

# HEARTS & THOMES



CHAPTER V.—Continued.

He commenced by steadily ignoring her. From the first he made it to be clearly understood that he considered Miss Ray quite apart from all business relations with her family. Yet for all his complete disregard of her as a Ray there was something about his manner toward a woman that Jennifer liked. For one thing, he took it for granted that she was going to be precisely the same Jennifer Ray she had been always, though fate and her father had cast her from opulence into poverty. He never seemed to be anxious to proffer her either pity or advice, but just assumed that she was as able as ever to look to herself, and adjust that self to all the rough-hewn places into which it might be forced.

But he thought about her much, and frequently painted vivid mini-pictures for himself of the way in which she would probably comport herself under widely differing circumstances.

Mrs. Jervoise, in inquiring about him, had asked if he was "old and a fog," and Mrs. Ray, the younger, had replied that he "was neither that, nor young and beguiling, but worse."

And it is a fact that he was a difficult man to describe. There was about him neither heroic beauty nor professional snariness, nor social veering of any kind. He had passed into middle age; he did not tower to any remarkable height, he was rather stout, and more than rather bald. The best things that he ever uttered were said to one or two of his chosen associates at his own dinner table.

Yet other men found that women's attention flagged toward them when Bolddero came on the scene, and women found that other men disregarded their fascinations in favor of a talk with Bolddero.

Perhaps, after all, the real secret of the way he exercised was to be found in the conviction, that forced itself upon every one with whom he came in contact, of his profound, unswerving honorableness and integrity. Essentially it was felt, above all, that he was to be trusted. And trusted he was by many a man and woman, who would not have revealed that which they confided to him to any other human being.

It was this instinct about him which had led Mr. Ray to make Bolddero one of the witnesses to the contents of the sealed letter, and its keeper during the three years which were to elapse before it was to be read to Hubert Ray.

There was his other signature as witness to this document—that of an Admiral Oliver Tullamore, a friend of Mr. Ray's of thirty years' standing. But as he resided on his own domain of Kildene, in Kerry, the curions around Moor Royal gained no insight into the real state of the case from Admiral Tullamore's knowledge of it.

Mr. Bolddero's house on the borders of Exeter was built in one of those nature-favored spots that abound in Devonshire. It stood in a sheltered hollow at the base of a well-wooded, gentle slope. He was occupying a chair in his favorite room about ten o'clock on the morning of the day following that on which old Mrs. Ray had joined her children at the dinner table for the first time since their father's death, when Mrs. Williams, who had been cook at Moor Royal for many years before she got the promotion of coming as house-keeper to Bolddero, entered.

"What is it?" he asked, looking up. His morning meal was very precious to him, but he was not a man to betray impatience to a powerless inferior.

"Excuse the liberty, sir—you are sure to know more about it than any one—but they do say that old Mr. Cowley have given up the home farm."

"At Moor Royal?"

"Yes, sir, at Moor Royal; a farm the Cowleys have held as long as the Rays have held Moor Royal. Mr. Hubert will get himself ill-wished if he goes on like this. Then you didn't know it, sir?" she added, cheerfully. It was delightful to her to give novel intelligence to any one.

"No, I had not heard of it." He did not add, "And I am sorry to hear it now."

But he thought this, and though his eyes sought the page again at the passage at which he had been interrupted he read fiction no more that day.

It was half-past ten, and at twelve he had an appointment with a client in his office at Exeter. Before starting he had to see to the well-being of his four fine horses, of his conservatories and hotbeds, and, indeed, of his little domain. He had got on his coat, and had picked up his hat and gloves, when a ring at the hall door bell, followed by the sound of a ringing voice that he knew and liked well, but that he had never heard in his hall before, made a bright light come into the clear, steady, brave-looking gray eyes and a warmer tone of color mount to his brow.

In another moment Jennifer Ray was ushered into the room.

She came in bringing a rush of keen, sweet air with her, her youth, and health, and beauty triumphant over the anxiety and weariness of her heart. She looked graceful, strong and determined in her well-fitting black habit and plain round felt hat; but he saw that she was nervous and trembling a little, in spite of her erect bearing and brave front.

"I have come to speak about something important—so important to us—and you are just going out and have no time for me."

Even to detain her in his house for a precious minute or two he would not tell a polite lie and say "time was no object to him." He told her:

"I was just starting for my daily round of my premises; will you come with me, Miss Ray, or shall I give the time to you in here? I will give it delightedly. I needn't be in Exeter till twelve."

