

THE YANKEE

CHAPTER VII.

After Bull Run the Federals and Confederates began making earnest preparations for war. The holiday was over. There was no longer talk of 60 or 90 day campaigns, of soldiers returning to the farm in time to harvest the crops. While the Federals learned the tactics of war the Confederates remained on the fields where their first victory had been won and prepared for what was to come. There was fighting in the west, armies were being raised, and troops moved in every direction. The fall only those which had confronted each other on that famous field.

Organized and reorganized, drill, scout, reconnaissance, arm and equip. In the beginning the various companies had been allowed to select their own officers by ballot. At Bull Run all commissions came from the secretary of war; all noncommissioned officers were duly appointed. Duke Wyle was commissioned captain of the Shenandoah guards, the second lieutenant was advanced and the orderly sergeant promoted to a lieutenant. Among those who secured brief furloughs were Captain Wyle and Steve Brayton. The latter reached home first. The story of the battle was known, but the story of the Federal victory which had directed General Jackson's attention to Royal Kenton was news to the people and a great surprise. Brayton had no need to exaggerate facts to compel cheers for the "Yankee," as Kenton was still called. He told the story over and over again, always to an interested audience, and he always wound up with the observation:

"I reckon you'll all know that I was agin him and kinder hoped to put on the tar and feathers, but I've changed my mind. Don't you hild if I don't wish he was captain of our company!"

One day as he passed the Percy mansion Marian was at the gate, seemingly waiting for him.

"I have read of the battle and heard a great deal of talk about it," she said, "but you've mind telling mother and I of the part taken by our own company? We are naturally more interested in them than any other participants."

Sitting on the veranda with mother and daughter for an audience and using a piece of chalk to draw a rough diagram on the boards, Steve Brayton kept them deeply interested for an hour.

"You were at first driven back?" queried Marian when he had finished.

"Drove 'right back like a flock of sheep, and that's 'nuff to say to me," he replied.

"Where were your officers?"

"Ran in as fast as the rest of us."

"And Mr. Kenton rallied you?"

"He did, ma'am. Aber Jenkins was carryin our company, and he tumbled down and let it fly on the ground. I was right behind him with Kenton, and the Yankee lifts it up, waves it about and yells for us to halt and rally."

"And did the officers rally, too?" persisted Marian.

"Waal, yes, but they was purty slow about it. We had got the cannon and were drawin it off afore I saw any of 'em. Reckon they feel mighty cut up over it, for they alius said the Yankee wouldn't stand fire."

her betray her true feelings toward Royal Kenton, he had succeeded. Her looks and demeanor, added to the words she uttered with so much spirit, seemed to feel his own cause, unless something unforeseen should arise, was hopeless. While he was a man of hot temper he had a great self control, and when he left the house neither mother nor daughter suspected his bitterness of feeling.

"It's no use to deceive myself!" he muttered as he walked slowly down the street. "If the Yankee doesn't desert, and if he is not killed in battle or otherwise, he will return to wed her. With him removed my path is clear. It will be as if he were dead. Nothing doesn't happen to him very soon!"

"Something did happen—two or three things—before the captain's return to camp. Like Baxter thoroughly understood what Captain Wyle desired, and he was eager for an opportunity to be the first to strike. He was right when both were on guard about the camp he wheeled in his beat, drew up his musket and deliberately fired to kill. Kenton was hardly 20 feet distant, face turned away and completely at his mercy. The heavy bullet passed between his arm and his head, and he fell across the camp and killed a poor sergeant as he lay sleeping on his bed. The would be assassin pleaded accident, and it was natural to believe that it was such. Kenton was one of the first to excuse him, and not the slightest suspicion of the soldier's murderous intentions found lodgment in his mind.

Another incident, and one with far more pleasant surroundings, occurred the very next day. A message came to the commanding officer of the gate from General Jackson to send private Kenton to his headquarters. The general looked at the young man before him for half a minute before saying:

"You headed the detachment which captured the gun in a hand to hand fight, did you not, my boy? Who is captain of your company?"

"Captain Wyle, sir."

