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For The Flag I Die, Dear Mother! : Song And Refrain

Harry Osborne
Composer

George Cooper
Lyricist

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FOR THE FLAG I DIE, DEAR MOTHER!

(SONG AND REFRAIN.)

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by HARRY OSBORNE.

Moderato.
mf

1. While the guns of bat - - tie
2. In a lit - tle home, so
3. While the stars are soft - - ly

rall.
p

sound - ed O'er the wa - ters of the Bay,..... And each heart with ar - - dor bound - ed As the
 lone - ly, Was a moth - er wait - ing sad;..... She had one to care for on - ly - - - - - 'Twas her
 shin - ing On that lit - tle home to - night,..... There's a moth - er lone re - pin - ing ly the

a tempo.

shots fell far a - way;..... On the deck a lad lay dy - ing,..... And one up - ward glance he
 dar - ling sail - - or lad,..... Ah! she knew not of the bat - tle,..... And the dy - ing one who
 fire - side warm and bright,..... Oh, her heart for one is call - ing,..... But his grave's on yon - - der

rit. *rall.*
rit. *rall.* *rit.*

gave..... Where Old Glo - ry, o'er him fly - ing, Shone de - fi - ant o'er the wave,.....
 lay..... 'Mid the din of can - - non's rat - tle In that far - off Span - ish Bay!.....
 shore..... And her wes - ry tears are fall - ing For the boy she'll see no more!.....

REFRAIN.

mf

"Take this mes - sage," soft he mur - mured,..... On his face a look of joy,.....

rall.
rall.

"For the Flag I die, dear moth - - er, Don't for - get your sail - or - boy!".....

Walter E. Smith

Vp. 008700
1898
For

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His Punishment.

A lover from his sweetheart tried To steal some honeyed lips, And, though his deeds she did not chide, She warmly smacked his lips.

THE PROMISED KISS.

(Continued from page 8.)

"I will make it short by choosing Miss Lawton for my judge," he replied, glancing up into the smiling eyes of the little beauty. "Your chastisement shall be to confess whom you kissed last," she replied gayly. "That is not fair," he said.

"Why?" "Because the lady is present, and the punishment would fall upon her rather than upon me."

"Well, then, you can tell whom you intend to kiss next," said Rose. "That will not do either. I should never be able to put my intentions into effect."

"Do you keep an account of your kisses as you do of your expenses, Cheston?" called out Mr. Maynard.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cheston, quickly. "Now I have it!" cried Rose Lawton. "You shall tell us how many ladies you have kissed during the last five years."

"I will do so, on condition that my word shall not be doubted," he answered gravely. "We will believe you, certainly. Now listen, good folk."

"Not one," said Mr. Cheston, quietly. Everybody looked astonished. "Oh, Mr. Cheston, you amaze us!" cried Rose.

"Roy is probably faithful to some fair lady who favored him some time before," said Mr. Ansley, who had been listening quietly for a few moments.

"Exactly," said that gentleman, rising with a bow and turning away to some one who called him impatiently.

Such significant glances and exclamations of wonder as were circulated through the group after his departure.

"And what are you thinking of, little mouse?" said Mrs. Wilson, bending toward me. "Your cheeks are as red as roses."

She would have been overwhelmed with astonishment if I had told her. Three weeks passed, and Mr. Cheston and I were on no more intimate terms than we had been on that first evening.

We rarely met, except at the table or in the drawing room of an evening, and he seldom addressed me when we did meet. By degrees I overcame my shyness and sensitiveness regarding him.

He had forgotten the romantic incident of my childhood which had always such a charm for me, I thought, and wondered at myself for ever supposing that he had remembered it beyond the moment.

It made me a little sad to know that all my pleasant thoughts concerning it were castles in the air, and it was slightly humiliating, taken in connection with his polite indifference to me, to know that those thoughts were so many. But I said to myself:

"Mattie, it has been a good lesson for you, you foolish little dreamer."

Mr. Cheston was a great lion among the party at The Maples.

The ladies all liked him; the gentlemen were jealous, while they strove to imitate him. Gertrude declared privately that she was seriously in love with him.

Everybody talked of him, everybody admired him, either secretly or openly. One evening, as I was passing by Mrs. Ansley's chamber, she called me.

"Mattie," said she, as I entered, "my cook has left me. She has gone off with Mr. Cheston's valet."

"Gone! Where?" "Why, eloped, you little simpleton!" exclaimed Gertrude, who was sitting on the foot of the bed, laughing immoderately.

"Oh, dear, I never heard of anything so ridiculous in my life!" "That is all she will say to me, and James gone, and I half crazy for advice," said Louise, half laughing and half crying.

"Mattie, what shall I do? How am I to get breakfast for those people? I don't know the first thing about cooking, any more than the chambermaid or Dolly. Oh, to think that the ungrateful girl should serve me so!"

