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THE CONTRITE COWARD.

A STORY OF DECORATION DAY. For Thirty Odd Years Abel Had Been the Scorn of the Town and the Butt of the

Children, but One Minute of Bravery Redeemed Him from Eternal Ignominy. BY D. V. BLACK.

Abel went to war one day, Dropped his gun and ran away! The children cried after him the jingling doggerel. Abel Tutt went on his road and would not look at them nor seem to hear them. The insult was a very old one to his ears. These were not the first children to molest him in the village street as the schools were dismissed. The parents of come of them had yelled at him years ago, parents who were the first concectors of the rhyme. The elder brothers and sisters of these present babes had chanted it in their turn and still the mocking words were relished by the urchin mob. For nearly thirty-four years the now gray-bearded and solltary men had been the butt of his native township. No girl had in that time walked with him or danced with him, although he had been a straight and handsome youth, nor had he been a sharer in the sports of the young men. As he grew older he was allowed no part in the councils of the village. If he desired to vote at a presidential election he did it only by running the gauntlet of a thousand sneers.

Manifestly it seemed absurd that a man

who had deserted in the face of his coun-

try's enemy should have a say in the choice

of his country's chief. He was taboo. He

was ostracized. He was outside the camp: As the lonely years passed by and many of the soldiers who had fought while he ran dropped out of life, his punishment suffering under torture and also so many new and interesting events happened that people began to forget if they never forfore, Abel Tutt could now come into the market place from his patch of a farm and be contemptuously ignored. But on one day of each year, even of those years his humiliation was freshened and complete, lank form with a sneer. his agony of shame peculiarly acute. This the schools were closed and flags were displayed, when war-scarred veterans limped fife and drum and ros; cadets claimed their fathers' cheers, when wreaths of laurel and the best loved flowers were piled on heroes' graves and the modest monument on the green was surrounded by the swaying crowd who listened to the orators-then Abel hid himself away. May and springtime were to him no season for rejoicing. but a period of panance and remorse. Then the story of his shame was certain to be retold and if he dared to go abroad his cars must hear the old refrain:

Abel went to war one day. Dropped his gun and ran away!

He was a young man when first he had been called "coward"-a lad of 18. Now he was stooped and grayer than some terior to do speedy battle. But besides there life in the open and almost necessitated abstention from all revels bad kept him Atlantic to the Pacific heard it-the buy e nor did they march on shore to sound of call to arms. Abel heard in the store and band or bugle. They were, to the casual he fell on his kness in his ionely house and picture. They were rough and undisciplined

There was a recruiting station in a large tuous herd, ready to stampede, and in front to enlist for the war against Spain. Thither and equipped as he thought best. The inex- horribly afraid. Yet he followed on and general desires to know if you can do this ning death. The pack mules also were so the jubilant officer. "You've saved the po-

went Abel Tutt, telling no man of his mission. A sergeant, selected for the service all heroes are dressed for the part. because of his smart figure, stood at the

"I've come to 'list," said Abel, straighten-

"I guess," said the sergeant, not unkindly, 'this war can be fixed without calling on the veterans. The doctor's only passing young men and hearty. How old are you?

"Grand Army?" "No. sir.

"Thought maybe you'd been in the civil 'I-I was in the army."

"Well, it's great to see the way you vetcrans are eager to fight again!" the sergoant said with an approving smile. "You shame lots of the young chape. But you old hands at the trade have had your fill of giory, so don't grudge the new boys their chance."

"Glory!" cried a voice in the little crowd, and a youngster from Abel's township pushed forward with a loud laugh. "Glory Him! Great Scott, but that's good. It's Abel Tutt, the deserter, who would have been became softened to a great extent. He shot for running away if President Lincoln lived so consistently apart and was so long hadn't pardoned him when his mother we't to him crying. Him want to enlist! That's good. You ain't as spry on your feet as you used to be, Abel. You couldn't run gave. For a large part of the year, there- fast enough now to get away safe. Best stay at home."

Abel went to war one day Dropped his gun and ran away! "Is that true?" the sergeant aske! when a new generation was springing up, coldly, looking up and down the man's

"That's why I want to join." said Abel always happened on Decoration day. When with pathetic appeal. "I want a chance to wipe it out. Can I see the officer?"

