THE BOY FROM VIRGINIA.

A Story of Decoration Day.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

On the afternoon of the 29th of May a dozen boys, ranging in age from 15 to 17, were grouped in front of the Harrisville High school, which had just been dismissed. They seemed to be all trying to talk at once, and the loudest and noisiest of them was Willard Manning.

This lad was an acknowledged leader among his schoolmates, and he had by no means a small opinion of his own importtance. His mother was wealthy and lived in a fine manzion in the most fashionable part of the town. His father had been killed at Chancellorsville while fighting for the union, and his widow and son were justly

At heart Willard had many good qualities, and it was unfortunate that circumstances should have combined to stifle and hide them under a mask of pride and arro-He was simply a spoilt child. Though the war was sixteen years in the past, he cherished a boyish batred of the south for the sake of the father whom he could not remember. He had inherited a taste for soldiering, and was the captain of south for the sake of the latter and sould not remember. He had inherited a could not remember. He had inherited a plain but massive and the lad could make plain but massive and the lad could make out part of the lettering: "To the memory of Lieutenant Reginald Curtis, 7th Virginia Cavalry—"

Cavalry—"

"Lee Curtis' father," said Willard to himhappened along and I begged him to take the latter of the lettering and papers and send them to my

The group of boys in front of the school house all belonged to the Cadets, and some of them were the sons of soldiers who had died for the union. Tomorrow was Decoration day, and they were discussing the part they were to take in this great event, to which they had

her baby boy. But she had a fixed purpose in mind, and did not lose sight of it. Years afterward she returned to Virginia, sold a mall property belonging to her there, and nally came north to Harrisville. Here, close the remains of her beloved dead, she oped that her scanty means would permit er and her son to live. The first thing she id was to order a fitting headstone for her usband's grave, which had been marked only

she gasped, tottering forward in a swoon.
He caught her before she could fall and strained her to his breast. "Lucy! My wife!" he cried. "Thank God! Thank God.
"You surely can't be my father, sir?" ex-Decoration day dawned bright and clear, and at an early hour the streets of the town were stirring with life and commotion. After breakfast, as was their usual custom, Willard and his mother drove out to the cemetery to and his mother drove cut to the cemetery to put flowers on Captain Manning's grave, Mrs. Manning was in a very sober mood, and Wil-lard judged from her absent expression that she was thinking as much of her lost brother as of her dead husband. The subject was

one that the lad dared not speak about, but he knew that his uncle had been cast off by his family before the war, and he had some cason to think that he fought against the and Lee followed with Willard and Mrs.

While his mother was strewing the floral tributes on the handsome monument of her husband Willard moved over to a mound about twenty feet away, where two men great happiness that had come to her and her were erecting a marble headstone. It was son,

self. "It's a shame to have a stone like that here!" With a burning sense of resentment he turned back and joined his mother. When they returned to town the wife. Poor Carson, it was he who died in the hospital and now lies here under my name." streets were filling up with country people and citizens, and bands of music and drum back to his command, I was trampled into unconsciousness by a runaway horse. The next thing I knew I was lying in bed in a Pennsylvania farm house. The old couple who lived there were Quakers, and they nursed me back to health and strength. It was six months before I was well, and for almost as long a time my memory was gone. It suddenly returned one day, and that very night I nicked up a paper gontaining an account of corps were adding to the general din-

Sad, sweet music was played along the

way, and half an hour's march brought the procession to the City of the Dead. Here

within six feet of him.

fugitive steed.

Some of his own company helped Willard He was pale and trembling, but not

in the least hurt. He stood as one dazed

for a moment, while the excited crowd rushed by. Off to the left there was loud cheering

and some one shouted that the horse was

"It was Lee Curtis that saved you," said

"Pluckiest thing I ever saw," added Jim

toward the graves he saw Lee standing by the newly placed stone, close to a slim woman in black. A sudden sense of shame

"Lieutenant Dane," he said, "please take command of the company." Then he strode quickly over the grass to his father's monu-

ment, and chose from the decorations upon it two handsome wreaths and a bunch of

federate cavalryman. Lee, hear the foot-steps, turned around with a smile.

ith an iron-gray mustache and beard.
"Yes, here he is," said Mrs. Manning, in

a voice that shook with emotion. "Willard, this is your uncle," she added, approaching

of strangers in her agitation.
"My uncle?" Willard gasped, as the gen-

meaning of Decoration day.