"I will go with you," she said, turning to the door again, and together they went out in the garden.

She opened her mission at once.

"I know how much my father thought of your judgment, Mr. Bolddero; I know he would have consulted you in such a strait as we are in now; and so, even against my mother's wish, and unknown to my brothers, I have come to ask for your opinion and aid."

"In what matter?"

"In a matter that may bring ruin upon Jack if he is not advised against it, and made to give it up. My brother Hubert has put old Mr. Cowley out of the home farm, and has offered to let it to Jack; and Jack has accepted the offer, and—I can't word my fears to you about him, but they are many."

She looked at him so appealingly, and withal seemed so confident of his assistance, that it pained him horribly to be compelled to say:

"Miss Ray, I am unable—I am bound not to interfere by word or act."

"Bound not to advise and aid my father's children," she said, incredulously.

"I thought that possibly you might not like to seem adverse to the wishes of my brother Hubert; but I did think that you would have opposed even Hubert where Jack's welfare is concerned."

"Miss Ray, whatever my own wishes may be with respect to the course of conduct either of your brothers may pursue, I am bound not to express them."

They had crossed the little bridge into the leafless orchard, and were standing under the interlacing bare boughs looking out over the low boundary hedge of holly on to the road that led into Exeter as he said this; he looked down very kindly and gravely into her upturned face, she trying to tear the whole of the reason why he spoke and acted thus out of him with her beseeching eyes.

"Mr. Bolddero, I will tell you more than I came intending to tell—hoping that I may melt you even now. It is not Hubert's act, this pushing poor Jack into the home farm. It's the doing of his wife and her sister, Mrs. Jervoise. For some reason or other they want to keep Jack down here, where he'll lead a life of comparative idleness. Mr. Bolddero, what can that reason be?"

"I don't know," he answered curtly, for her eyes were beginning to torment him.

"But you guess, perhaps, and won't tell me. Now will you say why you think I am so anxious to get Jack away into a new groove, where he will have plenty of work, and where he will be free from some old associates who are not good for him?"

"Your last words have told me your reason; but I will make no comment on it. Miss Ray, I dare not—I cannot make any comment to you or to any one else about your brothers or their conduct. I am bound not to do it."

"Will you hold yourself 'bound' still, even when I tell you that Jack has taken to spending his evenings away from home, and that he is oftener at Thurtle's house than at Moor Royal?"

"Thurtle was your father's gamekeeper, I believe?"

"He was, and is Hubert's."

"May it not be that Jack has to consult him frequently about sport? I hope that it may be so, for your sake."

He said these last three words with a tender, thrilling intonation, for which he blamed himself instantly. But it was too late. They had touched Jennifer's heart. Bending forward her head in one last attempt to win him to her ends, she caught him by both hands and cried:

"Then, for my sake, get Jack to give up the home farm and go to London. Thurtle has a very pretty daughter. Or, Mr. Bolddero, help me to save my brother Jack!"

still keeping his hands in hers, two clear ringing, merry voices cried out:

"Why didn't you wait for us? It's rather a shame not to have given us the chance of invading Mr. Bolddero's famous fortress," and they looked up, to see Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Jervoise enveloped in sunlight, radiant with merriment, and evidently delighted at the discomfiture of the pair in the orchard.

## CHAPTER VI.

Started, vexed, almost frightened at the possibility of the object of her mission being suspected, not at the fact of being found alone with Mr. Bolddero in his orchard, Jennifer gave but a cold response to the hilarious greeting of Mrs. Jervoise and Effie.

Mr. Bolddero raised his hat to the two ladies on the other side of the hedge, and held his hand out cordially to Jennifer.

"You have disappointed me," she said, impulsively.

"I know 't, I grieve about it, but I can't help it," he said, in a low tone, which banished two pairs of eager eyes. Then he went away, not even telling Jennifer that one day later he would be bound to forgive him for this seeming lukewarmness about her brother Jack, though he longed with strong longing to do so.

Jennifer presently mounted on her mare Whitechapel, came out into the road and into position by the side of the pony carriage.

"Well, Jennifer, for a bold action, that in a London girl would be called unpardonable audacity, commend me to the modest village violet! What private business could you have had with this grave and rather repellent man of law, that could justify such a step as coming by yourself to call upon him?" said Mrs. Ray.

