A Story of the Civil War By General CHARLES KING

cri bit powerful political influence to lively at the front, and he couldn't get father his interests and asking nothing more, apparently, than that Line should favor the suit of his son. It would have been flying in the face of providence to deny him, said Lane. And yet when he took his little girl in his arms to kiss there exody here are her burgled way to on Norman. He felt that the lad had her good-bye as he hurried away to Washington, as he noted how wistful was the appeal in her humid eyes, how pitcous the appeal in her humid eyes, how pitcous the guiver about her pretty mouth, he knew she was thinking of Norman and musely pleading for justice for him. She wouldn't believe Malloy's aspersions. The men would never have elected him their First Lieutenant if those stories had been true. The very card Malloy had played turned the trick against him. The news turned the trick against him. The news that Norman had gone as a private sol-dier cheated out of his commission, had roused her to such a pitch of wrath and woe that for the first time in her life the child had stormed against her parthe child had stormed against her par-cents, had declared them cruel, heartiess, wicked-and, bursting into a justion of tears, had fied to her room, banging and locking the door behind her, leaving them gazing into each other's white faces,

staring into each others white interest stunned and aghast.
"We must leave it to time," the Major had said, after their long, dreary conference. "It is probably the end of poor Norman, anyhow, and the rest will come

The story of the luckless raid on Relleview was not told in full in the press of the day. Like every finseo bits or little, the first year of the war. "The atfair was only a reconnoissance." But Mrs. Lane got all the particulars through the Rays at Lexington, who oddly enough seemed to hear not infrequently from Major Henry Clay Holt of the Confederate staff or Corps. Through them she heard how successfully the work of proselyting had been going on, how retemently the old doctor had been working, and how hospitably he had entertained The story of the luckless raid on Relleand how hospitably he had entertain and how hospitably he had entertained the officers detailed for the duty by Sidney Johnston and Buckner, how the latter had sent two squadrons of cavalry to cover Belleview pending these operations, another to serve as escort for the officers in the lower counties and still certain other riders, not in Confederate gray, to keep vigilant watch along the front. And as when Wing's squadron made its essay. tucky family, is reprimanded at West Point for deelling, and is withdrawn by his high-spirited father. His homecoming, in the Winter of 1800, is celebrated by an old-fashioned Kentucky Christman gathering. Among the guests are Duley Lane, daughter of Dr. Holt's lawyer, and J. Burnett Malloy, both of Cincinnati. The latter brings letters of introduction from Lane's partner, Mr. Mcintyre, and is courteously received, but arroases the jealousy of Norman Holt by his attentions to Dalay Lane. Mailtoy separates blue Lane from the main party during a fox hunt, and at the Christman ball the same evening affects an air of proprietorship distasteful to Dalay and choustous to his rival. Holt. But all liffeeling is forgotten, when, at midlight, all surround Dr. Holt to drink the Christman ball. so when Wing's squadron made its essay. based on secret and reliable information of the presence of the p. ty at Belloview, the faird was on the lookout for him, and never did Belleview tender a varmer reception. What nearly broke the old doctor's heart, however, was to

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Norman Holt, favorite son of an old Ken-tucky family, is reprimanded at West Point

uldnight messenger, who announces the da

Licutement in the same company, and Henry Holt joins the Confederate forces. Norman is

ordered to conduct a skirminhing-party, under Captain Wing, to Belleview, in search of prominent rebels. The raid falls of its object.

Wing is captured, and field is accused of frenchety. Brain fever saves him from trial, and he is taken to the hospital.

