

A SOLDIER'S TARGET.



Each man, as he signed his name on the enlistment roll, realized that war meant fight, and that fight meant kill. This idea was further drilled into us in camp; it formed the basis of the colonel's address as we marched to the front; it brought our muskets to an "aim" as we caught sight of the enemy for the first time. We had become soldiers to march, fight and kill. It was to be looked upon as a matter of business, as well as a patriotic duty. The sooner the strength of the enemy was exhausted the sooner we would have peace.

We thought that every man in company "G" had the same feeling—to kill—but we had not been long at the front when we found an exception. A score of skirmishers were ordered down in front of the regiment to feel the strength of the enemy in the fringe of bushes along a creek. Ambrose Davis was one of us. He was a man of 30—a plain, every day man who had laid down the tools of a mechanic to take up the musket of a soldier. He was not given to enthusiasm, but he was an obedient soldier and the best shot in the company. As we clambered over the fence and took "open order" on the broad field which dipped down to the creek, the enemy in the fringe had a dead rest on every man. War with them also meant kill. To kill one of half a million men means little, and yet it means kill. Zip! Ping! Zip! It was not firing by file—it was not firing by volleys into a battle line half hidden in the smoke, but every bullet that came piping was meant for an individual soldier.

We crouched down and ran forward. We zig-zagged to right and left. We took the shelter of every knoll, brush and stump. The enemy had to develop his strength to check us. In front of Davis was an opening in the fringe—a spot where a farm road crossed the creek. The enemy to the right and left of this road was using the bank of the stream as a breastwork and we were firing a good deal at random. An officer suddenly appeared in the center of this opening, and raising a pair of glasses to his eyes he took a cool survey of the regiment far back of us on the hill. He was within pistol shot of Davis and he must have known it, and yet he stood there as cool and calm as you please to take his chance. It was sheer bravado. Four of our twenty had been killed, and the enemy was seeking the lives of the rest. I was to the right of Davis and could have almost hit the officer with a stone; the man on his left had just as fair a target. He was not our "game," however—he belonged to Davis. We saw our comrade thrust forward a barrel of his musket and bring his eye down to the sights. Then we watched the officer to see him throw up his hands and fall. Thirty seconds passed away, and we glanced back at Davis. He had lifted his head and was looking at the officer over his gun. At the end of a quarter of a minute he dropped it again. It was his duty to kill, but this was killing in cold blood, and he had to have a few seconds to nerve himself up. Back went our eyes to the officer. He was slowly sweeping the glasses across a front of half a mile, and I wondered if he would drop them as the bullet struck him, or whether his fingers would clutch and hold them the tighter. My heart came crowding into my throat as I watched and as the seconds passed, and at length I heard the man on Davis' left shouting at him:

"Shoot! Shoot! Why the devil don't you drop that officer?"

I turned to look at Davis, and as I did so he slewed the muzzle of his gun to the right and fired into the bushes. A few seconds later the officer lowered his glasses, and swinging them in his hand and perhaps humming a tune, he slowly disappeared into the bushes. Later in the day, when Davis' singular action had been reported, the captain said to him:

"Davis, I can't believe you are a coward, because you went down on the skirmish line to be shot at, but when you had an enemy fairly under your gun, and an officer at that, why didn't you bring him down?"

"I was going to, sir, but I—I couldn't," was the reply.

"But they were shooting at you to kill."

"Yes, I know."

The captain could hardly reprimand a man for not killing an enemy as he would have shot down a rabbit, and there was no one to hint that Davis lacked courage. The incident was forgotten after a little, and such was the soldiery conduct of the man that he was made a corporal. When the enemy withdrew behind the works at Yorktown to bar McClellan's road to Richmond he covered his wings with sharpshooters, and our officers were their special target. One day, as three companies of us were dragging up some of the heavy siege-guns to be put in position, a major and a private were killed

by a sharpshooter who was located in a tree top. He could be plainly made out, but the range was too far for our army muskets. A Berdan rifle was sent for, and when it arrived our captain put it into the hands of Corporal Davis and said:

"You are by long odds the best shot in our company. With a dead-rest over that log you can tumble that man out of his tree."

Davis hung back and turned pale. Just then a brigadier rode up to give an order, and his horse had scarcely come to a halt when a bullet from the sharpshooter passed through the general's hat. He was not only a bit startled, but inclined to reprimand that the fellow had not been disposed of. When he saw the heavy rifle in the hands of the pale-faced and hesitating corporal he shouted out:

"Hurry up, man, and tumble him out of that before he can reload! If you bring him down I'll ask your captain to make a sergeant of you five minutes later!"

