The Editor of

The Weekly

World - Herald

with indigestion so severe as to make it

impossible to take more than two

meals a day without intense suffering.

I grew worse gradually until, July

1895, I was suddenly attacked with in-

creased pain and soreness over the pit

of the stomach and sharp pains in my

right side which rapidly increased un-

til I could scarcely ge my breath. A

physician was called for immediate re-

lief and hypodermic injections of mor-

was able to be out in about a week but

had a second attack the following Au-

gust, more intense than before. I was

reduced from 156 to 134 lbs. in nine

days and left wholly unable to take any

nourishment. I lived on Lime water

and a very little milk for several days

after. For one year I carried morphine

pellets in my pockets ready for an

emergency. All this time my stomach

was sore and very sensitive. I dis-

covered that what would agree with my

stemach this week would probably not

next week and that I was getting near-

er and nearer to a final collapse. I cou-

sulted three of the best physicians in

the state and two agreed fully as to my

allment but failed to give me relief. Having utterly failed to obtain relief I

finally made arrangements to go to

Chicago to be treated when my little

boy chanced to get a sample package of

Dr. Kny's Renovator which he brought

to me. I was induced to try it, not

having the least faith in its virtues.

thought the sample relieved me and I

purchased a 25 cent box. Before it was

all used I had so improved that I was

taking three meals a day, which I had

not done for years. I then used one

package of the large Dr. Kay's Reno-

vator and one more of the small size.

It is eight months since I commenced

using Dr. Kay's Renovator and I now

have no symptoms whatever of my old

trouble. I have recommended it to

many of my friends for stomach trou-

ble and I think all have reported re-

llef." George W. Hervey, Omaha. Neb.,

Price of

Dr. Kay's Renovator

25c and \$1.

Feb. 17, 1897.

phine were resorted to for relief.

## AN AMBUSCADE.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

(Copright, 1395, by Joel Chandler Harris.)

To Mrs. Kilpatrick and her daughters, watching this vast procession from behind the curiains of the window, the spictacle was by no means an enchanting one. Their bellef in the righteoneness of the southern | young mistress as if she had cause amounted to a passion; it was almost fer its success with a fervor impossible to describe. It was a cause for which they were prepared to make any sacrifice, and it is no wonder that they watched the army go by with pallid and grief-stricken faces. Their despair would have been of a blacker hue if they had not remembered that, awdy off in Virginia Robert Lee was mustering his army against the hosts that were oppos-

The spectacle of this army marching by was so strange-so impossible in fact-that their am zement would not have been materially increased if the whole vast army had been lifted in air by a gust of wind to dissolve and disappear in the swaying and Presently they saw O'Halloran spur his

herse toward the moving files, end touch his cap by way of salute. Then another horseafter some delay, detached himself from the ranks, joined the big Irishman. and the two came up the avenue together. Mrs. Kilpatrick, by an instinct rather then as impulse of hospitality, prepared to go to dey want Marse the door to receive them, pausing in Jack's des like he is? to see that everything was in shipshape. As the two came up the broad, high to remove their waterproofs, Flora, profrom behind the red curtains in the parlor,
saw that the surgeon was both young and
scalwart. His brown hair was cut short,
and the flerce curl of his manusche was
relieved by a pair of gold spectacles, that
gave 2 benign and gomewhat ministerial air
to features that were otherwise firm and
spidler-like. He was not as tall -s the
spidler-like. He was not as tall -s the
spidler-like. He was not as tall -s the
spidler-like and that army were—
few men in all that army were—
few men in

When O'Halloran knocked at the door, Mrs. Kilpatrick opened it without a mo-'Tis the surgeon, mum, to see the cap

Good morning, madam. Dr. Pruden. The man here tells me that Captain Jarvis of a duckin. 'Fo' dat, dey'd meet twixt de lines when dey wan't no rumpus gwine on, held his cap in his hand, and his bearing was all that was affi-ble and polite.

"Come in, sir," said the lady, inclining

her head slightly.

He stepped into the hallway, O'Halloran following with a broad grin on his face that disap cared as by magic whenever the sur-con glanced in his direction. Mrs. Kil-



BEAUTIFUL HANDS HAD A TRICK OF STROKING THE WOUNDED MAN'S

rick led the way to Jack's room, to white Plora had flitted when the knock came at the door. Dr. Pruden acknowledged her presence with a bow and then turned his atention to his patient.

