

FOR HUBBY TO PONDER OVER

Innocent Answer of Quiet Little Wife Got Him Started on Train of Thought.

The husband and wife were on their way to the theater when the husband began kicking because his wife took such a long time dressing.

"What delayed you this time?" he growled. "Seeing the children to bed," she responded, quietly.

"The nurse is for our convenience—yours and mine, especially mine," she answered. "But the boy certainly takes after you."

"Fool question, eh? Well, what was it?" "I asked him if he had said his prayers. And he said no. And I asked him if he didn't want God to take care of him during the night. He answered, 'What's the nurse for?'"

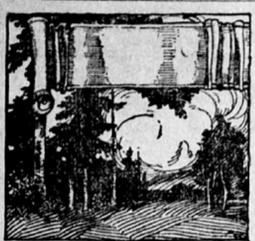
For the remainder of the way the man pondered on this answer.

RASH ALL OVER BABY'S BODY Itched So He Could Not Sleep

"On July 27, 1909, we left Boston for a trip to England and Ireland, taking baby with us. After being in Ireland a few days a nasty rash came out all over his body. We took him to a doctor who gave us medicine for him. The trouble started in the form of a rash and was all over baby's body, head and face, at different times. It irritated, and he would scratch it with all his might. The consequence was it developed into sores, and we were afraid it would leave nasty scars on his face."

"When we reached England we took baby to another doctor, who said his condition was due to change of food and climate, and gave more medicine. The rash got no better, and it used to itch and burn at night so bad that the child could not sleep. He was completely covered with it at different times. It was at this time that my mother advised us to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment for about nine months the places disappeared. There are not any scars, or other kind of disfigurement, and baby is completely cured by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. We have no further trouble with baby's skin. Nothing stopped the itching, and allowed baby to sleep but Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Gunn, 25 Burwell St., Roxbury, Mass., March 12, 1911.

Supply Cleared Up. "Goin' fishin' next summer?" asked the man who tells tall stories. "No," replied Mr. Growcher. "If you caught all the fish you said you caught last summer, there wouldn't be any use of going fishing next summer."



SYNOPSIS. The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. General Sherman is captured. An important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sherman's aide, the army moves on. The story follows the adventures of a young man and a young lady on horseback in the dark of night. The young man is a Confederate soldier, and the young lady is a Federal spy. They are both in the service of their respective armies. The story is a romantic tale of love and war.

CHAPTER XXIII. Field Hospital, Sixth Corps. My head ached so abominably when I first opened my eyes that I was compelled to close them again. I felt as if I were being smothered. I opened my eyes again, and I saw a white canopy above me, which appeared to sway as though blown gently by the wind. My groping hand, the only one I appeared able to move, told me I was lying upon a camp-cot, with soft sheets about me, and that my head rested upon a pillow. Then I passed once more into unconsciousness, but this time it was longer.

When I awoke more awakened the throbbing pain had largely left my temples, and I saw that the swaying white canopy composed the roof of a large tent, upon which the golden sunlight now lay in checkered masses, telling me the canvas had been erected among trees. A faint smile came to me to mow my head slightly on the gratefully soft pillow, and I could perceive a long row of cots, exactly similar to the one I occupied, each apparently filled, stretching away toward an opening that looked forth into the open air. A man was moving slowly down the narrow aisle toward me, stopping here and there to bend over some cot, and to whisper a few words to the patient lying there. He wore a short white jacket, and was without a cap, his head of heavy red hair a most conspicuous object. As he approached I endeavored to speak, but for the moment my throat refused response to the effort. Then I managed to ask feebly: "Where am I?"

"The blue eyes in the freckled, boyish face danced good-humoredly, and he laid a big red hand gently upon my forehead. "Field hospital, Sixth Corps," he said, with a strong Hibernian accent. "An' how de ye loike it, Johnny?" "Better than most others I've seen," I managed to articulate faintly. "Who won?" "Divil a wan of us knows," he admitted frankly, "but your fellows did the trick."

