Marion's

B-2-3-The Story of an Exciting Thanksgiving Day.

L. E. Chittenten.

(Copyright, 1997, by S. S. McClure, L'Ud.) Marion and her father were shooting a

match out under the trees. The old man carefully sighted, with his rifle over a rest. then he pulled the trigger, and the edge of the brass tack fastened in a tree, about thirty feet away, disappeared.

He grumbled a little as h's daughter ran forward and then called out, "Good for you, daddy; that's hard to beat."

"Humph! Any one can do that well with a rest. You will beat it without one. The old man has to take a back seat," he added with a sigh, for he had been a famous shot with a sigh, for he had been a famous shot man had been a famous shot with a sigh, for he had been a famous shot man had been h in his days, and it was a sore trial to have used the rest.

"Ping." and the tack's glittering head was gone entirely.

"Listen," said Marion, then. "What's lat?"
"Abiram, Mary Ann," piped a thin voice, and without another word she walked out of

at its back, and the town half a mile away.

The soldierly-looking man, Marion's father, was the keeper of the drawbridge, and Marion, his only child, was his housekeeper Marion, his only child, was his housekeeper and comrade. They were most happy, when Aunt Perkins let them alone, but she had been a frequent visitor of late.

Aunt Perkins let them alone, but she had been a frequent visitor of late.

The late three circles existing that night sat training some step.

"On the night that I took my first dancing weeks he had looked forward to Marion's lesson I sat before the opening of the school on one of these long side seats, one of many was delightfully clean, "for Gold Dust," he sitting along on the same side. The dancing

While Marion stepped lightly around get-tin supper, Aunt Perkins sat on the extreme edge of the hardest chair she could find in the best room, eyeing the corners sharply for dust, and once she went over to the little round table and drew her hand across its shining surface, carefully wiping it afterward with her pocket handkerchief, although she knew there was no dust there.

"There's one thing I come over to see about today." Aunt Perkins began, as Abiram limped in, his face shining from its long drawn out polishing on the roller towel. Abiram had lost a foot fighting for his country, but the cheery old philosopher made the best of his affliction.

"They're welcome to my old foot if they want it," he would say; "use to give me a lot of misery with corns, anyway; but I'm bliged to 'em fer leaving my two hands to work for Marlon, my little gell," he would

add tenderly. The two pat down to Marion's dainty sup per, with but little appetite, and a sense of coming trouble.

Aunt Perkins was the only person before whom Abiram's heart qualled. Her thin, acid tones ruffled his placid disposition, and it was thoroughly exasperating to see her sitting on the edge of her chair eating Marion's delicious biscuit as though they were poisoned, and his gentle heart seemed to turn to hot iron within him.

The worst of it was that he knew she would have her own way, so, with his heart growing heavier every minute, he listened to the plan which the thin voice rapidly un-

Aunt Perkins proposed to take Marion home with her—she lived in the village some five miles away—and have her apprenticed to Miss Abby Perkins, her husband's sister, and the village dressmaker, to learn to sew. "Fur how long?" asked Abiram huskily trying in vain to banish the vision of his lonely hours without his comrade daughter "Jedgin' from her lack of ability it'll take her considerable time to master the funda-mental principles," replied Aunt Perkins

was little use to kick against the pricks and they both knew the matter was as good as settled when Aunt Perkins proposed it, and they listened in silence while she unfolded the details.

"She ain't to be a comin' back and forth, Abiram, I want it understood," she went on. "She'll help me nights and mornings for her keep, and I expect she'll do her dooty."

"I ain't a saying the plan you're a proposing, Abby Perkins, ain't a good one, for it's only right that women should know how Her mother would a wanted her to learn, I know, but you needn't to think that she won't do her dooty like a soldier's daughter, as she is-." His voice trailed off into a cough, that was half a sob and was hushed in Marion's arms.

'Daddy, dear, don't!" she cried, her tears falling on his head. "I will go and do my best, but I'll count the hours until Thanksgiving, when I'll surely come home, and then



"AUNT PIRKINS," SAID MARION, SWAL LOWING HARD, "I PROMISED DADDY

we'll have the best time, daddy; and we can plan for it while we're apart.