I'm sorry to see you on your back, Captain Jarvis," he said sympathetically. "And yet, with such quarters and such nurses, 1 dare say you are better off than the rest of

Yes-well off," replied Jack in a weak voice that was not borrowed for the oceasion. In fact, the surgeon had not arrived any too soon. The wounded man had grown feebler and his condition was not helped by an occasional fit of coughing that racked his body and threatened to tear his

wounds open afresh. Dr. Pruden wiped his hands on a towel that chanced to be hanging on a chair near by and then proceeded to examine into the wounded man's condition.

You may thank your stars, young man, he sail after awhile, "that these ladies were charitable enough to forget the color your coat there and give you shelter and the care and attention that were absolutely

neessary."

The note of unaffected gratitude in the young surgeon's voice was so simple and growing that Flora felt a momentary pang of regret that he should have been made the victim of the Irishman's crafty scheme. But the pang was only momentary; for what the Trisiman did he had done for Jack's sake that was a sufficient excuse. And yet the knowledge that the surgeon had been decrived made both mother and daughter more considerate in their demeanor-more in their attitude-than they could otherwise have been.

G Halloran stood watching the ladies and the sirgeon with a quizzical expression, keeping his hand in the neighborhood of his mouth to screen his smiles. Finally he seemed to discover that he could not safely remain and maintain his dignity.

"Oi'll be goin' captain," he sain to Jack. "The ladies 'll look afther yure belongin's Termorrer whin the rear guard comes by maybe yo'll be well enough for to be lifted

the ambulance I brung ye in."
"What amuses you?" inquired the sur geon, seeing the Irishman trying to suppress

'Upon me word, sir, Oi was thinkin' av drinch ye give me whin Oi was allin'. s Oi: 'Ef 'tis as bitter to the captain Enys Ol: here as 'twas to me, he'll be up on his fee:

Whereupon O'Halloran turned on his beel and went out, closing the door gently afte

Dr Pruden went to work with a will He smiled at the big poultice that Aunt Candace had applied to the wound made by the built in its exit, but found that the inflammation had been controlled by it. with the aid of fair Flora, who offered her assistance, he proceeded to deal with the wound on the shoulder, which he found to be in a much more serious condition.

tions in a tone of unaffected concern, he explained that the cough was caused by in-flammation of the lung tiesues, which would of it all. ass away as the wound healed. He said the wound only one more dressing, which could be done the next morning, if the ladies could put up with his presence for that length of time; or, if they preferred, he could call an ambulance and have the wounded men carried along with the remy though that would be both awkward and congerous. The condition of the lungs, he might result in pleurisy or pneumonia.

Bith the ladies protested so earnestly against the removal of the wounded man that Dr. Pruden inwardly abused bimself for Caving formed the idea that southern women had violent prejudices against Yenkese. During the discussion Aunt Canduce had come in. She knew nothing of the

her ears.

Which army you gwine take him 'long mance turn out bappily.

Which army you gwine take him 'long mance turn out bappily.

He would have been glad to talk with

'Are you wounded, too?" Dr. Pruden in-

quired humorously.
"No, I ain't; but I won't enswer fer dem
wha try ter take dat boy fum und' dis roof." She turned and staced at her mistress and them before. Then she raised her fat arms a part of their religion; and they prayed includes by her side muttering, "Gawd

And after that she watched Mrs. Kilpurick and Fiora closely, and listened intentl to every word they said and shook her head, and muttered to herself. To Plate she made haste to give out her version of the puzzle that the situation presented.

'You kin talk much ez you please 'bout de Kilpatrick blood, but hit done cun'd out." "How come?" Plato inquired.