"It was an old, old story to all of us by that time, and I closed my eyes wearily, content to ask no more. I have no way of knowing how long I rested there motionless although awake, my eyes closed to keep out the painful glare, my sad thoughts busy with memory of those men whom I had seen reel and fall upon that stricken field. I had battled so valiantly to save. Once I wondered, with sudden start of fear, if I had lost a limb, if I was to be crippled for life, the one thing I dreaded above all else. Feeling feebly beneath my bed-clothing I tested, as best I could, each limb. All were apparently intact, although my left arm seemed useless and devoid of feeling, broken no doubt, and I heaved a sigh of genuine relief. Then I became partially aroused to my surroundings by a voice speaking from the cot next mine.

"You lazy Irish mariner!" it cried petulantly, "that beef stew was to have been given me an hour ago." "Sure, sor," was the soothing reply. "It wasn't to be given yer honor till two o'clock." "Well, it's all of three now." "Wan-thirty, on me sowl, sor." That first voice sounded oddly familiar, and I turned my face that way, but was unable to perceive the speaker.

"That Lieutenant Caton?" I asked doubtfully. "Most assuredly it is," quickly. "And who are you?" "Captain Wayne of the Confederate Army." "Oh, Wayne? Glad you spoke, but extremely sorry to have you here. Baddy hurt?" "Not seriously, I think. No limbs missing, anyhow, but exceedingly weak. Where did they get you?" "In the side, a musket ball, but extracted. I would be all right if that May Irish scamp would only give me half enough to eat. By the way, Wayne, of course I never got the straight of it, for there are half-a-dozen stories about the affair flying around, and those most interested will not talk, but one of your special friends, and to my notion, a most charming young woman, will be in here to see me sometime this afternoon. She will be delighted to meet you again, I'm sure."

"One of my friends?" I questioned incredulously, yet instantly thinking of Edith Brennan. "A young woman—"

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket by RANDALL PARRISH Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON

"Sure; at least she has confessed enough to me regarding that night's work to make me strongly suspicious that Captain Wayne, of the Confederate Army, and Colonel Curran, late of Major-General Halleck's staff, are one and the same person. A mighty neat trick, by Jove, and it would have done you good to see Sheridan's frow when they told him. But about the young lady—she claims great friendship with the gallant Colonel of light artillery and her description of his appearance at the ball is assuredly a masterpiece of romantic fiction. Come, Captain, surely you are not the kind of man to forget a pretty face like that? I can assure you, you made a deep impression. There are times when I am almost jealous of you."

"But," I protested, my heart beating rapidly, "I met several that evening, and you have mentioned no name." "Well, to me it chances there is but one worthy of mention," he said earnestly, "and that one is Celia Minor."

"Miss Minor! I wish a strange sense of disappointment. Does she come along with the regiment?" "Most certainly; do you suppose she would expose me in my present weak state to the fascinations of any one else?" "Oh, so the wild lies in that quarter, does it, old fellow? I congratulate you, I'm sure."

My recollection of Miss Minor was certainly a most pleasant one, and I recalled to memory the attractive picture of her glossy black hair, her laughing brown eyes, yet I felt exceedingly small interest in again meeting her. Indeed I was asleep when she finally entered, and it was the sound of Celia's voice that aroused me and made me conscious of the presence of others.

"I shall share these grapes with my cot-mate over yonder," he said laughingly. "By the way, Celia, his voice sounded strangely familiar to me a short time ago. Just glance over there and see if he is any one you know." I heard the soft rattle of skirts, and, without a smile, looked up into her dark eyes. There was a sudden start of pleased surprise.

"Who," she exclaimed eagerly, "it is Colonel Curran! Edith, dear, here is the Rebel who pretended to be Myrtle Curran's brother." How the hot blood leaped within my veins at mention of that name; but before I could lift my head she had swept across the narrow aisle, and was standing beside me. Wife, or what, there was that within her eyes which told me a madurous story. For the instant, in her surprise and agitation, she forgot herself, and lost that marvellous self-restraint which had held us so far apart.

