

HOW WEARY WILLIE WOODED.

A Story of a Horse, a Hammock, and a Tow-Headed Girl.

By B. M. BOWER.

"Who are you going to take, Weary?" Cal Emmitt lowered his left eyelid very gently, for the benefit of the others, and drew a match sharply along the wall just over his head.

"Myself," answered Weary, sweetly, though "was a sore subject."

"You're sure going in bum company, then," retorted Cal.

"Whose going to pilot the school-ma'am?" blurted Happy Jack.

"You can search me," said Weary, in a you-makes-me-suddenly-tired tone.

"Ain't she asked you yet?" deered Cal.

"She told me the other day she was going to take advantage of woman's privilege, this year, and choose her company."

"You wasn't headed toward Len Adams, was you?" asked Weary, softly.

"She'll be coming with the party," blurted Happy Jack.

road, and a faint yell came shrilling through the quiet sunshine, they craned their necks till their muscles ached.

"Like a Summer sand storm they came, and behind them clattered their body-guard, the dust concealing horse and rider alike."

"Close beside, a sheeny glimmer of a tossing fringe of white, a leonine, wild, rampant form above—that was Glory and his mare."

There were groans as well as shouting when the whirlwind had swept on down the hill, and the reason thereof was plain.

"Bert Rogers said something savage and set his weight again the bit till Flopper, snorting and disgorged for a horse known when he is beaten—look stopped leaps, stifened his front feet and stopped, turned and walked dejectedly back to the fence, his head hanging shamefacedly."

Glory sailed on down the road, scattering Mrs. Jenison's chickens and jumping clean over a lumbering protesting sow.

"Come on—his going to set up the drinks," shouted some one, and the crowd leaped, as one man, from the impromptu stand and followed.

But Glory did not stop. He whipped around the saloon, whirled by the blacksmith shop, and headed for the mouth of the lane, at the very start of which stood Flopper, snorting and disgorged for a horse known when he is beaten—look stopped leaps, stifened his front feet and stopped, turned and walked dejectedly back to the fence, his head hanging shamefacedly."

"He's broke the bit—it's a runaway!" all dash up the lane, at the very start of which stood Flopper, snorting and disgorged for a horse known when he is beaten—look stopped leaps, stifened his front feet and stopped, turned and walked dejectedly back to the fence, his head hanging shamefacedly."

in Arizona. He laid back his ears, shut his eyes tight and stood still.

There came a grasping grapple from the hammock, and Weary's hand was arrested in midair. The girl's head was burrowed in a pillow and her slippers tapped the floor while she laughed and laughed.

Weary delivered a parting whack and put on his hat, and from his face, he seemed in doubt whether to laugh or swear. He could nearly always see the funny side of things, however, if there was one, so he grinned sheepishly.

"I came and broke into your bunch of quiet and stampered the solid comfort, unished Weary for her, looking at the white shirt-waist and at the coiled hair."

"Oh, gee, but it was too funny!" she gasped, sitting up and wiping her eyes, and behind them clattered their body-guard, the dust concealing horse and rider alike.

"You aren't a train robber, or anything, are you?" she asked with another grapple. "You seemed rather upset at finding the place wasn't deserted—look I'm sure, if you're a robber running away from the sheriff, I'd never dream of standing in your way. Please make yourself at home."

Weary turned his head and looked straight at her.

"You don't appear to remember me, Miss Satterly. Sorry I'm not a train robber, if that was what you were looking for. I'm just Will Davidson, better known as Weary."

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school-ma'am he found that if Glory had not run down town, he would have been just three hundred and sixty-two dollars to the good."

"After that matter was settled, he learned that Miss Satterly had remained at home to enjoy the luxury of a whole day to herself, a day in which she could read, or sleep, or just lie in the hammock and take solid comfort."

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PERSONAL.

Another hero passed on when Comrade Charles E. Brown died at his home in Cincinnati, Monday, May 22, of influenza, the result of wounds received in battle while defending the Union.

He served with Pope in Missouri, was at New Madrid, Island No. 10, siege of Corinth, under Rosecrans at Iuka and Corinth, at Corinth, the 63d Ohio, on the right of Robinet's Battery, was without protecting works of any kind, and repulsed the savage and determined charges of the enemy repeatedly by its intrepidity and valor in resistance.

He was appointed in 1872, S. Pension Agent—by President Grant and served as such at Cincinnati till 1877. In 1884 he was elected to Congress as a Republican from the 11th District, and being re-elected served till 1888.

He was a member of the Ohio State Senate at the time of his death. His wife was Anna E. Hussey, daughter of Dr. Zimri Hussey, of Cincinnati, and graduated from Miami in 1854. He was a classmate and roommate of the late President Benjamin Harrison.

He was a general, high-toned gentleman, mild, gentle and refined in manner, tone and expression; in war a soldier of demonstrated bravery and an officer of abilities respected more than the ordinary soldier.

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MICHIGAN AT ANDERSONVILLE.

eloquent Address of Gov. Elias at the Unveiling of the Monument.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Andersonville Prison Monument Commission, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Their suffering of war, consecrated by the suffering of peace, has given "the last full measure of devotion."

They were not the glory of death on the firing-line; the reaper touched them not as they fell, and the shot of battle fell on them by the dead-line, wasted by disease, far from home and loved ones, they were mercifully mustered out, leaving as a heritage to the Nation the memory of a devotion as limitless as the ether itself.

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

(Continued from first page.)

ington; but the direct line of march by the Shenandoah Valley had been left open to the advance of a hostile force by Gen. Hunter, who, after his defeat at Staunton, had taken up an eccentric line of retreat by way of Western Virginia. The effect of this was completely to uncover the front of the loyal States.

The force detached by Lee for this expedition consisted of a body of 12,000 men under Gen. Early. Following the beaten line of retreat, Early marched rapidly down the Shenandoah valley, arriving before Martinsburg the 3d of July. Sigel, who held post there with a small force, once retreated across the Potomac at Shepherdstown. Gen. Weber, in command at Harper's Ferry, evacuated the town and retired to Maryland Heights. Hunter, who had made a toilsome march through the Allegheny region of Western Virginia, experienced great delays in transporting his troops to Harper's Ferry, owing to the towsness of the river and the breaking of the Sixth Corps bridges. He was therefore not in position to check the advance of the enemy into Maryland, and the Confederates, the way being thus open, passed the Potomac, and marching by way of Hagerstown, the 11th of July, they struck a central point whence they might threaten both Baltimore and Washington.

THE FIGHT AT MONOCACY. The only force at hand with which to dispute Early's advance was a body of a week of the 11th Corps, consisting of the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

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WEARY DELIVERED A PARTING WHACK AND PUT ON HIS HAT; HE SEEMED IN DOUBT WHETHER TO LAUGH OR SWEAR.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fall of attention.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.

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Information that Resulted in the Complete Cure of Alice A. Wetmore from Chronic Heart Disease Sent You by Mail Absolutely Free.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box A 67, Norwich, Conn., wishes to tell every reader of The National Tribune that if she suffer from Heart Disease of any form she will, on receipt of their address, without any charge whatsoever, direct them to the perfect Home Cure she so successfully used.