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CHAPTER X.

apathy as at one time to give the medi-cal officers abundant reason to regard his

recovery as more than doubtful. Whether they thought it the easiest and most nat-

ural solution of an ugly question, whether in the midst of manifold cares and cases they thought of it at all, cannot be de-

clded. He was left entirety to himself to brood at will. It was his superb strength and constitution that tided him over the worst days. It was the strong love in his young heart that, thrilling through his whole being at sight of the fair girl who despite obstacles and ill report, had ever been gentle even sympathetic in her manner to him, that now aroused his will

and wits and the spirit of fight that was only latent, and so determined him to ac-tion. It was his conduct in keeping other patients within bounds, instead of selz-

ing upon opportunity to escape, that attracted the attention of the officers on duty at the hospital and commanded the almost rejuctant gratitude of Mrs. Lane.

In the first impulse of womanly pity at sight of his thin, white face, and while still full of cagerness to thank the so-

dier who had saved her boy, she had let fall the words that later she would glad have stiffed, and had exhibited a degree of compassion irrepressible at the moment, but injudicious in view of her plans for Daisy's future. Moreover, she saw that the evidence of Norman's suf-

fering had a telling effect upon her child. He saw unerringly the great wave of pity, of pain, bewilderment, even indig-

nation that welled up from Dalsy's in-

nermost heart, and realized that all in one moment there was overthrown the work of patient months of undoing at Norman's expense, and of worldly promptings in behalf of the absent Mai-

They had talked it all over, her hus-band and herself, before the newly-made Major left for staff duty in front of

Washington. They knew and acknowl

edged Dalsy's predeficition for Norman Holt, and even mourned that they had felt compelled to cold shoulder him out of their fireside circle, but, as has been

pointed out. Lane worshiped wealth and influence and social station. Lane had made up his mind that no matter which

Summer just to the last penny the ex-tent of poor McIntyre's inroads upon the little fortune left in his hands for the

benefit of his sister's sons. Lone knew

that barely \$10,000 remained to be di-vided between the two, and later, as the war wors on, was fully informed of

father and his second son. Even though

reconcillation were later to come, what would be left of the doctor's estate by the close of the war? Like Virginia in the East, Kentucky promised to be a grappling ground in the West. Who could

preserve Asholt from the ravages of bat-tie? What would Belleview's innumerable uncles, aunties and pickaninnies be worth from a financial point of view by

the time the war was ended and the South subdued? No. The Holts had been for years his most valued friends, his partner's closest kindred, but that benef-cent partner was dead and buried now.

The fortunes of the Holts must soon fol-low sult, so what sense was there in sentiment? A man must look out for his own. Here was Senator Malloy, whom he had long looked upon with distayor

he had long flower and a treated him, now coming forward in his biaff, hearty way, "men of the world, you know," as he said, perfectly willing to let bygones be by-gones, to forgive and forget

genes be by-gones, to forgive and forget wild with apprenension and jeason his slights and snubs. Aye, even to ex-

Norman might espouse the war

Lane knew by mid-

between the hot-headed

the old doctor's heart, however, was to find that his own boy, his own little Benjamin, had led the column that came to capture him. "That," said Kate Ray, "is something none of us who know Norman can in the least understand. It sounds incredible. Major Holt seems to feel it es deeply as does his father." But what Kate Ray did not know and Mrs. Lane did not learn until later in a letter from Mailoy, was that Norman Holt, so far from serving as a guide for the purpose indicated, had played a double game, had treacherously brought about the disaster to the Union arms and was now a prisoner awaiting trial by courtod Dr. Holt to drink the Christmas, which ceremony is interrupted by a minimist messenger, who announces the dan-perous lithest of Judge McIntyre. Investiga-tion reveals his financial affairs in a hopeless fangle, and that the Holt fortune is dissi-pated. Henry and Norman Holt enter Lane's law office, in Cincinnati, Norman Holt enters as a private in an Ohio Infantry Regiment. Mailoy, through political influence, is made Licutemant in the same countary and Henry

now a prisoner awaiting trial by court-martial, a prisoner whose senience might deservedly be death.

