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RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

An Episode of the American Civil War.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

CHAPTER XII.

The rifle was lowered to a position of caution and his loud friend came slowly forward. He peered into the youth's face. "That you, Flem?"

"Yes, it's me."

"Well, well, Flem, ol' boy," said the loud one, "by ginger, I'm glad t' see yeh. I give yeh up fer a goner. I thought yeh was dead sure enough." There was husky emotion in his voice.

The youth found that now he could barely stand upon his feet. There was a sudden sinking of his forces. He thought he must hasten to produce his tale to protect him from the missiles already at the lips of his redoubtable comrade. So staggering before him he began: "Yes, yes. I've—I've had an awful time. I've been all over. 'Way over on th' right. Ter'ble fightin' over there. I had an awful time. I got separated from th' reg'ment. Over on th' right, I got shot. In th' head. I never see sech fightin'."

The loud private had stepped forward quickly. "What? Got shot? Why didn't yeh say so at first. Poor ol' boy."

Another figure at that moment loomed in the gloom. They could see it was the corporal. "Who yeh talkin' to, Wilson?" he demanded. His voice was anger-toned. "Who yeh talkin' to? You're the derndest sentinel—why—hello, Flem, you here? Why, I thought you was dead four hours ago. Great Jerusalem! they keep turnin' up every ten minutes or so."

"Over on th' right. I got separated"—began the youth with considerable glibness.

But his loud friend interrupted hastily. "Yes, an' he got shot in the head an' he's in a fix an' we must see to him right away." He rested his rifle in the hollow of his left arm and put his right around the youth's shoulder.

"Gee! it must hurt like thunder," he said.

The youth leaned heavily upon his friend. "Yes, it hurts—hurts a good deal," he replied. There was a faltering in his voice.

"Oh!" said the corporal. He linked his arm in the youth's and drew him forward. "Come on, Flem. I'll take keer a' yeh."

As they went on together, the loud private called out after them: "Put 'im to sleep in my blanket, Simpson. An'—hold on a minnit—here's my canteen. It's full of coffee."

The youth's senses were so deadened that his friend's voice sounded from afar and he could scarcely feel the pressure of the corporal's arm. He submitted passively to the latter's directing strength. His head was in the old manner hanging forward upon his breast. His knees wobbled.

The corporal led him into the glare of the fire. "Now, Flem," he said, "let's have look at yer ol' head."

The youth sat, obediently, and the corporal, laying down his rifle, began to fumble in the bushy hair of his comrade. He was obliged to turn the other's head so that the full flush of the firelight would beam upon it. He puckered his mouth with a critical air. He drew back his lips and whistled through his teeth when his fingers came in contact with the splashed blood and the rare wound.

"Ah, here we are," he said. He awkwardly made further investigations. "Jest as I thought," he added, presently. "Yeh've been grazed by a ball."

The corporal went away. The youth remained on the ground like a parcel. He stared with a vacant look into the fire.

After a time, he aroused, for some part, and the things about him began to take form. He saw that the ground in the deep shadows was cluttered with men, sprawling in every conceivable posture. Glancing narrowly in the more distant darkness, he caught occasional glimpses of visages that loomed pallid and ghostly, lit with a phosphorescent glow. These faces expressed in their lines the deep stupor of the tired soldiers. They made them appear like men drunk with wine. This bit of forest might have appeared to an ethereal wanderer as a scene of the result of some frightful debauch.

"YEH'VE BEEN GRAZED BY A BALL."

The fire crackled musically. From it swelled light smoke. Overhead the foliage moved softly. The leaves with their faces turned toward the blaze, were colored shifting hues of silver, often edged with red. Far off to the right, through a window in the forest, could be seen a handful of stars lying, like glittering pebbles, on the black level of the night.

The youth sat in a forlorn heap until his friend, the loud young soldier, came swinging two canteens by their light strings. "Well, now, Fleming, ol' boy," said the latter, "we'll have yeh fixed up in just about a minnit."

He had the bustling ways of an amateur nurse. He fussed around the fire and stirred the sticks to brilliant exertions. He made his patient drink largely from the canteen that contained the coffee. It was to the youth a delicious draught. He tilted his head afar back and held the canteen long to his lips. The cool mixture went caressingly down his blistered throat. Having finished, he sighed with comfortable delight.

