

Many of these men were assembled at Bristol when Bell reached there. Deploring the presentation of the protest and his guard, whisky was to be had, and a majority of the returned Union men kept drunk, when out of the guard-house, and many of the veterans of Lee and Johnston's armies were forced, not reluctantly, to join in these orgies.

Among the ex-Union soldiers in Bristol at that time was a sergeant of the First Federal Cavalry, named Burns. Burns with whom Bell had a fight when they were boys of nineteen—that was three years before the war. Bell supposed that the quarrel was forgotten, for he had frequently seen Burns after the war, both before and during the war, but not having it alluded to. On this occasion Burns was drunk. Bell was very abstemious—rarely a mountaineer. His friends induced him to enter a saloon, or some place where liquor was secretly sold. Burns came in soon after, with a pistol in his belt and another in his drunken eyes.

Hot words, oaths, then two men stood facing each other with pistols. Burns was shot through the shoulder and Bell fell down with a bullet in his heart. I met a Confederate Tennesseean who had seen the fight, and he said: "Hit was all on account of Tom's right arm being gone. You see the trigger kinder ketches in his belt and he let it go good three seconds. If it hadn't been for that hit'd a be good for Mr. Burns."

Bell's body was brought down and buried at Knoxville. This had been done before my arrival. On my return from Knoxville I stopped again at Greenville, where I learned that Miss MacNeel was still a guest of the Rev. Mr. MacElroy. I called, and was disappointed to find that she was neither a Hebe nor a Minerva. I was disappointed in her intellect. Miss MacNeel had brown hair, a little form, keen gray eyes and a chin and mouth that indicated masculine force of character and intellect. She was dressed in a plain calico. She would not have worn mourning if there were goods of that kind for sale in Greenville. I have no desire to give an idea of Bell's dialect—that is legitimate—but I cannot be expected to reproduce any of the short letters he sent me. I lost sight of the orthography and syntax in the modesty of his own and Bell's. He was excellent in his almost girlish but intensely earnest expressions of love for himself and prayers for my safety and elevation, and above all, in his devotion to the cause of the Union and his unshaken faith as to its final triumph.

After November, 1864, he ceased to write. In February, 1865, I wrote to Captain Cliff, of Hardin county, Ky., asking for news of Bell, and the following is an extract from Cliff's reply: "Captain Bell brought me your letter as soon as he reached here. He was very glad to say, old fellow, how rejoiced I was to learn that you had escaped. Bell gave you all the details of his escape, and said that he was kind of spirit and like it. Captain Bell's story of your coming through it to be written as you have heard of the Strawberry business. He was very glad to hear of your success in everything else. He said that he was very glad to hear of your success in everything else. He said that he was very glad to hear of your success in everything else."

He was most generously treated by our comrades in kid about Marietta, and after we had seen the paymaster and borrowed such articles of clothing as the quartermaster could not supply we decided to run up to Nashville to get our outfits. I to go back to the army then besieging Atlanta, and Bell to make his way to General Gillen's command, then operating in the neighborhood of Cumberland Gap. Before leaving Marietta we had the pleasure of greeting the three wounded Confederates with whom we had dressed the wounds the night before we struck our lines. We had reported their whereabouts, as we promised, and they were placed in our hospital, to the great delight of the poor fellows.

At the hotel in Nashville, Bell and I slept in a room with two beds, but on the night of Aug. 13—we were to part next morning—he said to me: "We are in a room to part, cap, and let us have a little more to drink, never miss this side of eternity."

"Nonsense, Bell," I interrupted, "we'll pull through the war and live to talk over, as old men, our adventures down in Dixie."

Bell shook his head. I had never known him to be more solemn in his manner, not even when we were burrowing with hunger and footsore and weary we tore through the jungle with the pursers close behind.

"Let us sleep together for the last night. It'll be easier to talk, and he'll not be so hard to find in the morning. I'll sleep with you, and you with me. I'll sleep with you, and you with me. I'll sleep with you, and you with me."

"We slept together that night, and Bell opened his heart to me, as he never had done before. He deplored his lack of education, but he had made up his mind to study as soon as the war was over. We had called that day on Andrew Johnson, and he had been very kind to us. We had called that day on Andrew Johnson, and he had been very kind to us."

"My dad knewed Andy Johnson when he left North Carolina, and he was over the mountains to Greenville to start a tailor, and he didn't know B from a bull's foot. Now see what he is," and Bell lifted his hat to me from the bed. "I was your friend that Governor Johnson had been helped very much by his wife, and I suggested that if he got a good wife she would no doubt aid him in achieving his ends."

He laughed for some time, as if enjoying his secret thoughts, and in reply to my question as to the cause, he said: "I was just a thinkin of how many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart. How many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart."

"I was just a thinkin of how many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart. How many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart."

"I was just a thinkin of how many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart. How many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart."

"I was just a thinkin of how many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart. How many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart."

"I was just a thinkin of how many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart. How many thousands of hearts were never healed by a woman's heart."

A TALK TO MOTHERS.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

The Dearest and Sweetest Experience of Woman—Neither should it Be Left Entirely to the Care of Servants.

OTHERHOOD is the dearest and sweetest as well as often the most heartrending experience of a woman's life. With the baby comes frequently the most precious possession of her being.

What wonder, then, that the very thing that should draw closer the married pair often hopelessly divides them? At this point, you need to be full at present, your duty no less than your desire is to keep both husband and child.

Now, to be sure, the baby is all yours; he lives in your life; he is a part of you; he is as much a part of you as your eye, your ear, your hand, your foot. You must not forget that, too, is an independent soul, that the day will come—no matter how long it may take—when he will be a man, and you will be a mother.

In a long and interesting study of mothers I have noticed not only that the baby makes a great change in the household, but that his coming affects the mother in one of four ways. I want therefore to discuss these four ways, and to show you in your path, the first way that opens before you, and the most tempting, is to become all mother. Baby is to you the most important object in the world; you look upon him as the center of your life. Everything in the whole establishment fits itself to the tune of the infant; if he sleeps, the household must go about on tiptoe; if he wakes at night, every one must be on their feet; if he is sick, the whole household must be in a state of alarm.

It is easy to see how this comes between husband and wife like a dividing wall. The husband, who is used to being a man, and who has his own work to do, and his own life to live, finds himself suddenly brought into a woman's world, and he is not prepared for it. He is not prepared for it. He is not prepared for it.

You observe and lament, but instead of seeing your mistake and setting your foot on it, you see it and you do it. You see it and you do it. You see it and you do it.

Twenty-four years ago the women's club of Sorsora was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement. It was founded in New York city. Its objects were social recreation and mutual improvement.

DRINKERS—LIQUOR HABIT—In the World's Greatest City, without the knowledge of the person taking it, select a safe and reliable brand of wine. It is a safe and reliable brand of wine. It is a safe and reliable brand of wine.

THE COMMERCIAL STABLE! Gates & Henry Props. McMinville, Oregon.

Livery, Feed and Sale! Everything New And Firstclass. Special Accommodations for Commercial Travellers.

PASTOR KOENIG'S REV. J. H. HENNING. In His Last Confession. A Reverend Recommendation.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! A Valuable Book on Stomach and Bowel Disorders. Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.