And this was news over which Lane himself began to weaken. This was car-rying the mater too far. He had meant rying the mater too far. He had means to remove Norman, as a possible suitor, not to slay him as a felou. He read with amazement the story sent by his wife, and in sore perturbation tried to study it out and consider the pros and cons. He old conceive of Norman doing one of two things in this matter, but could not believe him guilty of playing a double part. He wrote for confirmation of Mal-loy's possibly biased statement and got week that followed brought a man-Hest change for the better in the condi-The report was true; the charge might t be. Then came the tidings of his tions surrounding the prisoner patient in the Louisville general hospital. Up to the day he first saw the face of Dalsy Lane own boy's prostration, and then Norman

ighing a much smaller one, where he known the young man when he was a ing and going whose face was familiar to might receive at her hands some of the cadet at the Point, and he was square as the tall young soldier in his loose, ill-know." In a dozen ways Norman was care and dainties lavished on her son. A a man could be—a Kentucky gentleman, fitting uniform. Only once he had speech made to feel that with jealous vigilance

doubt was there that "the ould man" en-joyed the privilege and made the most of it. Gaffney had learned to love and lean on Norman. He felt that the lad had on Norman. He left that the lad had been undermined by this smooth, well-groomed, well-provided fellow, whom he both hated and feered—hated for his su-perior airs and education, but feared for his undoubted influence and power. Oppose him openly or incur his enmity he dare not. Captain Gaffney had not lived long in Irish-American political life with-out learning from bitter experience the depth of its intrigue. But in common with almost every officer of the regiment, he knew by this time Malloy's aspirations regarding Daisy Lane, thought he knew that Norman Holt had been a dangerourival, and took all an Iriahman's delight in twitting ar anxious swain. in twitting an anxious swain.

A long letter had come to him from Louisville, semi-official in character, written by Captain Enyart himself, an officer of the department commander's staff, written to him as Captain of Nor-man Holt's company, that he might have the latest and fullest and most authentic account of that young and sorely tried coldier's fortunes. It was in answer to one the faithful old Celt had sent, because he could no longer bear the slurs and innuendoes so frequently uttered at Norman's expense by Malloy, and Enyart had written from the fullness of his heart and The first pages the Captain kept to himself. The last, with frequent inter-

ctions of Hibernian comment, he read oud to his senior Lieutenant: "Headquarters Army of the Ohio, Office of the Assistant Inspector-General. ry 20, 1862.-My Dear Captain Gaffney I have received your anxious letter and am glad to be able to answer at once. The few lines of inquiry sent you on the 20th, when we were still full of General Thomas' brilliant victory in front of Mili Springs, should have gone more into detall, but this cannot be said of your cap-Ital answer. You have covered the whole subject, and your testimony to the faith-ful and excellent service rendered by young Holt will be of the utmost value should the case ever be brought to trial,

blch now seems doubtful. To begin with, it must be remembered that all the outery against him was made by a lot of badly beaten troopers who felt they had to account in some way for the fallure of the expedition. Then he himself broke down, had no one to speak for him, was too ill to speak at all. Then followed the weeks in hospital, and fina-ity, as the charges were formulated and laid before our level-headed General—you may not appreciate him now, my friend, out with all his apparent coldness and everity, the results will show he was the an of all others to make soldiers of this army-he sent for Lieutenaut Fanning and others, and asked how they knew Holt had communicated with the enemy-videttes, how they knew he had purposely delayed the march, and whether they knew any better road to Belieview than the one he took, except the pike through Asholt, which, of course, would have run them slap into a horner's nest. He found them siap into a hornet's nest. He found they didn't know anything, and that the only officers and men likely to know anything were Cantain Wing, First Sergeant Hunter and Trooper Fuller, all wounded or prisoners in the hands of the enemy. That spoiled the case for the prosecution for awhile, anyhow. Then who should turn up but Fuller, found among the wounded at Bowling Green, and seek heek to the general hospital at and sent back to the general hospital at Louisville. Meantime Holt had had op-portunity to escape from hospital, and not only wouldn't take advantage of it. little care what happened to him. Weak, helpless, hopeless, betrayed by fate and abandoned, as he thought, by God and man, he had fallen into such a state of apathy as at one time to give the most.

