

THE REBEL'S LEGACY.

From Family Herald.

CHAPTER II.

"Why did you fire upon my men?"

"They are our foes, sir, and my father was home, wounded, could hardly mount his horse, and I feared they would catch him—I would do it if I died for it, sir."

"So would I," said the little girl bluntly, and the brave boys in blue gave her a cheer.

"Have you no mother?"

"Yes, sir, but she left home yesterday to go to the front, for her brother, General Blake, is badly wounded."

"What is your name, my brave lad?"

"Roy Benedict, sir, and this is my sister Myra."

"My God."

The exclamation broke from the colonel's lips, and his face turned white.

For a moment he did not speak, gazed fixedly upon the children.

Then he muttered:

"How strange, how striking—the boy is the image of his father, the girl just like her mother."

Turning to the commander of his escort, Colonel Keyes said:

"Captain Fance, it is my wish that this place be protected while our forces occupy these parts of the country, which may be for weeks."

"Detail a corporal and two men to camp here, and commissary officer when he comes up to leave the men provision."

"Yes, sir."

"My lad, have you any food in the house?"

"Not much, only some meal, and beans and sweet potato coffee; but Aunt Dinah will get you some dinner, sir."

"Thank you, my brave boy, but I will have my dinner later; but I would like to go into the house, if you will let me."

"Oh yes, sir, for you are so good to us."

The colonel dismounted and entered the mansion, taking off his cap as he ascended the steps.

The children accompanied him, and as he halted before a portrait, Myra said:

"That is our mamma, sir."

"And there is our papa, sir, taken when he was a United States officer, but he's a rebel now, you know."

"Yes, yes," murmured the colonel and for a long time he stood before the two portraits.

At last he sat down to a table, wrote a note, and calling to the corporal detailed to remain, said:

"Hand this to my commissary officer when he comes up."

Then he called the lad to him and asked in a low tone:

"Do you know where your father is?"

"Yes, sir, but I will not tell."

"You need not; but you will hear me give orders to the corporal to allow your father to return into hiding in his own home, and to keep the fact a secret, and to guard your family from all intruders."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Please tell us your name, sir?" said Myra.

"No, it does not matter," and he drew the little girl toward him kissed her several times, shook hands with the lad and left the house.

"We are to take that boy erbol with us, sir."

"No, Captain Munroe, he is to remain here under protection."

"But he killed—"

"I have my reasons, sir, for what I do, and shall not seek advice from you."

was the stern reply of Colonel Keyes, and remounting his horse he rode on.

at was the last year of the war between the North and South, and the grate and noble ruler of the United States, a man now understood and loved by the southern people, was surprised, as he sat in his office one day to learn that a little girl was pleading to see him.

He ordered her admitted and she was led in by one of his equines.

President Lincoln saw a sunny haired, blue-eyed beauty of eleven years of age, plainly but neatly dressed in homespun. Walking straight up to the President, whose kindly smile encouraged her, she said simply:

"Aar you Abe Lincoln, sir?"

"Yes, myshild; how can I serve you?"

"I am a little rebel, sir, but my mamma said you were a good man and I might come to ask you to let my brother out of prison, sir?"

"He is only thirteen, but when our father was killed he went into the Confederate army and was captured, so add now aprisoner."

"Your lather was in the Confed erate army, and killed, you say?"

"Yes, sir, he was a general."

"What was his name?"

"General Roy Benedict."

"Ah! I have heard of him and of his brave death."

"Your brother is thirteen, you say?"

"Yes, sir, and his name is Roy."

President Lincoln asked a few questions as to where the boy had been captured, and when and made note of the answers.

Now he said:

"You are a brave little girl, worthy of your gallant father."

"How did you come here?"

"Mother gave me some monney, sir, and a Confederate soldier took me to a union soldier, and he passed me through the lines to you."

"I will send you back under escort to your lines my child, and as soon as he can follow you, your brother will be returned to his home."

The beautiful blue eyes filled with tears, the lips trembled and faintly came the words; "May I kiss you, sir, for it is all I can give you."

Drawing close to his side Abraham Lincoln imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of the child, and taking her by the hand led her to an officer in waiting and gave him certain orders regarding her.

A few hours after and Myrr was again in the Southern lines and on her way to her home, where, "three days after, as she was seated in the library with her mother, Aunt Dinah was heard to give a shout of joy, and the next moment she dashed into the room followed by the little boy soldier, for Mr. Lincoln had nobly kept his word to a child.

The war had ended, the bonnie blue flag had been furled forever, and the soldiers of the North were returning to their homes. A regular Army officer, General

Kdwerd Keyes, was still to remain in the service, but had been severely wounded in one of the last battles of the war.