THE RESCUE.

school only two months before, at which him came the town company of the National time he and his widowed mother had moved from Virginia to Harrisville.

Guard, the trim ranks of the Cadets and the grizzled veterans of the Grand Army posts. They were evidently poor, for they lived in a tiny cottage on a shabby street. Lee was reserved by nature, and partly for this reason, party because he was a southerner, his schoolmates held aloof from him, treat-

ing him with chilling indifference. Though the lad did not suspect it, his social ostracism was mainly due to Willard Manning. Lee was listening to the conversation with Guard fired a salute.

more interest than his face indicated, and As the volley ran more interest than his face indicated, and the eager words of the lads, with whom he was not in touch or sympathy, filled his ing with swelling heart his father's monu-

heart with a loneliness more bitter than he ment taking a shape amid the drifting smoke. had ever known before, and made him feel He did not hear a loud commotion to one like an exile in a foreign land.
"I hope it will be clear tomorrow." Tom
Dane was saying. "This Decoration day is did he glance around, and then he was hor-

going to beat the record. Just think of marching with the governor!"

"What a shame if it rains," replied Jim Crossman. "You know how it poured last and it was beyond it's rider's control. Pshaw, of course it won't rain," exclaimed

"Look at that blue sky, and the wind from the west. It's going to be the finest kind of a day, and that's why I want a full turnout. It was provoking of Andy Meadows to get sick at such a time. Do you fellows know any one that can take his

There was a moment of silence. The boys shock their heads, and no one spoke. Then Lee Curtis, moved by a sudden impulse. sprang to his feet and came forward with sprang to his feet and came forward with sushed checks, "would do, Willard?" he side to side in the air.

An instant later the lad's hold was broken by feel in the soft

school in Virginia. I'd love to march with the cadets, if—if you don't mind." Some of the boys laughed aloud and Wilsome of the loys address about and War-lard's lips curied in a smile of sarcism. Why, you're from the south," he replied doubtfully, "and we're going out tomorrow to decorate the graves of union soldiers. Didn't you

Lee nodded. "My father was a soldier, he said, "and he's buried out there in the

Your father a soldier?" exclaimed Willard. "And buried out here in our cometery? Where was he killed?" He was wounded and taken prisones at

Gettysburg," replied Lee, "and they brought him here to the hospital, where he died." "Taken prisoner at Gettysburg!" Willard cried in a tone of anger and scorn. "Then he was a rebel. You must be crazy, Lee Curtis, to talk about marching with the Cadets." Lee's cheeks flushed a deeper red. "Why the war is over long ago," he said, "and north and south are at peace. I-I didn't

"That's enough," Willard interrupted curtly. "Peace or no peace, the north don't forget. Your father has no business out in our cemetery, and I don't understand why he was put there. He was a traitor and a rebel and helped to kill our fathers." lilies. With these in one hand he softly approached the humble grave of the con-"It's a shame," exclaimed

several of the boys.

Lee stepped uickly forward, a flash of anger in his eyes. "My father was as true and brave a man as yours. Willard Man-

and brave a man as yours Willard Manning." he said in a husky tone. "Don't you dare to slander his memory."

"He was a robel, I tell you," Willard cried holy, and lifting his hand he struck Lee a worst blow on the check."

Willard touched him on the shoulder. "Won't you forgive me, old fellow?" he said, in a broken voice. "I behaved shamefully to you yesterday, and today you saved my life at the risk of your own. I can't

"If I should strike you back I would be a boward," said Lee, in a low tone, and turning quickly he walked away, followed by shouts of mocking laughter and ridicule.