lay one of your boys, young Lane, build-ing up from his fever. There by the bed-side sat his mother-you know the family, of course. There in an easy chair, reading aloud, sat as pretty a girl as man could hope to see, and there, reclining in another easy chair, was our convalescent, another easy chair, was our convalescent, so engrossed in the fair reader that he never saw or heard me until she arose to bid me welcome. I made short work of my errand. "The General orders your release, Holt," said I, "and you are to have furlough to help the ladies take Lane home tomorrow. Furlough till you're both ready to take the field." And while the mother fell to kissing her boy, will you believe it ("Listen to this now, Malloy," interpolated Gaffney) doesn't Miss Daisy almost shake my hand off, and then sobbing, "Oh. I knew it! I knew it!"
turned to that lucky, lanky, lackadaisical ("Lack a Daisy, is it? That'll be you,
Malloy, I'm thinking") long-legged son
of Kentucky, and as much as to say, why
don't you? O, what fools these mortals
be! I'd have had her in my arms that
instart, but he hung back, flushing,
troubled, nervously plucking at the aleeve
of his blouse, and finally he blurts out:
"But I demand court-martial. I must be
tried and honorably acquitted." As if
Don Carlos Bueil's verdict wasn't good
enough for any man! So there it stands,
and there she stood when he should have then sobbing, "Oh, I knew it! I knew it! and there she stood when he should have welcomed release-and the lady both-

welcomed release—and the lady both— with open arms.

Will write again next week. Yours with regards.

G. B. ENYART.

Captain—th U. S. Infantry. A. I. G.
P. S.—Sorry you missed Mill Spring.
Better luck next time.

Slowly the veteran refolded the letter, his twinking even never outsing their

his twinking eyes never quitting their mischievous scrutiny of his victim's avert-ed face. Mailoy, seated in a camp chair, his bootd feet to the fire, his delicate white hand nervously twisting his dark mustache, his glowing eyes snapping and shifting, waited until the last word was read. Then deliberately he rose, stretched his arms to their full extent, yawned with ostentatious show of indifference, glanced upward at the sullen skies and wearily

"Er-who did you say was the author of this 10-page epistle—Captain Enyart? Yes; facile pen, feryld imagination? Step over to my tent. Captain, and we'll, or rather you'll, find the case refilled. Make yourself at home. I'm on guard, you know." And hitching up his handsome sword, the Lieutenant sauntered off to-

sword, the Lieutenant sauntered off to-ward this sentry line.
"Dash dash him!" swore Gaffney, deep in his throat. "I'll take the starch out av him yet, if only wanst we can get undher fire. An' when Holt comes back we'll see who's the better man, or I'm not Captain of the Emmet guard." Soon enough, too soon perhaps for his health. Holt rejoined the old company, to find that at a time when every officer.

health. Holt rejoined the old company, to find that at a time when every officer was presumably needed with his command and every application for leave of absence was forwarded disapproved. Lieutenant Malloy, -th Chlo, had been granted 30 days under orders the stern old soldier and disciplinarian at the head of the Army of the Ohlo could not dieregard. There was no chance to tell which was the "better man" even on the second was the "better man" even on the second day of Shiloh, when old Gaffney went down with a bullet through the leg, for the First Lieutenant failed to reach the field until days after the fight was done, and then his first act was to tear up the list of recommendations for Sergeant's warrants to fill the few vicancies exist-ing. The new list made no mention whating. The new list made n soever of Private Holt.

CHAPTER XI.