"My business quite justified the step," Effie, Jennifer said, carelessly. It was a relief to her that her sister-in-law should rather impute lightness of conduct to her than that she should suspect the deep anxiety, the well-grounded fears which had brought her over to consult her father's trusted friend, who had refused to be consulted.

"Failed—failed in the quarter where I looked for certain help," the girl said to herself as she went along. "Oh, Jack, poor boy, what can I do for you now?"

Hubert has drunk in his wife's opinions all they have intoxicated him; mother can't, rather than that, if I can help it, know what makes me want to get Jack away from Hillingsmoor; and Jack himself is only too ready to stay where he can hunt and shoot and fish and idle, and—

"Poor Jack!"

The ladies had quite a vivacious little party that night at Moor Royal. For Mr. Ray and Jack were dining with Mr. Bolddero, and Mr. Jervoise slept so peacefully that he was not counted or considered at all.

Christmas was close upon them now, and Mrs. Ray and her sister were busy devising various schemes for combining all they have into one another. They carried their audience with them invariably, this pair, whether they were acting in public or in private only. And to-night Jennifer found herself helping to run up aesthetic calico dresses for the girls who were to take part in the operetta with all her heart.

Presently Mrs. Jervoise said:

"Effie, we colorless, yellow-haired women can't do everything. I want a Nell Gwynn to pose with Captain Edgecumbe's Charles the Second. Find a bonny brunette for me."

"Devonshire women are lovely, as a rule," said Mrs. Ray in. "I am thinking of a good, sensible girl—a very good girl, I'm sure, and she'll not suffer her head to be turned by flattery. It's Minnie Thurtle, our gamekeeper's daughter, whom I meant."

"Oh, mother," Jennifer interrupted, hastily, with ill-concealed vexation, "don't suggest taking a girl like Minnie so utterly out of her place."

"Why not? We could put her back in her place easily enough when we had done with her," Mrs. Jervoise said, laughing, and the two sisters went on planning how they would set about securing old Thurtle's consent to his daughter's acting in the operetta.

"If she forgets how to behave I'll very quickly freshen up her memory; but I'm not a bit afraid," spoke Effie. "From what you say she has the very face for Nell Gwynn. We'll go and see her tomorrow, Flora."

Jennifer got up and walked over to the piano. She had not been playing at all since the death of her father and the home-coming of the bride, and both Effie and Mrs. Jervoise looked at her with much astonishment as admiration, when she had played a few bars in a masterly manner.

"Why, Jennifer, you play deliciously," Effie cried, frankly; "if I could play like that I'd give lessons and be quite independent of every one; wouldn't you, Flora?"

"Rather!" Mrs. Jervoise promptly responded. "Why, Miss Ray, if you were to go to London, where you are so anxious to send your brother Jack, you would soon make a fortune by playing at concerts and that sort of thing."

Jennifer bit her lips and constrained herself to speak. It was coming, then—the attempt that she had foreseen would be made to oust her out of her old home.

But though she kept silence and the peace, her brother was not able to follow her example.

"It would break my heart to think that my daughter had to go out into the cold world to work for her daily bread," old Mrs. Ray said, with unwise, heartfelt, passionate feeling.

"Calling the world cold is a mere phrase, Mrs. Ray," Effie said, incisively. "I always think it such nonsense to call the world names such as 'cold' and 'hard' and 'crue!' if one doesn't happen to be as well off as one wishes to be. I never found the world anything but very pleasant; did you, Flora?"

"It is quite good enough for me," Mrs. Jervoise said, walking up to the fire, her hands sparkling with diamonds, clasped over her bosom.

"You have been two very fortunate young ladies," old Mrs. Ray said, with gentle bitterness.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Effie

said, judiciously, "only we always make the best of things, and get as much as we can out of everything; don't we, Flora? Why, some girls, coming down as I did straight away from all the balls and the attractions and hunting that I'd been having at Flora's country place, would have wept at themselves to death."

At this moment Mr. Jervoise woke himself up with a start. He looked at himself curiously for a few moments, as she stood in all the glory of her rich lace and jewels full in the blaze of lamp and firelight. Then he said peevishly:

"You wear too much jewelry, Flora; there's no rest for the eye in looking at you; you're too bright, my dear, too bright; you shine too much, you lack repose; you wear too many diamonds—you lack pose—you."

