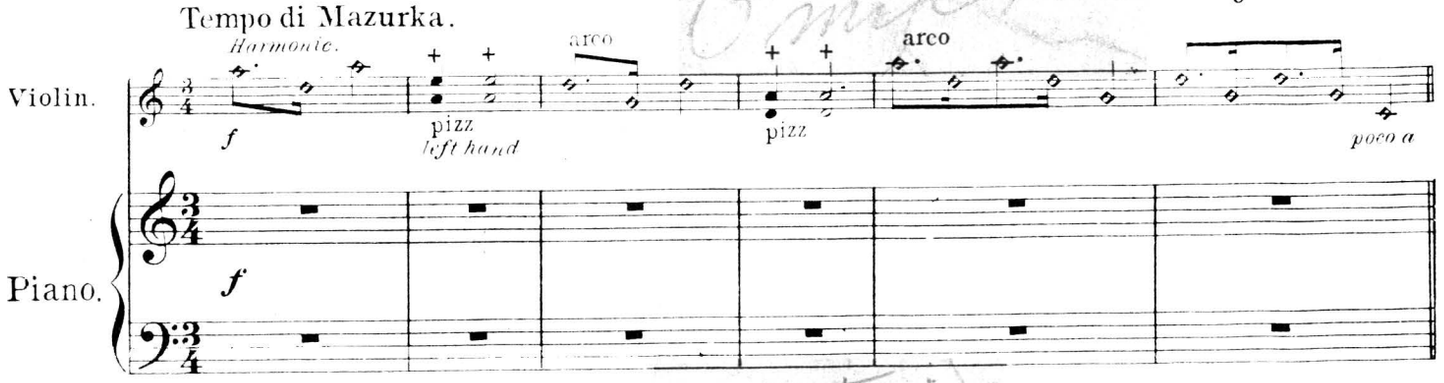
ZAL.

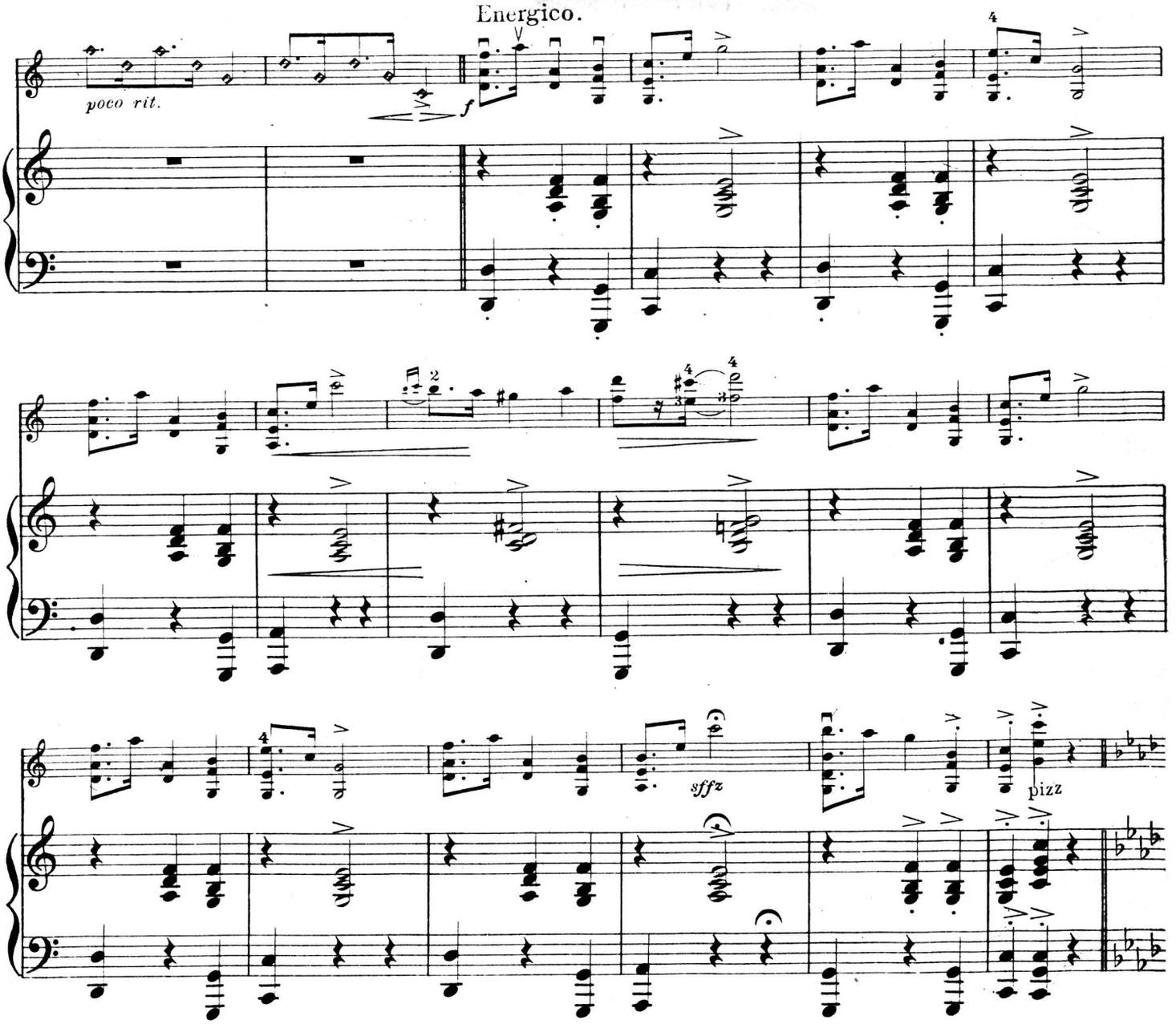
Polish Mazurka.

