The Man Who Lost Hope

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Minden, Neb., said:

"In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work and had to be turned in bed. I made up my mind that I could not be cured as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I felt better, and by the time I had used six boxes the disease had entirely disappeared, and I have not been so free from pain since I was a boy. The paralysis also disappeared, and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."—*From the Gazette, Minden, Neb.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

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has attained for doing first-class work in all lines. If you have not given the Excelsior Laundry a trial. Why not? We think a trial would convince you. We have no small machines for ironing neckbands because our method does better and more satisfactory work.

FRED ELLIS,

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To the People who wear Clothes:

IT WILL PAY YOU!

To send your linen to the

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You Should Know THAT the finest line of Groceries, Canned Goods, Relishes and, in fact, everything that should be kept in a first-class grocery and provision store can at all times be found at

Fruits of every kind during their season.

Peterson Bros.

P. S. Have you examined our fine line of Crockery and Glassware?

CONFESSIONS OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Gen. Heath is ordered to report to headquarters at Chattanooga. An aide is present at the interview. The general is shown an order for his arrest and court-martial, and is then assigned to special duty to watch a contemplated movement of Longstreet's corps. He accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Gen. Heath leaves Chattanooga with 600 men, his brigade, and moves out to Morganton's cross-roads. On the way he meets with a girl he knows who lives at the place he is to make his headquarters. He insists on her returning with his troops. At her home it is thought a face was seen at the window, but a search through the house revealed no suspicious persons. Lieut. Hall, the aide, is placed in charge of the young lady with orders to watch her and question her carefully. She faints.

CHAPTER III.—When questioned she said her mother is for the confederacy and herself for the union. At night she is caught in the kitchen attempting to burn a paper which contains the plans of Burnside's defenses at Knoxville. She is confined under guard as a spy.

CHAPTER IV.—Gen. Heath's command is attacked by confederates, but they are beaten off. During the fight Lieut. Hall again sees a mysterious face at the window.

CHAPTER V.—Gen. Heath accepts a parole from Miss Beach at the suggestion of Lieut. Hall, who proposes to answer for her. During the night she slips out of the house and escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—The federal troops are surprised at night and in the fight Lieut. Hall is captured.

CHAPTER VII.—Lieut. Hall is taken before a confederate, Maj. Berante, who had been a classmate of Gen. Heath at West Point and served with him in the west. He claimed to have an incriminating letter written by Heath offering to surrender his command in the army to the mayor of a southern town in which he was stationed. Hall sees the letter. Margaret Beach turns up and at night assists Hall to escape.

"A very bright boy," he said, rising and smiling urbanely.

"Thank you."

I picked up the letter and stuffed it in my trousers pocket. Then, taking the ring, I said: "Keep it till you are in a position to redeem it, major; and as for the bill, permit me to make you a loan on confederate terms; till six months after a ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and Confederate States."

He declined my offer with a well-assumed expression of injury, almost indignation. The guard led me into the hall, but the major called him back. Quick as thought I took a match from my pocket, and the letter at the same time. Scratching the match on the wall, I applied it to the paper. A corner had ignited, when Berante came quickly into the hall and blew out the flame.

"I'll trouble you for that letter," he said, with marked politeness and his peculiar smile.

"I won it."

"Certainly, it is your property, but the property of prisoners of war is always turned over to some one deputed to receive and receipt for it."

He sat down at the table and wrote me a receipt, and I, making a virtue of necessity, handed him the letter. Indeed, I had cherished little hope of getting away with it. When he had called the guard back it was doubtless to instruct him to make a pretext to secure it. It was this surmise that led me to attempt its destruction.

And now comes a moment of my life which I can never refer to without feeling again all the conflicting emotions I felt then; a moment full of surprise, indignation, wounded confidence. As I left the room and turned into the hall I saw a figure standing in the front door—the figure of a woman. She was hurrying in, and so wrapt in some purpose, so filled with anxiety, as was plain in every line of her countenance, that she did not recognize me until I was right upon her.

"Margaret Beach, what in the name of heaven are you doing here?"

The surprise and horror with which she looked at me! She stopped, started on, stopped again, cast a quick glance at my guard, and I thought she was about to speak to me; but, though the man was sufficiently relaxed in his watching to permit it, she passed on without a word and entered the room I had left.

The guard took me back to the other prisoners, and before leaving he ordered me to turn my pockets inside out, stating that prisoners were not allowed to retain any articles on their persons, and thus reclaimed Maj. Berante's receipt for the letter I had won. I cared nothing for the paper, and gave it up readily.

I spent the day with plenty of food for thought, if none for the stomach.

Berante blew out the flame.

