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**The Porter**  
 and  
**the Rafferty's**

One day, a little while before Christmas, Dr. Rawlinson went out to the Raffertys to see Tim Rafferty, the father, who had sent for him.

Polly and Molly were in the office when he started, and they discovered that he had left his medicine case, so they got on Nance, the doctor's old gray horse, to follow him.

Nance, however, was highly incensed at being hustled out of her warm stable into the frosty air to carry two impatient children and a medicine chest a couple of miles into the country, and she hung down her head and crept at even a slower pace than usual, so after they had consumed much time in getting over a very little ground they met their father returning.

They waved the case wildly, and Nance stopped entirely, the only thing she had showed the least cheerfulness in doing since they started, and serenely waited until the doctor drew near.

"Hello," called out the doctor cheerily, "here are my two assistants on their flying machine. No, I didn't need the chest. I knew about what ailed Tim, so I took his medicine in my pocket." The doctor had wrapped it in a \$5 bill, but he did not tell that.

"Then we need not go," said Molly, preparing to turn Nance around.

"Yes," said their father, "I believe you had better go on. There are some preparations for Christmas going on out there that I'd like to have you see. Goodby."

So the busy doctor leaned out and took his case from Polly, whose turn it was to ride behind and who therefore carried the chest. So the children rode on, until they came



"HURRAY! HURRAY! MR. BARNES YOU'RE BURNING UP OUT HERE AND YOU DON'T KNOW IT!"

looked upon the doctor and his family as to the little tumble down house where the Raffertys lived.

There was, as always, an uproarious welcome from the small Rafferty girls, who in an admirable assortment of angels, as well as the doctor's prescription, lay on the bed, and his wife, holding the baby in her lap, sat beside him crying happily, and drying her eyes on the baby's frock, and very soon Polly and Molly knew all about the doctor's last prescription for poor, discouraged Tim Rafferty, who had been out of work from a shutdown in the mills for a month, and who had worried himself sick, about the three meals a day, for his healthy, hungry brood.

Then they were shown the Rafferty's Christmas tree, and this was such an astonishing thing that the two girls rode home very thoughtfully.

After supper they curled down in front of the open fire in the library for a consultation on the subject of the Rafferty's Christmas.

"Five Rafferty girls and not a real doll among them," said Molly, holding onto her crossed feet and rocking back and forth.

"Polly Rawlinson, we've got to give those Raffertys a toy Christmas. Think of a dead tree branch tied up to the wall with advertising cards tied on it for a tree!"

"I know it," said Polly, "but I have but a quarter left of my Christmas money. How much have you?"

"Ten cents," responded Molly, tragically.

"I never do have a cent. We ought to have thought of this before. Father said a while ago that the real Christmas idea is to give joy to the poor, and here we've spent all our money but that little speck, and have never thought of it. Perhaps father—"

"Then it would be father's gift!"

"Mother will help!"

"Mother is getting a lot of clothes and things to eat ready for them. No, siree; we've got to do this ourselves," and Molly screwed her eyebrows up in an endeavor to think of a plan.

"Well, I don't see how," said Polly. "Our things, dolls and the like, are too battered up and then I don't think it's very Christmas-money to give away our old things when we are tired of them."

"It would be better than that doll made out of a cloth with a red wax tied on for a dress for the next to the littlest Rafferty. A clothespin doll! I wish it did not take children such a long time to earn money. But there goes the clock striking 8 and we've got to go to bed, and we have not made a single plan."

II.

The next day they went down to their father's office, and as he was not in, they stood by the back windows which looked out upon the rear of Barnes' toy shop.

A man was in the yard unpacking boxes of dolls, and as the pretty creatures came into view they thought of the Rafferty's clothespin doll and sighed.

"O, wouldn't the Raffertys squeal, though, if they could see those pretty darling dolls!" said Molly, frowning her nose against the pane.

"I should think so; I'd like one myself," said Polly.

At last the boxes were empty of everything but excelsior and tissue paper, and the man came out, lit his pipe, and carelessly tossed the packing down and went off. So the girls still looking on presently saw a thread of blue smoke and then a spurt of flame from one of the boxes.

"Polly!" cried Molly.

"Molly!" cried Polly, both together. Then they rushed down the back stairs and into the back yard which was quiet and deserted.

**CAMPING ON THE MOUNTAINS**  
 Experiences of the Colorado National Guard at Leadville.

WINTER CAMP AT A HIGH ALTITUDE.

Humors and Follies of the Camp at the Mines—Suffering that a City Might Be Saved—Hardships for Young Soldiers.