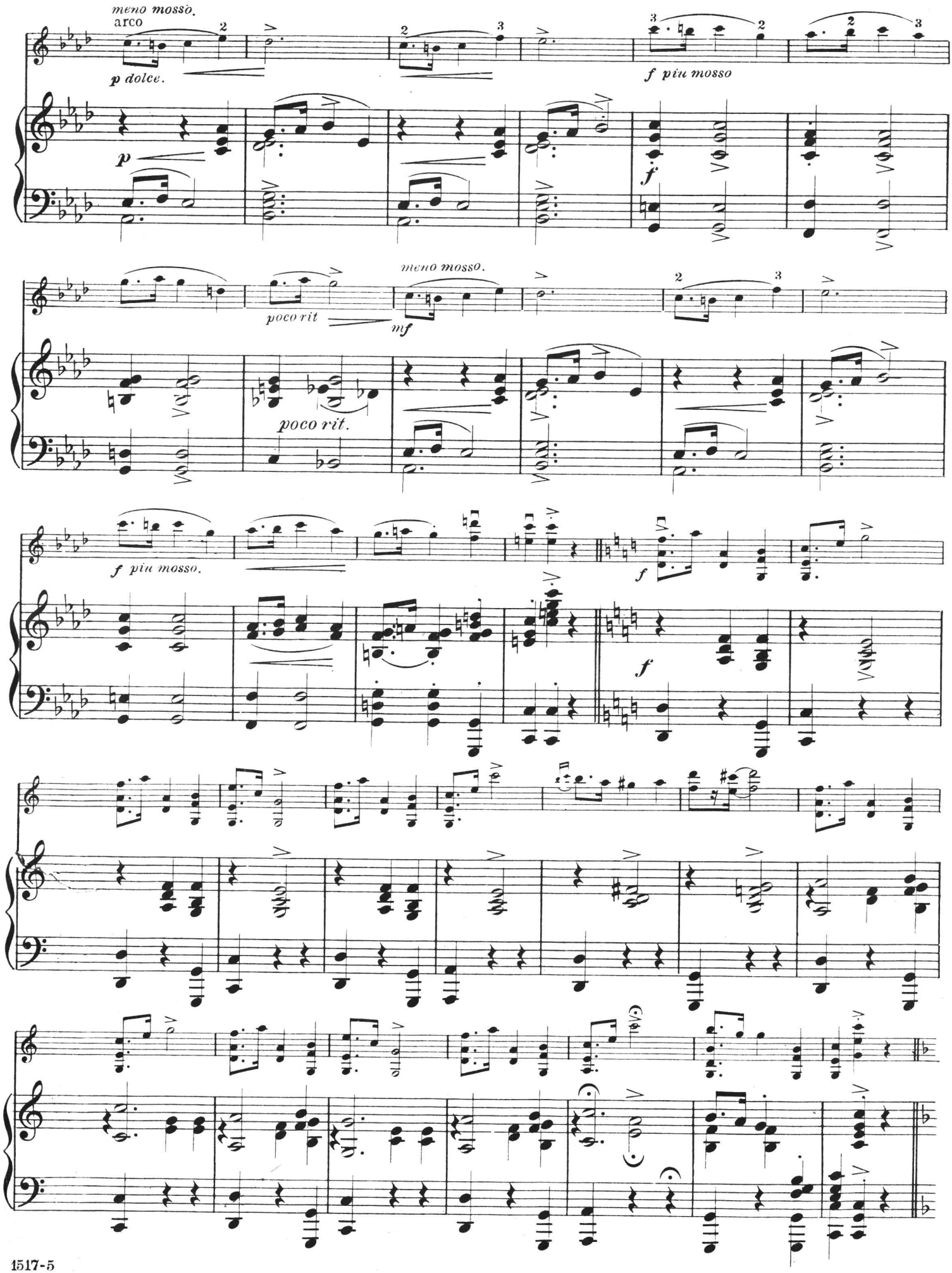
GEO. J. TRINKAUS.