'Ain't you got no eyes in yo' haid? Can't you see what gwine right spang und' yo' nose? Ef mistiss an' Miss Floe ain't done gone ravin' 'stracted, den I done los' what ittle min' I had. You make me b'lieve d niss'd set up dar in de house an' let Yankee dat's ever been born'd talk 'bout takin' yo' Marse Jack offind de army, an' dat, too, when he layin' dar flat er his back wid a hele thoo' 'im dat you kin mighty nigh run yo' han' in? Uh—uh! uh—uh! you need'n' tell me! Ol' miss would a

Plato scratched his head and ruminated over the puzzle. "Did mistiss an' young mistiss befor say dey want Marse Jack tuck off wid de army

"Dey ain't say it right out in black an' white, but dey sot dar an' let dat ar Yankee talf 'bout it widout so much ez battin' der eyes. An' Miss Floe-she sot dar an' make

him an' dat ar big Yankee what wuz it de house-he up yander watchin' de stoci right now—dey'd git ter projickin' an' tryin' ter duck one an'er, an' I tuck notice dat big Yankee allers let Marse Jack do de

'thuh! Much he look like bein' raised wid Marse Jack!" snorted Aunt Candace.
"Maybe he de one what went ter take
Marse Jack off wid de army!" suggested Plato, pursuing the subject. "Ef he is you need'n' ter let dat worry you, kaze he'll be safe wid dat big Yankee sho." 'No, he won't needer!" exclaimed Aunt

"Kaze he ain't gwine, dat's how come!"
Plato shook his head significantly, as if
his mammy's decision settled the whole mat-

ter. Still he was puzzied at the alleged wil-linguess of his mistress and Miss Floe to allow Jack to be carried off by the Yankee Dr. Pruden, the surgeon, was also worried understand. The problem was not very serious, as matters go in times of war, but it was very interesting. Why should these southern women, who, his instinct told him. ad very bitter prejudices against the northern people, and especially against the union Jarvis of New York? And not interest only, but genuine solicitude, that they sought in vain to conceal? The surgeon was a young man, not more than 25 or 30 years old, but

He cared nothing whatever for such prejudices as the ladies surely had. They were Captain Jarvis that worried him. He could down to this blissid day an' hour!" see that these prejudices were in full bloom. He patted Jack affectionately on the head.

e of some possible service to Jarvis.
While dressing Jack's wounded shoulder, which, under the circumstances, was a tedi-cus operation, Dr. Pruden noticed what beautiful hands Flora had. She was helping him the best she could and in that way her hands were very much in evidence. He ob- you, bose?" served, too, that these beautiful hands had a trick of stroking the wounded man's hair horse that will be takin' me. and once he saw such an unmistakable caress expressed in the pressure of the fingers surgeon's glence was so frankly inquisitive an' tooken,

Jarvis, but that was out of the question now; tomorrow would do as well. So he sat in the library and smoked his pipe, finding some very good tobacco in an old cigar box on the table and heard the Twentieth army corps go tramping by, the noise the troops made harmonizing well with the dull roar the No-vember wind made in the treetops outside. Strangely enough, it all seemed to emanate from the flames in the fireplace. After awhile, he leaned his head against the cush-

When he opened them again night was falling. On one side of the fireplace Plato sat prone on the floor. On the other side sat O'Halloran. Plato was nodding, his head falling from side to side. The big Irishman was leaning forward gazing into the fire, h's

"What time is it?" the surgeon asked. eplied O'Halloran, straightening himself.
Plato aroused himself, draw a pine knot
rom some place of concealment and threw

it on the glowing bank of coals.
"Mistress say yo' vittles wuz ter be kep'
warm in de dinin' room, suh," said Plato. "Dey ringded de dinner bell all 'roun' you, and mistiss come in ter ax you ter have some dinner, but she 'low you wuz sleepin' so soun' she di'n' want ter wake you up.'
"Well," replied Dr. Pruden, "a bite of something wouldn't hurt, that's a fact. I'll

go in and see how Jarvis is, while you have it fixed for me."

A candle in the hall showed the surgeon the way to his patient's room. There was no need for the surgeon to go there, for Jack was still asleep. The candle had been placed on the floor to keep the light from shining in his face, and the room was darker on that account, but it was not too dark for the surgeon to see as he entered the room that Flora was sitting over against the bed. colding Jarvis' hand, for he saw her make a uick movement as he entered, and the pa-icot stirred elightly. This seemed to conirm all his inferences and increased his wonder that such a complication could arise here in the very heart of the rebellion, as it were. He seated himself by the bed and aid his hand on the patient's forehead.

'How long have you been awake, Jarvis?" asked, presently, "Not long," replied Jack. "How did you mow I was awake?" "Why, I heard you swallow," replied Dr.

Jack tried to laugh, but he found that his host was very sore, and the laugh ended n a groan.

he surgeon, in a professional tone. "You are out of danger now, and you ught to be forever grateful to your nurse," "You mean old aunt Candace?" suggested lack, with dry bumor.

