

HEROIC DEEDS OF TWO FEARLESS FIGHTERS

By
**EDWARD
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**NEHEMIAH AND
HIS ENEMIES**

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 10, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

**SYRUP OF FIGS
AND
ELIXIR OF SENNA**

Cleanses the System
effectually; Dispels
colds and Headaches,
due to constipation.
Best for men, women
and children; young
and old.

To get its Beneficial
effects, always note the
name of the Company,
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
plainly printed on the
front of every package
of the Genuine

PISO'S is the name
to remember
when you need a remedy
for COUGHS and COLDS

WHO WANTS "SISSY" MAN

Since Bishop Hendrix Would Drive
Him From the Church Whither
Will He Flee?

Bishop E. R. Hendrix, in a church
council at Kansas City, asked why the
church was not reaching more men.
"Is it because we are adapting our
work more to the women?" he de-
manded.

Another prominent clergyman, Rev.
S. M. Neel, M. D. opined that there
was somewhere near the reason. "We
want no more sissy men in the pul-
pit," he declared. A "sissy" man, in
this definition, is one who adapts his
preaching and his teaching and his
general conduct of parish affairs more
to the women—bless them—than to
the men.

Dr. Neel is heartily applauded by
a large number of his pulpit brethren
and the spirit of the times in the
church, as manifested in such enter-
prises as the "Men and Religion For-
ward Movement" seems to emphasize
what he says—the call and need for
the strong, virile man in the pulpit
who appeals to the man in the pew
and in the street, for making the
gospel a man's appeal, not, of course,
deprecating the indispensable value
of the women.

That is all very well, but where,
may we ask, is the typically "sissy"
man wanted? What calling or busi-
ness needs him? Business and other
professions besides the ministry can
use him no better than can the
church.—Omaha Bee.

The Weak Ones.
Police Chief Sebastian of Los An-
geles was talking about a married
man who had fallen before the charms
of the beautiful "flirt catcher."
"George was always weak," said
Chief Sebastian. "Once, when he was
a boy at school, his mother was
apologizing for him to his school
teacher.
"George is so easily led," the
mother said.
"Yes," the teacher agreed—"except
in the right direction."

Jonas Snickered.
"A fine feat," he cried, "but the
president would have something to
talk about if he reviewed me."
Herewith he entered the first sub-
marine.

Many a man could lose his reputa-
tion and never miss it.

WORKS WITHOUT FAITH
Faith Came After the Works Had Laid
the Foundation.

A Bay State belle talks thus about
coffee:
"While a coffee drinker I was a suf-
ferer from indigestion and intensely
painful nervous headaches, from child-
hood.

"Seven years ago my health gave
out entirely. I grew so weak that
the exertion of walking, if only a few
feet, made it necessary for me to lie
down. My friends thought I was
marked for consumption—weak, thin
and pale.

"I realized the danger I was in and
tried faithfully to get relief from med-
icines, till, at last, after having em-
ployed all kinds of drugs, the doctor
acknowledged that he did not believe
it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend in-
duced me to quit coffee and try Post-
um, and I did so without the least
hope that it would do me any good. I
did not like it at first, but when it was
properly made I found it was a most
delicious and refreshing beverage. I
am especially fond of it served at din-
ner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to im-
prove, and in a few weeks my indiges-
tion ceased to trouble me, and my
headache stopped entirely. I am so
perfectly well now that I do not look
like the same person, and I have so
gained in flesh that I am 15 pounds
heavier than ever before.

"This is what Postum has done for
me. I still use it and shall always do
so." Name given by Postum Co., Bat-
tle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is ex-
plained in the little book, "The Road
to Wellville," in pkg.

Ever read the above letter? A new
eye appears from time to time. They
are genuine, true, and full of human
interest.

In the records of the war department appears the name of Henry B. Clitz, who was a major in the regular service, and who rose to the rank of a brigadier general of volunteers while in the Union army during the Civil war. Old army officers remember Clitz well, but possibly millions of civilians have well nigh forgotten him. After the short official story of his service written on the now time-stained paper hidden away in a vault of the war department, these words appear: "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1888." The disappearance of Henry B. Clitz is one of the mysteries of army life.

On other records in the war department are brief official lines, also on time-stained paper, telling of the career of Jasper A. Maltby, colonel of the Forty-fifth Illinois Infantry, more familiarly known in the darker days of the country's history as the "Washburn's Lead Mine Regiment." Maltby's name was brought back not long ago sharply to memory by the death of his widow in St. Luke's hospital, Chicago. She was a little snow-haired woman who had borne life's burdens for just the time allotted by the Psalmist. During the days that this woman lay ill at the hospital of the Beloved Physician, if her eyes wandered about the walls of her room, it is probable that for the first time in many years when within any room chosen by her as an abiding place, they failed to rest upon the folds of an American flag.