The day before Thanksgiving was cold and

electy. Marion had worked hard this week, her fingers doing double duty that she might spare Aunt Perkins any extra work while She had learned to cut out and put to-

gether garments with wonderful dexterity, but Marion did not love it, or, at least, her nesick heart leaped sorely as she thought home where she was queen and the pride of the dim old eyes that she loved so

Aunt Perkins had been suspiciously reticent on the subject of her going home, but Offarion had no fears on the subject. "For I've promised to be there," she thought,

"I hope Uncle Eben will be all harnessed for me when I get there," she thought she almost ran to the bend in the road that should bring the small frame house into view. But no horse and buggy were visible. When she entered the kitchen, easy-going Uncle Eben also was nowhere visible, and unt Abble sat bolt upright with her knitting her hand and her mouth a thin line of

over to Bridgeton-his folks-and a whole raft and passel of 'em they is, too-is a-comin' over to dinner tomorrow, and I feel sure I'll have a sinkin' spell of I have all the

a faint voice said: "Stie sent fur 'em this satisfied duty, that gave Uncle Eben a peace afternoon, Marion, jest to spite you." Aunt Perkins arose with writh on every prisoner.

a his days, and it was a sore trial to have sed the rest.

Marion had her rifle at her shoulder.

Marion had her rifle at her shoulder. Aunt Perkins, I must go-"
"Ef you go you'll walk," replied her aunt,

"Brave, brave!" cried the veteran, aglow with pride. "I'd like to see anybody beat growth the store and carefully pulling up her dress skirt away it didn't go to dancing school at ull until I had come to be a man of some years; then

"Abiram, Mary Ann," piped a thin voice, shrilly, from the edge of the woods. "Where ir ye? I heard your heathenish gun firing an I ain't dared to stir a peg nigher for time any one had ever disputed her will. fear you'd shoot me."

"It's Aunt Perkins," said Marion, laughing.

"Yes, confound it," muttered her father under his breath following slowly. "I wish sho'd let us alone," he added.

Already Marion was getting supper when he reached the bridge cottage, so called from the drawbridge that spanned the river just in front of the cottage, that had deep woods at its back, and the town half a mile away.

In the little bridge cottage that night sat | trating some step.

young girl still covering the cowering brute, while her father leaned, faint and sick, against the rail and told the story. The Thenksgiving feast the next day was crowned with a telegram from the president of the road appointing Marion assigtant bridge

of the road appointing Marion assistant bridge keeper at a modest salary.

It was while Marion was relieving her feelings by dancing around the room, with Gold Dust, a most willing, if awkward, partner, that Uncle Eben shuffled meekly in and told them Abby had eent him for Marion.

They wrote a merry letter to Aunt Abby Perkins, signed with their full names and titles declining her gausst with thanks. titles, declining her equest with thanks. Then they fed placid Uncle Eben with a feas of good things, until he could eat no more and Marion decorated h's horse and bugg) with green stuff, until he looked like a mov

sure I'll have a sinkin' spell of I have all the work to do, so I want you to stay an' help."

Marion stood rooted to the floor, and the woodshed door rattled harder than ever, as a faint voice said: "She sent fur 'em ible and laughed her into a certain grim sense of ful season of repose for at least a week.

And she said on all occasions that feature and bolied the shed door on the kitchen side, thus making its occupant a and act like a passel of gumps, but they ain't no denving the fact that it was lucky

Not a Lesson in Steps, but One that

Was Valuable Nevertheless. "The first lesson I got at dancing school, said Mr. Graytop, "was a great surprise to had come to be a man of some years; then I went to the school of a teacher who was well and widely known, and who in the course of a long experience had taught the art of and girls and men and women. It was a big school and at night, when I attended, there were always present, among others, younger,

"In the large hall in which class lessore were given in this school there was down each side, with its back against the wall, continuous seat. Upon these long side scats stretching the length of the hall (which was high and well lighted) the pupils used to si-before the school began in the evening, and between the lessons, and when the dancing master was explaining and personally illus

others as old as myself and sometimes men



A CRITICAL MOMENT. explained to their dog, so named from his master, entering from an ante-room, came brilliant color, "we don't want the darling down the vacant center of the hall, ready to come home and work her pretty fingers to begin the work of the evening. He looked to the bone first thing, indeed we don't Then he, accompanied by the faithful Gold Dust, courted rheumatism and went into the woods, bringing back quantities of green woods, bringing back quantities of green stuff, which he hung everywhere, and with his stiff old fingers he laboriously fashioned the word "Welcome" out of arbor vitae, and hung it over the mantel shelf.

