

Morning Daily Herald.

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ALBANY, OREGON SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2 1888

VOL. III—NO. 4

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Albany, Feb. 22.

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Harry Burton.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP'S SACRIFICE

A Romance of the War.

BY OTWEIS.

AUTHOR OF "BESSIE'S DIARY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Lone Fir is indeed a lonely, lonesome place, most appropriately named; with its torn fences, neglected shrubbery, weed grown walks and drives, and towering, dark, time stained, above all the old moss covered mansion of better days, and standing like a sentinel, tall, grim and silent immediately in front of the once imposing dwelling, in the center of the once smoothly shaven lawn the tree from which the place derives its name. Not scarcely ten short years ago, a lowlier, neater home could not be found in all the country than Burton Hall—as it was then called. Many there are who will remember the pleasant social evenings spent at the Hall, where Mr. Burton's jollity and good humor, and Mrs. Burton's gentle dignity and quiet solicitude for the comfort of their guests made one and all feel truly at home. They will also remember the many gay, wild chases after the fleet-footed deer, or cunning fox, when Harry, only son, and the pride and hope of both his parents, sat his black charger like a centaur, the foremost and most daring of all the brave hunters. Ah! such are the ravages of war; for the ruin and desolation just described are indirectly the result of the late rebellion.

Mr. Burton was one among the first to answer his country's call. In the second skirmish with the foe brave Henry Burton, fell mortally wounded, and only lived long enough to express regret that he must die ere he had helped his country to accomplish anything; and to send loving words to his wife, and a request to his boy to "be a soldier's son to his mother."

Alas! the shock was more than the gentle wife could bear. She had for years been a silent uncompensated sufferer of a disease of the heart; and the news of her beloved husband's death coming swiftly as a thunder bolt snapped the shattered heart-strings in twain. In less than twenty-four hours from the time poor Harry received the sad intelligence of the brave death of his noble father, he stood by the bedside of his dying mother, feeling indeed an orphan alone in the world.

At the time of his parent's death Harry was a bright intelligent lad of nineteen; with a classical and literary education learned in his father's study; and a romantic and almost passionate love for every thing in nature inherited from his mother. Harry's life thus far had been different from that of most boys. He had never been to school in his life. All the education he had, in fact all that he was, or ever hoped to be owed to his father's teaching, and his mother's gentle loving care. After the funeral of Mrs. Burton, and the estate came to be settled up, Harry was much surprised to find that the old home must go to satisfy creditors. With a sad heart he resolved to go far away, and begin life anew and in reality. He had many offers of employment from old-time friends of his father's; but it seemed to him that it would be impossible or unbearable to remain longer amidst scenes which constantly reminded him of his painful bereavement. So after bidding farewell to all his friends; among whom were all the old family servants—darkies who had been on the place ever since he could remember and who bade him "good bye" with many tears and sad expressions of sorrow at losing the "young massa"—he started to the city to seek employment.

As he stood at the little station depot waiting for the train that was to carry him far away from his childhood's home, and his mother's grave; he noticed quite a commotion in the usually dull, quiet street. He was not long in doubt as to the cause; they were gathering volunteers.

Presently he saw a man in the uniform of a captain coming down the street. The captain bowed to Harry as he passed then turned and came back.

"Please excuse me mister but I'll just be hanged if you ain't just the fellow I'm looking for."

"Well then I am glad you have found me," said Harry smiling "but what is it? Can I be of service to you sir?" "Be of service! well I just guess you can; why Poe has been hunting you, or some one just like you for a week. You see it's just this way; that stupid Fred Boynton the flag-bearer for Company 'A' had to go and get some kind of lever and I'll just be hanged if I could see any scrub carry the star spangled banner, and

its mighty hard to find anybody but scrubs now days; so if you will join the grand army of the republic and carry the starry banner you'll earn my everlasting and eternal obligations." Then he proceeded to relate in his own peculiar style, how in his last week the flag-bearer was stricken with some kind of fever which if it did not prove fatal, would render him unable to fill his post, for at least a month. And that if he (Harry) wanted the position he would procure it for him and if at the end of the month if he desired, he would be at liberty to return home. To all of which Harry eagerly consented, and after thanking the captain asked how soon the company would march.