There were tears in the lad's eyes, and the should be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should strike you back I would be a bounded by should be There were tears in the lad's eyes, and bitterness of grief and passion at his heart. The lady had just turned a sweet, tearbitterness of grief and passion at his heart. He wandered about in secluded streets for stained face toward Willard when a carriage stopped close by, and out of it stepped Mrs.

half an hour, and finally went home to sup-per with the resolve to make no mention of what had happened to his mother. What Lee had told the boys was true. His giber, Lieutenant Curtis, was brought to the furrisville hospital, after the buttle of Gettyssurg, in a delirium of fever caused by severe her son, and scarcely noticing the presence ounds. He died without recovering conby papers found on his person. He was surfied in the town cemetery, close to the traves of union soldiers, and his name and esting place were noted in the government central.

Thus the wife, inquiring for the missing turband learned the said term that the past, and there was much to forgive the past, and the general papers.

ausband, learned the sail news at her humble on keeping his engagement to a Virginia girl may some in Virginia. She could not come north at the time, as an invalid sister in Louisiana south and married her at the beginning of go," anoded her care, and thilber she wont with the war, and I have never heard of him since. Of

take in this great event, to which they had been looking forward for months.

There was one exception. Over on the school steps sat a handsome, dark-featured lad, neatly but inexpensively dressed, and with a look of honesty and truth in his deep brown eyes. Lee Curtis had begun to attend

the world. My wife and boy restored to me! My sister alive!—these are greater mercies than I deserve."

There is little more to tell. Mr. Curtis and his family settled down in Harrisville and Lee and Willard became the best of friends and cousins. They are grown up men now-for these things happened some years ago-and as each Decoration day rolls around they celebrate it in the true and fitting spirit of the occasion, remembering that scars of the war are long since healed and that the heroes of north and south alike are deserving of respect and honor. Nor do they forget to strew flowers upon the grave of the Virginia cavalryman, the headstone over which now bears the rightful name of the soldier who lies beneath the

Mrs. Manning gave a little cry, and Lee's mother, with one glance at the bearded stranger, turned deathly pale. "Reginate!"

claimed Lee. "Yes, I am your father, my dear boy. The

most wonderful thing that ever happened!"
Indeed, it all seemed too strange and won-

derful to be true, but there was no mistake about it. As a curious crowd was gathering

Mr. Curtis lifted his wife into the carriage,

reached home Lee's mother had recovered from her swoon and was able to realize the

my letters and papers and send them to my

"Well, after Carson left me, and hurried back to his command, I was trampled into

picked up a paper containing an account railroad accident in Virginia, in which iteginal Curtis and her baby were killed-

"It was another Mrs. Curtis," interrupted his wife. "I had intended going on that train and that's how the mistake was made." "Well, I believed it." resumed Mr. Curtis. "I was a broken-hearted man, and no longer

had any ties to bind me to this country, drifted east, and then to South America

where I finally engaged in business. And there I have been ever since. Two months ago I suddenly tired of it all. I sold my plantations in Brazil for a fortune and came

home to hunt up my parents and sister. It was surely providence that guided me here today. I doubt if there is a happier man in

dead have come to life.

Manning.

A CHILKAMAUGA BOY.

He Exchanged Uniforms with a Dead Confederate Soldier Lad and Escaped. BY JAMES R. GILMORE, EDMUND KIRK.

The father of the boy of whom I write was the president of a western college, who, when the civil war broke out, volunteered, with a large number of his students, in the union army. His son, then a lad of only 12 years, pleaded to be allowed to go to the The father of the boy of whom I write years, pleaded to be allowed to go to the front with his father, but the father refused with the army more than a year, and had ber.' risen to the command of his regiment. Then he took Willie-which was his son's name-

the troops and veterans were drawn up in long line opposite the graves of the soldiers along as a drummer boy. The boy had been at the front not more he b'longs ter ole Linkum bisself. the Cadets and the company of the National than a week when the army came in presence of the enemy, and was drawn up in two long lines to receive an attack. When an army is moving drummer boys and other musicians march at the head of their regiments, but when it goes into battle they are sent to the rear to care for the wounded. On this occasion, however, Willie's father a bright eye on him." rode along the lines to encourage his sol-diers to act like men, and he caught sight of the little drummer boy, standing with his drum over his shoulder, at the very head of the column.

and it was beyond it's rider's control.