At 1 o'clock a. m. on September 31, 1896, Colorado was started by a cry of help from the great Carbonate mining camp of Leadville, and Governor McFie, commander-in-chief of the state's military forces, immediately responded to the call and ordered out his troops to save the city from destruction. As quartermaster of the First regiment, said Charles E. Hooper of Denver at a banquet of the Loyal Legion in that city, and in my civil capacity as a railroad employe, I had had a number of conferences with his excellency and the adjutant general as to the most expedient means of moving troops, and in anticipation a little figuring had placed me in the position of a forward individual, to wit, forward, and when my door bell rang at 1:30 a. m. on this never-to-be-forgotten date and the stentorian voice of the adjutant general's orderly shouted: "You are directed to report to the governor at the state house at once." I knew that I was in trouble, and a deep trouble at that. My first campaign—and a perilous one—was over. I experienced while hunting my uniform was not wholly caused by society attire.

The bustle and hurry of preparation is a subject with which you are all familiar, and it was long after daylight before the first train departed, but in those few short hours a vast amount of labor had been performed and all trains were loaded down with men, horses, artillery, extra small arms, tentage, ammunition and supplies. Greatly to my chagrin and disappointment was not permitted to accompany the advance guard, and was left behind to look after another train load of commissary stores and to bring another battalion of my regiment to the front. We were to leave Denver at 6 o'clock in the evening, and a longer day I never spent. Promptly at the hour designated the train, consisting of four baggage cars loaded with commissary stores and forage, and five coaches with 197 men pulled out of the station, off to reinforce those who had gone ahead, every one on board anxious to reach the battlefield and lend a helping hand to the two Leadville companies who had been on duty and performing heroic service for thirty-six hours.

CHAPLAIN LANDED SAFELY.

As the train was moving a little figure was seen running after it, and as he was a good sprinter he overtook it, and with the assistance of a dozen willing hands the chaplain of the Second regiment swung on board and was given a hearty reception.

The senior captain of the battalion, a Bull Hill veteran, well known to all guardsmen as "Honest John," was in command, and knowing the failures of his men, his first order appointed the chaplain "bottle holder," and with a detail of officers he immediately went through the train in most dignified manner, and a barrel full of bottles of all sizes and shapes, but uniformly full of "red eye" was the result of his crusade, all of which to the fearful regret of typhoid and cholera were consigned to the road bed. Exception in favor of the medical officer and the chaplain was made and they were appointed custodians of a few bottles of beer, but rather than they were liberally inclined with their liquid refreshments, and a sober old thirsty crowd was the result.

At daylight, after a night spent on a hurrying train we halted at a little station outside of town and prepared to enter the beleaguered city in true military style, belts were tightened up, rifles cleaned, and every all car windows raised and rifles run out one or more to each and slowly pulling up the grades we entered and were greeted not by a fusillade of shots or by any telegraphic advice during the night had informed us that the battalion was to go at once to a threatened part of the city. My horse had gone about one of the hills, but rather than waiting of a trusty man, and was added and bridled waiting me on our arrival. Mounting at once I started to hunt up the adjutant general to report on my progress, and ask information as to procuring coffee for our men. I found the general asleep in a box car, reclining on a bale of tents, and sawing wood. His regular no respect of persons or rank, so bracing myself I awakened him, called, reported our arrival and asked for the coffee. "Coffee, hell! get your own coffee." Correct, but I was not in the mood to take a tin as I ran, unconsciously falling over my saber on route. But I was not to be daunted, and bound to have that coffee. So mounting I leaped into the kitchen car of the railroad dining station, and being well known to both manager and chef started my errand and was greeted with the pleasing information that fifty gallons of coffee had been ordered the night before for some one and that was now ready. I knew it was not for me, but—

A few moments later the kitchen car was full of men, and the coffee was being served on a small push car and soon my boys were enjoying themselves over a good breakfast. The quartermaster of the Second regiment came puffing up the line and wanted to know what in hades I was doing with his coffee. "Drinking it, my boy; won't you have a cup?" Breakfast over, the batteries of our hurried off down town to relieve the one which had been on duty all night and I was ordered to assist in unloading and making camp. You are all aware that the life of a quartermaster is not a happy one, and the preparation of a camp is not one of his least troubles. The unloading and making camp occupied the best part of the day, and shortly the humdrum existence of camp life commenced in earnest. We were only disturbed from our daily routine or roused from lethargy by occasional rumors of attack or midnight shots which failed to do damage to either side. At first these rumors and their cause were the cause of great excitement, but familiarity bred contempt, and soon the men who were sent out to investigate were concerned and they only because they had a little duty to perform.

RIDING THE LINE.

At night our men were scattered over a great territory guarding the mines, smelters, banks, powder houses, oil tanks, etc., and occasionally the brigadier general commanded. The riding the line was a most officers fond of riding and with a small cavalry escort would ride the hills and make inspection of outlying posts. These trips occurred usually in the afternoon, and the nature of a frolic, except as it was a dark evening when I had volunteered to ride with him, and found myself facing a blizzard all the time, and the horse was a most variety of regulation on the quartermaster's department for soap and a threatened water famine aided the men to recognize each other, but were days before hair and beard resumed their normal hue.

HOW THEY KILLED TIME.

