

# BOTH SIDES of THE SHIELD by MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



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## PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion."

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt."

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me."

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### Weary Weeks of Waiting.

WHEN began the weary weeks—and months, it seemed to some of us—of waiting. The excitement of enlisting and drilling the men, organizing the companies and getting the recruits uniformed acted on me like a tonic. I ceased to brood over my disappointment, and, while my love for Miss Ellen was as great as ever, yet I felt that I had regained my manhood, and the war spirit, once aroused in me, drove me like a master. The day of quitting the state was a sad one for many, but it was not so for me. My heart bounded with joy when the order for our movement was read at headquarters. Of all the officers I think I was the only one whose departure was not blessed with tears of mother, sister or sweetheart. My father, now old and feeble, came to see me, and his eyes became wet as he beheld me for the first time in my uniform and folded me in his arms. My mother had long been dead—in fact, I could scarcely remember her at all. Before saying goodby to my father I gave him a letter and made him promise that should anything happen to me he would send it to the address on the envelope.

He looked at me sadly for a moment and said:

"Does she live in the south, Howard, and is that why you have stayed away so long?"

I told him yes and turned away my head that he might not see what it had cost me to speak of her. He laid his hand gently on my shoulder and said, "We Palmers have never been lucky there, my son," and I thought I understood many little things in his life and knew then why he never had anything but what was kind to say of that southern country when he heard it under discussion. I grasped his hand and held it for a moment.

"May God protect you and bring you safe to me again," was all he said and left me.

Our regiment was only ordered to Camp Meade, but it was a start. The days there were dreary ones, and I shall never forget the shout our boys put up when the order which turned our face to Camp Thomas, at Chickamauga, was read to them. It set our blood on fire, and I cannot repress my feelings of state pride even now when I recall the happy faces of those Bay State fellows as they prepared to shoulder their muskets and start for the south. A majority of the regiment wanted to be brigaded with other regiments from Massachusetts, but with wisdom and foresight the chief executive commanded that the troops from the north should be brigaded with those from the south and west. It was a wise policy that threw the men from Michigan with those from Texas, and those from California with those from Maine and Vermont, and the men from Massachusetts with the honest fellows from Georgia. The spirit of friendship which had been growing for over thirty years was to be cemented by an alliance against a common enemy. This was how we found ourselves in the same brigade with a Georgia regiment and with another from Kentucky.

We mingled with one another from the first on friendly terms; we shared one another's rations and nursed one another's sick. I met every Georgian with an outstretched hand, for I felt somehow that they had claims on me which the others did not possess. The individual was lost in that great, crowded camp, and those with whom I talked of the Turpins did not seem to know them. But I was destined to hear news of my friends much sooner than I thought.

I had been sent to division headquarters one day with a message from my colonel. As I stepped under the awning of the tent I saw an officer in a major's uniform sitting at a table reading some reports. The face was partially in shadow, but I saw at once

that it was Bud's.

How much he knew I did not know. I was eager to learn. He saw me before I spoke, and, not waiting, as I had done, he leaped from the table, scattering the contents over the floor, and rushed to me with arms outstretched. Impulsively he threw one arm around my neck and with the other grasped my hand. He saw how deep my feeling was and did not speak at once.

"Bud," I asked finally, "how are all at the Pines?" It was the question which was most natural to my lips, for I had been hungering, yet dreading, to hear news of them.

"About the same. Nothing ever changes there," he said. "Your father and mother?" I asked. "Both are well, thank God."

"And Miss Ellen?" I ventured.

For a moment his face clouded when he told me she was not like what she used to be. Then suddenly, as if some idea had shot across his mind for the first time, he dropped my hand and, looking me squarely in the face, said:

"She has never been the same since you were there." He seemed suddenly to stiffen with dignity as he added: "Palmer, if I thought your visit there had wrought this change heaven only knows what I would do. Before taking my hand again answer me honestly, Palmer, did you write with my little sister when you were with us at the Pines?"

"Before God I did not!" I cried. "She rejected my love, and that is why I left so suddenly. I will tell you all about it, Bud, as I wanted to do before I left," I said.

"I believe you, Palmer," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder again. "But keep your secret, whatever it may be, for it is hers also, and you have no right to betray it."