The stories of Generals Clitz and Maltby were stories of sterling patriotism, of action and of wounds received in the discharge of duty. Mystery has added its interest to the life's story of Major Clitz, perhaps one should say to his death's story, though there is always a possibility that at a great age the major somewhere in some condition still has left in him a spark of the spirit of life which moved him to soldier deeds.

Recently a brigadier general of the regular service, many years retired, came to Washington. In the lobby of a hotel he met a veteran as grizzled and wrinkled as he, but still of an upright physical bearing. The general looked at the man a moment actually aghast and then with words that came out in the disorder of a "route step" gasped:

"John I heard you were dead. I would as soon have thought of meeting Clitz."

The two had been subalterns in Clitz's regiment during the Civil war and after, and had loved him. It was perhaps the flashing thought of an anniversary of a disappearance at hand that sent the returned soldier's thought to Major Clitz when in the lobby of a Washington hotel he met the former comrade, who he had heard was dead. The army archives bear no stranger records than that of this case of General Henry B. Clitz—he was only a major, however, when he won distinction by his gallantry. It is twenty-three years ago now that Major Clitz was lost. Twenty-three years, but a man may be found after twenty-three years.

Major Henry B. Clitz, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., was once dead and buried and was alive again, was lost, and—the other word that should naturally fit here is either yet to be supplied, or forever is to remain unwritten. There are scores of soldiers today old soldiers—but once a soldier always a soldier—who, in the memory of what happened after Gaines Mills, think that one day they may again clasp this side of the grave the hand of Comrade Clitz.

Henry B. Clitz of Michigan entered West Point in the year 1841, graduating four years after. He was a schoolmate of Grant, McClellan, Sheridan and Burnside. Clitz went into the Mexican war and won praise on the field and a brevet rank afterward for conspicuous gallantry at Cerro Gordo. Clitz was a fighter. He proved this fact every time he had a chance, and during his forty-five years of service he had chances in plenty.

When the Civil war had been on for a time Clitz found himself major of the Twelfth regulars. He was transferred to that outfit from the Third, another fighting regiment. It came along toward the time of Mechanicsville and Gaines Mills. The Twelfth and the Fourteenth were lying pretty close together. When the Gaines Mills battle was on and war's hurricane was at its height the Twelfth and the Fourteenth were given a position to hold. The two regiments were attacked by overwhelming numbers, but the numbers weren't overwhelming for a long time. There wasn't any retreat in the make-up of those two regiments of regular infantry. The wave of battle simply had to come down on them and engulf them. Afterward when General Sykes wrote a report about the Twelfth and Fourteenth and the fight that they put up, he said the ranks of the Twelfth were "decimated." General Sykes had probably never studied "English Lessons for English People." Unless things have changed, decimated means the cutting out of one in ten. This is the way the Twelfth was "decimated." It went into the fight with 470 men; came out with



PURCHASED A RAILROAD TICKET FOR
A LAKE CITY

200. They say Major Clitz fought that day as he did at Cerro Gordo, only a little more so. The regulars resisted strenuously for an hour or two. Finally some of the men saw Major Clitz go down. A big wall of gray was falling on them just then, and many others went down

too. When the fight was over, and afterward, when some order came out of the chaotic hell, this report was turned in by General Sykes: "The Twelfth and Fourteenth were attacked by overwhelming numbers. The ranks were decimated, and Major Clitz was severely if not fatally injured. Around his fate, still shrouded in mystery, hangs the painful apprehension that a career so noble, so soldierly, so brave, has terminated on that field whose honor he so gallantly upheld."

Major Clitz went on the list of the dead and what was left of his regiment mourned him as few soldiers are mourned.

Suitable orders were issued lamenting the death of this hero of Cerro Gordo and Gaines Mills, but before the period of the real mourning was over, though the official kind had been over for months, the dead came to life again. Major Clitz had been shot through both legs and in one or two other places, but on his showing a few signs of life the Confederates made a prisoner of him and sent him to Libby.

Major Clitz was paroled. When he went back into the service again and when the war was over he put in twenty years campaigning on the plains. In 1885 he retired after nearly half a century of service, and went to live in Detroit, Mich. Two years later his old command, with which he had stood in the bullet storm at Gaines Mills, passed through Detroit on its way to take station at the posts of the great lakes. There were not many then in the Twelfth who were in it in the old days, but it was the same outfit with the same old tattered regimental banners.