There was a small turkey ben in the cellar. plump and tender. There were good things of all sorts in the pantry, 'For I allow Gold Dust, that we'll have a proper feeling for a dinner this Thanksgiving, ch, old fel-

Gold Dust licked his chops and wagged his tail solemnly, for if there was ever a dog that loved a good dinner it was the one ad-

But now it was all over. The brief, unsatisfactory message from Aunt Perkins had arrived, stating that Marion had concluded to stay over Thanksgiving with them. "She promised, Gold Dust, she promised."

said the old man, "and she ain't never broke her word yet. I think it's the old cat's work," he added, disrespectfully of his martial sister-in-law, "Ef Marion had made up her own mind that she'd stay, she'd a writ us with her own hand full of lovin' coaxin' words, such as allus gets around her old dad, but it don't make no matter, she fault," and the old gray head again went

forward on the table.

At 8 o'clock the ferry was due, for the river was not yet frozen over, and the ferry the door, and let Dolly in out of the rain, boat was still running. When the first "I can't, mamma" was the answer, "We'r whistle for the bridge sounded, the old man arose and lit his lantern and went out to ner." Was the answer. "We're playing Noah's ark, and Dolly is the sin-ner." open the bridge.

natured his plans.

He was hidden in a dark corner of the fraw, as it swung open, and Abiram stood a brating the man that invented the Protestan moment looking down in the river after the church." ferry had steamed through. Then, as he turned to close the draw for the red express, due in fifteen minues, he was seized from behind and thrown down. Half stunned, the old soldier struggled to

rise, but the negro held him fast and bound him tightly with a long rope, gagging him

demonstrative enough for four dogs, but Marion wondered at her father's absence.

"He ought to be home now, Dusty," she said, and the dog looked toward the open door. Marion stood on a chair to reach her door. Marion stood on a chair to rifle, which was loaded, and hanging, slung rifle, which was loaded, and hanging, slung rifle, which was father's over the word "Welup by her father's, over the word come," which she kissed with happy tears in

That something was wrong she at once saw when she reached the bridge for the draw was still open, and she could hear the red express at Bridgeton.

Quickly she got into her father's boat,

moored at the shore, and, rowing with superb stroke, was quickly at the bottom of the stone pier, on which revolved the draw. Then she stepped out on the metal rounds of the workman's ladder, that hung on the ler, and swiftly climbed up with her rifle slung across her shoulders.

She came up with cat-like stillness and the negro, who was leaning out on the opposite side, listening for the train, had not heard her. Softly she swung herself up and cov-ered the min with her rifle; then he, hearing the click, turned with an imprecation and

looked into the shining barrel.

The minutes were few now, as the train had left Bridgeton, and soon the whistle would ask if the draw was all right; then if the lights—which the negro had placed— "Where's Uncle Eben?" asked Marion. "Is he harnessing up?"
"No, he ain't," replied Aunt Abby, with a glance at the woodshed door, that was creaking a fittle. "No, he ain't," she repeated, in a louder voice, "and he ain't a going to harness up this afternoon. I've thought it all over, Mary Ann," continued Aunt Perkins, who always said Mary Ann when she was in a particularly disagreeable mood, "an' I don't the file ights—which the negro had placed—were right, and there was no answer from the bridge, they would come on to destruction. "Cut that rope!" cried Marion, in ringing tones; then when the old soldier was free. "Give him his cane," and her father sprang to the signal lights and tore them down. Then the whistle of danger rent the air and the red express atopped just on the edge of the bridge, while the men ran forward with their lanterns, waiting until the thick thar's a mile also when they found the

at the young gentlemen sitting along, and honor that he should seek me out thus pub licly to address me on the occasion of my first night in the school Approaching, with an air of perfect good

humor, to which was added, when he came very close to me, a friendly and at the same time curious little smile which I did not at the moment understand, he raised his hand and quietly but firmly removed from between my lips the toothpick that I had there, and tossed it carelessly under the seat; and then with the same friendly little smile he turned away. It had all been done so quickly and at the same time so smoothly and quietly that I doubt if even the two young m ting on either side of me realized what had happened, and a moment later he was walk ing calmly on down the center of the hall completing his preliminary inspection of the

