HEROIC DEEDS OF TWO FEARLESS FIGHTERS

By EDWARD B. CLARK

PURCHASED A RAILROAD TICKET FOR A LAKE CITY

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 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, no 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, hurled 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 cannoneers 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 in St. Luke's hospital, Chicago

NEHEMIAH AND HIS ENEMIES

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 10, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 6.
MEMORY VERSE—11.
GOLDEN TEXT—"The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid."—Psa. 27:1.
TIME—B. C. 444.
The wall was finished in 52 days in August and September.
PLACE—Jerusalem and vicinity.

There were enemies within the Jewish church. Some of the nobles and richer men had been oppressing their poorer brethren who were working at great sacrifice in rebuilding the walls. No wages were paid for this work, so that many were thus reduced to the direst straits to support themselves and their families, and pay the taxes exacted by the Persian government. Their misfortunes were brought to a climax by the condition of hostilities, which put an end to trade, and threatened town and country with ruin. It was impossible to obtain regular employment, and prices had gone up. Those who had a little property mortgaged their homes; and in this way a considerable portion of the property of the poorer classes, their grainfields vineyards, and dwellings, passed into the hands of wealthy moneylenders, who demanded high usury. Some, having no means to pay their creditors, sold their children as slaves. The hungry ones were threatening, if the grain was not given to keep them fro mstarvation, they would take it by violence, or surrender the city to its enemies. The taxes for the Persian government were very heavy and exacting. The chief officers farmed out the collection of the taxes, both in money and in the fruits of the land. These under officers were the same as those called publicans in the New Testament. They were required to pay over to their superiors the exorbitant sum fixed by law, and depended for their profit on what they could make by fraud and extortion. They overcharged, brought false charges of smuggling to extort hush-money, seized upon property in case of dispute and held it until their levy was paid, forbade the farmer to reap his standing crops until they had wrung from him all that his penury could produce. They were universally feared, hated, and despised. No money known to have come from them was received for religious uses.

Now these, who professed religion and lived heathenism, were the greatest injury to the Cause for which Nehemiah had come. It was against such as these that Jesus launched the sharpest lightning of his "Woeunto you, hypocrites." They are traitors to their country, their church and their God. The church stands for the highest expression of man's life. A church represents the permanent spiritual ideals. It embodies the loftiest human aspirations; a nation's best expression of its religious sentiment represents that nation at its best. Now whosoever in the name of the church, as a member of it, does actions contrary to its whole spirit, is the greatest enemy of the kingdom of God.

Nehemiah overcame these enemies. He changed them from enemies to friends. He rebuked them with burning indignation. He told them to their face the wrong they were doing. He persuaded them to repent and undo the wrongs they had done: "I pray you, let us leave off this usury. Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their oliveyards, and their houses, also the hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, the wine, and the oil, that ye exact of them." Then said they "We will restore them, and will require nothing of them; so will we do as thou sayest." He set them a good example. He refused to take the usual salary of the governor. He bore all the expenses of his retinue. His noble conduct made the names of these oppressors show black as the smoke of the pit.

One of the greatest powers for reforming abuses is publicity. Let every man's name be on his deed, on the work he does, on everything he says on all that he owns.

There is a continual temptation today for Christian workers to give up their time and strength to discussing the many theories and unsettled questions which are continually confronting them. All sorts of men say all sorts of things till it seems as if these clouds were obscuring the whole continent of Truth. This is true of many other things besides religion. Now the way to escape from these snares is to attend to our duties, to go to work for the Cause of Christ with all our hearts, to give ourselves to helping save our fellow men, both body and soul. For then we will use the essential things by which our work is accomplished. We thus test the working theories by using them. Those principles that bring results are the ones we want. We find out what they are worth through testing them by what they will do. Working for Christ and for his children is our safeguard.

Nehemiah was asked to leave his work for personal safety. This was too base an appeal. Nehemiah indignantly exclaimed, "Should such a man as I flee?"

The very baseness of the appeal opened Nehemiah's eyes to the fact that Shemaiah was not a prophet, but a mere tool of Sanballat bribed to ensnare him. That any one could imagine that he could be influenced by fear, touched Nehemiah's heart to the quick. It was an insult that the governor could only put into the hands of God to wipe out. But in the end the wall was built.

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 demanded.

Another prominent clergyman, Rev. S. M. Neel, M. D., opined that was somewhere near the reason. "We want no more sissy men in the pulpit," 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 enterprises as the "Men and Religion Forward 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, depreciating 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 business 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 Angeles 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.'"

Jonah Snickered.

"A fine fleet," he cried, "but the president would have something to talk about if he reviewed me."

Herewith he entered the first submarine.

Many a man could lose his reputation 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 sufferer from indigestion and intensely painful nervous headaches, from childhood.

"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 medicines, till, at last, after having employed 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 induced me to quit coffee and try Postum, 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 dinner ice-cold, with cream.

"In a month's time I began to improve, and in a few weeks my indigestion 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., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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