What had become of Captain Enyart's benevolent plan of sending Holt home with Lane? Early in February, while the Army of the Tennessee was closing in around Donelson, and their comrades of the Obio were concentrating at Nashville, the doctors pronounced that mother-coddled young scapegrace quite able to travel, and some were so flinty-hearted as to say he might as well travel to the front. Norman, on the contrary, was apparently fretting himself into another fever. Far from taking comfort in the dainties tendered him by Mrs. Lans (who from the very day of the dramatic announcement of his release from the charge of the guard had mounted another in the shape of herself, to see that never again had he and Dalsy a chance for a word), the lad was nervously eager to see the General commends. CHAPTER XI. the lad was nervously eager to see the General commanding, to secure a fair, full trial by general court-martial, and the triumphant vindication he considered ab-solutely necessary to his soldier honor. weak and languid, he had man, aged twice to go to headquarters, but Captain Enyart had been sent to the front on some important mission. There was no one among the busy officers com-

as his feet as he climbed the stairs to the second floor, and, entering the room her presence had made sweet and sacred. "That's why I dont interfere with him. despite the sorrow in his heart, looked blankly about him. There was his cot, there stood his few belongings, but every-thing of Theo's was gone.

"The lady left good-bye for you and

was so sorry you were away," said a steward. "She will write after they get home, and—she left all these for you." 'These," were two or three bottles of wine and some jellies and tonics and who and some jellies and tonics and whatnots from which in speechless, help-less sorrow Norman turned away. Unerringly he saw through it all. Mrs. Lane never meant or wished that he should go home with her. They could take care of Theo without his aid. That night he asked the chief surgeon how, soon he could go to the front and the surgeon answered by ordering him back to bed. But now bets he was once more with But now here he was once more with his old company, but everything seemed changed. Gaffney wounded and gone. Sloan, his friend and First Sergeant, sent Sloan, his friend and First Sergeant, sent back invalided to Savannah. A man the Emmets hardly knew at all made First Sergeant in his place, and the man Norman Holt knew to be his unscrupulous enemy commanding the company. "Be on your guard, me boy," whispered Gaffney to him, as on his way to the froat the young solder had bent over his wounded Captain's cot. "That young man'll thrick you if he can. I'll be back wid the byes in a month. Till then—mind wid the byes in a month. Till then-mind But a month is a long time in face of

he enemy. No man can say what a day may bring forth. The regiment slowly marched on toward Corinth with the com-bined armles reorganized, under Halleck, and presently found itself doing picket duty on an exposed flank, its dog tents pitched in irregular fashion along a bare hillside; thick woods surrounding them: tortuous country roads twisting, snakelike, through the timber: a little covering like, through the timber: a little covering force of cavalry off southeastward to-ward Inka: the comrade regiments of the brisade bunched in the woods to their right, and here, in monotony unspeakable, the men-from the Queen City were called upon to kill time—their only recreation cards, their only diversion occasional scout, patrol or long-range skirmleb with parties of gravitackers asso. mish with parties of gray-incketed cavalry that kept up a percetual silr along the front: the only knowledge of what might be going on at home the occasional com-ing of a mail with letters and papers; their only participation in the move on Carinth the bours of listening to the dull, distant booming of the guns. Drills, save by squad or company in the manual, in which the Army of the Ohlo was long since letter perfect, were impossible. Life under such circumstances becomes stag-nation. It was tedium to those who had letters and papers from home: it was torment to him who for two mortal weeks