'So my first lesson at dancing school was a lesson in manners, and it was one that have never ceased to be grateful for."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

old dad, but it don't make no make the shut and fastened the door on a very wet won't be here now, no how, whosevers the shut and fastened the door on a very wet fault." and the old gray head again went day, and was compelling his little sister to A mother noticed that her little how had stay out in the rain, says the Cambridge Tribune. "Why, Leslie," said she, "open

It requires several years to determine the Two weeks before the porter of the red worth of a marsh for producing cranberries express had been discharged for dishonesty and the slowness of returns, together with and impertinence at Bridgeton, and the big the amount of capital required, have brought burly fellow hung around the town, doing the 380th anniversary of Luther's posting his odd jobs and plotting vengeance against the celebrated theses on the door of the church odd jobs and plotting vengeance against the conductor and crew of the red express, and tonight, with the aid of bad whisky, he had Journal, his father asset, what the services were about. "They were cele-

A Sloux City father was going away

short business trip, and as he ki sed his 7-year-old son good-by he said to him: "Now, Charles, take good care of mamma while I'm gone."

The responsibility thus intrusted to the

opervent any outery.

1t was five minutes past 8 when Marion mind than one would naturally expect, says softly opened the door of the bridge house and called, "Daddy, darling." No one answered but Gold Dust, who was left in charge. He jumped all over her, and was by inquiring:

"Mannya doesn't Gold take are for any any control of the principle of by inquiring:
"Mamma, doesn't God take care of you?"

"Why, yes, my dear," replied the wonder-ing mother. "Why do you ask?" The little guardian heaved a sigh of relief and answered:

"Oh, because I'm tired."

of the most prominent preachers were guests breakfast, at which corn cakes constituted the leading feature of the bill of fare. Nancy couldn't get enough. Partly as an applogy for her ravenous appetite and partly to compliment the cook she said with the

God, mamma, ain't them corn cakes You may think silence reigned, but it didn't, for the preachers enjoyed the situation and joked with the mother in a semi-serious vein about the way the child was being raised.

On another occasion Nancy came to her mother and said: "Mamma, do you like stories? "Yes," said her mamma, "if they're true

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convenience. A THANKS GIVING MEMORY OF THE WAR A Maria Commission of the Comm

BY MAJOR ALFRED R. CALHOUN. "I could stay back, of course, but Osterhaus' division never went into action since I was on the staff, that I haven't tried to keep up with the head of the procession." As Allen Gordon said this he grasped my hand, shook it in his boyish, hearty way, and threw himself into the saddle. "Tomorrow." he added, as he waved his right hand toward Lockout mountain, "if we finish our job in good shape before daylight you fellows will the fight is over. Tomorrow will be Thinksgiving home, but much as we want to see

the folks, I reckon we'd rather be here and help-" A shell from the enemy's battery near the rocky crest of Lookout burst over our heads, as we stood there on Moccasin point. and Allen Gordon's horse-the animal had been sent down from northern Kentucky few weeks before by the young soldier's father-took fright and darhed down the

river, in the direction of Osterhaus' division. Allen Gordon and myself had been schoolmates. We were born on adjoining plantations, and had always been friends, though when we were both 16-two years before the war-I imagined I disliked him for a time. because the pretty daughter of a neighbor thought him better looking than myself, and so preferred his attentions.

This was the third Thanksgiving we were to spend at the front. On former occasions our friends remembered us, and for days before the northern trains were packed with turkeys and other good things from the dear mothers at home. But we were to have no Mrs. N. has a little daughter named Nancy, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. Last summer they had a cottage for a few sweeks at the camp meeting grounds near keeks at the camp meeting grounds near Loveland. Upon one occasion three or four understood that we should have more stirring

work on hand than feasting.

I had command of a body of scouts and we were awaiting orders on the slope, back of Moccasin point. Our horses were lean and ewe-necked, for during the slege of Chattanooga that followed our defeat at Chickanooga that the chickanoog mauga we had been in the saddle night and day, watching Wheeler's ubiquitous cavalry and guarding the mountain trains from Mc-Minnville. Our uniforms were ragged and mud-stained. The smooth-faced boys of two years before were bearded and bronzed, so rapidly does youth age on the long marches during the sleepless nights, and in the furnace heat of battle. THE NIGHT BEFORE.

