

AN AMBUSCADE.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

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To Mrs. Kilpatrick and her daughters, watching this vast procession from behind the curtains of the window, the spectacle was by no means an enchanting one. Their built-in the righteousness of the southern cause amounted to a passion; it was almost a part of their religion; and they prayed for 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 a blacker hue if they had not remembered that, away off in Virginia Robert Lee was mustering his army against the hosts that were opposing him.

The spectacle of this army marching by was so strange—so impossible in fact—that their amazement would not have been materially increased if the whole vast army had been lifted in air by a gust of wind to glide and disappear in the swaying and whirling mist.

Presently they saw O'Halloran spur his horse toward the moving files, and touch his cap by way of salute. Then another horseman, after 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 than a desire of hospitality, prepared to go to the door to receive them, passing in Jack's room to see that everything was in ship-shape. As she went she saw a man in a blue uniform, and delayed a moment on the veranda to remove the red curtains in the parlor, and the surgeon was both young and elegant. His brown hair was cut short, and the fierce curl of his mustache, which was relieved by a pair of gold spectacles, that gave a benign and somewhat ministerial air to features that were otherwise firm and soldier-like. He was not as tall as the Irishman—few men in all that army would have loved himself more easily and graciously.

When O'Halloran knocked at the door, Mrs. Kilpatrick opened it without a moment's delay.

"Is the surgeon, mum, to see the captain?" "Good morning, madam. Dr. Pruden. The man here tells me that Captain Jarvis of a New York regiment is wounded here." He held his cap in his hand, and his bearing was all that was affable 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 was almost as bright as whenever the surgeon glanced in his direction. Mrs. Kilpatrick

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Jarvis, but that was out of the question now; tomorrow would do as well as today. He lit a pipe 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 of the marching harmonizing well with the dull roar the November wind made in the treetops outside. Jarvis, who had been nodding, his head falling from side to side. The big Irishman was leaning forward gazing into the fire, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands.

"What time is it?" the surgeon asked. "The long past yure dinner hour, sir," said O'Halloran, straightening himself. "Plato aroused himself, and a pipe knot from some place of concealment and threw it on the glowing bank of coals.

"Mrs. say ye' vittles ready for ye?" "I grew worse gradually until, July 1895, I was suddenly attacked with increased pain and soreness over the pit of the stomach and sharp pains in my right side which rapidly increased until I could scarcely get my breath. A physician was called for immediate relief and hypodermic injections of morphine were resorted to for relief. I was able to be out in about a week but had a second attack the following August, 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 pocket, ready for emergency. All this time my stomach was sore and very sensitive. I discovered that what would agree with my stomach this week would probably not next week and that I was getting nearer and nearer to a final collapse. I consulted three of the best physicians in the state and two agreed fully as to my ailment 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 changed to get a sample package of Dr. Kay's Renovator which he brought to me. I was induced to try it, not having the least faith in its virtues. I thought the sample relieved me and I purchased a 25c 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 Renovator 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 trouble and I think all have reported relief." George W. Hervey, Omaha, Neb., Feb. 17, 1897.

"No, long," replied Jack. "How did you know I was awake?" "I heard you swallow," replied Dr. Pruden.

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

"Don't try to laugh, and don't talk," said the surgeon, in a professional tone. "You are out of danger now, and you ought to be forever grateful to me for it. You mean old Aunt Candace?" suggested Jack, with dry humor.

Dr. Pruden stared at his patient with wide open eyes. "I'm surprised at you, Jarvis," he said, in a tone of rebuke. "I mean Miss Kilpatrick, of course. Go to sleep now; your head is still in a slightly condition."

"Whorepuss! Dr. Pruden turned out of the room into the library again. Soon he was summoned to the dining room, where, contrary 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 have not been bridged over with silence—that Dr. Pruden thought he had never seen a more charming or more gracious hostess.

At early dawn the next morning, O'Halloran, piloted by Plato, went into Jack's room, took his 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. Plato and the Irishman looked like huge shadows. Aunt Candace seated in a rocking chair before the fireplace, snored as gently as she 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."

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He cared nothing whatever for such prejudices as the ladies surely had. They were natural and inevitable. They belonged to the order of things. They were to be expected. It was their absence in the case of Captain Jarvis that worried him. He could see that these prejudices were in full bloom, as far as he was concerned, and that his presence was tolerated only because he could be of some possible service to Jarvis.

