

Private McCord Goes Home

By Bourdon Wilson.

"Billy, I'm going to raise a howl if somethin' don't get to happenin' mighty pronto. Oh, Lowdy, this here's just killin' me."

McCord had been in the army three years, during which he had become the crack shot and most dare-devil rider in "A" troop, a troop of dare-devils, when this, his first attack of homesickness, came upon him; which was remarkable, if the fact that he had passed two years and ten months of this time in the saddle, chasing Apaches, or himself being chased, be taken into consideration.

When he and Billy arrived at the post canteen, he recklessly followed his initial glass of beer with one of wine, and to this mixture was not long in adding at least one sample of every variety of liquor in the place, quickly becoming first happy and then hilarious. At last Billy decided that he had had enough; besides, the bugles would be calling them; and taking him by the arm, he tried to get him to go.

But McCord was of a different mind. "Now, I'm going to stay here," he objected, pulling back, "I'm a-havin' too good a time. Why, say, Billy—hic—this is most as good as Tennessee. Let's take another drink; let's keep th' ball a-rollin'."

But Billy dragged him to the door, where he was still urging him to go, when the blare of a bugle came ringing across the parade.

"There, now we've got to run for it!" exclaimed Billy, starting away at his best speed, fully expecting the other to follow.

And McCord from force of habit did follow a short distance, but then turned and went back to the canteen; roll-call or no roll-call, he was going to have his good time out. But the place now was deserted, and there was no fun in drinking without companions. Presently, however, a happy thought occurred to him; a mile down the valley was a little Mexican town, where he would find congenial company with whom to drink mescal.

What occurred that night left but little impression upon his memory; at sunrise he came to a sense of his surroundings to find himself not far from the post. His hands and face were scratched and bloody, and his eyes were bleary and bloodshot. He looked wicked, and felt wicked. What he intended doing next had taken only vague form in his brain, except that he would give his bullying little lieutenant the thrashing of his life. And it so happened that Lieut. Coyle was one of the first persons he was to meet. He was parleying with a sleepy-eyed sentry when the lieutenant, with the new guard, came marching up. A moment the lieutenant eyed him in surprise and disgust; then:

"Sergeant, place that man under arrest!" he commanded.

But McCord was too quick for the sergeant. With a howl he leaped past the surprised sentry straight for the officer, sending his fist smashing into the latter's face, and stretching him stumped upon the ground. Then, before a hand could be laid upon him, a revolver he must have captured in the cantina flashed from beneath his blouse, and came to a stop with the muzzle between the sergeant's eyes.

"Drop yo' rifle and hold up yo' hands!" he ordered.

The sergeant saw murder in his blazing blue eyes, saw that resistance would be idiotic, and his hands promptly shot upward at arm's length above his head.

McCord grinned approval. "Now, all keep out o' this," he snapped out with a nod at the astonished guard, "or I'll blow his fool head off. He's goin' to take a little passer with me."

And collaring the sergeant with his unemployed hand he started with him at a brisk walk in the direction of the town, none of the other men daring to interfere. A quarter of a mile away, while rounding a low hill, they met a Mexican in horseback, and McCord's weapon instantly was brought to include him in its menace.

"Git down off that horse!" he commanded, so savagely that the frightened Mexican obeyed without protest.

McCord took the rein from the trembling hand. "Now, then, you all his up here," he ordered next, "an' don't you move a finger till I'm out o' range!" He had seen at a glance that the Mexican was not armed.

Keeping both covered with his revolver he carefully swung himself into the saddle and started away at a gallop.

Upon reaching the foothills he stopped to turn and look back, and, seeing no sign of pursuit, then went on at a slower pace. He was sober now, and fully realized what he had done. And he knew that every effort would be made to effect his capture. With the craft learned in his Apache campaigning he avoided the hilltops, keeping to the bed of the dry arroyo that cut its way through the hills in the direction he was going. Five miles more, and these hills were fast becoming mountains; at last he came to where the arroyo, now a narrow ravine, came to an end, and the horse could go no farther. Dismounting, he removed both saddle and horse from the animal, and started him back toward the valley.

Then he began hurriedly climbing the steep rocky side of the mountain before him; he must gain the summit before the pursuing troopers arrived at the end of the arroyo, else they might wing him. He was two-thirds of the way up a bowdler just above him, a round grayish spot suddenly appearing there, and a staidness piece of lead tumbled to his feet just as the "spang" of a rifle reached his ears.

Startled, his heart leaping into his throat, he stood in his tracks a moment then ran to cover behind an outcropping ledge of rock, just in time to escape a second bullet. Warily peering through a crevice in the rocks, he saw a puff of smoke rising from the opposite side of the ravine; and watching the spot from which it rose, he presently saw something that caused his breath to stop with a gasp.

"Apaches!" burst from his lips in a whisper of utter surprise.