Dr. Pruden stared at his patient with wide then eyes. "I'm surprised at you, Jarvis," to said, in a tone of rebuke. "I men Miss Ulpatrick, of course. Go to sleep now; your ead is still in a flighty condition.

Whereupon Dr. Pruden went out of the noom into the library again. Soon he was summoned to the diving room, where, con-trary to his expectations, he found Mrs. Kilpatrick presiding at the table. Naturally they fell into a conversation about the war, but both restrained their prejudices, and the talk turned out to be so pleasant-though there were critical moments that had to be bridged over with silence—that Dr. Pruden thought he had never seen a more charming or a more gracious hostess.

At early dawn the next morning, O'Halloran, piloted by Plato, went into Jack's room, took h's captain's coat from the back of the chair where he had placed it, folded it up neatly and tucked it under his waterproof Jack stirred uneasily and then awoke. Plate and the Irishman looked like huge shadows. Aunt Candace, scated in a rocking chair be with a problem be could not fathom, and puzzled by a great many things he could not could under the circumstances. could under the circumstances.
"What is the matter?" asked Jack. He felt so much better that he wanted to sit

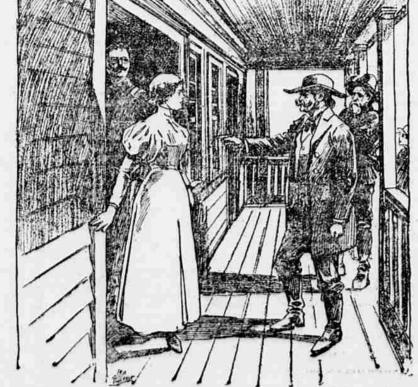
up in bed, but found that his shoulder was too sore. "Tis but a whim of mine for to come an' kiss me hand to ye, me b'y. The nagui ern people, and especially against the union as soldiers, betray such interest in Captain here says that a squad av Johnnies went Jarvis of New York? And not interest only, past this half hour. So Oi says to a man Ol know, O'Halloran we'll while away the toime with a canter across the country.' man, not more than 25 or 30 years old, but he had knocked about a good deal, and, as he said to himself, he was no fool. In fact, but me betwirt the trottin' Johnnies an' he had a pretty good knowledge of human the stragglers.

nature and a reasonably quick eye for | "What about the other fellow-this do tor?" asked Jack. "Ol misdoubt but he'll board along ly had. They were ye," remarked the big Irlshman with a They belonged to broad gvin. "Twill be a gate way fer to ratural and inevitable. They belonged to broad grin. "Twill be a cate way fer to the order of things. They were to be expected. It was their absence in the case of hould the taste av his phaysic in me goozle."

and with "God bless you, me b'ye!" wen: presence was tolerated only because he could out of the room, followed by Plato. Outside the house Plato turned to the big Irishman. "Boss, you gwine ter walk?" "An' lade me horse? 'Tis not in me bone to do that same."

"You-you-you sholy ain't gwine ter take Marse 'Lisha Perryman's saddle horse, is "Not in the laste, ye beggar. 'Tis the

"Well, de Lawd knows I don't want tec be nowhers 'roun' in deze digglos when glanced quickly at her face. The Marse 'Lisha fin' out dat horse been took



THIS GENTLEMAN HAS SAVED MY BROTHER'S LIFE. HE IS MORE THAN GUEST: HE IS OUR BENEFACTOR.

that Flora blushed in spite of herself, and signs of mental perturbation, was vexed tieth army corps.

But he was none the less satisfied that he had surprised and discovered the young woman's secret; and he wondered that it should be so, weaving with h's wonderment the prettiest little romance imaginable. It was such a queer little romance, too, that he could not repress a smile as he bent over Jack's broken shoulder and deftly applied the bandages. Flora saw the smile and with

woman's intuition read its meaning. Whereupon, with ready tact, she transferred her anger. She made the surgeon, instead of herself, the object of it, so that when Jack's wounds had been properly dressel Dr. Pruden found that the young lady's haughtiress toward bim was in significant contrast to the tender solicitude she felt for the supposed Captain Jarva.