And my pretty friend threw herself upon a lounge and burst into a passion of desperate tears.

"Don't give way, Louise," said I, trying to soothe her. "I promise you that I'll cook the breakfast and help you to find another before dinner."

"You have the right which the promise servants out of the kitchen, Louise. I do not feel capable of undergoing the ordeal of their criticisms."

"I don't envy you your position, Mattie," sneered Gertrude. "Fancy Mr. Cheston making wry faces over the results of your cooking in the morning!"

"I think it would best serve Mr. Cheston to be as undemonstrative as any one in the house," said I, indignantly. "If it hadn't been for his man Louise wouldn't have lost her cook."

"Whew! Perhaps you think Mr. Cheston ought to be responsible for the breakfast?" "He is as much called on as I am. And the best he can do under the circumstances is to quietly receive the consequent evil."

An hour afterward we were all in the dining room. Suddenly my attention was attracted by the exclamations of a group who stood at one of the windows.

Among them were Gertrude, Louise Ansley, and Mr. Cheston. I listened, and heard Gertrude say: "And Mattie thinks you ought to be responsible for the breakfast as well as Louise, whose coadjutor she is."

Louise, looking up, caught my eye, and beckoned to me. "I want to say to you that I consider your view of the matter a very sensible one, Miss Mattie," said Mr. Cheston, smiling. "And that I feel myself called upon to help you get breakfast in the morning."

"I should be very glad of your assistance, Mr. Cheston," I replied, quietly. Everybody laughed, and declared the matter a good joke, and I thought some of the ladies regarded me with envy when Mr. Cheston deserted them to compare notes with me.

He could make the fire and boil the eggs and coffee, he said, and I thought I could do the rest. He declared that we should get along nicely.

The next morning I was awake at dawn, and in a few moments after was up and dressed. I brushed my hair smoothly behind my ears, tied an apron over my morning dress, and proceeded, not with a very stout heart, I confess, to the kitchen.

But at the sight of Mr. Cheston, kneeling before the stove with his white hands soiled with smut, and the linen apron of his quondam valet tied over his rich dressing gown, I burst into a merry laugh.

That morning's experience was a strange and also a happy one. The most ridiculous things happened, and were received in the best possible spirit.

Once I gave Mr. Cheston a pan to sprinkle with flour while I went to the pantry, and as I was gone some ten minutes, and he in his zeal to obey me, and be of all possible use, continued his employment until I returned, the consequence was that the pan was half full of flour and the dredging box nearly empty.

Then we let the fire go into the midst of our operations, and burnt our fingers taking hold of things which we had no idea were hot.

The beefsteak caught fire and flamed almost to the ceiling, nearly frightening us out of our wits, and the coffee boiled over upon the stove.

But by eight o'clock we came out bravely, and served up breakfast in fine style. I was a bit nervous when the meal commenced, lest some blunder should be discovered, but nothing of the kind occurred, and the affair went off in grand order.

Before dinner, Louise was provided with a professed cook. After that Mr. Cheston and I became the best possible friends.

He said that we had formed ourselves into an exclusive mutual admiration society. Gravely courteous as he was to others, and as he had been to me, he now always met me with a familiar demeanor, and words of friendly pleasantry.

Gradually the summer wore away. Several of our party returned to the city, and one clear September morning Mr. Cheston informed Mr. Ansley that he should be obliged to return to London the next morning.

That evening when the drawing room was deserted of the few that remained of the gay company, and I could hear their voices far down the moonlit road, I strolled into the dark, silent room and sank upon a window seat.

Instantly some one started up in the dusky light, and, coming forward, sat down beside me.

It was Mr. Cheston. "Mattie," said he, "I intend going away before six o'clock in the morning, and shall probably not see you again."

"I did not reply. Haven't I a right to ask for a good-bye kiss?" he said.

"You have the right which the promise of a child gives you, I suppose," I replied, a little annoyed by his light manner.

"A child in years you were, Mattie, but more of a woman at heart than thousands twice your age. Do you know that you made a conquest of me, little one, when you kissed me upon the piazza in the darkness?"

"A conquest?" "I carried that kiss away with me. I loved the remembrance of it as I did my life, I would not have parted with it for millions, for it was a sweet hope on which hung all my light of the future. The lips of no other woman have pressed mine since. I said to myself that, until I kissed another, your kiss remained. Do you understand?"

My eyes were full of tears, but I tried to smile. "You were a sweet child, Mattie, and have grown into a sweet woman—such a woman as I have been waiting to find that I might marry. Now I ask you for that promised kiss, and, if you give it to me, I shall take it for granted that you give me yourself with it."

He was sure of what I had never acknowledged to myself—my love for him. I felt it in the confident clasp of his arm—I saw it in the confident glance of his eyes, and, content that he should read the heart of which he was so certainly the master, I acted my simple self and kissed him.