A spell seemed thrown over Norman Holt's sad life in the early days that fol-lowed Shilob. The hattle itself was well-night done by the time they reached the Tennessee and were thrown in on the left flank just at the last despairing charge of the men in gray. It was all over in a few volleys. The coming of Buell's splen-did divisions, drilled, disciplined and "seasoned." had crushed the hopes of the Confederate leaders, already shattered by the rally of the blue brigades late the previous day, and by the death of their herole commander, Sldney Johnston. What there was of the fight for the Ohlo ads they took with placid ease, the Emmets alone of the whole regiment show-ing a disposition to break the line and pitch in for a "Donnybrook" after their railant captain fell. The stern schooling they had had in Kentucky, and on the march through Tennessee had brought them to the front "fit as fiddles." But now came the reaction. With nothing to do but gamble and guard duty the best of men go stale, and the Emmets were not the best. For their new commanding officer they had no respect. He had lost the elements of his popularity. The First Sergeant whom he had appointed was obnoxing to the comment. ed was obnoxious to the company for that if no other reason, and "the byes" proceeded to make life a burden to him. In the furtherance of his determination to be useful, to get ahead, to accomplish something. Norman had offered his aid in making out the company papers, but with odd constraint of many First Sergeant replied that he had all the help he needed. Yet, when one day the Adjutant himself came over to Mr. Mailoy's tent and swore roundly because the morning report was again all wrong, it was Holt who straightened it out at the "I-I'd be glad if you Sergeant's request. would give me a lift," the latter had said,

If he thought he was closely watched It would put him on his guard. But now that Buell befriends him, it is making him independent, not to say insubordinate. Presently he'll grow less cautious. Give him rope enough, sir, and he'll hang him-And the story that Holt was making

maps and writing had foundation. His sore heart turned in repulsion from the low associates of the camp, with its incessant gaming and frequent drink. He welcomed every chance to go on scout or patrol. He welcomed guard and picket duty, held himself constantly ready for service, and in the course of 10 days had learned more about the reads, streams and bridges and abandoned farms within five miles of the camp than any officer in his regiment. He made rough field notes plotted maps, kept a diary and would have written letter after letter had he had any one to write to, or, saving that, any safe place in which to store his pages. There is no security in the soldier knap-sack, and that was all allowed him. He sack, and that was all allowed him. He had written twice to Thoodore, who had never rejoined the company, but was reported as on detached service in the offic of the assistant Adjutant-General, head-quarters department of the Ohio. Influence had got the lad a "soft billet," while his comrades were affeld. No answer long letter, telling her his own story o the night acout to Belloview, and begging her for news of those he loved-North as well as South-but as yet no answer came. Not once had Mrs. Lane written, despite her promise. For over three months he had been without tidings of his father and been without ittings of his father and brother, when one soft, moist, yet sunshiny May morning there came news in an unlooked-for way.

It was barely 5 o'clock. The dulf, distant boom of the guns told that Halleris was hammering away about Corinth. The air was drowsy and still, and camp wore its usual frowsy lightest look.

its usual frowsy, listless look. True to old teachings and natural instinct. Helt insisted on keeping his part, at least, of the little tent in order, and decency. His mates were Corporal Connelly, a rollick-ing Irishman, and a quiet, homesick lad by the name of Brennan, both his stanch and devoted friends, both, mainly through his influence, fighting shy of the rough element of which the company was so element of which the company was so largely composed, both on the good books of Captain Gaffney, and slated by him for advancement; both, therefore, no favorities of Malloy's. The three were busy cleaning their Springfields, for a heavy rain had wet them when on patrol the night before, when they were suddenly aware of some commotion in camp. Thre officers, mounted, followed by orderlies and a little escort, came trotting briskly through the heavy red soil of the country road that skirted the field. The Coionel's orderly was double-quicking to keep up with the foremost. They wanted Lieu tetnant Malloy, who wasn't at his tent.
"Never mind," said the leader, impetuously. "Where's the First Sorgeant?" And in answer to the question given in a high-pitched tenor voice, Company "C" to a man dropped whatever it was at cards principally, and poked its frows; heads out into the sunshine.

There sat in saddle, his horse, impa tient as the rider, swittching nervousing about, a slender, deep-chested, little man with snapping black eyes, close-cropped black hair and beard, a prominent nose and a queer combination of costume. He wore a slantpeaked forage cap, pulled down over his forehead, a snug-fitting single-breasted uniform frock, every but-ton in its hole, the usual red sash, black belt and saber, with dark blue riding frousers tucked into high boots, but on his shoulders gleamed brand-new silver spread eagles, on yellow straps the deco-cation of a Colonel of cavalry., Evidently he had just stepped from the grade of Captain at the utmost to that of Colonel, and there had not yet been time to get the double-breasted coat. Every man in the Emmets spoited him for a "regular" at the instant. Some even went further and declared him "thrue blue," which meant green as the sed they swore by.
(To be continued.)

