

TWO CAVALIERS.

By ALFRED B. CALHOUN.

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In January, 1862, the Confederates were masters of the situation, and they swarmed over from Asheville to keep

the mountaineers from "refugeeing" northward and to force every man able to bear arms into the southern ranks. Having already volunteered, Phil Ross was high in the confidence of the Confederates then in the Great Smoky country. From them he learned one day that that night Andy Maxwell would be seized and forced to fight against his will and convictions. Instead of glorying in the prospective humiliation of his rival, Phil Ross sought him out and spoke as follows:

"Andy, we uns hain't been very thick uv late, and I'm doggone sorry fo' hit. We uns know hit's all on 'count uv Sally Jordan, but now that hain't bar no' char. I've come to say that of so ye do'n't fight out afoah sundown the conscript officers'll be bar. Go north to Kaintuck, whar thar'll be lots uv show to' fightin, and I'll see no hahn come to yer dad and man. And, Andy, I'll tote fair with yo', by— and I'll promise not to speak to Sally Jordan no' to see her alone till you uns come back; then of so he I'm livin we uns can start in again without one havin mo' show than t'other."

Even if Andy Maxwell had not been a manly fellow his cousin's conduct would have touched him. For the first time in months they shook hands, and that night Phil Ross, with his rifle on his shoulder, saw his rival safely out of the hills.

Among the many gallant regiments Kentucky gave to the Union there was not one that excelled in the length and splendor of its record the Fifth cavalry. It was the good luck or misfortune of this heroic command to participate in nearly all the terrific western battles from Shiloh to Chickamauga and beyond, but as in the latter battle Andy Maxwell's active service terminated I must make it the ending and culminating point of my narrative.

In the language of the Cherokees, who once occupied northwestern Georgia and southeastern Tennessee, "Chickamauga" means "the river of blood." We do not know the reason for the aboriginal name, but we do know that it is no longer a misnomer. Along the southern spurs of Missionary ridge and by the scrub covered banks of the west Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th days of September, 1863, was fought perhaps the most stubborn and sanguinary battle of the war. Here the Army of the Cumberland, which up to this time had with good reason boasted itself invincible, met with a crushing defeat at the hands of Bragg and Longstreet.

But it is not my purpose to repeat history. This narrative is concerned with only two of the combatants—Andy Maxwell in blue and Phil Ross in gray. On the afternoon of Saturday, when the right and left were broken and when the center, under Thomas, was falling slowly back to its impregnable position, Andy Maxwell fell in the retreat with a bullet in his right breast. This was just before dark, and when the awful thunders of the day were dwindling into occasional shots and the flashes of spasmodic shells threw a lightninglike glare on the landscape.

The men who were at Chickamauga do not need to be told that the country over which much of the fighting was done was a dense jungle of dwarf cedars, blackjack and red oak. Before the destructive volleying of Friday and Saturday much of the jungle was cut down as if by a mighty scythe, and as the ground was already covered with dry leaves it needed but a favoring flash at some point to fire the woods, in which lay hundreds of men in blue and gray, wounded or dead.

Of the night following his wound Andy Maxwell retained only the dimmest recollection. He bled a great deal and was unconscious much of the time. He was bitterly cold, for there was a heavy white frost, something unusual in that latitude at that season, on the night of the 19th. His own canteen had been shot away, but he found one in his groping and allayed the maddening thirst that always follows a great loss of blood.

With daylight the fighting began again, and to the wounded, who must listen helplessly, it seemed as if the roar of cannon, the long roll of rifles and the yells and cheers of charging lines were fonder and fiercer than when they were participants in the struggle.

About noon a wall of black smoke, against which the powder smoke of the guns looked silvery white, rose up between the armies, and from friend and foe burst out the cry, "My God, the woods are on fire!"

From 20 points the black clouds rolled up, and appalled at the spectacle the combatants on that part of the line ceased for a time the work of carnage.

Through the I rest smoke, lightning-like tongues of flame darted, and the rising wind blew the furnace into a fierce roar. Out of this furnace men in blue and gray staggered or crawled, unheeding the lines in which they sought refuge from cremation. That conflagration was horrible to look at, and it is turned into the memory of those who saw it and felt its blistering breath on their powder stained faces.

Andy Maxwell, like one in a tortured dream, heard the groans of the dying, the shrieks of the stronger but equally helpless wounded and the crackling and hissing of the fire about him. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. He saw men struggling through the smoke and flame.