I grasped his hand again and stood looking out into the dusty camp street and over the hills in the distance.

"Who is with them?" I asked presently.

"My younger brother, little Brent. He is keeping the family alive while I am doing what I can to keep alive its reputation," he said with an attempt at humor that cut me like a knife. "You may not know how we feel about this sort of thing down here," he added, "but to us it is quite as dear as life itself."

He then told me that it was Miss Ellen who had urged him to go to the front and who had given him the strength to leave the Pines. From his colonel I learned afterward that he had enlisted as a private, but was soon given a commission for an excellent record, and he owed his present place to his ability to handle men and not to political influences.

After that first meeting we saw each other daily, and when not on duty together we would light our pipes and wander through the dusty and fever-stricken streets, smoke and talk of home, but never did we speak of Ellen, though she was constantly in my thoughts and I believe in her brother's also.

Disease had broken out in camp, and typhoid raged with deadly effect during that long, cruel summer. One evening I went to bed feverish and not feeling myself at all. The day had been one of horror in the camp, and dispatches were flying between headquarters and the war department. The evening shades brought no relief to the tired soldiers. No one seemed to be asleep, and the men were stretched outside their dog tents. The ground was dry and hot, and the moon hung in the heavens like a great ball of fire. Just as the midnight hour was called I heard some one in the direction of the Kentucky regiment, that lay across the road from us, begin to whistle the "Old Kentucky Home." The notes fell sweet and clear across the tented field. Before he had finished a bar some one took up the tune and whistled a second. One after another joined in the melody, and finally there was hardly a man in the regiment, so

it seemed to me, who was not whistling. It died away as suddenly as it had been inspired, and I think the camp slept with sweeter rest for having heard the serenade. I fell into a fitful sleep and waked to partial consciousness only when reveille was sounded.

I made an effort to rise, but fell back, too weak to move again. The surgeon came in shortly after that and took my temperature. It was with a sickening sense of humiliation that I heard him say that it was a bad case of fever. Before I could be moved Bud came in, and I learned afterward that he feared I would be taken down. I turned my eyes to him in mute appeal. He touched my hand kindly, and I drew him near me.

"If I should die, Bud, will you tell Miss Ellen that I have always loved her and that my last thoughts were of her?" I said in a half whisper.

He pressed my hand for an answer and placed his other on my fevered temple. I heard him ask the doctor to let him have charge of this patient.

"His life is dearer than my own," he said. I saw the surgeon nod his head and heard him add that it would take great nursing to pull me through.

It was the last thing I remember for many a day. I heard afterward how he nursed me; how he slept by my cot at night and sat by it all day. Afterward he told me that I talked only of the Pines in his delirium, and for the first time he had learned that it was I who had taken up the mortgage and reduced the interest. The day came when the surgeons despaired of my life, and then it was that he telegraphed his sister. I have that faded bit of paper on which he wrote the message framed and hanging over my desk and underneath it her answer.

"Lieutenant Palmer lying at point of death. Your name incessantly on his lips. Don't come if you think best, but it might save his life." Was what he sent.

The answer was even shorter. It read simply, "Keep him alive until I reach there."

They told me that her nursing saved my life. One touch from her hand and my delirium would subside, and, though I lay unconscious for days, she took little rest, and when she would lie down it was Bud who would take her place at my side.

One morning just after orders came for my regiment to start for Cuba my eyes opened to the world and my senses returned. Bud was by my side. I knew then that Miss Ellen had been there, for the influence of her presence was with me still.

"Where is she?" I asked. "Getting a little needed rest," he answered. "The crisis was passed last night, and she knows you are saved to her."

The big, strong fellow could stand it no longer. He knelt by my bed and, holding my hand, buried his face in the covering. I knew that he was weeping for very joy for his sister. I turned over wearily and laid my hand on his head.

"Bud," I whispered, "has she for given?"

"Yes, Howard," he said. "She has told you so herself many a time in the long watches of the night."