NO GROUND FOR ARGUMENT His Wife Didn't Want Him to Bet on a Certainty.

"Woman," remarked Mr. Gooseling, of

"Now, there's my wife; I've known a good many women in my time, and I don't think I'd be willing to change her for any woman I ever met, saw or heard of. We've been married 20 years, and in all that time we've never had a cross word that we didn't get disposed of some. How before we had any more. It's the only way to get along with a woman. I'd rather yield a dozen times a day than to eat the kind of meal my wife can have brought on the table when she's a mind to. I'm willing to make as many concessions as the next man, but I really think there is a limit that any reasonable MACWAT DR. A. E. Phys. and Surg. Til-Til MARTIN. J. L. & CO., Timber Lands....601. MACWELL, DR. W. E., Phys. & Surg. 701-23 think there is a limit that any reasonable MacCOA. New York. Atterney-at-Law.....718 for any woman I ever met, saw or heard all that time we've never had a cross think there is a limit that any reasonable woman ought to observe. Not that my wife is not as reasonable as any other married woman, mind you, for she is. But there are times when she makes me

own premises, and, just as men some-times do, I put my finger where I had



SUNNY WOMEN.

Who has not known the woman whose disposition is described by that one word "sunny?" There's always a laugh lurk-ing on her lips. Her cheeks are ever ready to dimple in smiles. Her house-hold influence is as brightening and stimulating as the sunshine. Nothing can be crueler than to have this sunshine blotted out by disease. But this is a common cruelty. The young wife who was the sunshine of the home becomes its shadow. Every young wife should know the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the protection and preservation of the health. It promotes regularity, dries the drains which enfecble body and mind, and cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness It nourishes the nervous system and gives to the body the balance and be ancy of perfect health. It is a strictly temperance medicine.

temperance medicine.

"I can say that your medicine cured me,"
writes Mrs. Maud Pearce, of Stoutswille, Fairfield Co., Ohio. "I had suffered about twelve
years from famale weakness and I had almost
given up, thinking there was no cure for me.
Then I heard about Dr. Pierce's medicine and
thought I would try it, and can say that seven
bottles of your 'Pavorite Prescription' made me
well. I am now able to do my own housework.
I took about twelve bottles in all of Dr. Pierce's
medicines. Took some of the Gulden Medical
Discovery, 'Pavorite Prescription 'and some of
the 'Pleasant Pelicta.'

The Discovery Paulets cure constitution.

no business to put it, and hit it a lick with the hammer.

"Well, said I to myself, though my wife was sewing by the window on the other side of the room, Til bet I'm the biggest darn fool in 10 states.

"All of which I had a perfect right to say, but my wife looks up from her work, and says she:

"William, says she, don't you know enough about the ethics of gambling to know that you have no right to bet on a certainty?"

"That's what she said, and under the no business to put it, and hit it a lick

That's what she said, and under the circumstances what on earth could I say but nothing, and that's what I said. But I hit that nail a lock with the hammer that drove it clear in over its head and broke a pane of glass that cost a dollar to replace."-Washington Star.

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doubt the sirict accuracy of the time-hon-ored maxim I have quoted.