"Ah, yes. Captain Truesdale was wounded and crippled for life. I see. And you are still a private?"

"H'm! I ought to have remembered you, but I have been busy—very busy. Is your captain with his company?"

"No, sir. He left several days ago on furlough."

"H'm. And haven't you asked for a furlough for yourself?"

"I have not."

"Well, we'll see about it later on. Tomorrow I shall be away. The day after at 10 o'clock in the morning I wish you to report here to me. Stay! I will write an order to that effect, which will be your authority for leaving camp. Show it to your commanding officer."

And when Kenton returned to the guards and related his interview and exhibited the order all congratulated him—all except Ike Baxter. That inveterate enemy of his was not so much interested in his mutterings took the form of words:

"Drat that damned Yankee, but he's jest gwine to boss this hill army if the captain don't run hurry back to camp!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As with the Federals at Arlington, so with the Confederates on the fields and meadows to the south. Battles were fought on the eastern coast and on the western coast. The soldiers' history were fought in North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, but the Army of Virginia remained in its camps. Its leaders realized from the beginning that Virginia would be the real battleground of the war, and that the Army of Virginia would be called upon to render heroic defense. Every day gained was an advantage, every day a gain of men and material and experience.

generally moved by a financial consideration and is often a person who works for the side paying him the best. The great ground between the two armies was a strip of territory from three to six miles wide. Reconnoissances were almost of daily occurrence from one side or the other, and cavalry commands patrolled the highways at frequent intervals.

"He who discards the Bible will spend his time trying to outwit his conscience. The preaching in which nobody hears God speak is not the preaching of the gospel. Honest efforts make the best friends."

Wisdom is the proper use of all means at hand. The lucky man plans well and works to his plans. An ounce of conscience is worth a ton of explanations. It costs something to be a Christian, but it costs more not to be. You can silence conscience, but you cannot take away its frown. Forbidden fruit in the heart causes the logic of the head to stink. Life is not worth living to the man who is willing to do wrong to live.

Some churches use out of date methods to fight an up-to-date devil. Over confidence has slain his thousands, but despair has slain his ten thousands. The devil's face may be seen without a mask by taking a look at the drunkard's home. The religion that is only seen on Sunday is not the kind that is needed in the middle of the week.

The man who enjoys God's peace is the one who sought and found him when he had no peace. The man who jumps and stumbles along is the one that complains when anyone else makes a mistake. Which is the greatest transgressor, the man who breaks the week in idleness, or the Sabbath by work.

God is as certain to help the man who trusts in him as the sun is to send its light into the open window. To rebel the state says, "Yield and be shot," to rebel against his kingdom he says, "Yield and be saved."

There is no argument for religion in heaven or earth that can persuade a man who will not give up his sins. Some Christians are pious sponges; only when tribulation squeezes them the truth is better because of them. He who sows wild oats may expect to gather chaff, as that kind of seed produces no grain. The very straw is intrusions.

If an official meeting was composed only of those actually at work, it would often be a duet between the preacher and the janitor. The greatest proof of the divinity of the Christian religion is that its abuse and mismanagement by its professors hasn't killed it long ago.

The man who is always prating that former times were better than the present deserves no credit, as he had no hand in making them. He Built the Bridge.

A Western railroad having its headquarters in Chicago was reorganized and some new officials were brought on from the East. There was a readjustment of titles and the superintendent evolved a system by which the duties of every employee were to be most clearly understood.

John Connors, who had helped to build the road and who had been on the payroll for years, was advanced to the title of Master Mechanic and Superintendent of Maintenance of Way.

About a week after his appointment he was summoned to the office of the superintendent. He was given an order:

"To John Connors, Master Mechanic and Superintendent of Maintenance of Way: This is to inform you that cut-over No. 163, in section 14, one and one-half miles east of Effner, has been destroyed by a landslide. You will proceed with all possible haste to the Chief Engineer, who will provide you with the necessary plans and specifications. By requisition on the Purchasing Agent you will be enabled to secure such material as may be necessary for the reconstruction of the bridge. Power will place at your disposal."