His words ceased to flow, his head fell on one side, and his mouth remained open. Flora flew to the bell, which she rang fleetly, but without excited violence.

"Send for the best doctor in Exeter at once," she said, collectedly, "and tell the messenger to say that Mr. Jervoise has a stroke of paralysis, and that it has been expected for some time. The doctor will have time to think of treatment as he comes over, if he knows a few facts his forehead."

"How wonderfully you keep your head, Flora," Effie said, admiringly. And Mrs. Jervoise lifted her shoulders lightly in acknowledgment of a compliment which she felt to be well deserved.

Then between them they superintended the removal of the stricken man to his own chamber, over the arrangements of which Mrs. Jervoise presided indefatigably for several days.

She really was unweary in her attention to her husband, and only allowed herself a little relief from the depressing atmosphere and influence of the sick room, when her sister could take her place. But at the time she showed no sign of anxiety; nervousness and fatigue appeared to be unknown, and never a cloud dimmed the brightness of her fair face, nor a thrill of alarm for the sufferer rendered the clear, metallic voice tremulous.

"Do you still mean to have your dramatic entertainment, Effie?" Jennifer asked several days later.

"Yes, Jennifer, the invitations are out, and we mean to make it a great success. Mr. Jervoise will be able to sit up and be moved into his dressing room by that time, so that there will be nothing in Flora's leaving him for a few hours in the evening. You know he can always amuse himself with sleeping in the evening."

"Have you spoken to Thurtle about his daughter acting yet?" Jennifer asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, and had her here two or three times, and drilled her into doing her part very fairly," Effie cried, triumphantly. "It was with difficulty that Jennifer repressed an exclamation of pain and dread. (To be continued.)"

## Division of Africa.

Great Britain claims about 2,000,000 square miles of Central Africa, with a total yearly trade of about nine millions and a half sterling, says the Manufacturer. The French possessions come next in extent, with an area of about 1,000,000 square miles and with a yearly trade of about £2,500,000. The Congo Free State has about the same area, but its general trade may be set down as not more than £700,000 in all.

The area of German Central Africa is about 900,000 square miles, or, excluding German Southwest Africa, on which only a small part lies to the north of the line of the Zambesi, about 550,000 square miles, with a trade value of about £1,500,000. Portugal claims an area of some 750,000 square miles, almost all of which is in tropical Africa, and its trade may be set down as about £2,250,000. The total trade of Italian Africa is reckoned somewhat doubtfully as about £500,000, and that of Liberia at about the same. It appears, therefore, that in Central Africa Great Britain takes the lead in every way—in extent of possessions, in their total trade value and in the amount of trade per square mile of territory, which may be roughly stated at £4 10s. as against £3 per square mile of German and of Portuguese Africa, and the £2 10s. per square mile of French Africa.

## What Is the Golden Rose.

The Golden Rose of Virtue, which the Pope occasionally presents to those who work for the church, was originally a single, simple flower of wrought gold, stained or tinted with red, in imitation of the natural color. Afterwards the golden petals were adorned with rubies and other gems, and finally the form adopted was that of a thorny branch with several flowers, and leaves and one chief flower at the top, all of pure gold, with the exception of the precious stones with which the principal parts are embellished. This decoration is not often conferred, and it is considered of such consequence that it is either presented by the Pope in person or forwarded by a deputy of the highest ecclesiastical standing.

## Measuring Wind by Sound.

The means by which wind may be measured by its sound is a novelty in modern scientific research to which the attention of the National Academy of Sciences has been drawn by Professor Barus. He asserts that the whistling of the wind as it crosses a wire varies with the velocity, and that this can be computed from the pitch of the note observed in case of a given diameter of wire and for a given air temperature. A special micrometer attachment can be made to convey the sound, isolated from other noises, to the observer at a distance. Thus, every gust and variation of the wind can be studied in this way and an idea of the actual direction of the gust can be had by means of the sounds obtained from three wires placed at right angles to one another.

## As Good as an Irish Bull.

Sir Francis Scott, the British commander of the Ashantee expedition, in a speech which he made to his troops when he reviewed them the other day in England, said that they were, no doubt, disappointed because they had not a chance to fight, "but if there had been any fighting," he added, "there would have been many absent faces here to-day."

## SOLDIERS AT HOME.

### THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Wished Away Life in Camp—Foraging Expeditions, Tireome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

"Mississippi Bill."