"Now, for instance, the other day I was doing something or other around the house, like a man has a right to do on his

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the accused patient, and noted symptoms of excitement that led to examination. The cause not being apparent in Norman's personni condition, the doctor sought fur-ther and found it—in the fair girl seat-ed by her brother's beside across the hall. Then an officer from the staff of the com-manding General dropped in—an officer maining deelersi aropped in an olineer who had been on duty at West Point when Norman was Cadet Sergeant of Company D. The recognition was instant on part of the young soldier, but he gave no sign. The visitor was shocked and pained to see how the lad must have suffered. Norman's connection with the raid to Belieview was of course known to him-the name was a household word in the Army, and the story by this time had gone from mouth to mouth-Kentuckhad gone from mouth to mouth-Kentuck-tans being sadly and fearfully divided about it. And now Gaptain Enyart had been sent to see if Norman had noth-ing to say for himself. The report of his conduct when he could have escaped had found its way to headquarters and staggered those who believed in his guilt. And so there came a day not soon to be forvotten and a worse lose remove. be forgotten, and a scene long remem bered in the geenral hospital, a scene that when described to Mr. Burnett Malloy less than a week later sent him nearly

surgeon had come and conversed with in fact, and I could not but sympathize with him in his extremely painful and trying situation forced upon him by the war. He was still so deeply grieved that he could not bear to speak of the matter at first. but denying the accusations in toto, he said that Captain Wing would surely exonerate him, and asked me to see the wounded men in the other ward. And there, as luck would have it, lay Fuller, he who rode forward with him to the edge of the town and was close bethe edge of the town and was close by him until after they entered Belieview gates. Fuller said Holt never had a chance to speak to the enemy, that Wing kept him close to his side, and that Captain Wing himself had ordered the det around Asholi after finding the village occupied by the enemy. The other man

knew nothing, So there's the case in a nutshell. So far from being blamed by Mr. Fanning for leading them into the scrape he should be praised for getting them out of it. Had it not been for his presence and knowledge of the road the whole squau-ron would probably have been gobbled. You should have seen the picture yesterday afternoon when I went by the General's order to remove the guard and tell him the case was quashed, unless reopened. There in a sunshiny little room

took down his name, company and regiment, told him it was impossible to see the General, and that, even if he did, it would do no good. A soldier could not demand trial. A trial could not be held without witnesses. The witnesses were still prisoners in the hands of the enemy the Lord only knew where, and the best Norman could do was to take the fur-lough granted him, get a rest, a little strength and then rejoin the regiment. The aide was not unkind. He was simply bluff, straightforward and brief. He had to be. Then Holt asked when he could hope to see Captain Enyart. "Back day after temorrow. Show in the next man. orderly. Now, what do you want?" And Norman wearly went his way. There was time for little sentiment in those days. He walked slowly back to the big hospital and painfully climbed the stairs. He had seen but little of that beloved face of late. "Daisy is visiting friends," explained Mrs. Lane. "The air of the hospital is bad for her and now that Theo and you are doing so well it is best she should take care of herself." If he only knew where those friends were it would be easy to seek their home. It would be joy to see her face again. He had even sought to ascertain, but saw plainly future developments should cause it to be | that Mrs. Lane fathomed his motive and meant not to tell. His heart was heavy

Malloy was keeping him in the background, standing between him and every possibility of preferment. Yet on all occasions Holt showed every outward semblance of soldlerly respect, scrupplously saluting or standing attention in the presence of the Lieutenant, a thing few others of the men now ever thought of doing. The Emmets got to straggling all over the country in search of illicit stills or sutler shops. They were perpetually being arrested by patrols. The divisto and brigade commanders rasped the Colo-nel, and the Colonel rasped Malloy. "I can't help it," said the last-named officer, The men are taking it out of me for making Trott First Sergeant instead of one of their Micks. Besides—I'm handicapped as no other company is."
"How so?" demanded the Colonel.
"You know well enough, eir," was the

answer. "The man they elected First Lieutenant is one of their own set. I dare say he's at the bottom of half their devilment, if indeed he isn't worse. He's making maps and writing most of the time. D'you suppose that's for his own The Colonel looked up, startled.

studied the young officer's face awhile, as though still half in doubt. "My knuckles ache yet." said he, "from the rap they got on Holt's account as to that Belis-Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.