I had never seen so lovely a Thanksgiving eye. The Indian summer's golden haze hung stories."

"This one is. Do you get mad when people tell you nice, true stories?"

"Why, never. It isn't good manners to get made when a person tells you a nice story."

"All right," said Nancy. "Once upon a time there was a little girl and she got into the pantry and ste almost all the jelly in a glais. That's a true story, mamma, and me was the little girl."

Subaribe for The Sunday Bee and read Anthohy Hope's great story." Simon Dala."

Subaribe for The Sunday Bee and read Anthohy Hope's great story." Simon Dala."

WHAT THE DAWN REVEALED.

At length, after what seemed like an eternity of waiting, a light that did not come termity of waiting of the entant that it length. At length, a light that did not come the come that the like and she can dari

to the east, the movements of the gathering corps in blue on the plains. "Geary, of Hooker's command, will attack from the south and west. Osterhaus, with his Kentuckians and Ohioans, will attack from the north and east."

This is what 60,000 waiting men said one to the other, as from river and plain they turned their eyes toward Lookout, after the on had passed the zenith and was hidden behind black cloud banks. The men were right. From our position we could see the western men assigned to the assault moving toward the mountain, under the tattered battle flags carry Mission ridge. Hope we'll have our that, a few months before, had waved in the usual luck and be ready for roll-call when van of our assaults on Vicksburg. From the far distance we could hear Hooker's bugles sounding the advance. A few minutes and the mountain became a thundering volcano, from which burst fountains of flame and

geysers of dense white smoke. The battle was on. We could hear defiant yells and hoarse cheers as the opposing forces came nearer, and although I kenw it was fancy, I felt sure I could distinguish Al-len Gordon's voice, for something in the waves of sound thrilled me, as I was thrilled when we rushed side by side upon the guns at Shiloh.

Bluck clouds rolled in from the west and shaped about Lookout, as if to veil the scene of strife from the sight of heaven. Still the rattle of musketry came to the plain, while the mountain seemed to rock and sway under the thunder of the cannon. As I listened, I thought of the children of Israel watching the flaming clouds binging over Sinai, while the lorder of the people talked to the Lawgiver of all.

Night came down and Bragg's campfires in a half circle that seemed lifted into sky flashed along the embattled crest of Mis-nion Ridge, while here and there dancing colored lights could be seen and we knew the confederate signal corps were anxious and busy. There was but little sleeping in either camp that night. One hundred and twenty thousand men, friend and foe, were watching Lookout. The encircling cloud seemed to throb to the biazing and booming of the guns, while like flights of giant fire flies the flashing of the rifles cut through the intense dark ness. Higher and higher the sound of the fig ting rose. The cheers and yells could no longer be heard and the roar of the guns be-came muffled, like the sound of giant funeral drums beiting far up in the heavens. About midnight the battle echoes ceased to come down from the mountain and an awful still ness fell upon the plain. The men, who had been talking in low tones, became silent. could hear, not only the beating of our own hearts, but the painful throbbing of the tem

were at liberty to lie down and sleep, but they sat in groups and smoked in silence, all wondering how it had gone with our comrades of Geary's and Osterhaus' divisions.

WHAT THE DAWN REVEALED.

amid the wreck of a confederate battery.

I was gloomily eating my own bre kfast.

n it these penciled words;
"De r Al—I write at Allen's request. He "De'r Al-I write at Allen's request. He usual thing with the battle dead. My tears lies far up the mountain. No use to take the coor boy down. Good luck to you today. The bullet that killed him had cut "DICK I." through Mollie Fishop's heart, as the picture showed, but there was a blood-stained line General Grant, but he said not a word about the night battle. I reasoned we had been driven back and that Allen Gordon was

wounded and in the enemy's hands. My specific left me and there was a lume in my throat as I gave the order to saddle up, for I fighting had come. The clouds overhead glowed like giant remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; The clouds overhead glowed like giant opals. The shadow of Mission Ridge grew shorter, but still the cloud cloak covered Lookout mountain. Then the sun flashed on lines of steel grouped along the ridge and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business moke pillars marked the sites of the enemy's hoss and says Dr. King's New Discovery is smoke pillars marked the sites of the enemy's campfires. The men stood by their horses, all faces turned to Lookout. The cloud drupery, like a mighty stage curtain, began to roll up. Higher and thinner, higher and

federal uniforms showing strongly against the dull red of the works occupied by the enemy of the day before.