Tempo di Mazurka.



Energico.

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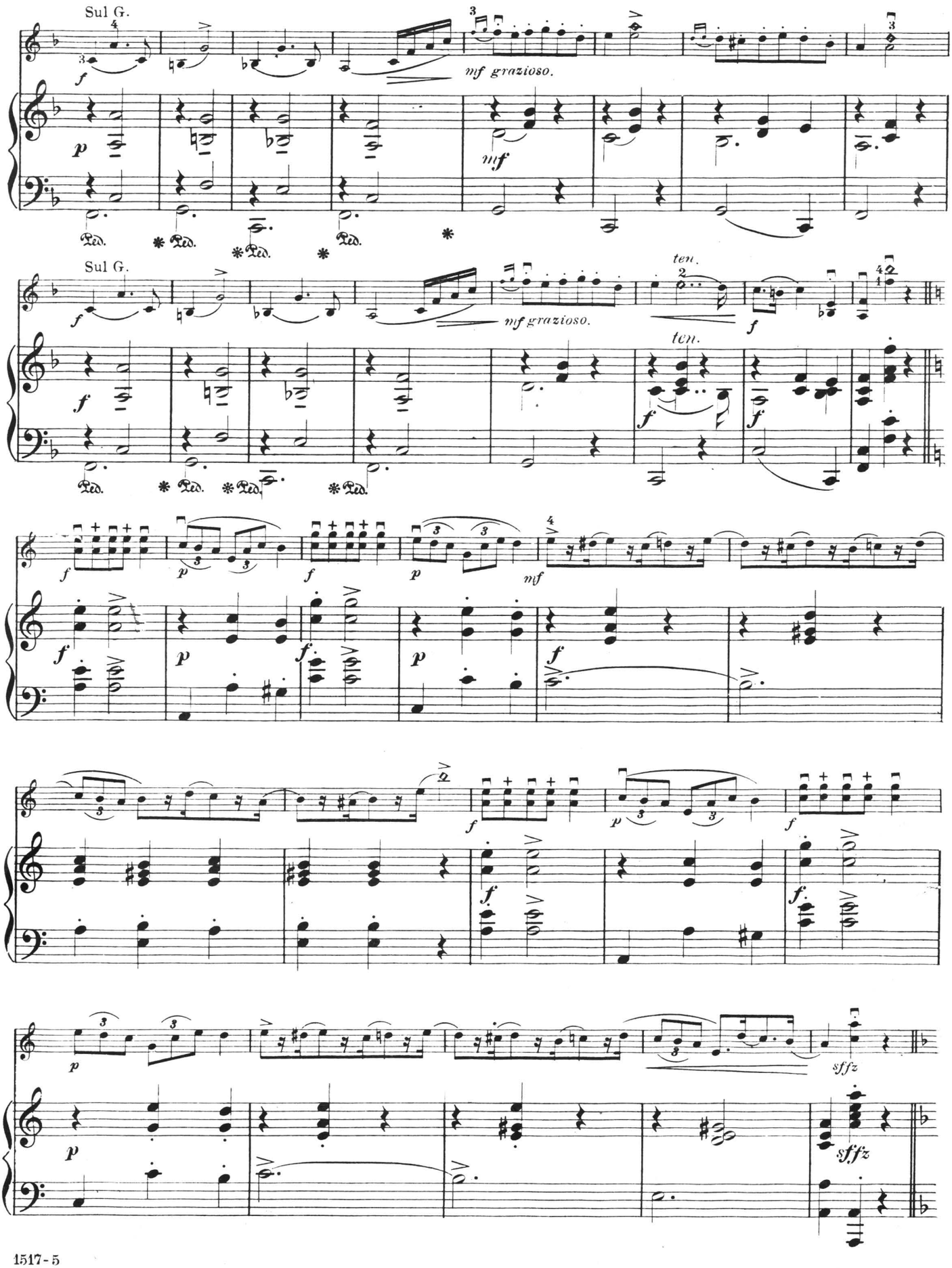
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ten.