Davis advanced to a stump a few feet away and knelt down and sighted his rifle across it. We who knew his marksmanship felt sure that his bullet would speed true. He took a long aim, and we were holding our breath to hear the report of the rifle, when he drew back, rose up and said:

"I—I can't shoot that man!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the man in the tree fired again, and his bullet struck down a lieutenant within five feet of the brigadier.

"You idiot, but why don't you shoot?" shouted the indignant general, as he stepped forward.

"It is cold blood, sir—cold blood!" whispered Davis, who trembled in every limb, and was as pale-faced as a dead man.

"You poltroon, you coward!" raged the general. "Here, you man—cut the stripes from his sleeves, and you, captain, see that he is reduced to the ranks on the company roll! He ought to be court-martialed and driven out of the army in disgrace!"

A soldier stepped forward and with his pocket-knife cut the chevrons from



"SLEWED THE MUZZLE OF HIS GUN TO THE RIGHT."

the corporal's sleeves, and poor Davis slunk away in disgrace. Here was a strange thing. A soldier who did not hesitate to put himself in a position to be killed could not be induced to fire upon the enemy. His soldierly qualities were such that he had been taken out of the ranks, and yet he refused to carry out a soldier's first duty—to kill. We could not call him a coward—no man is a coward who will face death—but we called him strange and wondered what was back of it all. The men of the company fell away from him, and in a few days he stood almost alone. When we followed up the enemy after Yorktown there was some heavy skirmishing with the rear guard. Ambrose Davis was with the company, and upon one occasion, when the hundred charged and captured a gun, he led us all in the rush and was the first man to put a hand on it. After that we said it was a case of "nerves," or that he had a hereditary fear of shedding blood, and he was looked upon more favorably.

We saw nothing more of the "strangeness" of Ambrose Davis until the battle which drove McClellan to make a change of base. For half a day our regiment stood in battle line, waiting to attack or be attacked, and during this interval our company lost two men killed and three wounded. It required all the nerve the men could work up to stand there and be shot at without firing a shot in return, but Davis showed no more nervousness than any of the rest. When at length we moved by the left flank for a quarter of a mile and then dropped down to open fire and hold our ground, Davis was the man on my left and as I loaded my musket I noticed that he was firing high. Five minutes later a lieutenant came creeping along

in rear of us and warning each man to aim low. I heard him cursing Davis, and twice after that, ere we fell back, I saw the man firing into the tree tops.

The enemy crowded us back day by day and mile by mile, and there was fighting over every foot of the high-ways. We had a fierce grapple at Fair Oaks, and again at Savage Station, but all I knew of Davis was that he was with us. It was only when returned at bay at Malvern Hill that I found myself beside him again. He had been three times grazed by bullets, and that was proof that he had stood up to a soldier's work. Our regiment was stationed at the base of the hill, strung along in the bed of a dry creek, and the banks gave us protection and a rest for our muskets. As the enemy came swarming across the open every man was a fair target. I had fired three or four times when my musket fouled, and as I waited to clear it I watched Davis. He was firing over the heads of the enemy by thirty feet. Our position was one which could not be carried. The enemy realized this at last, and the battle began to die away. On our front we had only dead and wounded men, as far as we could see, and all firing had ceased, when a man suddenly rose up from the ground about a pistol shot away and stood staring at us. A thousand men shouted at him to come and surrender, but after a moment he turned his back and began moving away. I do not know why any of the hundreds of men who had him in range did not fire, but they did not. Some were even cheering the man, when an officer of artillery jumped down among us and shouted:

"Shoot him—shoot him—why don't some of you bring him down?"

His words were heard by fifty men, but not a gun was raised. The officer was storming at us when Davis suddenly lifted his musket and fired, and the retreating man flung up his arms, whirled about and sank down. Curses and groans followed, and Davis threw down his gun and hid his face in his hands and sobbed.

"A splendid shot!" cried the officer, "and if I were your captain you would be a corporal to-morrow!"

Davis had done a strange thing. We looked at him and wondered over it. The heat of the battle was yet strong upon us, but the killing of the man seemed little short of cold-blooded murder.

"Did I kill—kill him?" asked Davis of a man beside him when he could control himself.

A MILLIONAIRE NURSE.

How Margaret Astor Chanler Devoted Herself to Our Soldier Sick.