thinner, and still, as it rese, we could see the gleam of bayonets and the dark blue of

THE CURTAIN OF MIST. How our hearts throbbed and how the fierce battle light glowed in the eyes of the men watching the mountain. Higher and gleaming bayonets and men in blue in the be wrote a pamphlet against them. "These enemy's works! Higher, still higher, and ever the same thrilling revelation. Then the cloud mist gathered into a heap, swept away from the crest of the mountain, and, urgent necessity. Nay, the conveniency of catching the rays of the rising sun, melted the passage makes their wives come often and was gone! Lookout stood revealed in its up, who rather than come such long journeys every outline. But we gave no heed to its on horseback would stay at home. Then grand setting against the cold blue of that when they come to town they must be in the grand setting against the cold blue of that perfect November sky. From the crest, where, when the last sun vanished, the cress of the confederacy wavel, we saw, beating like an angel's wing against the blue of heaven, the stars and stripes of the republic At the sight the men set up a wild cheer. It rang along the river. It swelled into a mighty roar when Hooker's men on the right saw the flag, and 60,000 men—men of the armies of the Cumberland, of the Tennessee and of the Mizzenippi-tossed their hats on their bayonets and sabers and shock out the folds of their tattered flags and cheered, as

"Report, as quick as your horses can carry you, to Sherman on the left!" That is what Dayton, the handsomest man on Sherman's staff, or on any staff, said to me as he reined in for a moment, then spurred his black horse for the new pontoon to the north.
Of course I obeyed, but as we urged our

lean horses to the north, where the ground rose, my thoughts were with Allen Gordon. dying on the crest of the mountain; he had Thank God, he saw it all. With a bullet through his spine, just below the neck, and so shutting off the avenues of pain, and leav-

ing his brain clear, he from the crest of Lookout saw such a panorama as never before passed before the sight of mortal man.

Allen Gordon, with a dozen confederate flags under his head, placed there by Thomp. son of Kentucky and Barnum of New York, looked down on the brown plain, stretching from the Tennessee to Mission Ridge. As the ever rose he saw the gallant men in gray. standing below the ridge, or ground about the endless guns along the slope. He saw 70,000 men in blue, and he heard their thrill ing cheers, as under Hocker. Thomas and Sherman they advanced, as if on parade,

were making heavy inroads into the two caw the men in the center, who, though days' rations that had been served the day beaten, saved the army from ruin at Snodbefore. "Thanksgiving bro:kfast, boys!" shouted and Sherman. Allen Gordon saw the blue one, as he drained his black cup through his waves, steel-crested, dashing against Misston one, as he drained his black cup through als waves, steel-creach, dashing against anisator treeth.

"And the last breakfast of some of us!" saw no retreat. From his deathbed under the noonday sun locked down on Sherman's left, was to lie dead beside his horse, with Wood in the advance, sweeping up the heights, and tossing the corps flag over Bragg's headquarters. He when a young horseman, with a dispatch bag hanging from his shoulder, relied in beside the fire and taking a slip of paper from between his teeth called out my name. The head the shadow of Lookout.

paper was from Captain Thompson and had Allen was carried down to Chattanooga on it these penciled words:

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Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was time for rough riding and hard that money could procure, tried all cough the grandest remedy ever made, as it done so much for him and also for of in his community. Dr. King's New Discov-ery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free

at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. The Objection to Stage Conches.

In 1762 there were, strange as it seems, only six stage coaches running in all England, and of course these were only public ventcles for travelers. Even these were a novelty, and a person named John Crosset thought rolled the cloud curtain, and still they were such a dangerous innovation that coaches," he wrote "make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do except upon wade, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idle-ness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy after." Even people who come to the affected by the visit, even unto this day.

The expression, "I have my own troubles," has become so general and truthful that even the children have become used to it. The other day, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph," a busy mother had been interrupted several times by her 4-year-old son, who kept asking her to come out into the yard and

"Willie," said the mother, "if you were a good boy you would want to help your mother instead of worrying her, when she "Well, memma," said the child. "I have my own troubles," and he walked out into the yard and played by himself.

CURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA