAIRS," REPLIED MINNIE DECIDEDLY.

others cost too much. So one day, while the question was being discussed, Mrs. Pierce, their landlady, said: "Why don't you club together and get one real nice hat in partnership?" "But we couldn't wear it both at once," said Minnie.

"I don't see how it could be managed," said Mary thoughtfully, yet she was ready to be convinced, as she had both fallen in love with the hat mentioned above.

"Why, Minnie goes to 10 o'clock mass in her church 'way downtown, and you go to evening service in another church."

"I might want to go in the evening, too," said Minnie.

"Now, see here: the hat you want is a good investment, and it will last four or five seasons, and the lace is good. New flowers won't cost much. To have it you must make concessions. It costs more than either alone can pay. Fix it this way: Minnie has it one Sunday and Mary the next. And if you do as I say about the churches no one will ever know but you each have one."

"I am willing if Minnie is."

"I'm agreeable," said Minnie. "But who is to wear it first?"

"We'll do as the men do—spin a penny, and if it falls head up it is Mary, and if tails it is Minnie."

"That's fair," said Minnie. Mrs. Pierce, with great gravity, spun a penny, which fell with the India's face down. So Minnie was to wear it first.

They bought the hat that night. Both tried it on in their ordinary and then their best suits. Minnie wore a high pompadour and tipped the hat back on her head so that it formed an aureole above her face. Mary brought it down over her brow, as she wore her abundant hair simply parted down the back and coiled there. The hat adapted itself to each pretty face.

It must be admitted that Mary sighed as Minnie walked proudly about that first Sunday. Somehow the bloom was rubbed off the plum ever so little. "I do hope it won't rain," thought Mary.

One day Minnie came home, with very red cheeks, and she was not alone. Her young Ferguson, one of the boss foremen, came with her. It was evident that he was desperately in love with her, though his admiring glances fell more often on the hat than on Minnie herself. Minnie took the hat off and gave it to Mary, who suddenly noticed two very big pin holes in the crown. If in three Sundays it was going to show signs of wear, Minnie ought to be more careful. It belonged to her as much as to Minnie, and Minnie was very careless, and the way Minnie wore her hair no hat could be expected to stay on unless it was fairly skewed. Really she must speak to Minnie, but of course not before Mr. Ferguson. So she brushed the hat tenderly, covered it with tissue paper and laid it in the box.

The next Sunday Mary went to church, leaving Minnie the picture of desolation, and Mary did not return alone. Mr. Eiverton, the handsome young clerk of the district court, had had his eyes compelled by the sweet face of Mary, but more by the elegant hat, with its fine pink roses half buried

In the black lace. It was so different from the fearful and wonderful creations of the local milliners that, man as he was, he noticed it and was drawn to his door.

Minnie did the most of the talking that afternoon. Mary was filled with a new joy, so great and so wonderful that she had no words. Whenever she raised her eyes to Ormond's face she saw such a light of tenderness and love in his that hers drooped with the wealth of happiness that had come to her.

The next Sunday Mary remained at home, and Minnie wore the hat. Mr. Ferguson came home with her. Late in the afternoon she came to ask if Mary were indisposed. He had not seen her at church.

Or, Mary was quite well, but women know how to invent excuses that prove one thing while being entirely the other. He remained to see. During the afternoon mention was made of Memorial day, which would be the following week. It was proposed to go together that they should all go to see the parade in a landau and afterward drive out to the cemetery to decorate the graves. Eiverton had quantities of flowers grown in his garden which he would have gathered, and they could take them along. Mary had been tenderly cultivating a few potted plants. Some of them were for the few soldiers who lay in that graveyard and the rest for the father who had laid down his life for the Union. Mr. Ferguson said he had some new silk flags which they could place on the soldiers' graves. The two girls looked at each other with white faces. They said neither "Yes" nor "No" to the invitation, but the men took it for granted that they intended to go and admired them all the more at their evident appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion. Said Ferguson to Minnie:

"You'll wear your new hat, Miss Minnie. You look fine in it. No girl in Brockton has one as nice." They talked by the little gate together, as she had made a pretext to gather him a bouquet. Mary and Ormond were still in the little sitting room.

"You will wear that pretty hat with the flowers on it, I hope. It is the prettiest hat I ever saw, and you become it."

Mary put her hand to her throat, suddenly choked by the awful thought. To whom would she be the partner in the hat for the day? And as soon as the two girls were alone Mary said to Minnie, whose face shone with her happiness:

"What are we going to do?"

"About the hat? Why, it is my turn next Sunday, so instead of Sunday I'll wear it then," replied Minnie coolly.

"Minnie," gasped Mary, "let me wear it and I'll give you my new gloves."

"No, not for twenty pairs," replied Minnie decidedly.

Mrs. Pierce was called. Mary was desperate. Somehow this partnership began to assume unexpected proportions, and she even thought that perhaps it was against the law—such a deception! What if the men were to be dragged into court or Ormond obliged to hear the awful truth! The hat had lost its luster, yet he thought it pretty, and she knew it was becoming. Minnie might wear it.

But Mrs. Pierce believed in the ultimate justice of heads and tails, and Mary won. But when she saw Minnie turn white, and away as if about to faint she said:

"Minnie, I won't wear it. You may." But Minnie was generous, and Mary must wear it. Then neither mentioned it until the eventful day. The Minnie tried it on, surreptitiously, with a new arrangement of her hair, sighed and put it away again. Mary said nothing, but felt much like crying all those days. She could not give up her chance of happiness which might depend upon the allotment of this hat, and yet, the settled despair of Minnie's set feet hurt. Minnie had renounced it and was suffering the pain attendant upon that bereavement.

The girls were at breakfast on that sacred morning, but neither had any appetite. Suddenly Mary sprang up, upsetting her coffee in her hurry, and disappeared in their joint bedroom. Minnie knew that she was coming forth resplendent in that beautiful hat, but instead Mary came out dressed in the deep mourning gown, with the close bonnet and long crape veil, that her mother had worn for so short a time. In her hand she held the partnership hat and gave it to Minnie.

"Oh, Mary, you are a saint!" was all the surprised girl could say, and she hugged Mary out of breath, to the imminent danger of the hat's destruction. When the handsome landau arrived before the gate the young men came in to help with the flowers. Ferguson looked admiration at Minnie, and as they passed down the walk to put their fragrant load in the carriage he—well, it was all settled then.

Eiverton had stood as though transfixed as he saw Mary. Her sweet and gentle beauty had retained a new dignity and something so touching that it appealed to all his tenderness. He said with great respect and admiration and sympathy:

"I secretly knew you. Have you lost any one?"

At the same time he noted the pearly delicacy of her face against the crape.

"—I think black is more fitting for this day. My father was a soldier, you know, and my mother is dead, too, but if you think you would prefer it—I need not go with you."

"Mary, I can keep silence no longer. I do want you to go with me, not only today, but all my life. Will you go?" And Mary said she would.

OLIVE HARPER.

A Casualty Father.

J. M. Learned of Oxfordville, N. H., had three twins in the Union army. Two were in the Fourteenth Massachusetts. The third, whose twin was a girl, was in the Fifth New Hampshire.

DRUM OF BUNKER HILL.

Veterans of Three Wars, It Still Beats For Bay State G. A. R.

This is a plain, unvarnished tale of a drum. It is a common, ordinary drum in appearance, but it has seen more history than any man living. It has helped to make America. Here is its story.

Away back in the years when there were some rebellious English colonies in America the maker of musical instruments in his majesty King George's fashion had a settled idea. It chanced to find its way to a regiment of redcoats which crossed the Atlantic to subdue a revolution of his majesty's disloyal subjects.

There was a battle one day at a place called Bunker Hill. For some cause or other the redcoats were defeated. "The British regulars fired and fled," as the post says, and to open their flight they threw away such impediments as knapsacks and muskets.

The drummer of a retreating regiment dropped his instrument in his haste, and it was picked up by American soldiers. Straws were drawn for the drum, and it fell to the lot of Levi Smith, who best it through many fights and marches until the United States of America had thrown off their yoke.

Peace reigned for years until the British sought trouble again in 1812. Volunteers were called, and Levi Smith, the sturdy son of Levi Smith, enlisted as drummer in a Massachusetts command and hurried to the defense of the national capital, beating his father's drum.

A new generation of men rolled around before the drum entered service again. This time it was the war of the rebellion that called for fighting men, and among those who responded was Israel Smith 2d, grandson of the drummer of Bunker Hill.

In the Thirty-third Massachusetts regiment band Israel Smith drummed through four years of fighting in the Twentieth corps, under General Hooker, marching with Sherman to the sea. A bullet struck the woodwork of the drum, but left Israel Smith unharmed. Constant beating in three wars had worn the drummed through, but clever workmen repaired the instrument up as good as new, and, with the exception of these slight renovations, the drum is the same drum that left the instrument maker's shop in London a century and a half ago.

Israel Smith presented the drum to G. A. R. post 100 of New Bedford, Mass., and in every Memorial day parade in which post 100 marches it is carried proudly at its head. When the post shall have become extinct the drum will return to the heirs of Israel Smith, who will present it to the National museum at Washington.—Philadelphia Press.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

His Mother Knew Why He Was There In the Fight at Manila.

Soon after the close of the Spanish war Admiral Schley visited Bangor, Me. General Joseph Smith welcomed him a reception, to which many of the townspeople were invited. The people gathered from far and near, and the streets were filled with those who wished to get a glimpse of the admiral. Mrs. Pearson lives directly opposite General Smith's house, and the plaza and the steps of her house were crowded when up stairs came Mrs. Casey, a comely Irish woman, clatching some thing tightly in her hand. Coming up to Mrs. D., who was seated on the piazza, she held out her hand, and in the palm lay a bronze medal, which was given to her son for services rendered at Manila.

"If ye please, will ye read that says?" she asked, and Mrs. D. read: "To the Man Behind the Gun." "That's him," exclaimed Mrs. Casey; "that's him; that's my son! He got there for safety, and could ye blame him, now?"—Boston Globe.

The Burial of the Gun.

"At the close of the seven days' battle, our battery being obliged to fall back," related a veteran of the Wilderness, "the men discovered to their dismay that two of the gun carriages were so disabled as to necessitate leaving the cannon behind. These were hastily buried and a rough cross of wood placed over each, with suitable if not felicitous inscriptions, including age, date of demise—nothing being left undone which would give verisimilitude to the proceedings and serve to prevent the Confederates from digging them up. This was regarded as a joke on the enemy similar to the one, often perpetrated, when we mounted logs on impromptu ramparts to convey an impression of more cannon than we had."—Chicago Tribune.

General Williams' Slight Men.

Among the wounded after a fight on James Island, South Carolina, was a young fellow suffering intensely and making an unusual amount of noise. General Williams, in command, when passing through the hospital quarters approached the soldier and, in a gruff voice, asked, "What's the matter with you?"

The soldier, pointing to his foot, replied, "I'm wounded."

"The general said: 'Stop your noise! Stop your noise! There are men lying around with their heads knocked off and not saying a word.'"

An Echo of the War.

A singular accident occurred lately near Franklin, Tenn. A poplar tree was cut down on the McGavock farm, and a tenant on the place put a stick of wood on the fire in his home- place, painfully injuring a little negro. It was found to be a shell which had been fired by the Federals at the battle of Franklin, forty-one years ago and which had lain in the tree without exploding.—Jackson (Tenn.) Sun.

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