It's too bad, nearly all our friends and acquaintances possess faults and defects of one kind or another, when it's easy to meet so many perfect strangers.

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R. L. Stevenson's Prayer.

This prayer, composed by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, and read to his family the night before he died in Samoa, may profitably be committed to memory for daily use:

"We beseech thee, O Lord, to behold us with favor. Folk of many families and nations are gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women subsisting under the cover of thy patience. Be patient still. Suffer us yet a while longer, with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil—suffer us a while longer to endure and, if it may be, help us to do better.

"Bless to us our extra mercies, and if the day comes when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest, and if any awake temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be your portion, and if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.

"We thank thee and praise thee, and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

What fortune does for us is usually about what we do for it.

Think a good deal. Don't talk so much.

Be a light-maker not a shadow caster.

The man who strives to be great instead of good will end by being neither.

Half of all the people who were "no worse than their neighbors."

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NONE OF US ARE CONSTITUTED ALIKE.



For instance—to come a ball is a very pleasant affair.

To others it is very irksome.

LOVE'S YEARNING.

"Are they all here?" "Yes, all but one; and she has just waked up from a nap—she will be down soon."

"Isn't it a beautiful sight?" exclaimed a fashionably dressed woman, sinking languidly into a seat, and smoothing the folds of her thick satin.

"Beautiful, but exceedingly sad," replied another, whose lips trembled, and in whose eyes stood unrestrained tears; "the little darlings are motherless."

"Yes, but how well they are provided for! Just look at that sweet little thing with the auburn curls. Isn't she pretty?"

Pretty she was indeed; nay, beautiful, with her little round limbs full of dimples—the short frock hanging archly over the plump ankles. A sight worth seeing was that band of motherless children. There was one they called Matty, with bright, crisp curls and dancing eyes; another who answered to the name of Lily, with eyes as blue as heaven, and brow as fair as unstained snow. Some were plain and sickly, but most had the rosy glow—the smile unconscious, yet happy, of confiding infancy.

"Many years ago," said Mrs. Eastman, turning to the matron, "I promised a dear friend that, in the event of her death, if she left daughters, they should be taken to my heart and home. She was unfortunate after that. I heard—though I lost sight of her—and died miserably poor. I traced her to this city, and here, they tell me, is her only child—a girl."

"The name?" asked the matron. "A plain one—Mary Harson; her mother was beautiful," she added, running her eye along the group, and among the sparkling faces and curly heads—

"Bring Mary Harson down," said the matron to an assistant; and Mrs. Eastman, startled from her composure, uttered an exclamation of surprise as the child entered.

She was a little, odd figure, with large eyes, almost preternaturally bright, thin form, neither elastic in limb nor rosy of cheek. She came forward with painful timidity, and laid that small, shrunken hand in the gloved hand of the lady, holding it there as if it were not a part of herself, but something she was obliged to offer.

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Little heart glad and you will feel... FRANKLIN JONES

"She's a strange child," said the matron, reading the glance of her visitor, "but intelligent. Her great fault is her sensitive temperament; she never ceases mourning for her mother—that for so little a child is singular, you know—and she is dead so long."

Mrs. Eastman had fully expected that one of the most beautiful of that little group was the child of her early friend. Much she was disappointed at the diminutive figure and plain features of this little stranger, and her looks showed her regret. She strove to master it, however, as she gazed at the downcast child—the weak frame so eager to shrink out of notice.

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Little heart glad and you will feel... FRANKLIN JONES

"Will you be my little girl?" she said. The pale lip quivered, and the diminutive thumb sought shelter in her mouth, while her eyes were cast toward the floor; but she answered not a word.

"Certainly you will like to go with this lady," said the matron, encouragingly; "you will love to live in a fine house and have plenty of dolly babies, plenty to eat, and everybody to love you. Say yes to the lady—she is going to be your mother."

That word broke the loosed fountain—a long drawn convulsive sigh, that must nearly have broken her little heart, dilated the child's whole figure—then the tears fell fast and copiously, and she sobbed so violently that Mrs. Eastman exclaimed, pettishly, "Why, what a queer child it is!" at which the little one sobbed harder than ever—and the matron led her from the room.

"They, my love, be quiet, and get your lesson. Christmas is coming, you know; and you must do your best. Mary, your eyes are constantly wandering; why will you not heed what I say? Are you dreaming?"

The little one started, cast a long mournful look in the face bent above her, and with a deep, oldish sigh, gathered her brows and resolutely applied herself to her book.

The parlor was beautiful, and well supplied with luxuries. The rich red of the coal glow brought out innumerable pic-

tures of rosewood carving, and struck into vivid light the rare pictures on the wall. Tiny, a girl with bright black eyes set in a roguish face, held in her hand a little silver pencil, with which, though her mother did not see her, she was making pictures on the margin of her books.

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