The imminence of his peril dazed Will-"We are going into the fight, my son, said the father. "Your place is at the rear." ard. He turned this way and that, started to run, and fell heavily over a stone. As he "But, if I go back there, father," answered "everybody will say I am a rose to his knees and glanced back he gave a loud cry of fear; the maddened steed was "Well, Will," said the father, "stay where

But before the iron-shod hoofs could trample the life out of the helplezs lad a slim figure darted forward from one side. He stayed there, and when the attack began he handled a gun as well as any member of the regiment. The bullets whistled, and the shells burst all around him, but he came out uninjured. In the midst of the fight, when the union men were going down before the storm of lead, as blades of grass go down before a storm of hail, one of the regimental orderlies was swept from his saddle by a cannon ball, and his horse went galloping madly over the battlefield. Willie, leaving the by a terrific jerk, and as he fell in the soft grass the hoofs missed him. He rose and slipped away, almost unnoticed in the wild rush of soldiers and civilians after the ranks, caught the frightened animal, sprang into the dead man's saddle. Riding then up to his father, he said; "Father, I'm tired of drumming-I'd rather carry your

hat, in most of the great battles of the southrept, he acted as orderly for the brave blonel, his father, carrying his messages, brough the flery storm, and riding unharmed bloody field of Chickamauga.

All day long on that terrible Saturday, he rode through the fight by the side of his father, and at night lay down on the ground o dream of his home and his mother. battle paused when the sun went down, but not long after it rose on the following day, red and ghastly in the foggy air, the faint and contrition overwhelmed him and he wondered how he could have behaved so meanly. He realized, too, that he had utterly mistaken the true and forgiving crack of musketry, and the heavy roar of ar-tillery, sounding nearly three miles away, told that the brave men under General Thomas were meeting the desperate onsets of the enemy. Flercely the confederates broke against their ranks, till they rolled away in broken waves upon the union center, where the young orderly was with his regiment, Battle and disease had thinned their ranks, till from 1,000 they had dwindled to scarcely 400, but bravely they stood up to meet the

giving him his own, Willie hurried to the rear for another. He had scarcely rejoined the ranks, when on they came—the stal-"He was a rebel, I tell you," Willard cried hotty, and lifting his hand he struck Lee a smart blow on the cheek.

The southern lad recoiled and his face turned pale. He clinched his facts and then lowered them.

The southern lad recoiled and his face some flowers for your father's grave. He was a brave soldier. I'm sure, and you all rips for the mowing. One-half of the cought to be just as proud of him as I am of wounded or dying; but the remainder stood wounded or dying; but the remaind sweeping around them. Such men can die, but their legs are not fashioned for running. Seen both their flanks were enveloped in flame, and a terrible volley burst out of the smoke, and again the colonel went to the ground in the midst of his heroes.

The boy sprang to his side, saying: "Are you dead, father, or only wounded?" "Neither, my boy," answered the iron man, as he clutched the bridle of a riderless horse, and sprang into the empty saddle. Two horses had been shot under him, and 200 of his men had gone down never to rise again, but still he sat unmoved in the awful empest. At last the fire grew even hotter; one unbroken sheet of flame enveloped the little band, and step by step, with their faces to the enemy, they were swept back by the mere force of numbers. Then the father said to the son: "Go, my boy, to the rear, as fast as your horse can carry you."

"I can't father." answered the lad, "you may be wounded." "Never mind me; think of your mother. o," said the father, peremptorily.