"No good," the soldier answered, turn-ing sharply away. "The captain wouldn't speak to you. He never lets up on a de-

Abel, with a white face and down-looking shamed eye, slipped away through the jeer ing crowd and went back to his farm. He sat there, silent and sorrowing, until long after dark, and then sprang to his feet. "I must go!" he cried. "I can bear it no longer. It is my only chance-I must go.

From many transports the American sol- HE GUIDED THE STAMPEDING diers poured into Cuba. The regulars and volunteers, white and black, paused but a little while and then plunged into the inmen older than he, but his hard working were others to be landed. With shouts and yells, the neighing of horses and the clamorous brays of mules, the four-footed folstrong and active. He had suffered in roul, lowers of the army were forced overboard but not in body. Now, when he was over and guided ashore, swimming. With them fifty, an old, familiar call came to his soliwhich rang out until every citizen from the muleteers. These were no smart uniform. saw in the papers what had occurred and man of notes, a disfiguring blot on the and shaggy-bearded and rude of tongue. "If I am permitted another trial," he The trained battalions drew out in orderly cried, "give me strength, O Lord, give me columns as though leaving the familiar

home parade. The mules followed, a tumul-

the passing officers, who knew their value, body.

watched them anxiously and with as lively an interest as they did the troops, for each mule was laden down with ammunition, and upon these coarse-looking, coarsetongued mule whackers depended perhaps the fate of the army, should that ammunition not be at hand at a critical moment. These, also, took their lives in hand. Not

Among them, doing his hard work silently door of the offices and to him Abel applied. and without complaint under a glaring sun, Many young fellows were hanging about rode the coward, Abel Tutt. All his efforts geant, however, was sufficiently cordial in but determined to wipe out his disgrace by or else the command to rush the trenches.

The aide-de-camp spurred his horse and rode at a wild gallop down the forest road. There the shells were falling and bursting among the trees, when they had finished shricking from the guns on the hill. As the staff officer rode on his life was momentarily khreatened by Spanish sharp.

shooters in the bushy trestops. The battle had stubbornly raged all the morning and now, when the tropical sun en's sake, to send me ammunition. and when the graybeard arrived his presence to enlist in the ranks had been absolutely was at height, the weary, perspiring in don't average twenty rounds left per man, crowed. He was but seventy or eighty the day had been the unhappiest day to him occasioned curiosity and smiles. The ser- vain. Despairing of carrying a rifle then, vaders of the isle were praying for night If he can't, why-I must fall back. some means, he had gone down to Florida As it was they were only grimly holding the aide. "The pack mules have arrived." and there at Tampa he had at last found their own, scattered in long lines of skirm-

ACK MULE, HE CHARGED THROUGH THE HELL IN PRONT OF HIM.

means to follow the army he had once de- ishers, bugging shelter, rained on by bulserted. He knew little of the special work lets and shocked by shattering shell, of a mule packer, but he was accustomed to horses and mules and his persistency gained him a place as assistant.

No one knew the misery the man was in. No one knew of the fear which oppressed fifty, an old, familiar call came to his soli-tude, a call unheard for many years, a call ants, the necessary but far from ornamental their judgment of him. Abel was a coward as people judge cowardice. His flesh shivered at the mere thought of a wound. He shrank and cowered instinctively at the guns. In his boyhood he had not realized the peril and carried away by the contagious enthusiasm of comrades had enlisted, only to run, panic-stricken, at the first gleam of the enemy's bayonets. Now he was walking up to death's domain with