The surreon paid small attention to this, as he told himself, and yet it was not a pleasant experience. The careful way in dace had come in. She knew nothing of the scheme that O'Halloran had employed to secure the services of a succeon for her young master. When she heard the suggestion that Jack could be placed in an ambulance and carried along with the army she pricked up her ears.

| An experience | The exceful way in properties of the place of

Plate said nothing more, but he shook h it was the resiest of blushes, too, for she instinctively knew that the man suspected that she had fallen desperately in love with a Yankee captain in the course of a few were on their way, and by traveling along eaw at once that, while it was a painful and dangerous hurt, no vital point had been touched. To Flora, who asked many questions in a tone of unstracted many questions in a tone of unstracted many questions. Then she was angry because she the plantation byways—paths known to the blushed and distreased negroes and to the cattle—O'Hallo an soon with a tone of unstracted many questions in a tone of unstracted many questions.

Meanwhile, after breakfast, Surgeon den dressed Jack's wound again and the began to make his preparations to rejoin the army. He called for the big Irishman and was a little unessy when he learned that O'Helloran had left before sunrise. Nevertheless, he went on with his preparations and was ready to take his departure, waiting only for Mrs. Kilpatrick to come into the library where he stood with Flora to tell them farewell together, when he heard the clatter of boofs on the graveled avenue Locking from the window he saw a squad of confederate cavalrymed galloping toward the house. At their head rode a man in citizen's clothes—a man of middle age, but with a fierce military air. Flora saw them same moment and the color left her She knew the man in citizen's clo hes for Mr. Perryman, their neighbor who had a great reputation in that section for ferocity. Mr. Perryman had massed his horse and had been told by some of his negroes that the man who had taken him had stooped over night at the Klipatrick place. He was a widower who had been casting fond eyes on Flora for some time and now thought to render her an important service and give her cause for lively grat-

beginning to believe that you are not as much of a min as I once thought you were. This gentlemen has caved my brother's life. He is more than a guest; he's our benefactor." Mr. Perryman stood dumbfounded the phrase goes, his comb fell. His mus-tachic ceased to bristle. The surgeon on his side was as much surprised as Mr Perryman. He turned to Firm with a puzzled expression on his face-and the he gave her was sufficient to prevent Mr. P rryman from throwing away his sus-

'Do you mean Jack?" "Where and when did you save Kilpatrick's life?" asked Mr. Perryman turning to Dr. Pruden abruptly. "Tm cure I couldn't tell you," replied 64 To Whom this Comes, Greeting: We take pleasure in commending the virtues of the remedies prepared by the Dr.

B. J. Kay Medical Co. Having known of some remarkable cures of Omaha people effected by the use of Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, we believe that these great remedies are worthy of the confidence of the public." Signed by the fol-

From Prominent Omaha People

Hon, W. A. Paxton, Omaha, Neb., President Union Stock Yards Co., and extensively engaged in various large enterprises. He is no doubt, more widely known than any other citizen of the state.

Hon. A. U. Wyman, Omaha, Neb., Ex-Treasurer of the United States. Now president of the Omaha Loan and Trust Co., the largest and most prominent negotiators of western farm and city loans.

Hon. Geo. P. Bemis, Omaha, Neb., Exmayor of the city of Omaha. He has long been interested in Real Estate and has been prominently identified in the progress and growth of the city. He is now doing a large loan and real estate business.

Erastus A. Benson, Omaha, Neb., Pres. of the Omaha Real Estate Exchange; one of the largest owners of real estate in the

Hon. A. S. Churchill, Omaha, Neb., Ex-Attorney General of Nebraska. One of Nebraska's prominent lawyers.

Hon. W. J. Connell, Omaha, Neb., Ex-Congressman and at present City Attorney of Omaha.

John McDonald, Omaha, Neb., Sheriff. George Heimrod, Omaha, Neb., Treasurer of Douglas county.

John Westberg, Omaha, Neb., City Comp-Beecher Higby, Omaha, Neb., City Clerk.

A. G. Edwards, Omaha, Neb., City Treas. Hon. C. J. Smyth, Omaha, Neb., Attorney General of Nebraska.

Hon. T. S. Clarkson, late Postmaster of ~~~~~~~~~~

## W. L. Selby,

Real Estate and Loans Omaha, Neb., Feb. 4, 1898.

Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Gentlemen:-As stated to you

the other day, my mether-in-law recently used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm with very grutifying results. For quite a period of time she has been troubled with a backing cough and was compelled, at frequent intervals, to keep clearing her throat. On account of my acquaintance with your Dr. Kendall, I suggested that she try your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, which she did and was cured before using a full box and it has never returned to her since.