Obedience had been the rule of the boy's

I see how cruel my parents were. And I sided with them! There was bitter feeling in those days—"
"Why apeak of it now, Emma?" her brother said gently. "Let us forget the past—at least that part of it. I am glad to know that my parents forgave me before they died, and now that I have something left to live for. My life has been a blank since I lost my wife and child—"
He paused abruptly. While speaking he had glancel around, and his eyes now rested on the marble slab. He stepped toward it as one in a dream.

"Lieutenant Reginald Curtis, Seventh Viralise of the clicumstances. Writing to his journal from the bloody field on that terrible Sounday, he said." Beside the colonel of the Seventy-third Illinois rode his son, a lad of 13; a bright, brave little fellow, who believed in his father and feared nothing. Right up to the genemy—right up anywhere—if the terrible that the went, there went the boy; but when the bullets swept in sheets and grape and canister, cut ragged roads through the one in a dream.

"Lieutenant Reginald Curtis, Seventh Virginia cavalry!" be muttered hoarsely. "My own name! My own tombstone! What does this mean? Am I going mad?"

Mrs. Manning gave a little cry, and Lee's horse, and rode for the hospital. The hospital was captured, and the boy a prisoner."

The hospital was a few tents clustered among the trees, a short distance in the rear, and thither the union wounded were being conveyed as fast as the few medical attendants could carry them. There the boy dismounted and set about doing all he could for the sufferers. While thus engaged he saw the remnant of his father's regiment emerge from the cloud of flame "Then you are my cousin, Lee," declared Willard. "And I'm gied of it. This is the and fall slowly back toward the woods behind them. In a moment a horde of rangers poured down on their two flanks to to envelop the little band of heroes. The The hospital would inevitably be surrounded



CHICKAMAUGA BOY.

and all in it captured. Springing upon the back of the nearest horse, he put spurs to its sides and bounded away toward the nearest forest. But it was a clumsy beast, not the blooded animal that had berne him so nobly through the day's conflict. Slowly it trotted along, though the rowels pierced its flanks till the blood ran hown them. The forest was still a long ways off when the rangers caught sight of the boy and the sleepy animal and gave chase, brandishing their carbines and yelling furiously. The boy heard the shouts and slung himself along the flank of his horse to be out of the ranges of bullets; but not one of the rangers offered to fire or even lifted his carbine) for there is something in lifted his carbine) for there is something in the breasts of the roughest men that puts them in love with daring; and this running with a score of rifles following at one's heels is about as dangerous as a steeplechase over a country filled with pitfalls and torpedoes.

Soon the rangers' fleet steeds encircled the
boy's clumsy animal, and one of them seized his bridle, crying out: "Yer a bully un; the plucklest chunk of a boy I ever seed

"I'm durned if we won't," shouted the man

im go scot free if he gits fust ter th' tim-

"None uv yer nonsense, Tom," said an other, who, from his clothes, seemed some petty officer. "Luck at the boys closs? He's won ter some uv the big 'uns. I'll bet high young 'un, hain't ye ole Linkum's boy! "I reckon!" answered Willie, laughing, in spite of his unpleasant surroundings. But what he said in jest was received in

earnest; and with a suppressed chuckle the man said: "I knowed it. Fellers, he's good fur a hundred thousand-so, lets keep They bore him back to the hospital and our men are thicker than the fleas in this the leader of the rangers, riding up to the officer in charge of the prisoners, said: "I say, cunnel, we're cotched a fish yere as is

with catchin'—one uv ole Linkum's sons."
The officer scrutinized Willie closely and the hospital, and you may get away if you can; but if you are shot, don't lay it to me." then asked: "Are you President Lincoln's The officer gave Willie in charge of Dr. Hurburt, who was chief surgeon of the hospital. He was a humane, kind-hearted "No. sir." answered Willie, "but I am one of Lincoln's boys." "Ye telled me yer was, ye young bound," cried the ranger, breaking into a storm of man, and he laughed heartily at the story of the boy's capture by the rangers. unprintable adjectives.