"Captain Wayne!" she cried, and her gleamed hands fell instantly upon my own, where it rested without the coverlet. "You here, and wounded?" I smelt up at her, feeling now that my injuries were indeed trivial. "Somewhat weakened by loss of blood, Mrs. Brennan, but not dangerously hurt." Then I could not forbear asking softly, "Is it possible you can feel regret over injuries inflicted upon a Rebel?" Her cheeks flamed, and the audacious words served to recall her to our surroundings.

"I know it was your regiment—the name was upon every lip, and even our own men unite in declaring it a magnificent sacrifice, a most gallant deed. You must know I thought instantly of you when I was told it was the act of the—th Virginia." There were tears in my eyes, I know, as I listened to her, and my heart warmed at this frank confession of her remembrance. "I am glad you cared sufficiently for me," I said gravely, "to hold me in your thought at such a time. Our command merely performed a duty given it, and a course I could not give it. You are yet at General Sheridan's headquarters?" "Only temporarily, and simply because there has been no opportunity to get away, the movements of the army have been so hurried and uncertain. Since the battle Miss Minor has desired to remain until assured of Lieutenant Caton's permanent recovery. He was most severely wounded, and I cannot possibly well leave her here alone. Indeed I am her guest, as we depart tomorrow for her home, to remain indefinitely."

"But Miss Minor is, I understand, a native of this State?" "Her home is in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, along the valley of the Cowskin—a most delightful old Southern mansion. I passed the summer there when a mere girl, previous to the war."

I have been fearful lest it had cost me what I value more highly than you can ever know." These words were unimportant, and instantly brought back to her a memory which seemed a barrier between us. I read the change in her averted face.

"That can never be, Captain Wayne," she returned calmly, yet rising even as she spoke. "You have come into my life under circumstances so peculiar as to make me always your friend, Celia," and she turned toward the others, "Is it not time we were going? I am very sure the doctor said you were to remain with Lieutenant Caton but a brief time."

"Why, Edith," retorted the other, "I have been ready for half an hour—invent I, Arthur—but you were so deeply engrossed with your Robert I hadn't the heart to interrupt." I could see the quick color as it mounted over Mrs. Brennan's throat. "Nonsense," she answered; "we have not been here that length of time."

"Did the Major emerge from out the late entanglement unhurt?" It was Caton's voice that spoke. "March to his regret, I believe, he was not even under fire." The tone was cool and collected, again. "I will say good-bye, Lieutenant; doubtless we shall see you at Mountain View so soon as you are able to take the journey. And, Captain Wayne, I trust I shall soon learn of your complete recovery."

"My eyes followed them down the long" aisle. At the entrance she glanced back, and I lifted my hand, whether she marked the gesture I do not know, for the next instant

both ladies had disappeared without. The night drew slowly down, and as it darkened, only one miserable lamp shed its dim rays throughout the great tent; nurses moved noiselessly from cot to cot, and I learned some of the nature of my own injuries from the gruff old surgeon who dressed the wound in my chest and refastened the splints along my arm.

It must have been midnight, possibly even later, when a number of rapid shots fired outside the tent aroused me, and I heard many voices shouting, mingled with the tread of horses' feet. The night-watch had already disappeared, and the started in a state of intense confusion. As I lifted myself slightly, dazed by the sudden uproar and eager to learn its cause, the tent-flap, which had been lowered to exclude the cold night air, was hastily jerked aside, and a man stepped within, casting one rapid glance about that dim interior. The flashing lamp overhead revealed to me a short, heavy-set figure, clad in a gray uniform.

"No one here need feel alarm," he said quietly. "We are not making war upon the wounded. Are there any Confederates present able to travel?" A dozen eager voices answered him, and men began to crawl out of their cots onto the floor.