On every side he heard piteous cries for help. The instinct of self preservation made him indifferent to everything but the awful danger and his own safety. He rose to his feet, and like a drunk man he staggered and fell. With the

help of a tree that had been shrouded with bullets, though it still stood, he pulled himself up again. Through the smoke veil he saw a line of men not more than a hundred yards away, and he tried to shout for help, but the clotted blood in his throat rose and dwarfed the shout to a hoarse whisper.

From tree to tree he dragged himself on. His clothes were on fire. The glowing brands blistered his hands. The flames leaped at his face, and he felt that his eyes were melting in the

heat. His strength at last gave way. His brain swam, and he fell unconscious on the edge of the furnace.

He did not know that the Confederates were near him and were making noble efforts to save the poor fellows crawling from the fire. He did not know that one of these men had rushed to his side, picked him up in his strong arms and received a shot through both cheeks before he finally brought his poor burden to a place of safety. It was many days, indeed, before Andy Maxwell knew anything. When consciousness came back, he seemed to be in a dark world, and he heard two men talking beside his cot, and one said:

"He'll get over that hole through his breast, for he's strong as a mule, but I reckon his eyes are done for."

And then Andy Maxwell lifted his poor blistered hand to his face, and he felt the plasters on his cheeks and the bandage across his eyes, and in his agony of soul he cried out:

"Whar am I! Whar's the light?"

He was told that he was in the Confederate hospital at Dalton.

"A prezner?"

"Yes, old fellow," was the response, "but that don't matter. As your fighting days are over you'll be paroled, I reckon, as soon as you can get about."

"O God! And you uns say I'm done gone blind?"

"We fear so," said the doctors as they turned away.

"Then why didn't they let me die on the field? What did they tote me back fo' to live without friend or guide when my eyes is gone?"

"One of your old friends is responsible for that," said the doctor. "Here he is."

Andy Maxwell heard the pounding of a cane on the bare floor. He felt that there was some one bending over him. If he could have looked up, he would have seen a haggard man with the beard, hair and eyebrows burned from the thin face. He would have noted the plasters on the bullet pierced cheeks, but he would not have known that this was his old friend, his old rival, Phil Ross. He did, however, recognize the voice, tremulous though it was with suppressed excitement, and on the instant suggestion carried him back to the Great Smoky mountains and to the valley of the French Broad, which he felt that he was never to see again.

"Andy Maxwell, Andy, ole friend, I'm har a-watchin and a-waitin," sobbed Phil as he dropped into a chair beside the cot and took one bandaged hand between his own blistered palms.

"An yo' saved me from the fire, Phil?"

"Yes, Andy, with God's help I toted yo' back. Don't give up. Don't take no stock in what them doctors says, fo' they don't know everything, though I reckon they means well enough. And, Andy, ole friend, jest ez soon ez yo' ken walk I'll guide yo' back to the ole home, and I'll keer for yo' uns till the light comes back, praise the Lor!"

For two months Andy Maxwell remained in the hospital at Dalton. Then there came a day when the doctors told him he must leave and make his way to the Great Smoky range as best he could. These doctors wondered why Phil Ross remained sick on their hands. They did not know that he had induced violent nicotine poisoning by carrying at times damp pieces of tobacco under his arms. At length they concluded that



Picked him up in his strong arms. The man was broken up and would never be fit for field service again. Then Phil was given a furlough and told that he might go home.

And so the blind "Yankee" was guided back to the mountains by his Confederate friend.

"We uns had a mighty hard time uv hit," said Phil Ross, who told much of the story, but kept himself modestly in the background. "At last we uns made hit. We struck ole Jordan's house—hit's jest below har—and Sally told us that Andy's father and mother was dead."

"Yes," broke in Andy Maxwell, "and didn't I say that I wanted to die, too, though I'll allow that I didn't know what was best fo' me?"

"Then one day after we uns had been back a bit Sally she takes me to one side and says, 'Phil, Andy's get to hev some one to keer fo' him right straight along, so I've 'lowed to marry him.' And she did, and I'm d—d glad uv hit, fo' she's made him a good wife, and she has a sister that's to be mine when the crops is all in."

Sally Maxwell stepped rocking the cradle, in which the baby was now sleeping, and said:

"Hit was Andy's blin'ness that set-tled me. Hit wasn't till I seed him so

helpless that I knowed jest how much I thought uv him. But, bless the Lor, the sight'll come back in good time, but that won't make us no happier, fo' we uns couldn't be happier now that peace has come and the ole friends parted by the wah is gettin together agin. The baby's name, strengers? Waal, Andy and me 'lowed that thar wasn't no other name fo' hit but 'Phil Ross.'" And Sally stooped and kissed the sleeping child.

THE END.

HOW TO DESTROY INSECTS.