There were other directions, but when John Connors had read this far he folded the letter and put it in his pocket. "That's what we call the Wilson culvert," said John, "and it's to be done by Saturday. On Monday morning the General Superintendent came to his office at 10 o'clock, pushed a bell and directed the Private Secretary to order the Special Messenger to summon the Master Mechanic and Superintendent of Maintenance of Way.

John Connors came to the office. "Mr. Connors," began the General Superintendent, "have you received from the Chief Engineer the plans and specifications for that new culvert in section 14?"

"I'll tell you," replied the Master Mechanic and Superintendent of Maintenance of Way, "the bridge is done and the trains have been running since daylight, but I haven't seen the picture of it yet."

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unheeding.

It is the imminence of God that slowly uplifts the world. He who discards the Bible will spend his time trying to outwit his conscience. The preaching in which nobody hears God speak is not the preaching of the gospel. Honest efforts make the best friends.

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CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small. No city so large. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.

They come to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb: nervousness, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends. All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name Pinkham, has brought relief to thousands of women in one small town who had regained health through its use.

A Novel Bridge at Rouen. Engineers are naturally interested in the novel work which has lately been undertaken at Rouen, France, called a "pont transbordeur," serving all the purposes of a bridge, while not interfering with the free passage of ships, even with those with masts 150 feet high.

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GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

Eleven Miles Over a Rough Road in Less than an Hour. In St. Nicholas George B. Smith tells of a remarkable ride once made by Gen. Grant, from the village of Bethlehem to the Profile House in the White Mountains. The driver was Edward Cox, and Mr. Smith describes the ride as follows:

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the Presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with the glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's side, he said to Cox, "If you have no objections, I will get up there with you."

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist" and with a spring, in perfect union, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The team comprised the St. Clair stall with his finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sagas and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and a portion of them thought it was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed" could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of our readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile, will remember Echo Lake, and the little canon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water, famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, and the carrying out a mile from the hotel, and the Presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by the gunner should fire the cannon, to announce the fact to the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal and heard the tramp of the flying wheels, and the rattle of the chariot; and in another moment they swept around the corner of the house into plain view.

Never will I forget the scene, as they swung into the large circular space before the building, with teeth set on the foot-board, and with eyes wide open, and every rein drawn tight in his hands. General Grant sat beside him, holding his hat on with one hand, the other grasping the seat. The eight horses were on the full run, with mouths wide open, every eye fixed to their heads, nostrils distended. They were covered with sweat and foam, yet all under perfect control of the magician on the box. As they made the circle and drew up in front of the hotel, Cox threw his weight on the brake and stopped at once. He made the drive in precisely fifty-eight minutes.

Have the Lantern Ready. A good lantern should be considered indispensable on the farm. It should be kept in perfect order, ready for quick use should an emergency require its use. It should have a certain place where it should be kept when not in use, and never should be set aside from its regular place of storing for any reason when not in use.

If anything happens at the stables, or there is an alarm at the hen house at night, the lantern will be the first thing needed. If it is in its place, every member of the family knowing where it is, it can soon be ready. Quick investigation is therefore a mere matter of form under such conditions. It won't be very often, however, where a mere haphazard method of caring for the lantern was observed. An alarm comes; John has heard a great commotion among the poultry. He hastens for the lantern; no one knows where it is. For a moment it is somewhere, and thought the governor had used it last. After five or ten minutes it is found, with no oil in it, and then there is a hunt for the oil can. By the time the lantern is in readiness for use, no knowing what damage this unnecessary delay may have cost.

Justice in South Africa. Some idea of justice as it is administered in Johannesburg, South Africa, may be derived from the following selections from a newspaper which has just been received from that portion of the Dark Continent. One of them reads: "A cab driver named Cornelius, convicted of driving a couple of female passengers out of town and assaulting them, was ordered to pay a fine of £50 or undergo four months of hard labor."

The other is as follows: "Hermann Chlo Chloin was to-day mulcted in the sum of £50 for selling a bottle of liquor to a Kaffir."