During leisure hours outside the regular routine of military duties commencing with reveille and ending with taps, all kinds of amusements were tried. Blanket tossing was in vogue in short order, and poker and craps became fixtures, but must be conducted under the watchful guard of a sentry posted by the quartermaster, the name of the approach of the officer of the day, and when that individual poked his nose into a suspected tent his occupants would be found innocently engaged in reading papers and novels or studying army tactics or regulations. Yet in spite of orders to the contrary, the games continued throughout the entire campaign, and many a poor fellow dropped his month's pay in a single sitting.

Enterprising soldiers endeavored to eke out their pay by opening barber shops, notions

**TO CURE COLIC IN ONE DAY**  
 Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. A hollow square of country, preceded

stores, etc., and patronage was good provided the dealer was willing to accept a promise to pay on pay day.

Pay-day was replete with scenes of jollification. The boys paid their debts to each other, received the usual pay to town and came back to camp, "some in rags, some in tags and some in velvet gowns," but every mother's son of them carrying a bottle of contraband merchandise, which the doubled sentries at the gate promptly relieved them of and turned over to the commanding officer, who in turn donated it to the medical department.

PROTECTION AGAINST COLD.

Cold weather having set in, a demand for lumber nearly drove the quartermaster crazy and caused the high board fence surrounding camp to disappear, and simultaneously numerous storm doors of a vast variety of architecture appeared along the company streets. Some vacant houses in the neighborhood suffered and glass doors were not a few of the tents. The occupants of the various tents vied with one another in selecting fancy names for their dwellings, and the "Waldorf," "Astor House," "Brown Palace," "Windsor," "Hotel de Seval," "Haven of Refuge," "Ophans' Home," "Poker flats," "Whisky Jim's place," and numerous others appeared in glaring characters along the entrances. In the naming of camp streets, except in that portion of the camp devoted to mess hall and quartermaster's department, the name of some favorite officer was chosen. The main street, as well as the camp itself, was called for the governor and commander-in-chief. Other streets were called in some cases by two or three different names, each company adopting its own appellation. "Hog alley," "Parade alley," "Potato avenue" and "Garbage street" were easily located.

Aside from poker and other card games, story-telling was a favorite pastime, yet it frequently happened that at the close of some extremely harrowing tale the yarn

spinner would be greeted with a loud-voiced chorus of—

"It may be so, but I don't know." "It sounds to me like a lie." "It may be so, but I don't know." "It sounds to me like a god darn lie." The listeners were no respecters of persons or rank, and I saw a brigadier general blush scarlet as this delectable chorus was hurled at him after a particularly marvelous tale of hunting prowess.

Every officer and man had his nickname, and some of them deserve mention. The major of the First regiment was a Smith, likewise the major of the Second, "Major Smith" as an appellation was too vague; "Major Fat" and "Major Lean" hit it off in elegant style and there was no danger of mistaken identity. Your humble servant gloried in the nom de guerre of "Count No Account," abbreviated to "Count," or was sometimes called "the little fat fellow with the big behind."

The troops were well fed; exceptionally so, though as a "hitter by color" there were "kickers," but it soon developed, as is usually the case, the kickers were those who had not so good at home. Occasionally some company would receive a box, its contents made up by the willing contributions of sweethearts and wives and other kind-hearted female relatives, and these were times of great rejoicing. The mess table would be laden with the delicacies and crates of good things, chickens, turkeys, pickles, jams, preserves, cakes, pies of all varieties, and, in fact, everything in the gastronomic line calculated to tickle the palate and create indigestion. All the officers in camp were invariably invited to these feasts, and with the men of the company so honored made merry in good style. Cheers were always willingly given for the women, the company and the various officers. The following day the medical department would have its hands full, and the news that a box had arrived

in camp sent the surgeon down town with muttered curses to lay in a new supply of remedies for indigestion, cramps, etc. Thanking our Christmas men for days of great rejoicing among the men, but particularly hard on the medical staff, as not only were the men furnished excellent dinners on these occasions by the commissary, but every fellow received his individual box from home, and it is a notorious fact that the majority of the illness in camp was traceable to these causes.

Seriously considered, the campaign of the National Guard of Colorado at Leadville from September 21, 1896, to March 10, 1897, was one of which the people of the state have reasons to be proud. Called from their business and homes without warning, the National Guard responded to a man, and for six long, weary months at an altitude of over two miles, in a harsh and severe climate, where deep snows and low temperatures were the rule, these young defenders served without complaint, saved a city from destruction and performed their arduous duties like soldiers and veterans.

The clothing and food for the men was the best and most serviceable to be obtained, and when a man was put on post in the teeth of a blizzard he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was warmly clad, and that when relieved from duty he would find a good hot meal awaiting him, and that he was a great deal better off for creature comforts than were you gentlemen who set us such a good example in the days of '61-'65. Excellent attention to the comfort of the men by the quartermaster general and his staff kept the hospital empty and the medical department in demand.

Though the campaign was a bloodless one, yet probably no troops since the war have had a more severe or trying one, or performed their duty with greater willingness. The National Guard of Colorado deserves and has received great credit for its soldierly qualities and the great service it has rendered the commonwealth.