I lapsed into unconsciousness again, and when I awoke Miss Ellen was by my side. She it was who told me that my regiment was going and held my hand in sympathy, for she knew how it would hurt me to be left behind. She read me the president's noble words of praise for the men who had answered to the call for troops and, drawing from her pocket a little slip of paper, read me what the executive had to say of those who had fallen ill with fever and who had served their country only in the camp. It was only a short message from our president in answer to an invitation to come to Chickamauga, but it cheered many a poor fellow who, as I, lay stricken with the fever and who was forced to see his comrades march away to duty at the front. It was the message just

as it came, and as she read it her eyes filled with tears:

Executive Mansion, Washington.  
Major General Commanding Camp Thomas, Chickamauga:  
Replying to your invitation, I beg to say that it would give me great pleasure to show by a personal visit to Chickamauga park my high regard for the 40,000 troops of your command who so patriotically responded to the call for volunteers and who have been for upward of two months making ready for any service and sacrifice the country might require. My duties, however, will not admit of absence from Washington at this time. The highest tribute that can be paid to the soldier is to say that he performed his full duty. The field of duty is determined by his government, and wherever that chance is to be in the place of honor. All have helped in the great cause, whether with fever in camp or in battle, and when peace comes all will be alike entitled to the nation's gratitude.

WILLIAM McKinley.  
After that she talked to me of the Pines, and then it was she told me she had never read my letters to her, that



When I Awoke, Miss Ellen Was by My Side.

she was afraid she might forgive me and that she did not want to do that even to her heart. When I was strong enough to sit up I was given a leave, and it was Miss Ellen herself who undertook to make all arrangements for my journey to the Pines, for it was there that I wanted to go to recuperate. Finally the day came when my regiment was to move. I was propped up with pillows that I might see it break camp and march away.

"Killed," I said as I saw the last company, the one to which I belonged, fall into fours, "but for you I could not stand that," pointing to the retreating regiment.

She turned to me, and, making a low courtesy, as she had done that April night how many months ago, she said, smiling all the while through her tears:

"You were not made for a soldier, my lord. You have been forced to lay aside the sword. You must take up the pen again."

And then I knew for the first time that she had not only forgiven me, but that at last she had understood.

THE END.

## ANNUAL COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The annual convention of the Cass County Sunday School association will be held at Alvo on October 10 and 11. These meetings in the past have been full of good and interesting thoughts for the Sunday school workers of the county, and it is hoped to have a large attendance of workers, as a number of the state workers will be present and the convention will result in many good things for the cause of the Sunday schools. The citizens of Alvo will prepare entertainment for the visiting delegates, and as they never do things by halves, a fine time may be expected by the delegates. All Sunday schools of whatever denomination, are entitled to send delegates, and it is hoped they will avail themselves of this opportunity.

### Many Driven From Home.

Every year, in many parts of the country, thousands are driven from their homes by coughs and lung diseases. Friends and business are left behind for other climates, but this is costly and not always sure. A better way—the way of multitudes—is to use Dr. King's New Discovery and cure yourself at home. Stay right there, with your friends, and take this safe medicine. Throat and lung troubles find quick relief and health returns. Its help in coughs, colds, grip, croup, whooping cough and sore lungs make it a positive blessing. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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## IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

Many Questions of Great Interest to Plattsmouth Were Discussed.

From Friday's Daily.

The Plattsmouth Commercial club held its first session of the fall at their rooms in the Coates block last evening, and a most interesting meeting was enjoyed by the members present.

The matter of the city taking charge of the land on the sand-bar, east of the depot, was discussed and the consenses of opinion seemed to be that this would be the proper thing to do, which it undoubtedly would. This place, with but very little work and money, could be turned into one of the finest parks and amusement places in this part of the state. The fixing up of this spot would prove a big advertisement for the city, as this is the first place a stranger sees when they arrive at the Burlington depot, and a stranger always judges a town by the outward appearance it presents. A fine artificial lake could be fixed up there, trees and shrubbery planted, and in a short time the people would have a place to go and enjoy themselves. As it is now, so many seek places of recreation elsewhere. Let us aid the project and assist the Commercial club in their efforts to have a more beautiful Plattsmouth.

Another matter that was discussed was the way in which the road funds of the county was apportioned and the apparent injustice that had been done the city in the matter. F. E. Schlater and J. P. Falter were appointed a committee to look the matter up and see if a more just division could not be secured. This is only fair to the first road district, that they be able to secure the necessary money to enable them to keep up their roads.