"Did you ever hear the story of Mississippi Bill?"

"I had not heard it, so the old man proceeded to tell it."

"William H. Young was a native of Louisiana, but his parents removed to Mississippi when he was a baby. His father was a whig; had been a soldier in the Mexican war; his grandfather was a soldier in the war of 1812; and his great-grandfather fought under Washington. As soon as the boy was old enough to understand the patriotic whig lost no opportunity to impress upon his mind the value of government."

Once when he had told of Washington's struggles he said to the lad: "My boy, whatever befalls you, never raise your hand or voice against the Government."

"During the year 1860 the lad's father, mother, one brother and a sister died, and he went to live with a cousin. When the war came the cousin entered the Confederate army. Other relatives soon followed him. The lessons of his father were indelibly stamped upon the boy's heart and he refused all invitations to enlist. Once, when a young fellow accused him of lacking courage, William demonstrated, by thrashing him, that it was not a lack of courage that kept him out of the army."

"William heard that there were Union troops at Baton Rouge. One Sunday evening at dusk he rode away from his Louisiana home. The second night found him at the home of one of his father's friends, who warned him, the next morning, to be careful, as the country was daily scoured by rough riders."

"While quietly trotting along twelve miles from Baton Rouge he suddenly came upon a Confederate picket. He rode up close to the man in gray, who was armed with a carbine, saber and revolver. 'Who are you and where are you going?' was the brusque inquiry. Whipping out his revolver he pointed it at the head of the Confederate and said: 'I am going past you, sir. Move a muscle and I will drop you from your horse.' The Confederate was paralyzed. When two or three yards beyond him the Confederate wheeled his horse and rode away, to get help, probably. Young called upon his blooded mare for her best speed. She went like the wind. Half an hour later he ran upon the Union picket line. More questions were asked. These are some of them: 'What do you want, Johnny?' 'Coming in on a spring tour?' 'What will you take for the mare?' Bill was ready with answers, and when the bantering ceased he told his story; the Union boys believed him. He was taken to the captain of the 'Oconto River Drivers.'

"What do you want?" asked the captain. "I want to enlist in the Union army."

"Where do you come from?" 'Louisiana, but I was born in Mississippi.' 'And you want to fight against the South?' 'I don't know that I want to fight against the South, sir, but I do want to fight for the Government my ancestors fought for. I want to fight for the flag that was very dear to my father.'

"Then they took him to the colonel, who had him sworn in as a member of the 'River Drivers,' and the boys gave him the name of 'Mississippi Bill.'"

"You ask what kind of a soldier 'Mississippi Bill' made. That is easily answered. He took to the cavalry service at once, and within a month was as gallant a rough rider as the command possessed. He noticed that they kept close watch of him. He asked them why. A sergeant said, 'Well, to tell you the truth, 'Mississippi Bill,' we are not quite certain that you are not here to spy out the land and by and by go back to the Johnnies and give them a heap of valuable information.'

"If you knew my heart you would not have given that answer. What can I do to prove that I am what I claim to be, a Union boy, willing to risk my life, to even give it on the field of battle, to show my love for our flag, my dead father's government, my government?"

"After that they stopped watching him."

"How is your Johnny recruit getting along?" asked the colonel of the captain of the 'River Drivers.'

"One of the best men in the company, colonel."

"Good fighter?"

"A regular darsdevil."

"Does his duty uncomplainingly?"

"Always."

"Why don't you give him a little promotion, captain?"

"I'll do it to-day."

"That evening on dress parade the adjutant read off the name of Private William H. Young, 'promoted to corporal, and he will be obeyed and respected accordingly.' The boy's chin went down to meet his breastbone; but it came up when the parade was dismissed and the company gathered around him, shook his hands, cheered and congratulated him. All 'Mississippi Bill' had to say was, 'Boys, I didn't expect this. Do you think I've earned it?'

"Yes, a dozen men sang out."

"Then I will earn some more promotions, for I haven't done my best yet. And he did do better."

"And he kept his word. A few months later he was a sergeant and was wounded at Port Hudson. Upon his recovery he was trusted on several occasions to go out with scouting parties, and his bravery was so conspicuous that the captain made him first sergeant, an office which calls for more ingenuity, demands more hard work and means more responsibility, except in the matter of dollars, than that of any other office in the company. 'Mis-

issippi Bill was equal to every emergency. The boys all liked him; his officers had confidence in him; he was a general favorite. They made him first lieutenant, but before that he had commanded the company in several charges. No man in the company was ever more heartily congratulated by officers and men than Lieutenant 'Mississippi Bill' when his commission came."

