

OUR FALLEN HEROES.



the Expidan; here only echo notes of glee. Where gleamed a mighty army's vani

Fair Chattanooga's wooded slope With summer airs is lightly stirred, And many a heart is warm with hope Where ones the deep mouthed gun was heard.

The blue Potemac stainless rolls, And Mission Ridge is genimed with ferm; On many a height sleep gullant sonia, and still the blooming years return.

Thank God | unseen to outward eye, But fait in every freezian's broas From graves where fallen comrades Ascenda at Natare's wise beneat,

With springing grass and blosuous new, A prayer to bless the nation's life, to freedom's flower give brighter has, And hide the awful sums of strife.



O, Boys in Blue, we turn to you,

The scurred and mangled who survive; o more we meet in grand review, But all the arts of freedom thrive.

Still glows the jewel in its shrine, Won where the James now tranguil rolls; Its wealth for all, the glory thine, O, memory of heroic souls!

—George Bancroft Griffith.

COMRADE NY'S STORY.

BY CAPT. GEORGE L. KILMER.

[Copyright, 1830, by American Press Association.] A HE post was assem-Scamp fire of 1890,

mander. Comrade Wallace Ny, was doing the honors of presiding officer with much more than he would have charge. The boys

erackling "hard tack" and apped with gusto the hot and creamy bean sorp, and had spond when called upon, and add to the enjoyment of the hour by speech, or song, or a

tale of army life. There was an awkward gap in the pregramme, for the last piece had been rather tedious and no one volunteered to follow it themselves or to call out another. At Instsome very small, faint voice, probably that of a timid son of a veteran hidden back in the corner, Imped out the words "Communder this kles and stamped and cisoped and exed still redder than before, but he arcse cravely, forced down a lump or two in the throat and stammered out something that

"I don't know what it will be, boys," he said, "for I have done a good deal of speech making since you promoted me to the office of commander. These is nothing new to talk about. I cannot sing any more than a from what I can do with a story."

The camp relapsed into quiet under these words. Commander Ny looked over the audience and gradually gained self control, His eye finally rested for an instant upon two of the guests of the evening, who sat in places of honor on his right. One was a veteran in G. A. R. uniform and the other a lady under his escort, and who from appearance had no very distant interest in the presiding officer the evening. After regarding the



"I WILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH A STORY." at ahead of the troops on special service to rvice, and, of course, had to rejoin my regiment. As there were not enough docks at Fort Monroe to accommodate the entire army some of the troops went to Yorktown and some to Newport News, a landing place of

miles, air line. My regiment had your there and I learned this about 4 o'clock in the afterpoon. I learned also that the road between these points was twelve miles long, as it curved inland to avoid the awampy shores,

and, moreover, was dreary and unsafe. There were no troops stationed there and it was exposed to maranding parties of the enemy. However, there was an inside route -a foot road that equid be followed at low

inlets that rose at high tide and everflowed I learned that me desperate Sixth had been erdered to embark/plat/filest, and I was annious to join my replanent before at sailed or I might be separated from it for weeks Beside I needed food, for, being absent from my proper mass. Postlyrot.get rations, and

the fort is used for some distance by travel ers on the footroute, and then the path turns left into the fields and soon enters a region of marsh, with occasional elevated lands under cultivation. The lowing da are thickly woodsi. After walking breakly for some time I began to see the ioneliness of the trip and the risk involved; but I consoled myself it would be an adventure worth talking about should anything unusual happen. Just now, on looking back, I notibed a soldler coming along the road after me at a rapid pace, and thinking it might be a messager cent for me I slackened my steps, althoughkeeping a steady tramp towards my desination. When he came near enough he called out: "Hello, going to Newport News?"

"I am going to my regiment," I said, some

what gruilly. "Well, if it is in the Sixth corps, it is at the News, for they are all there, going aboard. I left there today looking for my regiment at the fort, but it is not at the fort, so I am go-

ing to the News again."
The stranger had been walking faster than I, but now he, too, slackened pace and seemed to want my company. Somehow, I don't know why, I didn't want his. Perhaps I had been charmed with the idea of an adventurous trip sions, or else I thought he had the advantuge in having been over the route and would assume a superiority over me. Of course I was but a boy then, and had a boy's notions about dignity and all that. So I said sneeringly, answering his remark: "What corps is yours?"

orFifth. "Yes," said I, "you fellows didn't stand at

Gaines' Mill,"
Of course they stood at Gaines' Mill, and fought all day like heroes, but that is the way we always talked down other commands then. He gave me a questioning look, but did not dispute what I said, and I continued:

"What regiments"
"The —th Michigan," he said, naming a very low number of one figure.
"The -th!" I cohood. "Why, your state

doesn't turn out at all for the war. My state has sent out over a bundred and fifty regiments and is recruiting all the time."