The loud young soldier watched his comrade with an air of satisfaction. He later produced an extensive handkerchief from his pocket. He folded it into a manner of bandage and soused water from the other canteen upon the middle of it. This crude arrangement he bound over the youth's head, tying the ends in a queer knot at the back of the neck.

"There," he said, moving off and surveying the deed, "yeh look like the devil, but I bet yeh feel better."

The youth looked at his friend with grateful eyes. Upon his aching and swelling head the cool cloth was like a tender woman's hand.

"Well, come now," continued his friend, "come on. I must put yeh t' bed an' see that yeh get a good night's rest."

The other got carefully erect and the loud young soldier led him among the sleeping forms lying in groups and rows. Presently he stopped and picked up his blankets. He spread the rubber one upon the ground and placed the woolen one about the youth's shoulders.

"There now," he said, "lie down an' git some sleep."

The youth with his manner of doglike obedience got carefully down like a crone stooping. He stretched out with a murmur of relief and comfort. The ground felt like the softest couch.

An exquisite drowsiness spread through him. The warm comfort of the blanket enveloped him and made a gentle languor. His head fell forward on his crooked arm and his weighted lids went down softly over his eyes. Hearing a splatter of musketry from the distance, he wondered indifferently if those men ever slept. He gave a long sigh, snuggled down into his blanket and in a moment was like his comrades.

CHAPTER XIII.

When the youth awoke, it seemed to him that he had been asleep for a thousand years and he felt sure that he opened his eyes upon an unexpected world. Gray mists were slowly shifting before the first efforts of the sunrays. An impending splendor could be seen in the eastern sky. An icy dew had chilled his face and immediately upon arousing he curled further down into his blanket. He stared for awhile at the leaves overhead, moving in a heraldic wind of the day.

The distance was splintering and blaring with the voices of fighting. There was in the sound an expression of a deadly persistency as if it had not begun and was not to cease.

About him were the rows and groups of men that he had dimly seen the previous night. They were getting a last draught of sleep before awakening. The gaunt, careworn faces and dusty figures were made plain by this quaint light at the dawning, but it dressed the skin of the men in corpse-like hues and made the tangled limbs appear pulseless and dead.

He heard the noise of a fire crackling briskly in the cold air, and, turning his head, he saw the loud soldier pottering busily about a small blaze. A few other figures moved in the fog, and he heard the hard cracking of ax blows.

Suddenly there was a hollow rumble of drums. A distant bugle sang faintly. Similar sounds, varying in strength, came from near and far over the forest. The bugles called to each other like brazen gamecocks. The near thunder of the regimental drums rolled.

The body of men in the woods rustled. There was a general uplifting of heads. A murmuring of voices broke upon the air. In it there was much bass of grumbling oaths. Strange gods were addressed in condemnation of the early hours necessary to correct war. An officer's peremptory tenor rang out and quickened the stiffened movement of the men. The tangled limbs unraveled. The corpse-hued faces were hidden behind fists that twisted slowly in the eye-sockets.

The youth sat up and gave vent to an enormous yawn. "Thunder!" he remarked, petulantly. He rubbed his eyes, and then putting up his hand felt carefully of the bandage over his wound. His friend, perceiving him to be awake, came from the fire. "Well, Flem, ol' man, how do yeh feel this mornin'," he demanded.

The youth yawned again. Then he puckered his mouth to a bitter pucker. His head in truth felt precisely like a melon, and there was an unpleasant sensation at his stomach.

"Oh, Lord, I feel pretty bad," he said.

At the fireside, the loud young soldier watched over his comrade's wants with tenderness and care. He was very busy marshaling the little black vagabonds of tin-cups and pouring into them the steaming, iron-colored mixture from a small and sooty tin-pail. He had some fresh meat which he roasted hurriedly upon a stick. He sat down then and contemplated the youth's appetite with glee.

"Th' reg'ment lost over half th' men yesterday," he remarked, eventually. "I thought a course they was all dead, but laws, they keep a-comin' back last night until it seems, after all, we didn't lose but a few. They'd been scattered all over, wanderin' around in the woods, fightin' with other reg'ments an' everything. Jest like you done."

A sputtering of musketry was always to be heard. Later, the cannon had entered the dispute. In the fog-filled air, their voices made a thudding sound.

The youth's regiment was marched to relieve a command that had lain long in some damp trenches. The men took positions behind a curving line of rifle-pits that had been turned up, like a large furrow, along the line of woods. Before them was a level stretch, peopled with short, deformed stumps. From the woods beyond came the dull popping of the skirmishers and pickets, firing in the fog. From the right came the noise of a terrific fracas.

