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News of the CHURCHES

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Catholic

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Stayton; Rev. A. Lainek priest in charge. High mass second fourth and fifth Sundays 8:30 a. m., Priest's address: Sublimity, Oregon. T. BONIFACE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Sublimity; Rev. A. Lainek, rector; Low mass 8 a. m., high mass 10:30 a. m., first and third Sundays in the month; high mass 10:30 a. m., second, fourth and fifth Sundays. Vespers at eventide.

Christian

Services will be held every Sunday. Preaching at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mrs. W. H. Hobson, superintendent, Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30 p. m., Mrs. R. L. Dunn president. Ladies Aid society meets each Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. G. D. Thomas, president. R. L. Dunn Pastor.

Methodist

Methodist Episcopal Church, order of services: Bible school at 10 a. m., A. S. Pancoast, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Midweek Prayer and Bible Study, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m., Epworth League, Sunday, 6 p. m., Clark Mace, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society, Thursday afternoon, Mrs. J. R. Gardner, Pres. Pastor of the church, E. Sutton Mace.

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A Boy's Reappearance

A Story For Memorial Day

By EDGAR STORMS

It was what was afterward called the battle of Chancellorville. We soldiers didn't know when we went into a fight whether it was to be a scrimmage or a battle. Some of us not yet engaged didn't know that there was anything going on. When one has listened to desultory firing of muskets mingled with cannon for several days--maybe weeks--he doesn't think much about whether it is a campaign, a succession of skirmishes or a battle.

But this is not always so. When one is in the midst of an engagement there is not much doubt as to what is going on. What I knew of this battle I refer to was demoralizing sounds, explosions; rather the mingled pesky vicious ping of bullets and the skyrocket swish of shells. A man in the file before me sank down with a faint groan, and I stumbled over him, but pressed on. I had to press on. What else was there for me to do? I couldn't fall out of the ranks, for the officers had their eyes on every man to keep him from breaking and demoralizing the rest. Besides, if I did succeed in getting out of this death storm not a man of my company would speak to me when it was all over.

I have often been asked since if I got used to it. I never did. I doubt if any man in a normal condition ever got used to facing death. But I got mad, and that served the same purpose. Unfortunately I was obliged to get mad in every fight in order to stand the racket. This is my experience; others may be different. Let those sing of the glorious excitement of battle, but only one man, so far as I know, ever described it correctly, General Sherman, when he said, "War is hell!"

If this is doubted listen to an incident told me by a fellow veteran: "After a battle a line of wounded lay in a long line waiting for the surgeons. They were not all waiting, for some of them were dying. In the fight the men, and boys, too, of the country in which it was fought had taken part. I saw a little fellow with a leafy branch keeping the flies off two dead bodies lying side by side. 'Are they any relation of yours?' I asked the child. 'That's my pap,' he answered, 'and that's my brother.'"

To resume my narrative, I was hit. Some men who are shot don't know it for awhile. Not so I. I was shot right through a lung. I sank down, while the others passed over me. I struggled for breath, and the blood, pouring from my mouth, choked me. After a while I lost consciousness, probably fainted. After that I remember intervals of fighting for breath. What was my condition the rest of the time I don't know. I remember that it was night and it was day, but how many of these changes there were I have no idea. Possibly clotted blood stopped the breathing or some of it.

Opening my eyes, I saw standing over me a small boy. He might have been ten years old or thereabout. "Water!" I said faintly. He went away and presently came back with a canteen full of water. I can never forget that first draft. What movement I made started my wound bleeding again. The little fellow stuffed some of my clothing into it and staunched it. But I choked again. When I had somewhat recovered from this the boy went away and brought some persons, who carried me to a house. There I received medical attendance and in time recovered.

The principal comfort I remember in my war service is that boy. I have never forgotten his face and never shall forget it. For years the desire to go south and find him held possession of me. But such a trip was impracticable. I was not only otherwise engaged, but had not the means to make the journey. But at last I received a windfall and, breaking away, went down to revisit the battlefield and find the boy.

I had little difficulty in finding the house to which I had been carried, but the boy was not there. Indeed if living he was not a boy. I found a man who remembered succoring a number of Union soldiers. His age corresponded to what that of my little friend should be. He thought that he might have been the one I was looking for, but could not be certain. All the boys he had known had been out helping their elders in caring for the wounded.

While we were talking, a boy about ten years old came in.

"There he is!" I exclaimed. "There's the boy who kept me alive. I would know him among a thousand."

"He's my son," said the man I had been speaking with.

He was the perfect image of his father. I took him in my arms and hugged him, while his father looked on and laughed.