"We can be burdened with no helpless or badly wounded men," he said sternly. "Only those able to ride. No, my man, you are in too bad shape to travel. Very sorry, my boy, but it can't be done. Only your left arm, you say? Very well, move out in front there. No, lad, it would be the death of you, for we must ride fast and hard."

side my cot, his eyes filled with anxious interest. "Ph! Wayne, of Charlottesville? You here? Not badly hurt, my boy?" "Shot and bruised, Colonel, but I'd stand a good deal to get out of this."

"And, by the Eternal, you shall; that is, if you can travel in a wagon. Here, Sims, Thomas; two of you carry this officer out. Take bed clothes and all—easy now."

The fellows picked me up tenderly, and bore me slowly down the central aisle. Mosby walked beside us as far as the outer opening. "Put him down there by the fire," he ordered, "until I look over the rest of these chaps and divide the wheat from the chaff."

CHAPTER XXIV. A Night Ride of the Wounded. It was a wild, rude scene without, yet in its way typical of a little-understood chapter of Civil War. More over it was one with which I was not entirely unacquainted. Years of cavalry and bore me slowly down the central patrol lines of the two great armies, had frequently brought me into contact with those various independent irregular forces which, co-operating with us, often rendered most efficient service by preying on the scattered Federal camps and piercing their lines of communication. Seldom risking an engagement in the open, their policy was rather to dash down upon some outpost or poorly guarded wagon train, and retreat with a rapidity rendering pursuit hopeless. It was partisan warfare, and appealed to many ill-adapted to abide the stricter discipline of regular service.

These border rangers would rendezvous under some chosen leader, strike an unexpected blow where weakness had been discovered, then disappear as quickly as they came, oftentimes scattering widely until the call went forth for some fresh assault. It was service not dissimilar to that performed during the Revolutionary struggle by Sumter and Marion in the Carolinas, and added in the aggregate many a day to the contest of the Confederacy.

Among these wild, roving riders between the lines no leader was more favorably known of our army, nor more dreaded by the enemy, than Mosby. Daring to the point of recklessness, yet wary as a fox, counting opposing numbers nothing when weighed against the advantage of surprise, tireless in saddle, audacious in

guilt; "That's the plumbest said," Cleveland leader. Amusing Typographical Errors. A double-barreled typographical error related in Henry S. Harrison's novel, "Queed." A southern paper referred to a spirited old major as "that immortal veterinary" and when it sought the next day to retrieve itself, at the major's insistent demand, the hateful words came out "immortal veteran." An equally amusing error was made on the occasion of a charity ball held in Buffalo. The society editor in describing the gowns of the women guests characterized one as having "iridescent trimmings." To her horror and surprise when she saw the article in print the dress was adorned with "indecent trimmings."

A Peace Program. "What we want is peace and harmony and politeness in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "And there is only one way to get it." "What is that?" "Find some way to convince the fellow who gets the worst of it that he might as well take his medicine and stop kicking."

"I'm having a heluvatime," was the unexpected reply. And then, noticing the astonishment on her father's face, she hid her head in his arm and added, with a blush of



resource, quick to plan and equally quick to execute, he was always where less expected, and it was seldom he failed to win reward for those who rode at his back. Possessing regular rank in the Confederate Army, making report of his operations to the commander-in-chief, his peculiar talent as a partisan leader had won him what was practically an independent command. Knowing him as I did, I was not surprised that he should now have swept suddenly out of the black night upon the very verge of the battle to drive his irritating sting into the hard-earned Federal victory.

An empty army wagon, the "U. S. A." yet conspicuous upon its canvas cover, had been captured and fired in front of the hospital tent to give light to the raiders. Grouped about beneath the trees, and within the glow of the flames, was a picturesque squad of horsemen, hardy, tough-looking fellows the most of them, their clothing an odd mixture of uniforms, but every man heavily armed and admirably equipped for service. Some remained mounted, lounging carelessly in their saddles, but far the larger number were on foot, their bridle-reins wound about their wrists. All alike appeared alert and ready for any emergency. How many composed the party I was unable to judge with accuracy, as they constantly came and went from the shadows beyond the circumference of the fire. As all sounds of firing had ceased, I concluded that the work planned had been already accomplished. Undoubtedly, surprised as they were, the small Federal force left to guard this point had been quickly overwhelmed and scattered.