Miss Margaret Astor Chanler furnishes in herself but another splendid example of the patriotism of our much-derided millionaires. From the beginning of the war her wealth and her services have been devoted to the cause of the United States. She is a great-granddaughter of the original John Jacob Astor and has an income of over \$30,000 a year, besides possessing a splendid mansion in New York



MARGARET ASTOR CHANLER.

city. She volunteered as a Red Cross nurse and established a hospital in Porto Rico. This she accomplished by renting a commodious house from a widow, who did not know the use to which her dwelling would be put. When she saw the ambulances rolling up, however, the widow remonstrated and tried to dispossess Miss Chanler. She was placated by an increase in rent, which the founder of the hospital cheerfully paid.

When the hospital filled up with fever patients Miss Chanler went to work and nursed them, sometimes without help, until they were out of danger.

DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY.

William Tiffany, of Roosevelt's Regiment and His Sad Demise.

William Tiffany, first lieutenant in Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders, who died in Boston, of exhaustion and want of nourishment while at Santiago, was one of the best known of the young men in New York. He was the son of George Tiffany, the jeweler, and a grandson of Commodore Perry, who won the famous battle of Lake Erie during the war of 1812. When the rough riders were organized young Tiffany was one of those who enlisted. He began as a private, then rose by pure merit to corporal, and later was a sergeant when the bloody charges of the



WILLIAM TIFFANY.

rough riders were made near Santiago. His bravery in these fights won him his commission as second lieutenant, and afterward as first lieutenant when the vacancies caused by death of other heroes had to be filled. Tiffany came home with the rough riders and was landed at Montauk Point, but in view of his enfeebled health, due to the privations incident to his military life, it was thought he could receive better treatment at the hotel in Boston. There he was nursed by his mother, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Perry Belmont, and his affianced, Miss Maud Livingston of New York, but the best of care was not sufficient to bring back his health.

Reading by Invalids.

A clever trained nurse in the Roosevelt hospital of New York has devised a plan for the amusement of invalids, which allows them to read with comfort while lying helpless in bed. Any person in full strength realizes what a tiresome thing it is to hold a book while lying down. This clever nurse cuts short stories from magazines and newspapers and mounts them on strips of stout cloth with mullage. The cloth is cut wide enough for two columns. The story can then be rolled or unrolled at pleasure and will be much lighter and easier to handle than a book or a paper. When not in use it can be tied with a ribbon or strapped with a rubber band. The name of the story is written on the outside, and a drawer in desk or a table set apart for holding this miniature library for the invalid, to whom the book or the long story is a burden.—New York Journal.

Central Electrical Station.

At Ruhrot, the coal and iron center of Germany, a scheme is being floated to erect a central station and distribute electrical energy for lighting and power to the many surrounding manufacturing establishments.

Pimples

Are the danger signals of impure blood. They show that the stream of life is in bad condition, that health is in danger of wreck. Clear the course by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the blood will be made pure, complexion fair and healthy, and life's journey pleasant and successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A pen carrying a small electric lamp to prevent shadows when writing has been patented in Germany.

It is estimated that since the beginning of the historical era 18,000,000 persons have perished in earthquakes.

Ornithologists have discovered that crows have no less than 27 cries, each distinctly referable to a different action.

The wages of Chinamen in Amoy are \$5 a month, which is 10 per cent above the average wages prevailing in China.

The first Chinaman to offer his services as a soldier in the present war was Ong Q. Tow, a wealthy merchant of Santa Ana, California.

Fry Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

The nests of the termites or white ant are, proportioned to the size and weight of the builders, the greatest structures in the world.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesso Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

Chileans never enter or leave a coach, street car or other public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Brighton (England) young man has killed himself because his wife made fun of him for kissing the servant girl.

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PROGRESS OF CATAPHORESIS.

Medical Illustration of What Can Be Done With Electricity.

In dentistry no subject is more discussed than the painless filling and extraction of teeth. Regarding the former Dr. Thomas H. White, when seen in his office at 271½ Morrison street, near Fourth, said:

"That teeth can be filled absolutely without pain is a positive fact, which is demonstrated most every day in my office. Teeth that are so sensitive that the patient cannot endure an instrument to touch them can be made thoroughly insensible to pain or feeling in from 10 to 20 minutes, and can be then filled or treated with ease. Yes, electricity is a great boon to mankind. Just think of taking the nerve out of a tooth in 10 minutes from the time of the application of the electricity without the slightest knowledge of it by the patient." The late method of bridge work invented by the brother of Dr. White is a great improvement on plates.

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