The men cuddled behind the small embankment and sat in easy attitudes awaiting their turn. Many had their backs to the firing.

The youth leaned his breast against the brown dirt and peered over at the woods and up and down the line. Curtains of trees interfered with his ways of vision. He could see the low line of trenches but for a short distance. A few idle flags were perched on the dirt-hills. Behind them were rows of dark bodies with a few heads sticking curiously over the top.

Always the noise of skirmishers came from the woods on the front and left, and the din on the right had grown to frightful proportions. The guns were roaring without an instant's pause for breath. It seemed that the cannon had come from all parts and were engaged in a stupendous wrangle. It became almost impossible to make a sentence heard. Among the men in the rifle pits, rumors again flew like birds. However, they were now, for the most part, croaking creatures who flapped their wings drearily near to the ground and refused to rise on any wings of hope. The men's faces grew doleful from the interpreting of many omens. Tales of hesitation and uncertainty on the part of those high in place, and responsibility, came to their ears. Stories of disaster were borne in to their minds with many proofs. This din of musketry on the right, growing like a released genie of sound, expressed and emphasized the army's plight.

Before the gray mists had been totally obliterated by the sunrays, the regiment was marching in a spread column that was retiring carefully through the woods. The disordered, hurrying lines of the enemy could sometimes be seen down through the groves and little fields. They were yelling, shrill and exultant.

The youth's friend had a geographical illusion concerning a stream, and he obtained permission to go for some water. Immediately canteens were showered upon him. "Fill mine, will yeh?" "Bring me some, too." "And me, too." He departed, ladened. The youth went with his friend. Upon their return they looked over their own troops, and saw mixed masses slowly getting into regular form. The sunlight made twinkling points of the bright steel. To the rear there was a glimpse of a distant roadway as it curved over a slope. It was crowded with retreating infantry. From all the interwoven forest arose the smoke and bluster of the battle. The air was always occupied by a blaring.

Near where they stood, shells were flip-flopping and hooting. Occasional bullets buzzed in the air and spanged into tree-trunks. Wounded men and other stragglers were slinking through the woods.

Looking down an aisle of the grove, the youth and his companion saw a jangling general and his staff almost ride upon a wounded man who was crawling on his hands and knees. The general reined strongly at his charger's opened and foamy mouth and guided it with dexterous horsemanship past the man. The latter scrambled in wild and torturing haste. His strength evidently failed him as he reached a place of safety. One of his arms suddenly weakened, and he fell, sliding over upon his back. He lay stretched out, breathing gently.

A moment later, the small, creaking cavalcade was directly in front of the two soldiers. Another officer, riding with the skillful abandon of a cowboy, galloped his horse to a position directly before the general. The two unnoticed foot soldiers made a little show of going on, but they lingered in the desire to overhear the conversation. Perhaps, they thought, some great inner historical things would be said.

The general, who the boys knew as the commander of the division, looked at the officer and spoke coolly, as if he were criticising his clothes. "The enemy's formin' over there for another charge," he said. "It'll be directed against Winterside, an' I'm afraid they'll break through there unless we work like thunder to stop them."

Then he began to talk rapidly and in a lower tone. He frequently illustrated his words with a pointing finger. The two infantrymen could hear nothing until finally he asked: "What troops can you spare?"

The officer who rode like a cowboy reflected for an instant. "Well," he said, "I had to order in the Twelfth to help th' Seventy-sixth an' I haven't really got any. Troops are scarce with me. But there's the Three Hundred and Fourth. They fight like a lot of mule drivers. I can spare them best of any."

The youth and his friend exchanged glances of astonishment.

The general spoke sharply. "Get 'em ready then. I'll watch developments from here and send you word when to start them. It'll happen in five minutes."

As the other officer tossed his fingers toward his cap and, wheeling his horse, started away, the general called out to him in a sober voice: "I don't believe many of your mule drivers will get back."

The other shouted something in reply. He smiled.

With scared faces, the youth and his companion hurried back to the line.

As they approached, the young lieutenant, who commanded the company, perceived them and swelled with wrath. "Fleming—Wilson—how long does it take yeh t' git water, anyhow—where yeh been—"

But his oration ceased as he saw their eyes which were large with great tales. "We're goin' to charge," cried the youth's friend, hastening with his news.