This was all nonsense, you see. His state filled its quote, and mine didn't do more than way, I reckon."

that. But that is the way we used to run down the men from other states then. We walked on in silence, both increasing our pace. When we came to the spot where the path leads away from the road toward the swamp he pointed it out and said:

"This will save an hour's walk and mayba save our necks, for I am told the guerrillas ometimes ride on the main road at night."

Fig turned aside, climbed the feace and sat on the top rail looking wonderingly at me, for I kent right on and made no answer, not notion of mine that I wouldn't travel in company with this fellow. To justify my conduct I said to myself: "How do I know but he is a guerrilla in disguise, or a spy! He knows all about my corps at Newport News, and maybe he has been to the fort on an errand of spying out other movements of our

So I kept on in the road and as soon as he was gone from view I took a faster pace for march and set out for the coast, knowing that I must strike the path and get ahead of my



"BUT YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE."

To make a long story short I did not gain anything by my haste, because I got confused o the march and had to more than double y steps in order to keep on in the direction Newport News and the path at the same ne. After a while I found myself on a sort peninsula, a few acres of high land with de water beds on each side, a marsh at one id rapidly filling with water, and the deep water of the bay on the other. After wanering about a long time I discovered the nath, but the crossings of the inlets on each were govered with water many feet deep. Now I concluded to retrace my steps, go ack over the head of the little penin cres the marsh and regain the main road his seemed the only way out of the diffi-

solty. But when I reached the marsh it was be full of miry pits and wholly unsafe to ress. There was no escape. The tides had it me off. I was on an island and began the Hobinson Cruson, to explore and see what it produced. The land was pader cultivation for there was a rich stubble, but I found nothing except a few peaches to reward my search. It was then dusk and I grew chilly. I set out ace more to explore for something to start a fire. I had no matches, but my pouch of caps ni cartridges would furnish light if I could

find dry material. This found, I decided to eamp down and wait for daylight and the turn of the tide. I and the dead limbs of trees. An bour of ex-periment with these convenced me that the ask was hopeless. I gave that up and sank lown exhausted on a cushion of dead potate vines. Now new troubles seized upon my helpleseness thick and fast. I felt very ill. A cloud of mosquitoes came down upon me, and, much as I longed to He quietly, impelled by fasigue and the sickening heat that raged within me, I was forced to move around to

I sought refuge everywhere; in the even , along the water's edge, even wading in a few feet, then under a screen of thick grasses, and next in the very top of a tree, where I stood up clear of the branches. where was I safe. My hands were tired out with swinging wisps of grass, and as my fatigue and my pain weakened my body, my mind began to yield. I fell into startling fancies. It seemed that the waters were risng around my little island, and I would soon

be engulfed, the prey of the reptiles that swarm in its dark depths. The last thing that I remember was climbing into a tall tree to except the flood which my fevered funcy told me was fast welling up around me at all points. This coded all recollections of the island, the tillewater, and the path, and the fourney towards Newport News. I awoke to sness lying on the soft bed of a little arm cottage away off on the hillside. It was a pleasant summer afternoon. The window was open, and after I had yawned, and stretched, and turned, and started up, and fallen back with languer and faintness, I be-

gan to realize something of myself. What I was doing there was a mystery for time. I might as well have dropped fro until my eyes rested away off in the distance low fields. There for a spell I gazed, then arousing by a hard effort I sat upright in bed

and for the first time spoke out loud, saying:
"I came from there—from there." The exhaustion came on again and I sank corned.

down, not, however, without hearing what sounded like a faint response to my words. A soft, pleasing voice echoed, "Yes, from there." I know that I lay for several days



"I WILL COME BACK AGAIN."

through the doorway:

"Allie!" she said, "you may come now." A young woman-yes, a mere girl-entered and instantly I thought of that sweet voice beard in my delirium,

After a pause the latter said: "Now, daughter, I think you may talk

about his affairs." My eyes were again fixed on the shore lands

stopped as that.
"Yes," said the young one, "from there; but you were brought; you—you couldn't walk yourself." This was said with a naive expression of uriosity and pathetic interest.