Coal Oil as an Agent and How to Use It to the Best Advantage.

Oil is one of the best agents to be employed in the destruction of insects. Insects mostly breathe through pores, and the oil closing these pores suffocates the insects, but if used in its full strength oil will at the same time close the breathing pores of the plant and be just as destructive to one as the other. About half a wineglass of oil, with a gallon of rain-water, is the quantity recommended for the destruction of such insects as red spider, thrips and aphids. To mix the water and oil it has to be boiled with soap in the proportion of about one part of soap and eight of water.

When the mixture of soap and water is near the boiling point, it is poured into bottles and the oil added at that time. The nearer the liquid is to the boiling point at the time the oil is applied the better it will mix. Corked in bottles, it can be kept for use. It is said that many of the insecticides advertised for amateur flower growers are made in this way, preparations being occasionally varied, and where it can be bought cheaply it is often better to get it in that way than to go to the trouble of making it one's self. Sometimes the material obtained in this way may be diluted further by water, but it is impossible to give exact directions in these cases. Those who try them must watch results and learn a little from their own experience.

How "Bonbons" Originated.

A "bonbon" is simply a solid sweet and was made as soon as sugar was introduced into the country. The word "bonbon" comes from the French, signifying very good, and is a kind of superlative by reduplication, like a child's "papa," "by," etc. This particular form of sweets has arisen from the celebration of New Year's day as a festival. Of modern nations, the French celebrate New Year's with the most spirit, and bonbons were an outcome of their artistic taste in gifts.

How to Make a Kitchen Comfortable.

The floor should be painted. There should be neatly bound mats of carpet here and there, but no tacked or "put down" rug. The walls, when it is possible, should be covered with linoleum, tiles or something equally durable and easy to keep clean. There should be light colored holland shades at the windows and short sash curtains of white dotted muslin. There should also be, if possible, a safe with glass doors through which the blue and yellow crockery, the tin and copper vessels may be seen without gathering dust and smoke. There should be at least one shelf, where cookbooks may repose, and another where bright, hardy, heat loving flowers may bloom. A kitchen clock should provide the element of accuracy for the culinary experiments, and a big split bottomed rocker should be one of the prominent furnishings of the room.

How to Get Rid of "Wild Hair."

A "wild hair" grows in from the eyelid instead of out, and brushing against the eyeball sometimes causes an irritation that results in the loss of sight. To pull it out gives only temporary relief, since in a few weeks it comes back as well grown and strong as ever. The only way to kill it is to destroy the sac from which it springs by means of the electric needle, which is pressed into the sac and a current turned on. A sharp prick is felt, and the hair is forever dead.

How to Make Chocolate.

Never grate or shake off chocolate from the cake. Break off the amount you need, and put it in either an earthen lined or an agate kettle. Pour boiling water on it—just enough to dissolve it. Then pour in the milk, which should be warm, not hot, stirring all the while as you are pouring it in. Stand the kettle where it will boil quickly, being careful not to let it burn, and when it has boiled three minutes the chocolate is done. Pour it into the chocolate pot and serve. Do not sweeten it. Let the guests sweeten their own chocolate as they prefer. Three ounces of chocolate is a good measure for a cup. It does not hurt chocolate to stand after boiling for at least a half hour where it will keep hot, only do not let it boil.

How to Clean Fish.

If the fish have scales, remove them before opening. Scrape with a small, sharp knife from the tail to the head. Hold the knife flat and slanting, resting it on the fish so that the scales may be taken upon the knife. Scrape slowly, so that the scales may not fly, and rinse the knife often in cold water. When the fish is served whole, do not remove the head or tail.

How to Scrape Beef and Serve It.

This is simply beef from which all indigestible substances have been removed. Take a tender piece of beef; cut across the grain; scrape with a spoon until all the pulp is removed; make a fresh surface by cutting off the scraped part with a thin, sharp knife; proceed in this way until all the meat is reduced to a pulp; if necessary, it may be eaten raw, spread very thin on slices of toast, or the pulp may be put in a hot frying pan with a little butter and allowed to barely cook through, stirring and turning constantly. A weak stomach will often retain scraped beef when it refuses all other solid foods.

How to Make Soldier.

Melt together two parts of lead and one of bar tin. This hardens into common soldier.

THE PUZZLER.