One day, as he was beginning to feel once more like his old self, a letter came to him from a New York Aattorney, a man who had been a classmate at West Point, but had resigned from the army.

There was a letter enclosed in the lawyer's the sight of which caused the iron-nerved soldier to start and mutter words, "My God! Roy Benedict's writing."

He opened the lawyer's letter first, and read how he had been called to see a wounded Confederate general, and found him to be their old friend, Roy Benedict.

He was mortly wounded and wished to make his will, and that will read that he left as laegacy to Edward Keyes, Brigdier General, U. S. Army, his wife and children, and all of the porperty of which he died possessed.

The body of the dead officer, the letter stated, had been sent through the lines, and he, the lawyer, 'was now obeying his instructions, which had been "after the war was over" to communicate all to Edward Keyes.

From the first letter General Keyes turned to the second. It was a story of the past, and told how his little son had found out the officer's name who had come to their home and all that he had to thank him for.

And the ending was:

"My wife has ever cared for you next to myself and our children, and knowing as I do that you have never married, that in your life there could be but one love; I leava you as a legacy the waman who can make your later years atone happiness for the sorrows of the by-gone.

"As Myra has a fortune in her own name, and my children too, I will to you what I possess and make you executor of all."

It was a long time before the general arose from the chair where he had been sitting when he read those letters.

When at last he did so, he said, "He has been dead for more than a year."

"I shall ask for an extension of leave and go South, for—I accept the legacy."

So General Keyes went South, to the very home he had visited during the war, and when he saw the beautiful woman who advanced to meet him, he thought her more lovely than ever, and thanked Heaven for the legacy that had been left him, for the sunshine that had at last entered a clouded life

MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR.

AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY

What Chas. H. Hackley has Done for Western Michigan—How the only Cloud in the Life of an Honored Man was Brushed away by Science.

From Grand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.



CHAS. H. HACKLEY.

The most beautiful spot in Muskegon is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley, and in all Western Michigan there is not a name better known, and among the studious and those interested in deeds of philanthropy, this name is known and admired. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune, which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation.

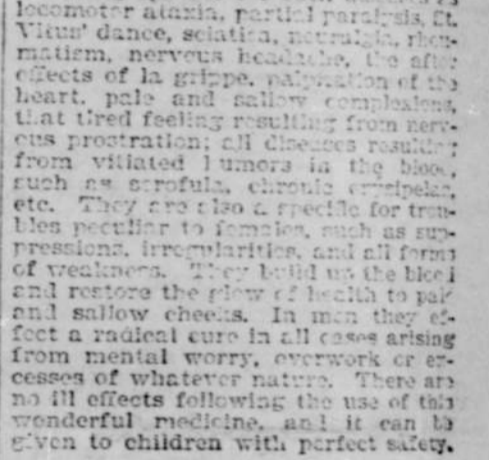
There is no prettier spot in the State than Hackley Park in a square surrounded and pierced by stone walls, emphasizing with their whiteness the green of faultlessly kept lawns, its crowning pride a towering soldier's monument on the top of which stands a bronze figure pointing ever in remembrance of the heroes who died that the nation might live. Surrounding this park are the magnificent Hackley Public Library—a poem in granite—with its 69,000 volumes, and the equally stately Hackley school, like a bee-hive with its 600 children. Other elegant buildings testify likewise to the liberality and munificence of this man who has pulled wealth out of the forests of Michigan.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again, and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a correspondent of the Press, Mr. Hackley explained the secret of his transformation, and to his friends who have known how he suffered, it is indeed a transformation. "I have suffered for over twenty years," he said, seated in his private office, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgic and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief, and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life bear-very little. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested. But I did not know whether the testimonials were genuine or not, and I did not wish to be humbugged, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial, and it gave me faith in the medicine. "I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery, and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery, and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people, and am only too glad to send others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated blood in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic constipation, etc. They are also a specific for such ailments as indigestion, such as depression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of any of our medicinal medicines, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 210 North Third Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. They are sold in boxes bearing the name of the maker and wrapped in a paper of red and blue boxes for \$1.00, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment perfectly accessible to all who need them.



HACKLEY PARK.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Advertisement for Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. listing various models like No. 1 Farm Harness, No. 4 L. Wagon, and No. 128 Road Wagon with prices and descriptions.

Advertisement for 'MANHOOD RESTORED' medicine, featuring testimonials and a list of ailments treated, such as weakness, nervousness, and loss of vitality.

GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION.

Advertisement for a Bible competition offering thousands of dollars in rewards for Bible readers. Includes details about the contest rules and prizes.