"I may be indebted to you," I said to the parent, "but since you have grown beyond boyhood, and in your son I see the little fellow who was so kind to me, you must excuse me for lavishing my gratitude on him instead of you."

Then was I enabled to repay the father through the son, for I could not have bestowed upon the first what I did on the last. The family were poor and could not afford to give the youngster an education. This I did, and he to whom I was really indebted had the satisfaction of seeing his boy take a far different position in life from which he had himself taken.

An Affair Of Interest

By OSCAR COX

I had been graduated from a medical college, and, unwilling to stem the current of competition in the practice of my profession in the east, concluded to go to the far west. My plan was to begin at the very outskirts of civilization and gradually work inward as I gained in experience.

I had traveled by rail as far as they would take me, then by coach, and was loing the rest of my journey on horseback to the settlement where I proposed to locate, when I met a man also mounted, who asked:

"Be you a doctor?"

"I am; but why did you suspect me to be such?"

"I didn't. A lot of us is out huntin' for a sawbones, and we allowed we'd ask every man we met; leastways, every man as looked as if he mought be in a professional business."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Jim Turner and Cy Hardwick is goin' to have a shootin' match. They're goin' to do it up in grand style. That is, they hain't goin' to shoot on sight, but by regular agreement. In all these high-mucky-muck affairs it seems they must have a doctor along to fix 'em up if they don't get killed. I don't see any use in such a feller, 'cause in this here territory when there's any shootin' goin' on the man as don't draw first usually gets killed. This way, please."

The man had turned and was riding beside me, when we reached a road crossing the one we were on, and he led the way into it. It was a singular case in which to begin a professional career, but beginners can't be choosers. Besides, I had come west partly to see a little of western life, so I made no objection to going where my guide took me. As we rode along I was curious enough about the cause of the affair in which I was to officiate professionally to ask my conductor for the facts.

"Oh, it's about a gal. Turner he seen her at a dance in a barn and tuk it into his head that he wanted her powerful bad. Hardwick he seen her ridin' behind a mule team, and he wanted her too. They was both drinkin' together at the Alhambra and told each other how much they wanted this same gal, and they got into a dispute about her, but before they came to a draw a gambler from Georgia he said it warn't respectable to fight about a lady in a saloon nohow. He advised 'em if the lady was to be mixed up in the matter to make an appointment to do the shootin' in a decent way. So they axed him how it had ought to be done, and he offered to manage it fer 'em. He allowed each man must have a second, as he called it, and there must be a surgeon on hand. So a lot of us fellers who was curious to see how one of 'em fine feathered shootin' matches was done said we didn't mind helpin'."

So the Georgia man sent us off to hunt up a surgeon. I asked him if the lady had shown any preference to either of the disputants, to which he replied:

"She couldn't very well show any preference when she'd never seen sither of 'em, leastways to know 'em s'g'in. Sartin she hadn't never said a word to either of 'em."

"And they are going to fight for a woman who doesn't even know them?"

"Sartin! How would they decide the matter without a fight?"

"What matter?"

"Waal, I dunno 'bout that. In this here territory we hain't so particular what we fight about; it's the fightin' that counts."

In due time we reached a hamlet composed of four or five cabins, where we halted, and a man came out.

"Have yo' got a surgeon?" he drawled.

"This yere gentleman is one o' that description."

"Waal, I don't know as he'll be any use since that both Jim and Cy insist on the kind of a deal they're used to--that is, startin' in and emptyin' all their gun barrels into each other. But, since it's to be done accordin' to rule, we must have a surgeon. Come in, doctor, and take some'n to git the dust outen your throat."

I dismounted, and when I was told that the principals were only waiting for a surgeon to begin the fight, I declined to "get the dust out of my throat," since I might be needed, and liquor would not improve any skill I might possess. All were very much astonished to find a man who ever refused to drink, but as my arrival had been announced the parties concerned were slipping out for the fracas. The Georgia man placed them back to back, told them that on signal they were to march forward till he sung out "Time!" when they were to turn and open fire. They were about to start on their march of death when the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard coming at a gallop. Eyes were turned in the direction of the sound, and when the corner was seen to be a woman all hands waited. She reined up before the party.

"I hearn," she said, "that you fellers was a-goin' to fight about me. I don't see no use fightin' about a woman as is married to a mighty good man and got two kids."

That broke up the duel. The woman took her two lovers home with her, where she said her husband was waiting for them with a deml john.

There was great disappointment among those who had expected to see a real duel. I didn't practice long in that country. It was a trifle too near to nature for me.

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