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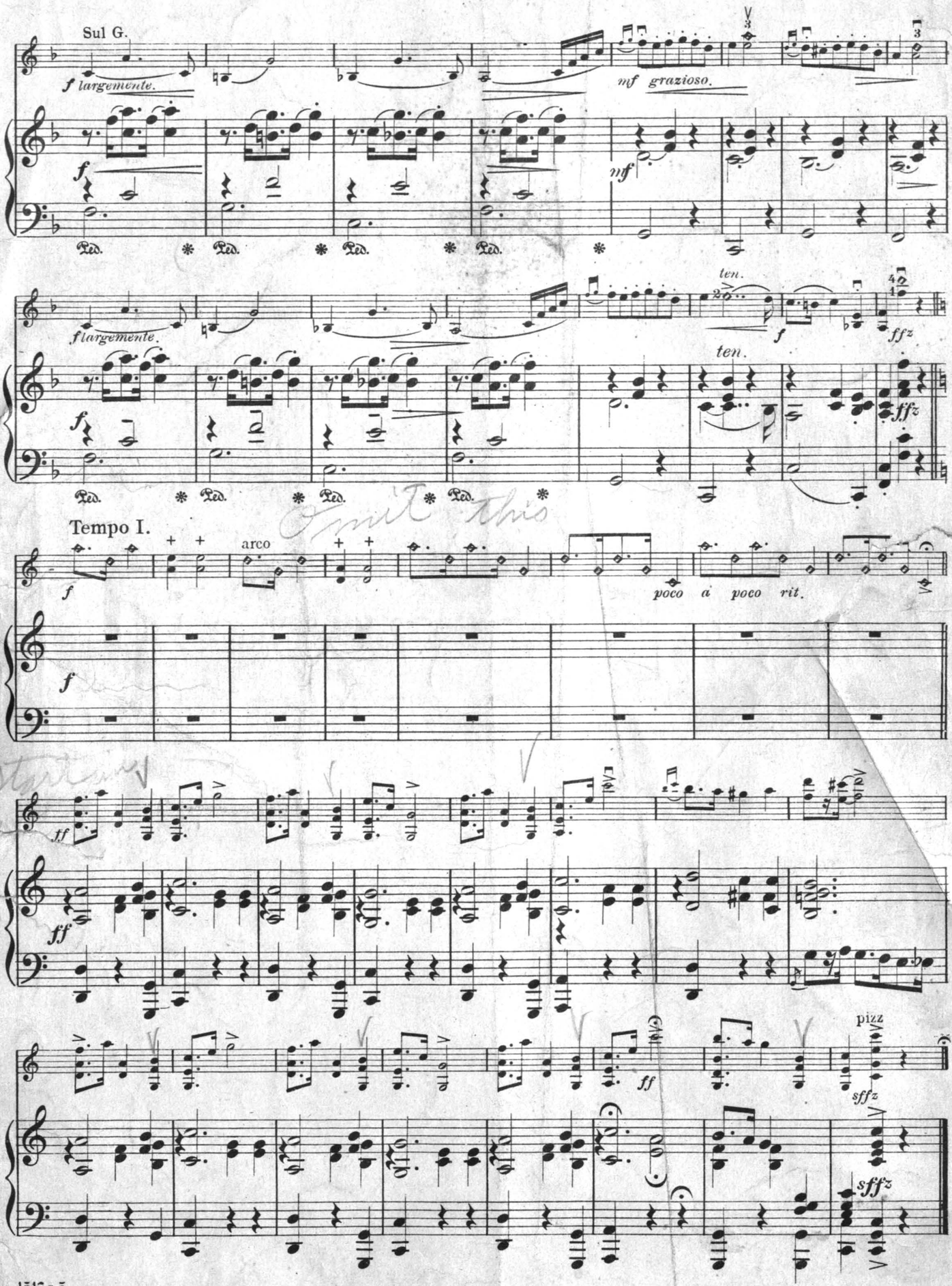
Sul G.
f largemente.
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ten.