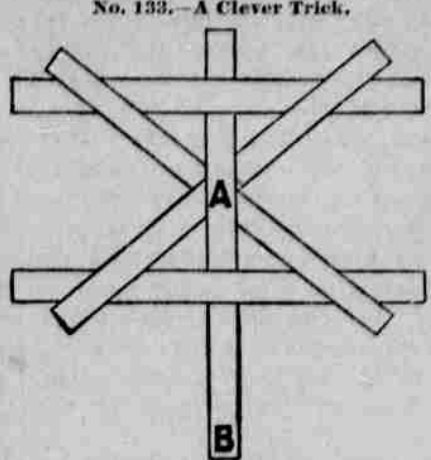
No. 129.—Numerical Enigma. My whole, composed of 36 letters, is a quotation from Byron. My 16, 9, 33, 6, 20, 35, 11, 30, 8, 33, 15 is one of the religious denominations. My 24, 19, 5, 34, 13, 23, 3, 22 is a number. My 15, 7, 2, 27, 4, 25 is an insect. My 13, 26, 29, 23 is false hair. My 17, 19, 21, 1, and 21, 14 are personal pronouns.

No. 130.—Where Is the Dollar? A and B each took 30 geese to market, A selling his at three for \$1, and B two for a dollar, and together they received \$25. A afterward took 60 geese himself and sold them as before, five for \$2. When he counted his money, he found he had but \$24. What became of the other dollar?

No. 131.—Fractions. One-sixth of a saucer (of china or delft), One-third next we'll take of a cup. One-sixth of a goblet, a tall, graceful glass; One-sixth of a napkin comes up. One-seventh of creamer, with rich, golden store; One-fifth of a crumb cloth so neat, One-sixth of the waiter, one-fourth of a salt, And now are our fractions complete. Proceed to unite them, nor bother your head To reduce to a common divisor. And if you don't guess this receiver of sweets I'll call you a stupid surmiser.

No. 132.—Exposition Puzzle. The upper horizontal represents the first great fair in America, also where held. The second represents the next exposition and that in commemoration of which it was held. The last represents the third of the great American expositions and intimates in whose honor it was held. The letters represented by crosses, combined correctly, state what America has proved in comparison with other countries concerning practical, labor saving inventions. The fact has been established by these expositions.

No. 133.—A Clever Trick. Take five slips of cardboard, say about 4 1/2 inches by half an inch. The exact size is not very material. Holding one of the slips by one end, lift them all up together and keep them lifted in the air, when held at any angle, and without touching any of them except the one originally grasped. The slips are held together by interlacing them and holding at B, as shown by the diagram. The trick is sometimes shown with five straws. The trick is sometimes varied by desiring that a coin should also be lifted and the slips held at any angle. It is obvious that the coin has only to be pushed under A, where three pieces of cardboard meet. By pushing the slips close together they can easily be made tight enough to sustain a coin when held at any angle.



No. 134.—Behendings. 1. Behend to run away and leave a resting place. 2. Behend to look and leave part of a ship. 3. Behend to deprive of weapons and leave part of the body. 4. Behend to provoke and leave violent anger. 5. Behend to unpack and leave a burden. 6. Behend to dig up and leave a planet. 7. Behend to attack and leave part of a vessel. The initials left after behending give a boy's name.

No. 135.—Diamonds. 1. A letter. 2. Carriage. 3. To blush. 4. An English statesman. 5. To drink to excess. 6. A bitter plant. 7. A letter. 1. A letter. 2. A vegetable. 3. Rank. 4. Meter. 5. Keen. 6. An adverb. 7. A letter.

No. 136.—Blind Birds. 1. Rich soil. 2. One pig. 3. In place. 4. A glee. 5. Sam blots. 6. Pines. 7. Trip, dear G. 8. Haste, Nap.

Something to Figure On. A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?

It appears obvious at the first glance that the traveler must meet seven trains, and this is the answer that will be given by nine people out of ten to whom the question is new. The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is started from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveler will not only therefore meet seven trains, but 14.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 122.—Word Squares: B O N E L O V E O P A L O V A L N A I L V A I L E L I A E L I A

No. 123.—A Problem: 8, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20 and 23 cents.

No. 124.—Final Acrostic: 1. Scallop. 2. Steep. 3. Pantier. 4. Collier. 5. Fourney.—PERRY.

No. 125.—Drop Letter Properly: 1. "Go up like a rocket and come down like a log." 2. "Cut your coat according to your cloth."

No. 126.—A Farmer's Experiments: 1. Cow-w. 2. Horse-w. 3. Heifer-w. 4. Hen-w. 5. Lamb-w. 6. Ox-w.

No. 127.—A Diagnosis: P U R I T A N P O S T I A C C O N S O I D C A R T I E R H A R V A E D C H I C A G O L A S A L L E

No. 128.—About "Ologies": 1. Pathology. 2. Pomology. 3. Teratology. 4. Theology. 5. Technology. 6. Zoology.

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