The excitement attendant upon my release had left me for the time being utterly forgetful as to the pain of my wounds, so that weakness alone held me off. "The plumbest said," I had said, yet I had scarcely begun to feel its discomfort, when a man strode forward from out of the nearer group and stood looking down upon me. He was a young fellow, wearing a gray artillery jacket, with high cavalry boots coming above the knees. I noticed his firmly set jaw, and a pearl-handled revolver stuck carelessly in his belt, but observed no symbol of rank about him.

"Is this Captain Wayne?" he asked, not unpleasantly. I answered by an inclination of the head, and he turned at once toward the others. "Cass, bring three men over here, and carry this officer to the same wagon you did the others," he commanded briefly. "Fix him comfortably, but be in a hurry about it."

They lifted me in the blankets, one holding it tightly at either corner, and bore me tenderly into the night. Once one of them tripped over a projecting root, and the sudden jar of his stumble shot a spasm of pain through me, which caused me to cry out even, through my clinched teeth.

"Pardon me, lads," I panted, ashamed of the weakness. "But I slipped out before I could help it." "Don't be after a mention!" as it, yer honor," returned a rich brogue. "Sure an me feet got so mixed up that I wonder I didn't drop ye entirely!" "If ye had, Clency," said the man named Cass, grimly, "I reckon as how the Colonel would have drapped you."

At the foot of a narrow ravine, leading forth into the broader valley, we came to a covered army wagon, to which four mules had been already attached. The canvas was drawn aside, and I was lifted up and carefully deposited in the hay that thickly covered the bottom. It was so intensely dark within I could see nothing of my immediate surroundings, but a low moan told me there must be at least one other wounded man present. Outside I heard the tread of horses' boots, and the sound of Mosby's voice.

"Take," he said, "drive rapidly, but with as much care as possible. Take the lower road after you cross the bridge, and you will meet with no patrols. We will ride beside you for a couple of miles." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Reason. Mrs. Nagg—Who was it that said, "I thank God I am not as other men?" Mr. Nagg—Some bachelor.—Lippincott's.



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AS TO REALIS. Reggy—How is this in the second chapter of my great story? "The beautiful girl dropped her eyes?" Reggy—How pathetic! Were they glass eyes?

Medical Genius. An old doctor, seeing a young one who was going along the street with half a dozen shabby-looking men and women, called him aside and asked: "Who are all those people, and where are you going with them?" "I will tell you in confidence," was the reply, "that I've hired them to come and sit in my reception room. I expect a rich patient this morning, and I want to make an impression on him."—Judge's Library.

Shocked. He—Well, my dear, what did the landscape gardener I sent out from town say about making the artificial lake where we wanted it? She—He was most profane about it. He told me the site we wanted wasn't worth a damn.

Quiet, As a Rule. "What sort of town is Squidgewille?" "The sort of town where a funeral is a social event."

Why Rent a Farm. The more a man expects the more he will be surprised if he gets it. 160 ACRES WESTERN CANADA FREE. Become Rich by cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the Province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to house-keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, my sides ached, I had bladder trouble, and I could not get out of bed. I had headache, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Ever Pills, and now I have my health. If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would not be here."

"Mrs. BERTIE H. STANLEY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio. If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, headache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence."

The Wretchedness of Constipation. Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. "Not seriously, I think. No limbs missing, anyhow, but exceedingly weak. Where did they get you?" "In the side, a musket ball, but extracted. I would be all right if that May Irish scamp would only give me half enough to eat. By the way, Wayne, of course I never got the straight of it, for there are half-a-dozen stories about the affair flying around, and those most interested will not talk, but one of your special friends, and to my notion, a most charming young woman, will be in here to see me sometime this afternoon. She will be delighted to meet you again, I'm sure."

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