What the South Pays for Its Schools. A prominent Southern statesman has declared the other day that "the sixteen Southern States are to-day paying as much for public schools as the British Parliament votes every year for the public school system of the British Islands—between £20,000,000 and £30,000,000." And he adds that since the war the South has expended \$250,000,000 of its own money for education—\$75,000,000 of it for the children of the colored people.

Why Johnny Kicked. "Oh, no. There ain't any favorite in the family," said John; "oh, no. If it hits my finger and cuts it over the knuckle, but the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it is clever."

If there are hot many visitors at a house, it is a sign that the husband wears the pants.

Morphine Fiends in America.

A Parisian work on the morphine habit says it is most prevalent in Germany, France and the United States, and strange to say, that the medical profession furnishes the largest number of morphinists, 40 per cent. Men of leisure come next with 15 per cent, then merchants, 8 per cent. Of 1,000 fiends 650 were men and of the female victims women of means furnished 45 per cent and wives of medical men 15 per cent.

State Flowers and Suffrage. Those states which complete or limited woman suffrage has been established by law are those which have taken the lead in the selection of state flowers. Colorado has the Columbine, Idaho the syringa, Montana the bitter root and Utah the sargo lily. The state flower of Nebraska is the golden rod, which is likewise the state flower of Oregon.

A vigorous stomach is the greatest of mundane blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty appetite, regular habit of body. Though it is always a natural endowment, it may be secured by the agency of Hostetter's Stomachic, one of the most effective purgatives, and blood fertilizers in existence. This fine tonic also fortifies those who suffer from malaria, and remedies biliousness, constipation and rheumatism.

A magnetic well of great power has been struck at Bowersville, five miles south of Jamestown, Ohio. The well was drilled 140 feet deep, and the carrying out of the dip became so magnetized that particles of iron cling to it.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies, and that is by the use of the Mueson Hearing Cure. This is the result, and unless the inflammation is taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, and when it is entirely closed, it will cause deafness. It is cured by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. One hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Paris harbors a widow, Mme. Jules Lebandy, who inherited from her husband \$36,000,000. As she disapproves of the way in which he made his fortune, she refuses to use it contenting herself with an income of 6,000 francs.

Nicola Tesla, the electrician, says that he has practically perfected an apparatus by which telegraph messages may be sent without wires. His proposition is to give a demonstration of his mastery of the electric currents.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. J. Heller, 439 1/2 Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

John Pratt wore at his funeral in Holden, Me., the other day, a fine pair of calfskin boots made for him in 1862 and worn every Sunday since.

August 31st

is the last day of the \$1000 missing word contest. Schilling's Best tea is wonderfully fresh and fine. Rules of contest published in large advertisement also at the first and middle of each month.

Parisian Revenues. Paris gets its revenue chiefly from the octroi duties, which now yield more than \$31,000,000 a year, and the cost of collecting which is about \$2,000,000. Every article of consumption brought within the fortifications of Paris, whether food, fuel, or building material, is subject to these duties. There is also a tax of 10 per cent on the amount of rent paid by each tenant, a license tax on business, a window tax and dog tax. These produce about \$18,000,000 a year. About \$3,000,000 comes in the form of contributions from the republic toward the maintenance of a police department and the streets. About \$15,000,000 comes from "what are strictly municipal revenues," which "are derived from such sources as rents paid by the gas companies—over \$3,000,000—returns from the fertilizing sewage, \$4,000,000, and public markets, \$1,800,000. What are called the extraordinary expenses of Paris are devoted, like our own, to the carrying out of new public improvements and the construction of public buildings and are provided for, like ours, by the issue of bonds. Their annual average varies between seven and eight millions of dollars."