"Another soldier. He had you bound on a board, and one end dragged on the ground and he carried the other.

"Why, in our house, on Hampton pike," After watching the effect of this explanation for a moment she added: "You lost your

my adventures of the trip toward Newport "I lost my way-the path was not there.

stinging bees!" "Yes, you had fallen from a tree. He picked you up and got you here as soon as light. You—you might have died," she add-ed, tenderly, looking down and blushing.

The mother now came forward with some nourishment, and I lay and fed myself lanmaritan watching me, and ready answers waiting for every question.

Before I turned to sleep that night I knew

me a long time with a pair of wistful eyes.
"We never see anybody now, not since the war, and it is right good to have you to talk

came to be here with us!' said the mother. "About the way he was carried here! Yes,

"No; I mean why the other soldier left him to us. You see," she said, rising and walking toward the porch, "the other soldier antal to know how we stead on the war and I said: 'We are Virginians sure enough. Then you go Seceshi' he said. 'Wasu't Virginia Union once!' I said. 'Ya-a-s,' he answered, right doubtfully. 'And won't she be Union again?' I continued. He thought Then be left you." anyway.

The farmer rose up and paced back and forth in the yard, looking, with careless motions but with an anxious face, in all direc-"They are Unionists at heart," I said, "and that means social outlawry."

Besides it placed the whole household under

a sort of espionage, for the house was on the border between Union military ground and the broad, debatable soil of Virginia. Changing the subject, for I saw the farmer's uneas

returned with a little slip that read, A. Allard, -th Michigau. "He said I was to give this to any of you-all that came this way." It was my turn to be mortifled and re-

y unpleasant retrospect condemning my own stupid and brutul treatment of a fellow soldier that I did not notice the alarm and unexsiness of my benefactors, who had left the laws and were standing, guard like, at the open door watching a party approaching the house by the farm lane. The new comers were Union cavairymen, having under escort

o foot travelers, not in uniform. Not a word was said until the horsemen reined up in the yard and the leader dismetated and stepped toward the porch

"How-dye, captain?" the farmer said famile larly, and the other, who was really a second lieutenant, responded in the same tone. He looked over the party, the women needing a recognition, and then looking straight at me, be said:

Whom have you here, Mr. -- I" calling the farmer by name. He eyed me keenly from head to foot, and the whole proceeding was so sudden that I was off my guard. The searching glance of the officer made mequickly conscious of something I had not given a thought heretefore, but which now was all important. I was dressed in a butternut suit exactly like the foot people with the cavalry, and who I now saw were prisoners. farmer broke the painful silence and said calmiy:

"Captain, I reckon he is one of you-all." The Reutenant came nearer, pulled open r jacket laps, saw the cotton shirt beneath

"I am sick," I said. "My regiment is" membered. It was far away in battle, "What regiment—what corpe!" he snapped out, tapping with his sword, with a mean look at his followers.

a planet to my present status for all that I ments?" he demanded in the same skeptical I reddened so that I felt bot through and ore lands, thick swampy forests and | turned helplessly to Allie, whose anxious face

I did not know how to answer, for in my mind the subject was a blank. My situation as a convalescent was too egreeable to leave room for care about the future, and had I thought of my army belongings at all it would have been to conclude that they were stowed safe in some closet to be ready on call. The farmer stepped into the cottage deor nodding to the officer to follow, and, supposing that my conclusion was to be proved cor-rect, I started to follow them and change the color of my clothes, for I knew that I was in the hands of the patrol from the fort and my holiday from soldiering was over. Allie kept her great tender eyes rivoted on me, wonder and anxiety revealing something deeper, and telling me that I was all in all to her. Clasping both her hands in mine I looked her frank-ly in the face and said: "You are a true Vir-

iy in the face and said: "You are a brue Vir-ginian, and when Virginia is once more Union I will come again." With my eyes and a pressure of the hands I premised still more, kissed her burning cheek and hastened after the officer and his guide. Everything I owned had been buried deep in the ground; the farmer had done it to In the ground; the farmer had done it to avoid the prying suspicion of unscrupulous Seessh neighbors. When he dragged them out the lieutenant eyed each piece to see that they were parts of one whole, and when I stood up fully clad and equipped he said, dryly, "All right! my boy; but this will have to be better explained some day."