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Tempo I.
arco
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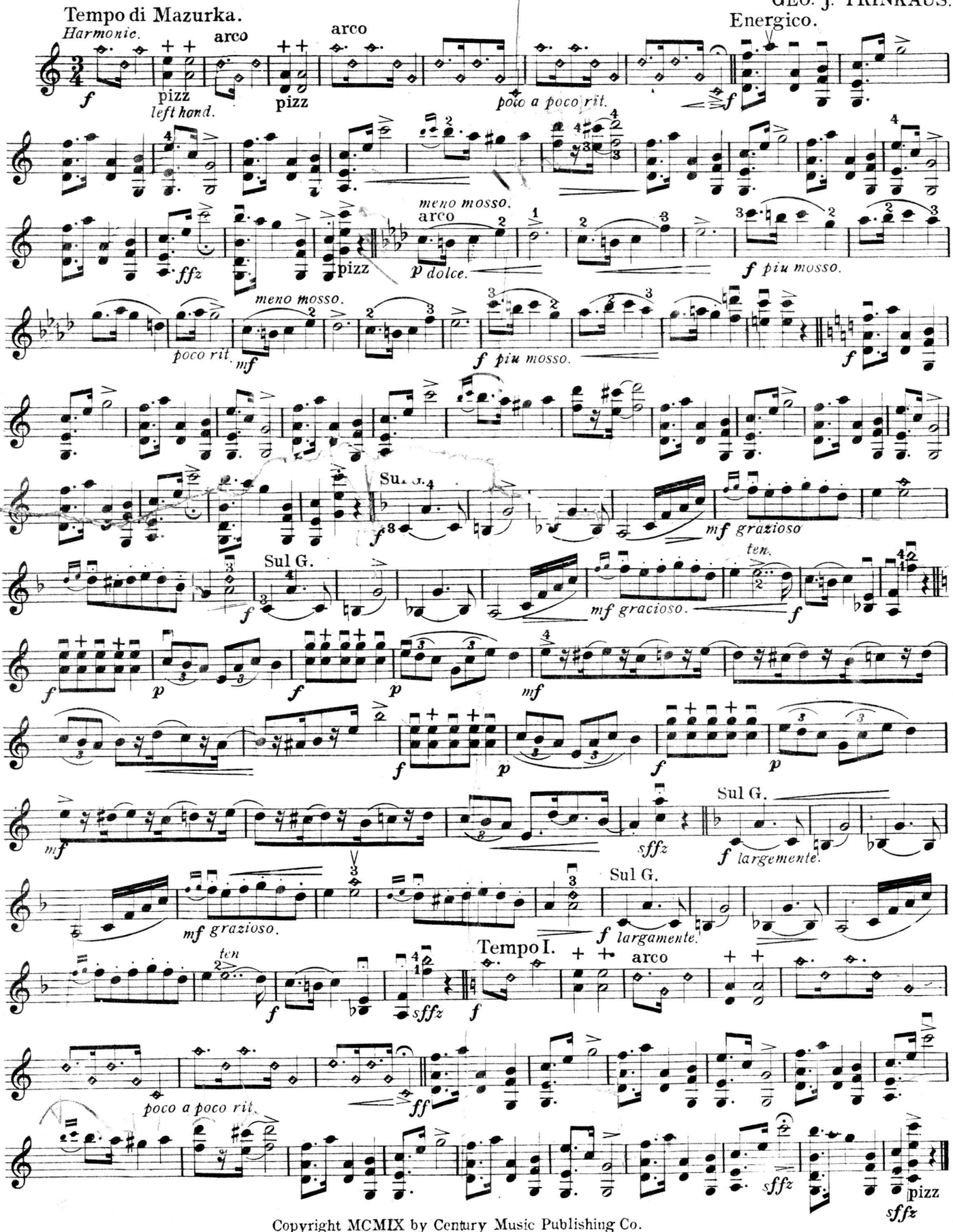
pizz

