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Jim Trevor's Transformation

A Story For Memorial Day

By ARCHIBALD DECKER

"I must put a flag on Jim Trevor's grave," said a civil war veteran on Memorial day when half a dozen gray beards were decorating the graves of their fallen comrades. "Jim and I enlisted on the same day and went through the fracas in the same regiment. Jim was a good soldier, a good fellow and a pet of the petticoats. He was captured at the battle of Chickamauga and taken into Georgia, where he was kept until we advanced with Sherman's army to Atlanta. About the time we were passing his way he managed to escape and joined us. I remember well when he came into camp dressed up fit to kill.

"Hello, Jim," I said. "I thought you was dead."

"No; I got taken in by the Johnnies. I'll tell you how it was," said he, and he did.

"When he got away, which he did by burrowin' under a wall, he was a mighty sick lookin' chap. His clothes was tattered and torn, and a good deal of the dirt that he'd crawled through was stickin' to 'im. He was covered with lice, and his hair hadn't been combed since he was captured. In the mornin' he found himself in a wood along one side o' which was a wall and on the other side of the wall was a plantation, or, rather, the garden adjoinin' the plantation house. Jim was so hungry that he was ready to risk most anything to get his teeth on a hunk o' corn pone or somepin like that, so he jumped the wall and was makin' across the garden for the nigger quarters when a side door of the house opened and a young girl and a Confederate officer stepped out. Jim darted up a tree which he happened to be near.

"The couple came saunterin' along, the man talkin' for all he was worth about somepin, the girl listenin'. When they get under the tree where Jim was hidin' they sat down on a bench. The feller was makin' love to the girl on the gallop. He said he'd ridden over from camp to ask her to marry him for the last time, for General Sherman was comin' and his command had been ordered eastward to a more favorable point to make a stand. She said before she'd marry a Confederate she'd take up with the worst lookin' Yank in the Federal army.

"Jim felt very slick at this, considerin' that so far as clothes, dirt, vermin and general appearance went he would make a good candidate for the girl's preference. But what pleased him especially just then was findin' out that he'd struck the home of Union sympathizers. What the girl said made the Confederate mad, and he went off in a huff.

"The girl sat where she was, pokin' the dirt with her parasol, evidently feelin' sort o' stirred up over the matter. Jim was afraid to let her know he was up in the tree above her for fear he'd shock her, so he concluded he'd wait till she'd gone back to the house before he applied for food and

shelter. But bad luck would have it—a bird settled on one of the branches and began to twitter and chirp. Jim wanted to ring the little thing's neck. The bird kept on twitterin', and presently the girl looked up. When she saw Jim she gave a shriek and would have run into the house if she hadn't been paralyzed with fear. Jim dropped down in front of her. She gave him one look and went into a dead faint. Jim couldn't blame her, for he was the meanest lookin' cub in Georgia.

"When she came to herself she found Jim on his knees before her lookin' like a scarecrow, and she fainted again. When she got over that she began to realize that the scarecrow hadn't hurt her, and she got used to lookin' at him.

"You ought not to be so shocked at me seein' you told the gentleman that before you'd marry a Confederate you'd take up with the worst lookin' Yank in the Federal army.

"Jim had a funny way with him, and when he said this the girl couldn't help laughin'. She asked him where he had come from, and Jim told her all about himself. Then she took him to the house, but she must have been still uncertain about him, for she waited for him to go fast. Jim was mighty polite about it, for his shirt tail was hangin' out of the seat of his britches—that is, the place where the seat ought to have been. But the girl wouldn't give in, and Jim had to go fast, walkin' as if he knew what he was showin', and every now and then he heard a giggle.

"Jim was given a bath, a fine tooth comb, a suit of the girl's brother's clothes and a bang up meal. When he came downstairs all done up fine the girl looked at him with her eyes wide open and asked him if he was sure he was the scarecrow that had dropped down before her in the garden. Jim said he didn't think he was—that feller must a flown out the window.

"Well, Jim was treated fine, sleepin' in a downy bed and given the best there was in the house to eat till we passed the plantation, when he came sailin' in, lookin' as if he was the governor of the state."

"Did he marry the girl?"

"No. Though she was really a Union girl, she was playin' the Confederate she'd turned down. Jim went back to Georgia after the war and found her married to him. Give me that flag and some flowers."

Cause For a Rebate.

A colored undertaker was requested to embalm the body of a colored man. The wife of the deceased asked what the cost would be. He named his usual charge, to which she quickly replied, "I think that's too much."

"But it is the regular fee," protested the undertaker.

"That may be," assented the widow, "but this ain't a regular corpse. My husband had a wooden leg."

The Family Skelton.

"Pop, us boys is going to have a minstrel show."

"Yes, son."

"Well, can't we have the skeleton old Mrs. Gaddy says you've got in your closet to rattle the bones?"—Baltimore American.

Do not drink poison relying on the antidote you may possess.—Arabic.



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