The aide-de-camp broke out of the jungle strip again and gained the open. Here he found himself several hundred yards he found himself several hundred yard; saw, by the light of one clear flash of mem- his ears. Things ewam before his eyes, will not be seen on account of the dark from his objective—a battalion of regular saw, by the light of one clear flash of mem- his ears. Things ewam before his eyes, will not be seen on account of the dark from his objective—a battalion of regular saw, by the light of one clear flash of mem- his ears. Things ewam before his eyes, will not be seen on account of the dark from his objective—a battalion of regular saw, by the light of one clear flash of mem- his ears. Things ewam before his eyes, will not be seen on account of the dark from his objective—a battalion of regular saw, by the light of one clear flash of mem- his ears. Things ewam before his eyes. infantry, which was slowly advancing up ory his village. He saw himself passing. With a mighty effort he broke away and a hill, pouring in a hot fire on the Span, through more than thirty years, a dishonlards, who held the entrenched ridge. Their fire was heavy, but the Spanish fire, backet by artillery, was a deadly one, and here and there lay many blue-crated soldiers crack of a rifle or the distant roar of heavy stiffening in the long grass. The aids charged through the hall and drew up be-

side the major in command. "The brigade general's compliments, sir," he panted. "It is vital that you keep the Then the two muleteers lashed on the pack enemy busy at this point for at least an- mules. The distance to the battalion was town not far from the village, and there of and behind them and watching their his eyes open, knowing and understanding other hour, when the reinforcements com-gathered many of the region who desired flanks rode the whackers, every man garbed the imminent danger and he was afraid, ing up will permit a general advance. The

perienced observer would have regretted closed his teeth and prayed. The soul of with your present force. He can ill spare mad with the noise and the clouds of earth sition. That last dash was grand, magnificant their unwarlike and vagabond looks, but the man had at last succeeded in ruling the the men, but if necessary you can have shot up by shells that they ran here and cent! You're a here, and the folks at home

&&&&&&&&&&&**&&&&&&&&&&&**

please." He walked along the rear of the skirmish

bullets spattered around him-"Please ask the general to not mind send-

"I can promise it in half an hour," said The battalion continued its dogged assault, creeping up by inches, the men throwing aside one by one everything they dared. It crashed fairly into the boxes of ammuto lighten them and make the heat less intolerable. The minutes passed until ten.

fifteen, twenty had gone, and at last the half hour. The major chafed. "Easy, boys, easy!" he cried. "Don't throw away a shot. What's wrong, Corporal

"Not a cartridge left, sir." He fumed.

"If I fall back," he groaned, "those beggars will charge us and—ah! Is that them? Yes-go it, boys, here comes more ammunition! Non-commissioned officers, fall out and make ready to distribute ammunition." At the edge of the jungle strip appeared two pack mules. Two men, mounted on other mules, drove them forward. The Americans cheered, but the sharp-eyed Spaniards also saw the newcomers and at once realized on what errand they came The fire of three guns on the hill was directed instantaneously upon the mules, who were at once crazed by the shell and shrapnel which screamed at them, while every rifle in the trench seemed to be aimed at the devoted mule whackers.

One of the muleteers, a gray-bearded round-shouldered man, was white with the agony of his fear, but the other, a dark, cannon ball-headed young fellow of the bulldog type, was aroused by his danger to passionate wrath and utterly unthinking recklessness. As the tornado of iron and lead broke upon him he velled to his comrade with a clatter of crowded oaths to come

"You white-faced dummy!" cried he. 'What are you shaking about? Round up that mule-get a move on you-them cartridges have got to get to the major. see? They've got to. Ram your heels into that brute of yours and follow me, or by the eaints I'll plug you so full of holes folks'll take you for an open door! Come on!" The coward's weaker part was nearly the shelter. He was in exactly the same deored life. He felt again the slow torture of shame. He heard the monking voices of courage!" the children:

Abel went to war one day Dropped his gun and ran away!

Abel Tutt cried out sloud: "Anothing but that' Sonor death; Give me strength, O Lord! Give me courage!" The incident passed in less than a minute.

abother company. What shall I tell him?" there and made the distance twice as long, shall know of it, I promise you," "Tell him," said the major coolly, "that The younger muleteer was aflame with rage a company will make no difference. I've and excitement. He rede like a horsemen enough, I guess, but wait a moment, breaker. He circled like an Indian. He kept hie pack mule pretty straight, shouling, cursing and cheering with every seemed to fall faster. At last the young man rose in his stirrups with a triumphant ing men." he told the aide, "but, for heav- yell and waved his hat at the Spanish with We a gesture of contempt. Too soon he yards from a bluff which would shelter him.

line as calmly as if drilling on the target breath. Abel followed silently, but he was of his wound. There was no mocking then, range and asked questions of a number of no expert. His charge broke hither and but much honor was paid the coward, for non-commissioned officers and men while thither and every moment the bullets the major made good his word, and the where the soldiers were cagerly waiting and cheering him on. The pack mule was immediately in front of him and Abel many yards behind. The ordained shell arrived.