Subsequently, my little boy, Frank, was left with a hard cough for many months after recovering from a spell of scarlet fever; we again used the Dr. Kay's Lung Balm which has had the effect of a permanent cure.

Being somewhat prejudiced against proprietary medicines, doubtless I would not have given the remedy a trial if It had not been for the acquaintance mentioned, and with the satisfactory experience, we feel very grateful and it gives me great pleasure to recommend the remedy and I would be very glad if my testimonial would be of any use to you. Yours truly,

W. L. SELBY.

Rev. Mary A. Hillis, The Noted

Evangelist

~~~~

From

"I gladly give my testimony to the healing properties of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. My son had a terrible cough every winter for five years and he took dozens of bottles of the leading cough medicines but nothing seemed to help him or quiet his cough. But two 25 cent boxes of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm hus cured him, and it has also been a great relief to other members of my family when afflicted with colds."

Price of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm 10c and 25c.

## Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail on receipt of Price.

Write us for free advice and a free copy of Dr. Kay's Home Treatment. It has 68 pages, 56 valuable receipts and many excellent prescriptions. Andy Whitmer, East Chicago, Ind., writes "I would not take \$10 for your book if I could not get another." A. C. Hammond, a prominent stockman at Stockton, Kansas, says: "I would not take \$5 for the receipt on 21st page of your book." It has great value, send for it and a free sample of Dr. Kay's Renovator. Address, Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., (Western office), Omaha, Neb.

itude by ridding her of the presence of the Yankee soldier, if he were still in possession of the house, or, if he had escaped, to at-

tract her admiration by leading the confed erates to her rescue. Surgeon Pruden drummed a brief tattoo on the window pane and then threw back his head with a contemptuous laugh. "I see!" he exclaimed. "My comrade and

nyself have been drawn into an ambuscade, thank you, Miss Kilpatrick, for this revelaon of southern hospitality. "Into an ambuscade!" cried Flora, her color returning.

"Why, certainly! Into a trap! I have bu one favor to ask of you, M'ss Kilpatrick. Let them take me and leave my comrade. surely he can do you no harm!"

"They will not take you," she said with calmness he thought assumed. a calmness he thought assumed.
"Will they not? It will be their own fault then. If I could escape by raising my finger—so—I would scorn to do it. Not if I knew they would furnish you a spectacle by hanging me to the nearest tree."

She looked at him so hard, and such a singular light blazed in her eyes that he ould not fathom her thoughts.

"What do you take me for?" she cried "For a southern lady loyal to her friends," ne replied in a tone bitingly sarcastic, "Call them ka! But stay—you shall be spared that trouble. I will go to them. I ask only hat my comrade be not disturbed." He started for the door, but she was be

Perryman knocked, and opened it at "Good morning, Mr. Perryman,"

Flora. Mr. Perryman took off his hat and was the act of politaly responding to

salute, as was his habit, when, glancing over Flora's shoulder, he saw Surgeon Pruden staring at him through gold specacles. Then, instead of saying "Good norning, Miss Flora; I hope you are well this morning," as was his habit, Mr. Perryman cried out: "There's that scoundrel now! Surround

the house, men! Look to the windows! I'll take care of the door! Watch the side win-

Mr. Perryman was so far carried away by excitement that he falled to hear Flora's voice, which called out to him sharply once or twice. He was somewhat cooled, however, when he saw the surgeon drawing on a pair of heavy worsted gloves instead of trying to escape. And at last Flora got

"Mr. Perryman, this gentleman is our guest. Dr. Pruden, this is our good neigh-bor, Mr. Perryman. Under the circumstances, his excitement is excusable. The surgeon acknowledged his acquaintance with a bow, but Mr. Perry man's surprise gave him no opportunity to

"Why, my God! 'the man's a Yankee I know you are mistaken. Why, he's the follow that stole my horse! the surgeon coolly, yet reddening a little under the charge. "If he's yours, you

"I know how it is, M'es Flora," Mr. Perryman insisted. "You're a woman, and you don't want to see this Yankee dealt "I'm a woman, Mr. Perryman, but I'm

"Certainly, Mr. Perryman. I have no brother tut Jack.

the surgeon placidly. He was engaged in wiping his spectacles, but turned to Flora. 'Is the wounded man your brother, Miss

The surgeon threw his right hand up-

'Certainly," she answered. "I'm glad of it," he said simply You'd better be glad!" exclaimed Mr. Perryman.