"Now my boy don't be in too big a hurry. You will find dangers, and hardships to stand, that you don't dream of now." "I presume so sir; but if I am only a boy I do not think I shall shrink from duty."

"I don't either. If I did I wouldn't have paid you the compliment of asking you to take the place; but yours will be a place requiring as much daring, presence of mind and strength as any in the army. But what's all that rubbish about being only a boy? How old are you? And by the way what is your name?"

"I am nineteen years old, and my name is Harry Burton."

"Nineteen! Harry Burton you're a stunner. Yes, I'll just be teetotal hanged if you ain't a stunner!" stepping back and surveying Harry in a comical manner. "But this ain't tending to biz. Mr. Burton I've got something else to do besides standing here talking to you if you are a great giant. If you'll walk up the street with me I'll show you my lodging and you can mess with Lieutenant Warren and me, until time to forward march in the direction of glory, and the enemy, which I think will be in a couple of days. Well that be soon enough for you Mr. Goliath?"

"I am ready any time sir. I have nothing to detain me at home." As they walked slowly along Harry related in a few words as possible the recent loss of both father and mother. As he mentioned how his father died the captain interrupted him. "Stop! Are you the son of Major Henry Burton Co., 'A'?" And as Harry answered in the affirmative he grasped him by the hand exclaiming "God bless you my boy! I am Captain Van Fleet who sent your father's last words to your mother. I was your father's messmate, and friend, and so help me gracious I'll be a friend to you for his sake as well as for your own."

Harry shook the proffered hand warmly, feeling that he had found in rough outspoken Captain Van Fleet a true friend. By this time they had reached the lodgings and the captain stopped before entering long enough to remark, that Lieutenant Warren was "a man high toned," but for Harry not to pay any attention to that for he was a "mighty good fellow," if he was a little "stuck up." Lieutenant Warren, a tall dark, handsome man did not favorably impress Harry in a very kind and courteous manner. According to the Captain's predictions all was ready at the expiration of the second day, and greatly to Harry's satisfaction they marched toward the scene of action.

CHAPTER II.

"So you are the little boy who is chosen to take the place I asked for and couldn't get it?" A nice little man he is. Does his mark know he's let go her apron strings I wonder."

It was the morning after the recruits of which Harry Burton was a member had arrived at Fort D., and Harry was returning from drill, that he was accosted with the above insulting language. He made no reply to the insolent questions, but the hot blood rushed to his face.

"Oh, the poor little chap; see how plagued he is," continued Jack Daw turning to two or three burly, ignorant companions standing near, "poor little man you'd better go stay with that there captain what's adopted you."

"I am able to take care of myself for a while yet," said Harry, and with the words he dealt the ruffian a blow which sent him sprawling his length on the ground, and quietly walked on in the direction of the barracks.

"Ain't so much of a baby as you thought eh Jack," said one of his companions. But Jack deigned no reply as he slowly gathered himself up and walked off muttering something about "getting even with the little cuss some day."

"Now that hot headed young Goliath has made an enemy the first thing, and of one of the meanest men in the ranks," growled Captain Van Fleet—or Captain Van as he was familiarly called—who had been an interested observer of the little tableau. "But by all the gods of Morristown I'll stand by him till the last button drops off. I wonder what made my young friend blaze so? That Jack Daw said something or other insulting I'll bet. The darn villain!"

As Harry turned to walk away

from the prostrate man, he chanced to look up, and for the first time realized that the scene had occurred directly beneath his general's window, and there looking out were the general himself and his daughter. Harry doffed his cap, bowed, blushed, and walked on thinking they looked on him with reproach, and wishing he could ever learn to control his temper. Why, I placed myself on a level with the low scoundrel to notice him or his impudence, though he deserved to have his head broken."