. I went rapidly to my regiment, all the way under provest escort. The two butternut prisoners were convicted of desertion from the Union army and sent to breaking stone for the rest of their terms of service. Our colonel received me with the welcome news that he had in his camp chest a commission for me as a reward for bravery in front of Richmond, but before I could qualify as an officer the charge of desertion made by the provost marshal's office must be cleared up. How account for the time between my departure from the fort and arrest by the provost? The patrol lieutenant kindly forwarded the farmer's statement with his indorsement that the Virginian was a worthy man, to be friendly to all kinds, even to renegades and guerillas.

My colonel sent to the -th Michigan to cure Allard's testimony about my losing the path and the consequences of that mishap; but the answer came back that he had been "discharged the service of the United States;

present whereabouts unknown." I lingered in the guard house for weeks.

My case was published in the army and I was on the point of yielding to the regular course of justice, which to me would mean eternal disgrace, when a stranger in civilian clothes was admitted to my quarters. In a few moments identity was established to answer the points of law, and I walked out an

tonest man with a commission in my band.

The civilian witness had heard of my case by accident way out in the northwest woods, had traversed a long wilderness route on foot and incurred great expense to save my soldier reputation and honor after so nobly saving my life in the swamps. He was the traveler whom I had avoided on Hampton pike, The tide had cut him off in the little orchard peninsula that summer night, and in his wanderings he had found me where I had fallen me to the haven where I was finally nursed back to life.

The commander paused, somewhat agitated ceived with an intense interest that reacted on the speaker and made him all but eloturned to the strange couple on the right and at this time by the presence with us of Comrade Allard, of Michigan, and the true daughter of Virginia, who, I am certain, is again in the Union, for she is the mother of my two loyal sons of veterans, and for nearly twentyfive years my wife."

A Story of Sherman.



Gan. Sherman seemed to understand that a "hungry soldier has no morale or morals," for when he caught a lad in blue in his wagon cured ham he asked him kindly and without how of anger: "Have you no meat?" "None," said the soldier: "the regiment is one day behind on rations, and the commissary doesn't want to make extra issues." Take the ham, then," said Sherman, as he resumed his cigar, "and whenever you need any more come to me and ask for them."-

The Promise to Build Him a Magnificent Monument in New York Is Unfulfilled. That there is more haste in the promise to erect a great man's monument than in the performance is a familiar fact, and the conluct of Americans in this respect is a persnnial fountain of jokes to the newspaper man, "The Grant monument" is at once the latest and most striking case. New York started out with a fervent promise that the structure should be "unparalleled"-"worthy of the man in every respect." An association was formed and in due time the announcement was made that the original scheme was modified—a monument costing only \$500,000 would be crected. And at the date of the latest report not quite haif that amount had been raised!



Meanwhile the mortal remains of the great commander lie on the western border of Riverside park, on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, and over them is a structure which the sarcastic describe as an unstable com promise between an ice house and a beer that. No one pretends that it is imposing, or tasteful, or in the slightest degree suggestive.

their dead. But it is easily reached, and in all America the site could not be excelled. Going through Central park to the northwest corner the visitor lawner upon a lovely strip of high and telerably level land, with just enough of the native timber to make it attractive. Westward the outlook is free over the broad Hudson to the heights beyond; the placid surface of the river is ever dotted with craft of all kinds, and in fair weather the numerous white winged yackts give a delightful variety to the scene. Whether Washington or West Point, or one of the western cities which claimed a right to the nor, would have been more appropriate has been sufficiently debated; but it is cer tain that in no other place would the proposed monument be more conspicuous or accessible to a larger number. New York is still the American metropolis and the Hud-son remains the most thronged of water high-

There is perhaps a certain fitness in the extreme simplicity of the present tomb. The stones are cut in the plainest manner, the arch is the simplest that mesons can con-struct, the little fron cross with contral circle is phenomenally plats, and the keystons from which it rises is simplicity itself. But the Grant Monomont assecution assure the public that they are taking abundant time only to raise money because they feit sure of get-ting all they want as soon as the design and minaries are settled, and that in due preliminaries are settled, and that in due time they will have a monument of which all the country will be proud. As it took three quarters of a century to get the Washington monument the public should perhaps grow impatient over the apparent delay in