ward. "Nonsense, mre! I'd be glad if had to be shot or hanged in half an hour." "Come in and see Jack, Mr. Perryman, said Flora. There was such a change in her voice and attitude that both men looked at her. Her face was glowing.

Mr. Perryman stepped into the hallway. and Flora led to the way to Jack's room After that to explanation was necessary Mr. Perryman talked to Jack with tears i his eyes, for behind his savage temper he carried a warm heart. He and Jack had been companions in many a foxhunt and in many a frolic, and there was a real

friendship between the two. F's ally, Mr. Perryman turned to Dr. Pru den. "I'm mighty glad to meet you, sir, and hope you will allow me to shake your hand. You've been caught in a trap, but it than is often found in such places. Just then there was a knock at the door. The captain of the cavalry squad wanted to It ow what was going on, and why the Yankee prisoner wasn't brought out. The state of affairs was made known to him

"That satisfies me, I reckon, but I ain! certain that it'il satisfy my men."
"What command do they belong to?" asked Mr. Perryman.

Wheeler's cavalry.' "Aunt Candace! Aunt Candace!"

Flora. "Give Wheeler's cavalry a drink of buttermilk and let them go!" The hit was as palpable as it was daring, for the men of this command were known far and wide as the Buttermilk Rangers. It need hardly be said that Surgeon Pruden had a very comfortable time in that neighborhood. Within the course of a few months the war was over, and he was free to go home; but in 1866 he came south and settled in Atlanta. Then, to make a long story short, he married Flora Kilpatrick. At the wedding, Mr. Perryman, irreconcila-ble as he was, nudged Dr. Pruden in the ribs

"What'd I tell you about the bait in the trap? THE END.

SHERIDAN'S POKER GAME.

and Conkling Furnished the Fun. "I was in the game one right during the winter of '79 when both Conkling and Sherigame, and John Chamberlio was the other player. This game at Chamberlin's was always for a \$5 limit at first, with the understrading that along toward morning, after "My horse is in the stable." remarked a couple of hours of warming up, anybody could suggest the removal of the limit if he wanted to. The way Coukling and Sheridan bluffed each other that night was a caution Both men seemed to strike out luck alto-gether as an element in their good-natured play against each other, and as both of them caught fine hands occasionally, when engaged in this tug-of-war of bluffing uclther of them could get an exact line on the other, and it was better than a play to study their faces at the show-downs. Conkling was having a'l the success during the latter of the night, and it was fur to hear 'l Phil' softly utter dark and woolly things under his breath when, time after time. Conkling would show a hand consisting of nothing at all after having scared Sheridan out, or produce a gorgeous set of fours or a full hand at such times as Sher dan, decidrg that the senator was bluffing, would call

"Bite him. Sheridan, Chamberlin would say, amusedly, on these occasions, and Sheri-dan would tell Chamberlin to go to the dicko, and call for another dack of carda, with a new deck. Sheridan dealt the first mess himself, and after it had gone around

and alone of the three of us could open at,

eards, and bit his eigar hard when he saw his hand. He made a \$5 bet to draw Conkling out, and the senator raised him \$25. It the world over end that it will out, passed between them with these \$25 bets However, "no pledge, no education"

wrong at the same instant, but we only

puzzled look in his eyes.
"'Oh, I say, there, Phil, just walt a them to be. minute,' said he. 'Do you really think that pot belongs to you? " 'Belongs to me?' said Sheridan. 'Well, it does if the nose on my face belongs to

me- and again he reached over to hoe in "Conkling ran his hand through his hair and again stopped Sheridan with a gesture. "'I don't remember ever having seen tha sort of thing before,' he said. 'Did you,

"'See what sort of thing before?" said Sheridon. 'What in blazes are you talking about, Conkling?" "For reply Conkling put one finger upon one of Sheridan's aces and then pointed to

another one of the aces. "'I never saw a Jackpot won with three aces, two of which happened to be aces of diamonds,' caid Conkling, smiling.
"Sheridan looked at the control of the c "Sheridan looked at his hand, lying face up on the table before him, and his face became flery red. The consternation on his

countenance was really funny.
"'Why,' said be, after a minute, 'blame if I don't believe I'm nothing better than an involuntary swindler. That other ace, you cee, is a club. I opened the pot on a poli-of red aces, and they were of course these aces of diamonds. Chamberlin, turning to the amused boulface, 'turn me cut of doors es a fraud and a short-card player, will you'