Major (then General) Clitz met the command and old memories stirred him to tears. The Twelfth cheered its old officer and then Detroit was left behind.

Was it the stirring of old memories or what was it? His old comrades in arms had been gone but a little while when Major Clitz went to the railroad station from which the train bearing the soldiers pulled out, and there purchased a railroad ticket for a lake city which held a garrison of United States troops. From the hour of the purchase of that ticket no one has been found, soldier or civilian, to say that he has ever seen Major Henry B. Clitz. The army records give in detail the story of his gallantry in battle, and at the end of the shining record are these words, "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1888."

There was no mystery of disappearance in the case of Brigadier General Jasper A. Maltby. He died as the result of wounds received in action. His widow who survived him many years and who died at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago held the American flag and her husband's memory as the most cherished things in life. Neither was ever long absent from her mind.

How many men are there today, bar a few old soldiers, to whom the name Jasper A. Maltby would mean anything unless it were coupled, as is the above, with some specific information? Yet this man Jasper A. Maltby was chosen by General Grant, on the advice of McPherson and Logan, to lead, with his single regiment, the most desperate enterprise at the siege of Vicksburg, and, as some historians have it, one of the three

most desperate enterprises of the entire war. There are today surviving members of the Forty-fifth Illinois in whose veins the words "Fort Hill Mine" will make the blood tingle. It was only a week before the Fourth on which Pemberton surrendered the Confederate city. In Logan's front lay Fort Hill. It was decided at a council of the generals that its sapping and mining and the subsequent seizing and holding of the embrasure made by the explosion would be of tremendous moral and strategical value to the Union cause. The place was commanded by Confederate artillery and by sharpshooters in a hundred rifle pits. It was known that if the explosion of Fort Hill was a success that few of the men who rushed into the crevasses could hope to come out alive. It would be what the Saxons called a deed of derring-do. Owing to the limited space to be occupied only a single regiment was to be named to jump into the great yawning hole after the explosion and to hold it against the hell fire of the enemy until adequate protective works could be thrown up.

There was as many volunteers for the enterprise as there were colonels of regiments in Grant's army. The choice fell on Jasper A. Maltby and his following of Illinois boys.

The time came for the explosion. The Forty-fifth lay grimly awaiting the charge into death's pit. The signal was given; there came a heavy roar and a mighty upheaval. Silence had barely fallen before there rose one great reverberating yell, and the Lead Mine Regiment, led by its colonel, Jasper A. Maltby, with his lieutenant colonel, Malancthon Smith, at his elbow, buried itself into the smoking crater. The lieutenant colonel was shot through the head and mortally wounded before his feet had fairly touched the pit's bottom. The colonel was shot twice, but paid little heed to his wounds. A battery of Confederate artillery belched shrapnel into the ranks and sharpshooters seemed fairly to be firing by volleys. The question became one of getting some sort of protection thrown up before the entire regiment should be annihilated. Certain men in the pit were tolled off to answer the sharpshooter's fire and to make it hot for the cannon-shooters in the Confederate battery. They did what they could, but it availed little to save their comrades, who were toiling to throw up the redoubt. Men fell on every side.

Beams were passed into the pit, and these were put into position as a protection by the surviving soldiers. The joists were placed lengthwise and dirt was quickly piled about them. Colonel Maltby helped the men to lodge the beams. He went to one side of the crater where there was no elevation. There he stood fully exposed, a shining mark. He put his shoulder under a great piece of timber, and, weak with wounds though he was he pushed it up and forward into place. The bullets chipped the woodwork and spat in the sand all about him. One Confederate gunner of artillery trained his great piece directly at the devoted leader. A solid shot struck the beam, from which Colonel Maltby had just removed his shoulder, and split it into kindling. Great sharp pieces of the wood were driven into the colonel's side, and he was hurled to the bottom of the black pit.

The action was over shortly, for the gallant Forty-fifth succeeded in making that death's hole tenable. Then they picked up their colonel. He was still alive, though the surgeon shortly afterward said that it would be hard work to count his wounds. They took him to the field hospital and before he had been there an hour there was clicking over the wires to Washington a message carrying the recommendation that Colonel Jasper A. Maltby of the Lead Mine Regiment be made a brigadier general of volunteers for conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

A week later Grant's victorious forces marched into Vicksburg.

Colonel Jasper A. Maltby or General Jasper A. Maltby as it soon became, lived until the end of the war, but no system could long withstand the shock and pain of those gaping wounds. He died in the very city which he had helped to conquer. Afterward a flag and a precious memory were rarely absent from the life which finally flickered out when the white-haired little widow died at St. Luke's hospital, Chicago.