Scarcely had he reached this decision, when he caught a glimpse of a fleeting brown figure darting from rock to rock, moving down the mountain in the direction of the head of the arroyo. Then another followed that one, and another, and another; the entire Apache band seemed in motion. Wondering what was causing their change of position, it flashed into McCord's brain that they had sighted the soldiers sure to come following his trail sooner or later, and were setting an ambush for them. Crawling the instant to a crack in the rocks commanding a view of the arroyo, one look out proved his conjecture to have been right; less than a mile away were a dozen men and an officer, coming at a trot. Nearer they came, and presently McCord began laughing a devilish chuckle; through the clear he had recognized in the officer Lieut. Coyle.

His chuckle ended abruptly, as another thought came to him, one that sent his hopes soaring skyward; during the progress of the battle that was sure to come, he might be able to skip away unseen by either side for life and freedom. But his face fell a minute later, as he made out another familiar figure among the soldiers, that of his chum, Billy Evans. Caught at the head of the arroyo like rats in a trap, the troopers would be slaughtered almost at the Indians' pleasure; but he had not counted on Billy being one of their number. And with this came a thought which filled him with shame. What would he think of another of "A" troop who would keep quiet and let the poor fellows down there ride unwarned into such a deadfall?

He sat up, and began fumbling with trembling fingers in the pocket of his blouse, at last bringing out a small mirror. And now rising to his knees, exposing his head and shoulders, caught the sun's rays with the glass, and sent a dancing spot of brightness skimming along the arroyo to the feet of the foremost horse.

The Apache saw, and understood, but remained silent.

Carefully now, again he moved the mirror, bringing the reflected rays up to the blue of Lieut. Coyle's breast, then flashed them into his face. The effect upon the lieutenant was instantaneous; bringing his horse to a sudden stop, he swung his field glass to his eyes, just as a score of smoke puffs burst from the rocks above the head of the arroyo.

"Great Scott, men! Apaches!" he exclaimed.

One minute his glass swept the side of the mountain, then was lowered, and he wheeled his horse around, curt commands issued from his lips. Quickly the men dismounted and began climbing the mountain in their eagerness running like goats up the steep slopes. Arriving at the top, the lieutenant led them along the crest toward the spot whence came the timely flash, the Apache themselves now placed at a disadvantage, sneaking away as they advanced. At last the lieutenant found that for which he was looking, and went running down the mountain, his men close at his heels. Two hundred feet down they came to a stop beside a thing in blue, a thing which lay motionless beside the outcropping ledge, its fingers grasping the frame of a shattered pocket mirror. One glance into the distorted upturned face, and the lieutenant's hand went to his head and his hat came off.

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In Defense of the Gallus. The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genuine, unpretending culture and civilization. Your snob and your savage abhor it. In Meopotamia the wild hashibaouk wears a belt; in Yucatan the Indian wears a girdle of shark's teeth. In Siam the shamesless cannibal sports a ganyasak; in Atlantic City a few years back, the dudes used to wear sashes. But find a man who, when he throws off his coat to begin his daily toil, lays bare a pair of heavy, sky blue galluses, and you'll find a man who pays his way in the world, loves his wife, rears his children in the fear of the Lord, and votes the straight ticket.

The "gallus" is useful; it is graceful, and properly adorned with hand painted flowers and brass buckles, it is beautiful. To be ashamed of it, to conceal it or to abandon it for a sombre leather belt, is to fall in an essential of true manhood and fly in the face of fate.—Baltimore Sun.

Adam and the Apple. The old marchioness of Salisbury recently was at church, a rare thing with her, and the preacher, speaking of the fall, observed that Adam, excusing himself, had cried out: "Lord, the woman tempted me!" At this quotation Lady Salisbury, who appeared not to have heard of the incident before, jumped up in her seat, saying: "Shabby fellow, indeed!"—Memoirs of the Duchess of Dino.

AVOID HARSH DRUGS

Many Cathartics Tend to Cause Injury to the Bowels.

If you are subject to constipation, you should avoid strong drugs and cathartics. They only give temporary relief and their reaction is harmful and sometimes more annoying than constipation. They in no way effect a cure and their tendency is to weaken the already weak organs with which they come in contact.

We honestly believe that we have the best constipation treatment ever devised. Our faith in it is so strong that we sell it on the positive guarantee that it shall not cost the user a cent if it does not give entire satisfaction and completely remedy constipation. This preparation is called Rexall Orderlies. These are prompt, soothing and most effective in action. They are made of a recent chemical discovery. Their principal ingredient is odorless, tasteless and colorless. Combined with other well known ingredients, long established for their usefulness in the treatment of constipation, it forms a tablet which is eaten just like candy. They may be taken at any time, either day or night, without fear of their causing any inconvenience whatever. They do not gripe, purge nor cause nausea. They act without causing any pain or excessive looseness of the bowels. They are ideal for children, weak, delicate persons and aged people as well as for the most hearty person.