DROPPED HIS GUN AND RAN AWAY.

vanished the mules and the muleteer lay as long as the performer may desire. scattered far and most of it had taken part instinct prompted him to turn and run to pointment and a moun of sorrow swept the ranks, unnerved by the roar of guns. His him the missiles were falling thick. In face was wet with cold perspiration; his another minute he would be like that unhands were shaking; his knees gripped his happy fellow of his-torn, bloody and mumount's flanks convulsively. In another tilated. He turned faint and his impulse moment he would have abandoned his trust was to drop from his saddle and creep away and added greater disgrace to his name, in the long grass and hide and shelter his when a good angel whispered to him. He poor coward flesh. Roaring noises were in where you place it. The supporting thread cried again with a martyr's cry: "Give me strength, Oh, Lord! Give me

> He received it. He spurred his mule; he guided the stampeding pack mule. charged through the hell in front of him. He saw the cheering soldiers before him and very near. Then something shricked in the air, fell and burst, and, as the pack mule was caught by the soldiers and the all-needful cartridges were torn from its back, Abel sank, grievously torn by a piece of the

Abel tried to speak. "Please, eir," he gasped. "Will you-will

you tell the children? He lived awhile and was sent home, and in the village which had mocked him died newspapers spoke much of the obscure mule-

ter's timely bravery. Decoration day came after Abel was laid in his grave. For long, long lonely years of all. Now the veterans of the civil war and the returned volunteers of the Spanish war stopped remorsefully at his headstone and sorrowed that they had jeered at him. And the children came in little crowds, silent and tearful, and the scornful rhyme was forever banished from their lips and Abel Tutt's mound was hidden by very many best loved flowers. Thus he, too, was permitted at last to take part in the solemn celebration.

There are divers sorts of bravery, but he who is bravest of all is the coward who conquers his cowardice.

A MAGICIAN'S TRICK REVEALED.

How a Cane May Be Hypnotized to Stand Alone Without Support. The widow of Herrmann, the celebrated sleight-of-hand performer, reveals the modus operandi of the famous cane trick when discussing "Magic as a Home Amusement" in the June Woman's Home Companion. "The feat of compelling a walkingetick or umbrella to stand upright in the middle of a parlor without being supported by anything or anybody e'se seems wonderful. It is best, when about to perform this feat, to have a black screen for a background, and to order the stick or umbrells to stand alone about a foot in front of this screen. To show the audience that there is no person or apparatus behind this screen to secretly help the stick to stand when commanded, the performer can take the screen away for a few minutes until all are satisfied that there is no hidden apparatus there. Pass the cane around among the audience to 'let them see there is no pin in the cane's ferrule, and that it is an ordinary cane, absolutely without life. "ABEL WENT TO WAR ONE DAY, When the screen is again in place the stick can be hypnotized by a few myeterious mumblings, which will be certain to keep nition packed on the mule. A rock-rending the audience guessing in the wrong direcexplosition followed. When the earth cloud | tion. Then the stick will stand alone for in a ghistly heap and the ammunition was secret of the hypnotizing is so simple that the audience will never suspect it; it is to explosion followed. When the earth cloud previously tie a yard of black thread from conqueror. Every nerve in his body, every men were aghast with horror and disap- the top of one of the front legs of an ordinary chair to the top of the other front ranks. They turned their eyes to Abel, leg. letting the 'bag' of the thread fall plorable physical condition as he was when their only hope. The coward had seen and to the ground until ready for the "hypoyears agone he slipped away from the his pulses almost ceased to beat. Round tizing.' Carelessly place the stock within the 'bag' of the thread, planting the stick upright six inches from the chair, making it appear that it is only by the merest accident that the performer selects this particular spot. Now take your hands away, and of course the stick will stand

> CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Ine Kind Yor Have Always Bought Bears the Bignature of Cheet Hitcher

any amateur can perform after a little