There was evidence of treachery on the part of the general; there was a violation of parole on the part of Margaret Beach; while I, who had always been sensitive to my honor, had lied like a pirate and cheated at cards, only to be despoiled of my winnings. But what puzzled me most was Berante's asking if the general was making love to Margaret. Yet I knew Berante to be such an arrant rascal that I believed he had some concealed motive for asking the question. However, self-preservation and the love of liberty overweighed all other considerations, and I soon fell to laying plans for escape. I felt hopeful as to eluding my guards and leaving the place where I was held captive. Union prisoners of war, when not confined in a regularly appointed prison, often found it easy to get away from their captors; the trouble was to reach the union lines. Indeed, many an escaped prisoner, after wandering about without food or shelter, finally gave himself up to avoid starvation. I surveyed our little camp and noted the situation. Three sides of a square were guarded by sentinels, while the fourth was protected by wagons. If I could get under one of those wagons I might escape through the bushes on the other side.

As night came on a bleak wind arose and I kept close to the campfire in the center of our prison square. The sentinels were watchful, and I gave up any hope I may have had of an early attempt to get away, and, turning my back to the blaze, fell asleep. I awoke with the consciousness that some one was looking at me. Sitting up, I rubbed my eyes. The fire was nearly out, the sentries lounging on their posts, only one of them pacing his beat. I called to him and asked what time of night it was.

"Wall, Yank, I reckon 't's about time fo' that relief to turn out, 'n' that's at ten er tharabout."

I was about to lie down again, when the same feeling came over me that was with me when I woke. Some one was surely looking at me. Glancing under one of the wagons, peering into the darkness, I saw what at first was little more than two eyes; then I made out the face of a woman. She was lying flat on the ground, her head raised so that she could look at me. At last I recognized Margaret Beach. She signaled to me, putting her fingers to her lips, warning me not to attract the attention of the guard. It was plain that she wished to assist me to escape. I shook my head, giving her at the same time a glance of contempt, but she persevered, and I was so anxious to regain my liberty that at last I felt willing—I admit it with a blush—to accept assistance from one who, if true to me, was certainly a menace to the union cause. I intimated by a look that I would act with her, and she at once disappeared from under the wagon.

I wondered what she would do. I had not long to wait, for in a few minutes I heard one of the sentries give the customary challenge: "Who comes there?" Then I saw by the firelight Margaret approaching the guard. What she said I could not hear, but saw that she was talking to him earnestly. The two other sentries left their beats and went to hear what she was saying. I judged that she was inventing a story of some threatened danger. She stood outside the guard-line, thus contriving to place the listening sentinels so that their backs were turned toward their prisoners. The fire was fortunately low, though one brand persisted in burning brightly. Seizing it, I smothered it in the ashes; then, while the sentries' faces were turned from me, I rolled toward the nearest wagon, maintaining my rigidity like a mummy blown by the wind. Half the distance was accomplished when one of the men turned to go to his beat, to reach which he must come directly toward me. Margaret quickly called him back. Making a few rapid turns, I rolled under the wagon, then got up and ran like a deer.

VIII.

PERILS OF A NIGHT.

Emerging from the wood through which I had fled from the confederate bivouac, I jumped a rail fence and stood in a cornfield. I could not be more than a dozen miles from the plantation, and, believing the general had returned to his headquarters, I resolved to go there. The difficulty was to find the way. Fortunately, the night was clear and I could see the stars. I knew the north star, and to the southwest recognized a hill with a crest of trees which loomed against the horizon and which I was quite sure lay near the plantation. Knowing something of the direction from my starry compass, I felt confident that by making the hill my objective point I would not go far amiss.

After making these observations, which did not occupy a tenth of the time I have taken to mention them, I dashed across the field. I had gone but a short distance, when, glancing aside, I saw a figure getting over the fence which inclosed the field on the north. I stopped, as much from a paralysis of terror as from a wish to know whom I would have to encounter. The figure dropped to the ground and made straight toward me. As it approached I was relieved to see that it was a woman, and delighted when I recognized Margaret Beach.

"Am I missed?"

"Yes. Quick!"

By consenting impulse we both made for a low growth of timber not a hundred yards below. I asked no explanation as to what had happened, but knew long after that my passage through the bushes had been heard, and while the guards were discussing the matter and counting the prisoners Margaret had slipped away. What was now most important was a hiding-place, and we lost no time in reaching the edge of a creek. I looked about for some place of concealment; my eyes fell on a dark corner in a bend of the creek, where some driftwood was heaped against a log lying partly on the bank and partly in the water. I motioned to Margaret to get behind the log, and bounded after her. Then I pulled the drift-wood so as to cover us, and waited.

Oh, the excitement of those few minutes! My heart thumped against my breast, I trembled all over, and it was almost impossible for me to keep from throwing off our covering of wood and pushing onward. Indeed, my impulse got the better of me, and I started to rise, but Margaret held me down. I had no further opportunity, for in another moment there was a sound of boots among the stubble of the cornfield, and some men jumped the fence on the hither side. One dashed into the creek, across it, and hurried away on the farther bank. Another crossed lower down. Two more came to the bank and paused.

"Reckon he's som'r's 'bout hyar."

"Too near. He'd likely go further 'thout stoppin'."