They thought of the debt they owed to the past, they approached the claims that posterity had upon them, and they resolved to terity had upon them, and they resolved to meet the demands of the present. As citisens of the republic, they had come futo a royal inheritance. The proud memories and the gathered trophies of centuries of struggle and triumph were their birthright. For them others had wrought, suffered and died; STANDARD, them Hampden had fallen on the field, and Cromwell had fought at Marston Moor; for them William had filled the throne of the Stuarts, and Burke had thundered in the written the Deciaration and Washington had achieved our Independence. Among all the sons of men never did a people come to so rich a heritage. Others had for a brief hour found springs in the desert; others in their pilgrimage had set up the tabernacle in the wilderness, but only here in this land of promise had the enduring Temple of Liberty been erected; here only had the sacred ark found

a resting place. Comrades of the Grand Army-It pleased heaven to spare your lives through the war, and today you see your country crowned with these years of peace. Some of you carry silent though eloquent testimonials your devotion to duty. You brought them from your country's battle fields, and they shall be yours until you "dream of battle fields no more," While the past must always have a peculiar interest for you, the duties of the present claim your first attention. It has been with you a labor of love to care for the orphan and widow of your deceased comrades. In this, as in all works of patriotism and charity, you have grand re-enforcements in this corps of noble wemen who are with us

to lend grace and charm to this occasion. In the darkest hours of war their faith, courage and constancy never faltered. They were the aids and auxiliaries that no gold could buy; they were ever present as the faithful ministers of him who has assured us that he who keepeth Israel shall neither

slumber nor sleep.
Comrades, be of good cheer. The past is secure. The high duties of citizenship in this great republic demand your constant and unselfish service. The God who protected you in camp and field and gave you the victory, still calls on you to go forward in your high vocation.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before hi Of be swift, my soul, to answer him, be jubilant,

my feet. Our God is marching on. -From address of S. R. Hornbrook, at Evansville, Ind.

There is a freemasonry among the veterans which is at once charming and practical. The eastern man is at home in the west, and vice versa, in a sense that was not the case some thirty years ago. It is not the free masonry of the lodge or chapter room; it did not come of a caremonial initiation. Its tie is in the snemery of dangers and labors endured in a common cause. The veteran heart feels the same throbs in all sections: the old soldier is at home whenever he meets

SOME STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Many crators and writers have set forth many points in which the war for the Union differed from all others, and yet it is not too late to point out wherein its consequences and the years following it have differed from everything known in previous history. the close of the war nearly all foreign critics predicted, and many Americans feared, certain evil results, such as had followed all previous civil wars. It was predicted that the banding of a million men would leave a fearful element of vagrancy affeat; that the vanquished would renew the conflict at the first fair opportunity; that the government credit would sink; that liberty would be destroyed by military methods, and dire evils of many kinds follow in the line of local strife

and guerilla war. How little did these prophets of evil under-How little did these prophets of evil understand the American mature. To say that the Laure to confer I didn't care for the society exact opposite happened in each case is too of handsome women!-Punch. mild a statement. Every evil that has come differed from the one predicted, and of all elements in the population the most conservative is that from which innovation and per haps revolution was feared. Evils enough have come, but not from the veterans north er south, not from the public debt, not from a revival of old issues and most certainly not from any curtailment of the citizen's per On the contrary, the dishanded soldiers

rushed into the ranks of injustry with a seal that seemed almost like greed; and it is matter of laughter that, histead of complaint for their laxity, there is occasional criticism for their push. The government credit rose rapidly to be the best in the world, and the surplus national wigor overflowed in public enterprises that astomshed the world. paroled Confederates went to their plantstions, offices and shops with a sort of fiery energy they had never shown before, and through all the southern states the eye of the patriot is observed at sight of Federal and Confederate in business partnerships and gener-GUS TIVELTY.

Why this reversal of all previous experi-ence? The answer is in one word - Principle. It was a war for principles. North and south, men went late it to fight for their beneat faith; the point settled, they carried their principles into civil life again. It was no ercenary army. A few mercenaries, o sourse, there were, but most of them imbiomething of the spirit of the mass. Honor to the soldlers who fought for principle; all besor to the veterans uno remain their honered principles in peace.