"No, I did not," said Willie, looking him coolly in the face. "I let you deceive your-self, that was all." The colonel, who had burst into a fit of laughter, now turned upon the rangers sav aughter, now turned upon the rangers sav-agely. "You're a set of cowards," he said. "You have got this up to get out of the fight. Back to the ranks, every one of you. Old Bragg has a way of dealing with such skulkers as you are."

111.

About a thousand wounded men, under guard of two companies of confederate sol-diers, were collected in an open field not far the hospital, and, with them, without ood, without shelter, and with nothing but the hard ground to lie on, the boy remained till the next morning. At night he lay down to rest in the crotch of a fence and counted up to the very cannon's mouth, until he was the stars, as one by one they came out in taken prisoner by the confederates on the the sky, telling the Great All-Father who has his home in the high heavens, but comes down to visit and relieve his heartweary children who are wandering here or the earth. Was he not heart-weary-heart-weary with thinking of his home and his mother, who soon would be sorrowing for her only son, lost amid the wild storm of battle? And would not God visit and re-lieve him? As he thought of this he prayed; and even as he prayed, a dark cloud broke away over his head, and the north star came out ard looked down, as if sent by the Good Father to guide him homeward. He watched the star growing brighter and brighter, until its rays stole into his soul, lighting all fts dark corners; and then he sank to sleep and dreamed that a whiteobed angel came and bore him away, above the tree tops, to his father's tent beyond the mountains.

In the morions he awoke hopeful and stout-hearted. Knieling down, he prayed again; and then a plun of escape came to him-clear and distinct as ever plan of battle came to a general. He did not think it out; it flashed upon list dike a beam of light breaking into a dark room, or like a world-stirring thought flashing into the soul of genius from the source of all thought in the heavens. But this thought, was not to stir the world; it was only to stir a small boy's legs, and make him a man in resource and resolution. Long he pondered upon it, turning it round and round, and looking at it from all sides; and then he set about working it out into ac-

The officer commanding the guard was a mild-manuered man, with pleasant features, and a kindly heart, though he had so severely scored the rangers. Him the boy accested as he made his morning round among "You seem to be short-hospital, sir," he said, "I handed at the hospital, sir," he said. "I have done such work, and would be glad to be of service to you.'

"You're a good boy to think of it," replied ne officer-"too good to be one of Lincoln's poys," and he laughed heartily at the recollection. "But, won't you try to get away if I let you go there?"

"I can't promise," said Wille. "You wouldn't if you were a prisoner." "No, I woulto't." answered the officer.
"But it won't be safe for you to try. Some
of our men are wild fellows, and they would shoot you as soon as they would a squirrel. night holdly passed the sentinels at the hos-The Union lines are now ten miles away, and pital; how he fell in with several squads of

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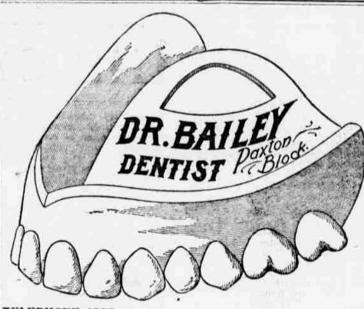


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LADY ATTENDANT.

"I'd rather not be shot. I'd sooner be

prisoner," said Willie, smiling,
"You're a sensible lad. I'll let you into

"You served them right, my little fellow," he said, "and you are smart—smart enough to be a surgeon. There is plenty to do here,

and if you go to work with a will, I'll say a good word for you."

ent his thanks across many leagues of

tile country.

And the surgeon did, and Willie's father

The hospital was a little village of tents

scattered about among the trees, and in it were nearly a thousand union and confed-crate soldiers, all of them wounded, some of

them dying. Among them Willie worked for a fortnight. He scraped lint for their wounds, bound bandages about their limbs,

held water to their parched lips, wrote last words to their faraway friends, and spoke

words of hope to them as they groped their

way through the dark valley that leads to the hereafter—for he had been taught to believe

that there is a great and good being who rules both in this world and in that.