The matter of advertising matter to boost the town was also under discussion, and it will be pushed, as there is a great need of the proper kind of advertising of the city and its resources.

The club will hold its meetings regularly hereafter and the members should all make it a point to attend, as to make a success of the town, it requires the services of every member of the club and resident of the city.

## UNION Ledges.

Nelson Applegate returned on Tuesday from Sioux City, where he has been engaged in carpenter work the past few months.

Charles F. Morton topped the Cass county mule market Wednesday when he sold one for \$275 to one of the buyers who was here.

Gus Lowther of Coleridge spent last week visiting his Cass county relatives and friends, and was the guest of W. H. Mark and wife last Sunday.

Mrs. Mont Robb and daughter, Miss Gussie Robb, came in from Lincoln last Friday for a few days' visit with Hugh Robb and family, southwest of town.

I. O. and F. M. Goddard and Seebre Goddard, the brothers and nephew of Mrs. Nancy M. Grimes, made several days' visit at the Grimes' home, east of here, leaving on the Tuesday noon train for their home at Jacksonville, Mo.

Al and Syl Hathaway visited last week with relatives in Saline county, and while there they purchased a fine jack. Syl brought the animal home "by land," arriving here Monday morning a few hours behind schedule time on account of being "tied up" by rain.

Thomas Crozier, manager of the Missouri Pacific pumping station here, is taking ten days' vacation, and started yesterday to visit among his relatives at various points in Kansas and southern Nebraska. Perry Dukes has charge of the pumping station while Mr. Crozier is away.

Henry O'Donnell, residing east of town, was taken sick very suddenly and Sunday his condition was such as to cause much alarm. Fortunately the attack was of short duration, and Henry's friends were pleased to find him able to come over to town Wednesday morning.

Mrs. William Wolfe, Mrs. W. B. Banning, Mrs. Joe Banning and Miss Elsie Taylor went to Plattsmouth Wednesday evening to take part in a meeting of the Eastern Star lodge. Mrs. Louise Anderson accompanied them to receive her first knowledge of the inside mysteries of that order.

## LOUISVILLE.

Mrs. Margaret Ossenkop is having an addition built to her residence in the north part of town. Miss Eva Cobb has returned from Kansas and will make her home with her father, A. J. Hoover.

The man who lives in a little town and behaves in a manner that keeps people from talking about him is pretty sure of landing in heaven some time.

Simon Meier, sent up from Louisville for robbery from the person, has been denied a pardon. It is probable that an application for a parole will be presented later.

C. A. Richey and W. F. Krecklow left Tuesday for Wilhau, Montana, where Mr. Richey has extensive land holdings. Mr. Krecklow is making the trip with the object of purchasing a farm if he can find what he wants.

Dr. J. B. Grace of Omaha has recently located in Louisville with office rooms over Frater's drug store. He is a graduate of the Creighton Medical college and comes here with the highest recommendations as a gentleman and a practitioner.

John Ahl has commenced excavating for the foundation of his new residence on South Cherry street. This part of town is said to be exclusive and when John gets located up there we suppose he will make his debut into society.

Miss Ruth Thomsen of Louisville and Mr. Lawrence Chamberlain of Milford were happily married in Lincoln on Wednesday evening, September 18. The bride is well known in Louisville and for the past year has been at the head of the dry goods department at Nichols' store. Her many friends here will join with the Courier in extending best wishes for a happy married life.

Miss Ellen Anderson has accepted a position as teacher in the public schools at Willard, Colorado. Miss Anderson, after returning from a trip abroad, had decided to rest up for a year and had refused several good positions much nearer home, but as the time grew nearer it was like a "call of the wild" and she could not resist going back to the school room. The Courier will visit her each week and keep her posted on the home news.

### What We Never Forget

according to science, are the things associated with our early home life, such as Bucklen's Arnica Salve, that mother or grandmother used to cure our burns, boils, scalds, sores, skin eruptions, cuts, sprains or bruises. Forty years of cures prove its merit. Unrivaled for piles, corns or cold-sores. Only 25 cents at F. G. Fricke & Co.

### For Assessor.

L. A. Tyson, republican candidate for county assessor. Resided in Cass county 46 years. County clerk of Cass county 4 years. Your votes solicited.

ROBERT WILKINSON L. J. HALL  
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