"And have the army fire a voiley over the ruins of my house?' replied Chamberlin 'Hardly. Anyhow, I'd rather see you one Conkling engage in a rough and tumble figh over the thing. Go shead, the pair of you We'll see fair play,' turning to me. "Of course the extra ace of diamonds had dan were players," says a writer in the slipped into the deck accidentally before I Washington Star. "It was a four-handed left the manufacturer's hands, but Sheridan when he had in a measure recovered from the surprise of the revelation, made a humor ous pretention that he had known the whole thing all along and convulsed the three ous by feelingly appealing to Conkling to refrain from exposing frim to the world, for the sake of his family, and all that sort of

CRUSADE OF SIX AMERICAN GIRLS.

Mactiowan Sisters Trying to Abolish Foot Binding in China. A strong effort is being made to abolish foot binding in China. The leaders of the movement, says the Baltimote Sun, are the six daughters of an American missionary

James MacGowon. The crushing of the Chinese g'rl's foo: begins in brbyhood. As soon as she begins to walk the foot is bound up and it is kept in bandages, in spite of the pain to the victim, until it ceases to grow. Then the tandages are removed, and the woman If she lives to be a hundred

years old every step is in pain. These American girls have started their reform in the school where they teach. Every Chinese girl who comes into the school is asked to size a please never to let her feet be bound. It takes a great let her feet be bound. It takes a great deal of talk to turn the average Chinese

Sheridan opened it himself. Neither Cham- girl against foot binding, which she has berlin nor I had any right to stay on our hands, and so it was left between Sheridan and Conkling, who stayed. Cookling took pain or inconvenience or even a great deal when, by undergoing it, a girl can possess threes. Sheridan dished himself out three the smallest feet in her village and be considered an ideal beauty?" tion shows that woman's nature is the same

until there was nearly \$300 in the pot, both to be the motto of the MacGowan sisters. If men scrutinizing each other pretty care-fully at each bet.

a girl refuses to sign this pledge she may not enter the school, and this is a disgrace "I don't know so much about you this as well as a disappointment, for Chinese time, said Conkling finally, and think I'll children are beginning to show a decided "Both laid their hands down at the same time. Conkling had three nines and he looked at Sheridan strangely when he caw the color of Sheridan's three near Park Chamberlain and myself also saw what was than her crippled sister. After a girl is converted she is made a missionary, and has it drilled into her that the highest was just about to rake in the pot. Conkling was gazing at the little man of iron with a puzzled look in his eyes.

The MacGowan girls have formed what is known as the Anti-Foot Binding society, and all their converts who show a desire to work against foot binding are enrolled as members and rank in the society according to their enthusiasm. Some go to neighbor-ing villages to preach the gospel of naturalsized feet; others go from house to house spreading the gospel and urging Chinese mothers of girls to refrain from crippling their little ones. If these from-house-to-house canvassers find any children whose feet are undergoing the crushing process they reason with the parents show them the evil of it and do all in their power to get them to unwind the bandages. If they refuse the missionaries call again and again, with the persistence of a ward politician. If they yield and the children's feet are freed parents and children are urged to

o'n the Anti-Foot Binding society and be-come missionaries in their turn. The latest plan of the MacGowan sisters is to attack the evil at its root, by bringing the question before the Chinese court, and seeking to obtain royal support, and, if pos-sible, a royal decree making foot binding an offerse. Others have tried to do this and fulled, but these plucky American girls be-

Never defer a vital matter. A cough shouldn't be neglected when Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure it at once.



DUFFY'3 PURE MALT WHISKEY

Kunn & Co. this can boughn Streets.

ALL DRUCCISTS. Mothers! Motherell Mothersti:

Mothers: Mothers:: Mothers::

Mrs. Winslow's Socthing Syrap has been used for ever 50 years by millions of methers for their children while techning with perfect success. It sections the chill, effens the guns, allays all pain, cores wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrious. Fold by draggists in every part of the world. He sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Socthing Syrap" and take no other kind. 25 cents a bottle.