"Mr. Young located at Oconto thirty years ago; is now one of its foremost business men, has been mayor five or six times, and has served in the Assembly. I saw him last week at the State convention. The boys of his regiment still call him 'Mississippi Bill' and he enters no protest."

Mayor Young is tall, handsome, a model citizen, and says he knows that when he joins his father on the other shore he will commend him for having been a defender of the flag in the nation's dark hour.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## Hero Under Fire.

An old soldier, who had seen service for many a year in the Crimea, India, China, Africa and Egypt, was asked one day in a London club whether he remembered the first time he was under fire.

"Certainly," he replied. "No soldier forgets that experience."

"Did you feel like a hero at the time?"

"No, indeed. It was in one of the great battles of the Crimea. I was a young officer who had run out of the military school ahead of time to fill a vacancy. I had hardly been in camp a week before the regiment was ordered to charge a Russian battery, which was posted in a commanding position. We went forward on the gallop through a dense cloud of smoke, swooped down on the battery, sabred the artillerymen and captured the guns. Yet there was at least one hussar who acknowledged himself to be a coward from beginning to end."

"Then you were terribly frightened by your first battle?"

"Yes; that is the truth. I went ahead with others, but I was trembling with fear and excitement. I shut my eyes and made no attempt to guide my horse. I thought of my good mother at home and wondered how I had ever been so foolish as to think of the army, when there were comfortable professions, like the ministry and the law, which I might have followed."

"The charge occupied only a few minutes, but it seemed an endless time before we were behind those murderous guns and had the cannoners at our mercy. I was among the first to be with them and I swaggered with my saber, while the horse rode down and killed a gunner. But my heart was like a ball of ice. A greater coward never scrambled over an intrenchment. All the time I was repeating texts from the Bible and sentences from the Lord's prayer, and wishing myself thousands of miles away."

The veteran laughed heartily over the reminiscences of the first battle.

"The funniest part of it," he added, "was that they considered it a great exploit, and insisted upon giving me a medal for my heroic and courageous conduct, when I was a white-faced, mean-spirited coward from first to last, and my horse did all the fighting for me, tramping the gunner under foot."

Probably the veteran exaggerated his boyish trepidation and panic. He could have afforded to do so, for he was a seasoned soldier whose courage and even recklessness were well known; but he was not far from the truth when he declared that no soldier ever felt like a hero when he was first under fire.—Youth's Companion.

## Dodging the Gunboats.

After the evacuation of Corinth, General Parsons, with about a thousand men from Missouri, was ordered to report to General Hindman on the west side of the Mississippi. Federal gunboats patrolled the river, and we had scarcely arrived on the east bank, gone into camp and started our fires when Gen. Parsons rode up and said: "Boys, pack up and get out of here in five minutes or you will be shelled out."

Immediately the mules were harnessed, the wagons loaded and we started down the levee. About half a mile lower down we went into camp behind a narrow strip of timber, which hid us from the river. In a few minutes a string of gunboats puffed lazily past us, going north. That night we took our wagons apart and loaded them with our battery on flat boats. The next morning at daybreak we started across the river and landed in a slough about seven miles down on the other side, out of sight of passing gunboats. It was several days before we were again in marching order.

## Fooled 'Em That Time.

Mr. James Tilghman, of Queen Ann's County, Md., says the Baltimore News, was a brave and intrepid officer in Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's command, and is now a prominent member of the Maryland Confederate societies. Because of his reckless daring and chivalrous dash he was dubbed "Headlong Jim Tilghman" during the war, and the name has clung to him ever since. "One of the most laughable incidents I ever witnessed while under fire," he continued, "was the conduct of a long, lank North Carolinian at the Wilderness. His leg had been shot off early in the war and he was supplied with a wooden one, with which, strange to say, he got about with remarkable facility. One day he was charging with his company and was climbing over a fence when, spati! a mule ball buried itself in his wooden leg. Ejecting an immense stream of tobacco juice, 'Darn ye, I fooled ye that time,' he yelled triumphantly, and rushed on with his comrades."

It is better to give than to receive—advice.