ZAL.

Polish Mazurka.

VIOLIN.

GEO. J. TRINKAUS.



YOUNG FOLKS

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Grandfather Cudmore's Army Coat

by

Mary Morrison

THE brilliant May sunshine shone warmly on Dan Cudmore's bowed head as he bent over the piece of dry pine he was splitting into kindling.

He was not whistling as usual, and Tramp looked inquiringly into his face and thumped his tail sociably on the woodshed floor in a vain effort to attract his attention. Dan did not seem to be in a sociable mood, however, and split stick after stick mechanically, adding them to the slowly-growing pile. He meant to split enough to last Aunt Lydia all summer. Of course, she was not his real aunt, but she was all the one he had. He had called her that ever since she had come to take care of Grandma Cudmore, because it sounded more like own folks someway.

"Dan! Dan-yel!" Her voice, muffled but insistent from the head of the attic stairs brought him to attention at once.

"All right, Aunt Lydia, I 'm coming," he called loudly, if not cheerfully, and dropping his hatchet, made his way into the house.

"Here I be."

"Hurry up and lug that thing down to the chip pile and burn it. Here, take this basket and bundle it in so you won't scatter no moths," she said.

Dan looked at the blue-gray pile with evident consternation. "Why, that is grandfather's soldier coat, Aunt Lydia! You ain't going to burn that, are you?" There was a note of anxiety in his voice.

"Yes I be. It has hung here plenty long enough. I 'm going to clear away all this old rubbish whilst I 'm able to 'tend to it myself. There ain't no use in clearing up every year and then hanging all the old truck back to gather dust and breed moths another year. Of course, as long as your grandmother was alive, I left them on account of her feelin's, but she is gone now, and I don't see any sense in harboring 'em any longer. Don't stir it up any more than you can help, it smells so," she cautioned as he lifted it up.

"It's only smoke, Aunt Lydia—tobacco moke and campfire smoke and gunpowder smoke. There ain't any moths in it. That is a bullet hole, it ain't a moth hole," Dan said, pointing to a hole in the shoulder.