They come in two size packages, 12 tablets 10 cents, 36 tablets 25 cents. Remember you can obtain them only at our store.—The Rexall Store, F. A. Morris, Canfield.

GAVE HIM A HINT.

Refrained From More Vigorous Treatment For Lack of Time.

The old colored mammy who had ruled the Greenough household for more than twenty years was known to the tradesmen and the world in general as "Mrs. Washington," although she allowed the Greenoughs and their friends to address her as "Aunt Euphrasia."

She had a flow of language which has seldom been equalled, and delighted in it more, even, than in her skill in cooking. On one occasion Mrs. Greenough overheard Aunt Euphrasia berating a tardy grocer's boy.

"Whar yo' been, yo' triflin' lazy, destructful, owdacious aggervat'n, presumptuous boy, while I's been a-waitin' and a-yarin' for dese yer condimental spices?" demanded Aunt Euphrasia, her turbaned head threatening the delinquent, who covered before her. "Ef I hadn't got to put dese yer right into my cake dot's ben kept unfinished fer yo' to go dawdlin' philanderin', so-jerin' round, I'd stop a minute and gib yo' some idee ob my opinions regardin' yo'!"—Exchange.

Coon Hunting.

The officers of the English squadron prepared for their recent visit to this country by an exhaustive study of so-called American slang, that they might enjoy that "delightful American humor" over which the English have recently become so enthusiastic.

During their stay in Annapolis a coon hunt was arranged for their benefit, the officer in charge explaining to them that it was a sport highly thought of and native to the Southern States.

As they rode along one of the Englishmen remarked: "You hunt these coons with dogs, I think?" His host assented and the Englishman continued: "Are they found in the woods and are often caught in trees, arn't they?"

"They are," replied the American; "but how do you come to know so much about coon-hunting?"

"Oh," said the visitor, with an air of conscious pride, "I've read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' you know, and all those articles that have come out in the papers lately, but to tell the truth, I didn't think it was allowed by the authorities, no matter what the nigger had done."—Lippincott's.

Hens of Leisure.

"Yes," the lady remarked, "since John's uncle died we have had a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens and—"

"That must be charming," broke in the other, "You can have all the fresh eggs you want every day."

"Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

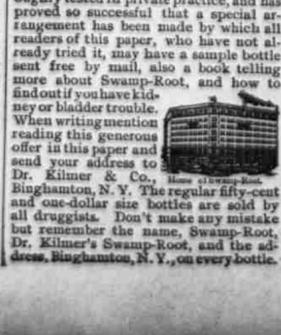
Do You Get Up With a Lame Back?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everyone knows of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because of its remarkable health restoring properties. Swamp-Root cures almost every wish ever coming rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It holds water and scalding pain in passing, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been thoroughly tested in private practice, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



A Monument in the Snow.

The highest placed monument in the world is situated on La Combra, the summit of a pass in the Andes, and marks the frontier of the Chilean and Argentine republics. It stands at an altitude of 12,736 feet above the sea level, and for awe inspiring grandeur its surroundings would be hard to match.—Wide World Magazine.

A Missouri Epitaph.

A north Missouri editor says he saw this on a moss-grown tombstone: "Here lies our wife, Samantha Proctor, who ketch'd a cold and wouldn't doctor. She could not stay, she had to go; praise God from whom all blessings flow."—Kansas City Star.

Hard to Find Rest.

One of the leaders in New York's business world, who is also a conspicuous philanthropist, writes from a vacation resort, where he went to rest: "There is no rest in the country for a man who receives mail."

A New Note in Weddings.

Edith Acworth, a wealthy young woman of Malvern, England, has struck a new note in weddings. She became a bride the other day of a Calcutta merchant, and her wedding was designed after paintings by Romney. The Romney wedding interested the women of all England and a natural development has been the announcement of "Reynolds weddings," "Whistler weddings," and, of course, "Gainsborough weddings." The costumes of Miss Acworth and her six bridesmaids were from paintings in the British National gallery. The gown worn by the bride was an exact copy of a Romney painting of her great-grand-uncle. Two boys wore Romney page uniforms, and two baby girls in quaint little dresses looked as if they had stepped straight out of a Romney canvas. Another Romney touch was given by rose-pink sashes for the bridesmaids.

—Try the Dispatch, \$1 a year.

Cleaning Mattings.

To clean matting sweep it thoroughly first with a stiff broom, following carefully the grain of the straw, beat up a soft broom in warm water and brush across the grain. Finally wash the matting off with warm water, in which a handful of salt has been dissolved. If light in color borax will aid in brightening and preserving the shade.

To Reduce the Bust.

Take one ounce of gum camphor, pour over this six ounces of alcohol; bathe the bust with it twice daily.