We excuse our selfishness by assuming our greater need.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the traits of early debility, the result of overwork, excess, worry, etc. Full strength, vigor, and health restored. Simple, natural method. No medicine. No surgery. No expense. Full explanation and proof sent free. Write for it. ERIC MEDICAL CO., 45 N. 3rd St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEAT

Make money by successful speculation in wheat. Buy and sell wheat there on margin. Fortune has been made by all classes beginning by trading in futures. Write for particulars. Best of references given. Several years experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. J. W. BROWN, 211 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PORTLAND UNIVERSITY

Business, musical, art, theological and preparatory courses. State diplomas or normal courses. Twenty-eight instructors, 257 students. Location beautiful, strictly in suburbs, with all the advantages of a great city and none of its disadvantages. Free from all temptations. All the advantages of a high school connected with school. Government has built a fine building for \$100,000. Open for Sept. 21, 1897. Catalogue sent free. Address, Portland University, P. O. Box 33, Portland, Me.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK. I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought Chas. H. Fletcher on the and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know. "The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Fletcher. Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Walter Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA

Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious. Costs Less than One Cent a Cup.

Be sure you get the genuine article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. By... WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

DOWER

...FOR... PROFIT

Power that will save you money and make you money. Hercules Engines are the cheapest power known. Burn Gasoline or Distillate Oil; no smoke, fire or dirt. For pumping, running dairy or farm machinery, they have no equal. Automatic in action, perfectly safe and reliable. Send for illustrated catalog.

Hercules Gas Engine Works

Hercules Special (3/4 actual horsepower) Bay St., San Francisco, Cal. Price, only \$185.



He drew up his musket and deliberately fired to kill.

Steve Brayton was not a close observer, or he might have discovered a secret that afternoon. The victor and danger exhibited the greatest interest and when he took his departure he said to himself:

"Durn my hilds if they wasn't more interested than half the men!"

Two or three days later Captain Wyle appeared, and Steve Brayton vanished. The captain expected to create a sensation, but was bitterly disappointed. Everybody was friendly, but Brayton had told the story of the rally and put the credit where it belonged. He had plenty of excuses to urge, and his story was quite different from Brayton's, but somehow it failed to go. While he was congratulated on his promotion, which was strong evidence in itself of his good standing with his superior officers, he had not rallied the flying company and led it back, and no one could be quite satisfied with his record. On the second evening of his arrival he called upon returning home at that time was to make this call. The victor and danger had been to achieve, his promotion, the laudatory notices he had received in his home newspaper, all these things went to make him believe that he would be accorded a frank welcome by mother and daughter, and that opportunity might be given him to plead his cause.

The captain's welcome was cordial enough, and after the first salutations conversation naturally turned to the war. He took an early opportunity to laughingly remark:

"Well, I suppose you have heard all about our Yankee?"

"To whom do you refer, captain?" stily inquired Marian.

"Why, to Kenton, of course. I believe you both know him. I had a notion that he could be induced to enlist, and I am surprised that he did not desert to his friends before the battle opened."

When Royal Kenton reported to General Jackson in person, he was asked if he knew the country to the north of the Confederate outposts. He was forced to reply that he was entirely ignorant of it.

"This is a disadvantage, but one you can overcome," said the general. "We are in the front to act as scouts. Would you have any objection to serving in that capacity?"

"I—I should not like to act the part of a spy," stammered Kenton in much confusion.

"Nor could I ask you to. A spy is generally a brave man and often moved solely by patriotism, but few of them are soldiers, and the profession is under a stigma. As a scout you go in your uniform, secure such information as may be of legitimate value, and if captured you are treated as a prisoner of war. You can take a comrade with you or go alone, as you elect. Do not be afraid to state your objections if you have any."

"I will go and go alone," replied Kenton after a moment's thought.

"Very well, I am glad to hear it. You can now return to your company, and during the day I will send the proper order to your captain. Upon your return report to me direct, and I will see that you will bring information of value."

That afternoon Captain Wyle returned to his company, and when he received the order detailing Private Kenton for temporary duty at headquarters he had not rallied the flying company and led it back, and no one could be quite satisfied with his record. On the second evening of his arrival he called upon returning home at that time was to make this call. The victor and danger had been to achieve, his promotion, the laudatory notices he had received in his home newspaper, all these things went to make him believe that he would be accorded a frank welcome by mother and daughter, and that opportunity might be given him to plead his cause.

"I—I should not like to act the part of a spy," stammered Kenton in much confusion.