Among the wounded was one in whom Willie took especial interest—a bright-eyed

fair-haired boy, not much older than him-

self, who had been fatally hurt in the great battle. He was a confederate boy and he

se as Willie, to do all he could for what

ie thought was freedom. He had been told

that the north wanted to enslave the south

and his soul rose in strong resolve to give

mistaken; but only a demagogue will say

the spirit which moved him was not as noble as led many a northern youth to be a martyr

for liberty. Young, as he was, he had been in half a dozen battles, and in the bloody

struggie of Chickamauga had fallen pierced with two union bullets. For two days and nights he lay on the battlefield before he

was discovered by the party of men who had brought him to the hospital. Willie helped

to bear him from the ambulance, and to lay him down on a blanket in one of the

tents, and then he went for the chief sur-

geon. A ball had entered his side and another had crushed the bones of the ankle.

His leg had to come off, and the amputation

the long exposure and loss of blood rendered his recovery hopeless. The kindhearted sur-geon said this to Willie, as he finished the operation and bade him tell it to the con-federate lad as gently as was possible. Willie

did this and the wounded boy answered calmly, "For two days I have been expecting

calmiy, "For two days I have been expecting this and I am willing to go; for, doubtless, there is work for me in the other life." He lingered for a week, every day grow-

to sleep as gently as the water drop sinks into the ocean. A few hours before he died he sent for Willie and said to him, "You

have been very good to me, and as far as

Take them

I can, I would return your kindness. My

when I am gone. They may help you to get back to your mother. I am going soon Stay with me until I die."

loving and pure had gone out of his life leaving him lone and heart-weary.

I would like to tell all the details of Wil-lie's escape—how he dressed himself in the confederate boy's clothes, and one cloudy

They laid his body away in the ground and Willie went about his work; but something

lothes are under my pillow.

his young life, if need were, to beat

his country's invaders.

had gone into the war with the same pur

DECAYED TEETH

HE EFFECT on the stomach produced by constantly swallowing bacteria and pus from diseased teeth, mingled with decomposed particles of food, is sometime alarming and is recognized by scientific men as the foundation of serious constitutional disorders. In every community there are those who are cranks on the fresh air subtect, but whose mouths are frequently in such a neglected condition that the air which passes through them is as poluted as that of the most crowded tenemen house, and every mouthful of food swallowed carries into the stomach millions of bacteria. Take time by the force lock; lay the foundation of good health by first attending

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onfederate soldiers, was questioned by them and got safely away, because of his gray uniform; how on his hands and knees he crept beyond the outmost confederate pickets, and after wandering in the woods two days and nights, with only the sun by day and the north star by night, to guide him, he got within the union lines, and worn out with walking he lay down under a tree by the roadside and slept soundly till toward the following night. I will only say that Willie was roused from his slumbers under the tree by someone shaking him by the shoulder. Looking up he saw of derly who had awakened him said, "Wha are you doing here, my young gray back?' Just then Willie caught sight of a familiar face—that of his mother's own brother Colonel McIntyre, of the Forty-second regi hement of Indiana infantry. "Why, nucle he shouted, "don't you know me?"
In a moment he was seated behind on his

uncle's horse and on his way to his father. I shall not recount the anxiety of that father nor the persistent search which he and all that was left of his regiment kept up during the long fortnight for tidings of the lost boy in every encampment of the army in front of Chattanooga. Many and conflicting reports came to the agonized father but the only certain tidings were that the hospital had been captured and Willie had been flung out, a little waif, on the tur-bulent sea of battle. Was he living or dead-well or wounded? Who could tell Who could tell him? And what tale could be bear to the boy's mother? These were the questions that knocked at the father's heart, drove sleep from his eyelids, and made suspen a horror scarcely to be endured. He h an arrow scarcely to be endured. He had sat on this last day every hour in his tent, listening to overy coming footstep, and dreading the approach of night when he felt that he could no longer delay writing to the boy's mother. Then, just as the sinking sun was touching the tops of the far off trees, there was a great shout outside his tent, the rapid footsteps of more than 100 men, and Willie burst into it,



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boy threw his arms about his father's