CHAPTER III.

"Is not that a grand looking soldier?" said Pearl Bedford, the general's daughter, turning to Lieutenant Warren who had stood just behind her at the window, and had witnessed the blow unobserved by Harry. "Who is he?" "I do not remember having seen him before." "Oh that is the new banner bearer Captain Van picked up at a little station in Tennessee. He takes Fred Boynton's place during his illness. I must confess I did not expect from his appearance that he would disgrace his standard by a free fight with that low fellow."

"I do not doubt," said General Bedford, "but what Jack gave him provocation. He is the scamp who wanted the place when I gave it to Fred. By the way how is Fred? Have you heard this morning Charlie?"

"Yes a dispatch came early this morning that he is much worse, in fact not expected to live."

"Indeed," said the general "that is sad, unwelcome news. Fred is a good boy."

"Poor fellow," exclaimed Pearl with tears of sympathy starting to her eyes "poor Fred I will miss him greatly. What a splendid horseman he was. What dashing races we have had. I shall never feel so safe with any one else."

"Pearl!" said the lieutenant reproachfully. "Present company always excepted you know lieutenant," returned Pearl with a smile, "but Fred taught me all I know about managing my horse. There papa is not that the postman's knock at last?" In another moment a well trained servant entered noiselessly and gave the general a large budget of papers and letters. "He Pearl my dear are two letters for you."

"Only two papa? I declare my friends have all forgotten me. Last week I sent a half dozen letters, and just think only two have answered. This one from St. Louis is another lecture from Aunt Mary I am sure. She cannot recover from the blow—my coming to this outlandish place—as she persists in calling Fort D., gave her, instead of spending the summer with her. This one with two extra stamps is from Nellie Nelson, dear girl, she does write delightfully long letters. But I do not feel equal to reading either of my letters until after luncheon. What do you say lieutenant to our playing a game of billiards while papa reads those stupid official documents."

"I am ever ready to obey your slightest wish fair lady," answered the lieutenant. "Shall I give you fifty points out of the hundred as a start?" "No sir, returned Pearl haughtily, I do not care how ignominiously I am beaten, but I will not be treated like a baby."

"Spoken like a soldier's daughter, my naughty princess. But no doubt I will beg for the fifty points before the game is ended. I see you are in a mood to conquer or to die."

When they reached the billiard room Pearl stood feeding a canary some tender leaves from a choice plant which stood in a bay window, and unconsciously making a beautiful picture; with the sunshine lighting up her shining brown hair making it look like burnished gold.

Pearl Bedford would not be called beautiful in the truest sense of the word. She had beautiful bright wavy brown hair, which had a trick of falling about her white brow in the loveliest, caressing little waves and curls, and lovely, bewitching, sparkling blue eyes—a blue so dark that they were often mistaken for black. But her nose was a trifle too sharp, and her mouth a little too wide, and lips rather thin, but red as a ripe cherry, and when she laughed or talked revealed teeth white as pearls. But her greatest charm was her faultless complexion of lily whiteness, and the rose bloom of youth, health and happiness, which lighted up with every passing emotion. Her's was not a statuesque beauty upon which all agreed; but no one knew her but loved her, and those who knew her best, loved her most, and would have resented any insinuation that she was not beautiful. She was devotedly attached to her father, and had begged so piteously not to be left behind when he came to Fort D. a year since that he could not find it in his heart to say no, much to his sister's disgust when having had the care of Pearl during her infancy (her mother dying when little Pearl was only a few days old) still presumed to dictate though Pearl was now almost eighteen.

Lieutenant Warren had almost worshipped Pearl ever since he had known her, which was nearly all her life—and only awaited some indication that his love was reciprocated to tell her so. But she had

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]