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The note of unaffected gratitude in the young surgeon's voice was so simple and so sincere that it was a pang of regret that he should have been made the victim of the Irishman's crafty scheme. The pang was only momentary, for when the young man did as he had done for Jack's sake, and that was a sufficient excuse. And yet the knowledge that the surgeon had been deceived made both mother and daughter more considerate in their demands—more genial in their attitude—than they could otherwise have been.

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He had no need to probe the wound, but at once the pain was relieved and the dangerous hurt, no vital point had been touched. To Flora, who asked many questions in a tone of unaffected concern, he explained that the cough was caused by inflammation of the lung tissues, which would pass away as the wound healed. He said that it would be necessary for him to give the wound out in the morning, and that 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 be taken to the hospital, and the wounded man carried along with the army, though that would be both awkward and dangerous. The condition of the lungs, he explained, was such that the slightest exposure might result in pleurisy or pneumonia.

Both the ladies protested so earnestly against the removal of the wound that Dr. Pruden inwardly abused himself for having formed the idea that southern women had violent prejudices against Negroes. During the discussion Aunt Candace had come in. She knew something of the scheme that O'Halloran had employed to secure the services of a surgeon for her young master. When she heard that the doctor had been placed in an ambulance and carried along with the army she pricked up her ears.

"Which army you wike take him 'long w'd de Yankee army?" she exclaimed.

From The Editor of The Weekly World - Herald

"For several years I was troubled 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 increased pain and soreness over the pit of the stomach and sharp pains in my right side which rapidly increased until I could scarcely get my breath. A physician was called for immediate relief and hypodermic injections of morphine were resorted to for relief. I was able to be out in about a week but had a second attack the following August, 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 pocket, ready for emergency. All this time my stomach was sore and very sensitive. I discovered that what would agree with my stomach this week would probably not next week and that I was getting nearer and nearer to a final collapse. I consulted three of the best physicians in the state and two agreed fully as to my ailment 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 changed to get a sample package of Dr. Kay's Renovator which he brought to me. I was induced to try it, not having the least faith in its virtues. I thought the sample relieved me and I purchased a 25c 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 Renovator 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 trouble and I think all have reported relief." George W. Hervey, Omaha, Neb., Feb. 17, 1897.

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From Prominent Omaha People

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 following:—

- 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., Mayor 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 city.
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 Controller.
Becher 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 Omaha.

Price of Dr. Kay's Renovator 25c and \$1.

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.

From 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 mother-in-law recently used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm with very gratifying results. For quite a period of time she has been troubled with a hacking cough and was compelled to frequent intervals to keep clearing her throat. On account of my acquaintance with 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. This somewhat protracted 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.

From Rev. Mary A. Hillis, The Noted Evangelist

"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 25c boxes of Dr. Kay's Lung Balm cured him, and it has also been a great relief to other members of my family when afflicted with colds."

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The note of unaffected gratitude in the young surgeon's voice was so simple and so sincere that it was a pang of regret that he should have been made the victim of the Irishman's crafty scheme. The pang was only momentary, for when the young man did as he had done for Jack's sake, and that was a sufficient excuse. And yet the knowledge that the surgeon had been deceived made both mother and daughter more considerate in their demands—more genial in their attitude—than they could otherwise have been.

O'Halloran stood watching the ladies and the surgeon with a quizzical expression, keeping his hand in the neighborhood of his mouth to screen his smiles. Finally he seemed to decide that it was not safe to smile and maintain his dignity.

"O'Halloran, my dear captain," he said to Jack. "The ladies 'll look after yure belongings 'till morrow when the doctor comes, but maybe ye'll be well enough for to be lifted in the ambulance I brung ye in."

"What amuses you?" inquired the surgeon, seeing the Irishman trying to suppress a laugh.

girl against foot binding, which she has been taught to believe makes her a superior being. She asks: "What matters a little pain or inconvenience or even a great deal of pain, by undergoing it, a girl can possess the spirit of a heroine. It is a noble and a noble deed, and she should be proud to be called an ideal beauty." And her question shows that woman's nature is the same the world over and that it will out.

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