J. H. BRADLE.

The Lesson of Memorial Day. On this Memorial day, with happy children bearing flowers for the dead heroes, with the generation succeeding the war stready in so tive manhood and womanhood, and the sur viving veterans already a small minerity of the mem of the country, we respon the book of remembrance, and before the eye of the It is samply a low, broad arched want, far aged arises a field peopled with forms of inferior to anyone of many hundreds erected wondreds interest. The men of 18011 When by wealthy private families in normally of and must were ther? It cannot be too often

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cessity to national life and honor. And this is the great lesson which Memo fal days must teach the young. "Most fondly do we hope, most fervently do we pray," is war may never come to this rising generation; te trial. Let the young men of the nev day that is to try men's souls look upon these monuments and drink in answ the spirit of



The celonel of an Alahama regiment was famous for having everything done up in military style. Once, while field officer of the day, and going his tour of inspection, he came on a sentinel of the Eleventh Mississipp regiment sitting flat down at his post, with his gun taken entirely to pieces, when the fol

Colonel-Well. I'm a sort of officer of the Sentinel-Well, if you'll hold on till I sort

What Our Artist Rus to Put Up Withand How He Retathance. She-Oh, he may be a genius. But I con

Self Important Stranger to hotel clerky-Do you, aw, know who I am! I am Lord

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and long strove to secure it, but did not weakly shrink from war when it became a

the language of Lincoln, that the scourge of but, if it does come, let them think upon the firmness of their fathers and sbrink not from patriotism, of firm resolve for the right and



Colonel-Don't you know that a sentine while on duty should always keep on his feet? Sentine! (without looking up)—That's the ray we used to do when the war first begun; but that's played out long ago. on datys - Are you the sentinel here!

of git my gun together I'll give you a sort of salute. - Selected.

labdub, sir. Clerk—Indeed: Well, I'll warn the guests. nd den't you try to steal anything - Lab rence American.

Pape-Iss's the old one good encapt ! 'Yes, but the tenther says I'll have to to ever a new leaf to-worren or instead to

I took Sick.

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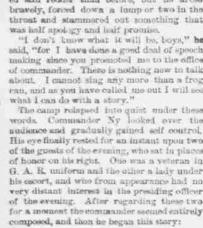
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I am reminded to-night of an episede of the Peninsula campaign. When the Army of the Potomac was on the march down the Peninis to take shipping and come away from Richmond back to northern Virginia I was Rampion Roads, below the fort about with

was already fainting with honger.

I set out from Fort Manroe with about three hours of daylight and eight miles of unknown road speak. The wagon-road from



more in a semi-conscious state, tossing with fever pains, and then reason and sense came back. This time a middle aged woman sat between me and the window, Seeing me arousing she left her seat and came toward me, at the same time calling to some one

"I am so glad you are better," she said, shyly lingering behind the elder one.

and I repeated word for word the old thought, "I came from there—from there," Memory

Who brought mer I said.

I was lost in thought. This was new to me. "Where am II" I said, looking around the

Slowly I recalled and recounted audibly The water-ohl the water-the fever-the darkness and the terrible swarms of buzzing,

guidly, with the eyes of this fair young sa- in a fever chill, and then alone had dragged

that I was by chance in the care of a humble and breathless, for the recital had been re-Virginia farmer's family, and that kind nurs-ceived with an intense interest that reacted ing had saved my life. In a few days I was on the speaker and made him all but elo-able to go out on the little front porch, and quent. After a short breathing spell he there I passed the long summer afternoons cheered not a little of the time by the com- said, "Comrades, my story is recalled to me pany of Allie, whom, on account of the sameness of our ages, her parents seemed to turn over to my companionship as a matter of

The former and his wife were taking an afternoon breathing spell on the little cottage lawn within hearing. "Daughter, did you tell the soldier how he

over it a spell and then looking at yore pore weak body he said: 'Well, I can trust you

"Who was the soldier that left me here? "Oh, I forgot all about that paper," Allie exclaimed; and, running into the house, soon

served. This was doubtless the comrade whom I had repulsed and almost insulted on the journey that memorable day.
For a long time I was so deeply buried in a

and the store shoes on my feet and shook his bead, moving away without a word.
"Explain this," he said to me, balting at a few paces and resting his sword on end as he I was about to may as Newport News, when I

"Wuere's your uniform and your squip was fixed upon mine in stient appeal. She stammered out something to her father, who was stealtinly regarding the mysterious prisoners of the party and trying to look uncon-

THE TOMB OF GEN. GRANT.