Greeks idealized and Romans practicalized gymnastics. The Greeks invented a world of mind, and the Romans almost drowned it in modern-day drift. The social athletes of this country and merry, old England were all right, but as soon as money-making or fierce competition enter athletics, they fall and debase.

A Razor Strop's Journey.

A razor strop that followed E. W. Stephens around the world after being lost at a dozen places on the way has just been returned to his home in Columbus from Blue Mountain, Miss., with the usual postage-due stamps attached. The strop was lost once in Hongkong and later rejoined the Stephens party in Calcutta. Mr. Stephens got his razors in extra-keen trim and invigorated in close shaves until he reached the Holy Land. The razor strop was again forgotten, this time at Jacob's Well, near Shecan, but overtook its owner at the Sea of Galilee. In Cairo the strop was lost again, but was recovered in Athens. At several European hotels it was forgotten and made short jumps, the hotels having forwarded it with the mails to the addresses left by the travelers. The strop has cost a dozen times its original price in postage.—Kansas City Star.

—Patronize Dispatch advertisers.

RITTER & MEYER ANNOUNCE THEIR PRICE REDUCTIONS ON ALL WINTER SUITS and O'COATS

On Saturday morning we place on sale the balance of all Suits and Overcoats which remains of our fall and winter stock at the usual reduction offered at this time of the year. In making this offer we assure you that never have we kept up our stock as we have this present season, consequently, the assortment to choose from gives a better selection in style and patterns than usual. Our special sales are important events for the reason that we always sell the best makes of clothes obtainable, thereby assuring good tailoring which is one of the most important features in clothing. Our sale reductions which are as great as can be made on high quality clothing, are genuine, it being our purpose to clean out broken lots to avoid any accumulation of odds and ends, which otherwise are carried over from one season to another.

OUR CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Offers it usual price reductions. This will be welcome news for many mothers who have waited for this sale. While lots are broken, you will have an excellent assortment to select from.

- Child's Two-Piece Suits. The following reductions on all Children's Two-piece Suits and Novelties in Russians and Sailor Blouses. All \$13.50 Suits \$9.75, All \$12.00 Suits \$7.95, All \$10.00 Suits \$6.95, All \$8.00 and \$8.50 Suits \$5.85, All \$6.50, \$7.00 and \$7.50 Suits \$4.95, All \$5.00 and \$6.00 Suits \$3.85, All \$4.00 Suits \$2.95, All \$3.50 Suits \$2.65, All \$2.50 and \$3.00 Suits \$1.95

- Boys' Winter Overcoats. All Novelties in Boys' Winter Overcoats and Reefers are included in our sale. Prices are as follows: All \$13.50 Overcoats and Reefers \$9.75, All \$12.50 Overcoats and Reefers \$7.95, All \$10.00 Overcoats and Reefers \$6.95, All \$8.00 & \$8.50 Overcoats & Reefers \$5.85, All \$6.50, \$7.00 \$7.50 Overcoats & Reefers \$4.95, All \$5 and \$6 Overcoats and Reefers \$3.85, All \$4.00 Overcoats and Reefers \$2.95, All \$3.50 Overcoats and Reefers \$2.65

Specials in Our Furnishing and Hat Dep't

- Shirts: \$3.50 Manhattan Shirts \$2.25, \$3.00 Manhattan Shirts \$2.00, \$2.50 Manhattan Shirts \$1.75, \$2.00 Manhattan Shirts \$1.40, \$1.50 Manhattan Shirts \$1.15, \$1.00 Extra quality 80c, \$1.00 Boys' Special 80c, \$1.00 Odd Size 65c. Underwear: \$1.25 Gray Wool 95c, \$1.00 Gray Wool, odd size 80c, 50c Brown Rib, odd size 35c, 50c Gray Wool Mix 35c. Men's Hats: \$3.00 Black Stiff, broken lot \$2.25, \$2.50 Brushed Beaver \$1.55, \$2.00 Silk Velour \$1.15

- Sweaters: \$2.00 Children's Sweaters \$1.40, \$1.50 Children's Sweaters \$1.15, \$1.25 Children's Sweaters 95c, \$1.00 Children's and Boys' Sweaters 80c, 75c Children's Sweaters 55c, 50c Children's Sweaters 35c. Fancy Vests: \$5.00 Fancy Vests \$4.00, \$4.00 Fancy Vests \$3.20, \$3.50 Fancy Vests \$2.80, \$3.00 Fancy Vests \$2.40, \$2.50 Fancy Vests \$2.00, \$2.00 Fancy Vests \$1.60. Children's Hats: \$2.00 and \$2.50 Fancy Hats 95c, \$1.00 Fancy Hats 55c

RITTER & MEYER Federal and Phelps Sts., Youngstown, Ohio During our Special Sale at Reduced Prices, no Goods will be Charged