"Well, the smell ought to keep them out if anything would. It 's enough to scent up the whole house. Be sure and watch it until the fire is all out," she cautioned him.

Dan went down a step and then he paused. "Would you mind if I kept it, Aunt Lydia? I 'd like to," he said, searching her face with wistful eyes. His grandfather's army coat had been sort of a shrine to him ever since he had been big enough to know and understand its significance, and the dreams and imaginings which had come to him beneath its voluminous folds under the old stained rafters of the garret remained with him yet. He passed his hand lingeringly over its rough surface as he waited for her answer.

She looked at his slender shoulders critically.

"Why, what do you want with it, Dan? It won't fit you and I ain't no time to cut it down; besides it 's coming hot weather. You won't need an overcoat till next fall," she said disparagingly.

"I don't want it cut down, Aunt Lydia. I 'll grow to it, some day, maybe," he said, stretching his boyish figure to its full height.

"Maybe so, but you ain't a mite heavier this spring than you was last, as I can see. I thought you 'd be big enough to do the plowin' so I wouldn't have to hire, but law! the plow handles would lift you clear off the ground. Course you can have it if you want it, but I don't know what you 'll do with it. It will be an awful lug for you, for you 'll have to take it along. I can't be bothered with it no longer."

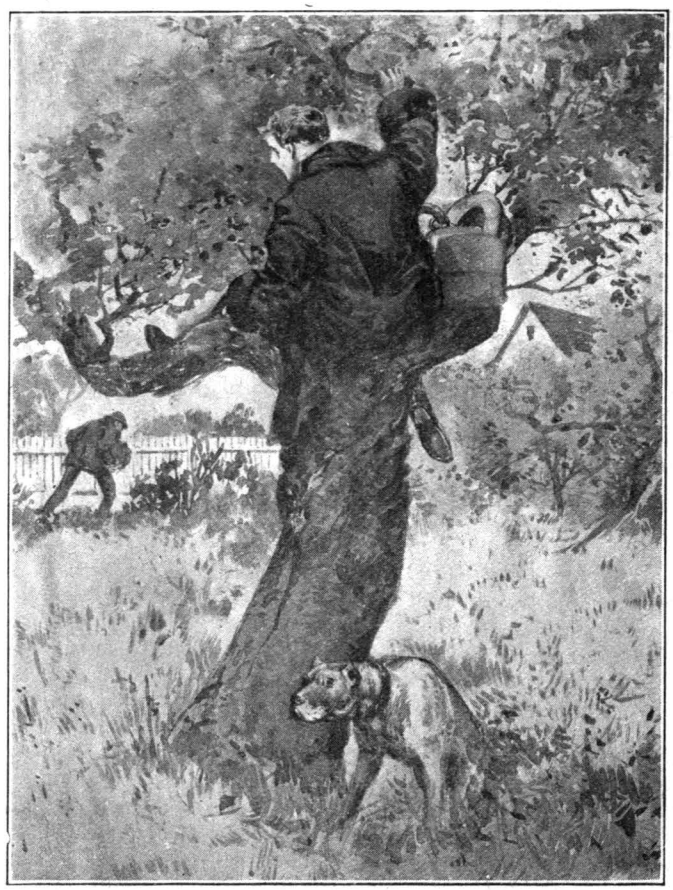
"Oh, I 'll find room for it. I ain't got many clothes, you know," he said brightly.

She looked at him sharply.

"You 've got all a boy of your age needs. When you get big enough to earn more you 'll prob'ly have 'em," she said significantly, turning away. Dan picked up the overcoat and went down stairs.

"Here, you might as well take this along too," she called, tossing an old canteen after him. He caught it dextrously and slung it proudly over his shoulder.

Grandfather Cudmore's army coat and his canteen. He felt suddenly very rich and prosperous. They were what he would have chosen to keep for himself out of all the things Grandma Cudmore had left. Aunt Lydia was welcome to all the rest. He meant to carry them with him wherever he went and keep them always, for Dan was going out into the world to seek



"He Slipped Rapidly Down the Tree"