"Charge?" said the lieutenant. "Charge? Well, b'Gawd." Over his countenance there went a boastful smile. "Charge? Well, b'Gawd."

A little group of soldiers surrounded the two youths. "Are we, sure 'nough? Well, I'll be derned. Charge? What fer? What at? Wilson, you're lyin'."

"CHARGE? CHARGE?"

"I hope to die," said the youth, pitching his tones to the key of angry remonstrance. "Sure as shooting, I tell you." And his friend spoke in reinforcement. "Not by a blame sight, he ain't lyin'. We heard 'em talkin'."

They caught sight of two mounted figures a short distance from them. One was the colonel of the regiment and the other was the officer who had received orders from the commander of the division. They were gesticulating at each other. The youth, pointing at them, interpreted the scene.

The men settled back, then, in reposeful attitudes with airs of having accepted the matter. And they mused upon it, with a hundred varieties of expression. It was an engrossing thing to think about. Many tightened their belts carefully and hitched at their trousers.

A moment later, the officers began to bustle among the men, pushing them into a more compact mass and into a better alignment. They chased those that straggled and fumed at a few men who seemed to show by their attitudes that they had decided to remain at that spot.

Presently the regiment seemed to draw itself up and heave a deep breath. None of the men's faces were mirrors of large thoughts. The soldiers were bended and stooped like springers before a signal. Many pairs of glinting eyes peered from the grimy faces toward the curtains of the deeper woods. They seemed to be engaged in deep calculation of time and distance.

They were surrounded by the noises of the monstrous altercation betwpen the two armies. The world was fully interested in other matters. Apparently, the regiment had its small affair to itself.

The youth, turning, shot a quick, inquiring glance at his friend. It was as if he had been stunned. The latter returned to him the same manner of look. They were the only ones who possessed an inner knowledge. "Mule-drivers—don't believe many will get back." It was an ironical secret. Still, they saw no hesitation in each other's faces and they nodded a mute and unprotesting assent when a shaggy man near them said in a meek voice: "We'll git swallered."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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"Two years ago in the Sandwich islands I met a man from this town."

"The bill is fifty-five cents," said the proprietor as he crooked his finger.

"Yes, I know, and the man casually observed that some day or other I might find myself in this town."

"Please hand over your bill, sir."

"Certainly, and he added that if I ever did and felt hungry and was dead broke to call on you. He couldn't remember your name, but he said you were the man with the big heart."

"I want fifty-five cents, sir!" said the proprietor.

"I know you do, and the man added that while you didn't profess to run an orphan asylum you never refused to chalk it down in the case of an unfortunate. You may put my account on the slate."

"You pay cash or get the boot," said the proprietor as he came out from behind the counter.

"That was another matter he referred to," continued the stranger. "He said that at rare intervals you gave a man the boot, but the kicks were few in number and lightly administered. If, in your judgment—"

"In my judgment I'll kick your heels over your head!" shouted the proprietor, as he seized him and led him to the door.

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"I'll moral effect you, you old dead beat! Take that—and that—and that!"

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For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a.m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 p.m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.
J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

"The D. L. & W."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.06, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.29, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

PICTURESQUE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Nov. 18, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 am., and 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 3.50, 6.07, 8.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via P. & W. V. R. R., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, 8.50 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Del., Lack. and Western.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p.m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 5.15 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

Ithaca, 2.35 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p.m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound.					South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 N Y Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)		202 Local Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave			A M	
....	7 25	....	N Y Franklin St		....	7 40	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd St		....	7 55	....
....	7 03	....	Weehawken		....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	P M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junc.		6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 09	....	Hancock		6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 56	....	Starlight		6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park		6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	....	Como		6 32	2 41	....
7 38	12 25	....	Poyntelle		6 40	2 50	....
7 33	12 18	....	Belmont		6 45	2 58	....
7 22	12 03	....	Pleasant Mt.		6 55	3 06	....
7 19	f1159	....	Uniondale		f6 58	3 09	....
7 08	11 49	A M	Forest City		7 10	3 19	P M
6 51	11 34	9 15	Carbondale		7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f1130	9 12	White Bridge		7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 06	Mayfield		f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn		7 34	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archbald		7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f1115	8 54	Winton		7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville		7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant		7 52	4 04	6 04
6 21	11 05	8 41	Dickson		7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop		7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 33	Providence		8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f1057	8 33	Park Place		8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton		8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive		A M	P M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.
f. sign