"Don' know 'bout that. This timber's a good place fo' hidin'. I'm goin' ter look hyar; you go on if y' like; I want ter see what's behind that log afo' I go."

He descended to the creek, advanced in the rocky bed, came to the end of the log that lay in the water, and, balancing himself by extending his arms, ascended the incline. The disadvantage of his position appeared to me like a flash. Placing my hands on the log, I vaulted onto it, and, before the man could recover from his surprise, clasped him round the chest under his extended arms. We went down together, he on his back, I on top of him, into shallow water. His skull struck the solid rock, and he lay motionless. I got up unhurt. Climbing the log I looked down into our hiding-place. There lay Margaret in a dead faint. Scooping some water from the creek into my hands, I threw it in her face. It revived her and in a few minutes she was up.

"Come! Quick!" I seized her by the hand, and dragged her out and away. She cast a glance at the man lying in the creek, and shuddered. We climbed the opposite bank and stood on the edge of the timber. There were only two men in sight; they were pushing on together without looking back. Not far in advance of where we stood, in the center of an open field was a haycock. It was the first and only place of refuge I could see, and I had no time to waste. Dragging Margaret after me, we staggered across the field, keeping the haycock between us and the men in advance; once there we plunged under the hay. It was the worst possible place to hide, for it would be the first place one would be likely to search. The absurdity of staying there soon struck both of us. I crawled out cautiously, but scrambled back on mistaking a stump for a man; waited, crawled out again, listened, stood up, and looked about me. A hundred yards away, in the direction I wanted to go, was more timber. Could I reach it without being seen? The men in advance had passed on, making to the left, but there was great risk in passing over the open ground between the haycock and the woods, as other searchers might still be coming. I cursed my stupidity in getting into the center of an open field, for I now saw that I could have gone around it, skirting the edge of the woods. But it would never do to stay where we were, and I was about to call Margaret to come out, when a man emerged from the woods in the direction of the rebel camp. I was standing out where he could see me plainly.

At last it was all up with us.

"Hev y' sarched the hay?" he called.

Heaven be praised! He was mistaking me for one of his comrades.

"Reckon," I replied.

"Nothin' thar?"

"Nothin' but fodder."

Without a word he started off down the creek.

"Come," I whispered to Margaret, as soon as he was out of sight.

She crawled out; I helped her to her feet, and we started for the wood. And now suppose we should encounter some of the searchers in the timber? It was more than likely that we would. I fancied it full of armed men and every man pointing a carbine at me, ready to call on me to surrender the moment I reached the edge. And no sooner would they discover the man I had left in the creek than they would dash my brains out with the butt of a gun or shoot me down.

We hurried on and at last reached cover. Once there, we stopped and listened. All was still. We leaned against a tree, not so much for rest as to give our hearts time to stop thumping. But we dared to remain only a moment. I took Margaret by the hand and led her trembling onward. I looked up for the north star, got my bearings, and, turning to the southwest, there was the crested hill.

"Do you see that hill?" I asked of Margaret.

"Yes."

"Isn't it near your home?"

"Yes."

"Good! we'll go for it."

We started on, walking briskly, for hope had come to give us strength. There was timber on either hand; we kept a sharp lookout ahead, intending to dodge into the woods in case we should stumble on any of our pursuers. Passing a plantation, I trembled as I heard the low growl of a dog, but we shot in among trees on the opposite side and got by without further attracting his attention.

Sometimes we left the road to take to the woods, sometimes crossed fields, followed by-paths, always keeping our eyes on the crested hill. When exhausted we rested in a secluded spot, then arose and trudged on till we were again exhausted, then rested anew. The distance we traversed was, as the crow flies, not more than six or seven miles, but there were hills and ravines and creeks, and obstacles of every kind, and when we followed the roads they all led the wrong way. However, the nearer we got to our goal the better Margaret knew the way, and at last she was enabled to point it out through by-paths and patches of wood till we came to the base of the hill. Slowly we climbed the ascent, and at last, standing on the summit, by the light of early dawn saw beneath us the plantation.

Thank heaven! There are the stars and stripes flying in the yard, the white tents, the sentinels pacing, the lines of horses tethered to the horizontal poles. Oh, the exhilaration of the sight!

"Margaret," I cried, "we are safe. See, there is the plantation."

"I'm glad for your sake."

"Why not for your own?"

She shook her head mournfully. In a moment the position she occupied occurred to me.

"Oh, Margaret, how could you break your parole?"

She was silent.

"You agreed not to aid the rebel cause, and you went straight from our camp to theirs."

Still she gave no reply.

Then I fell to thinking, conjuring up all sorts of plans by which she might escape the consequences of her act. They were all worthless. At last in despair I exclaimed: "Go back; rejoin the confederates, and never see the general again."

She laid her hand on my sleeve to stay my heated judgment, but did not speak—made no defense. Then she started on. I hung back.

"Are you coming?"

She turned and looked at me. In my father's house at home hung a picture of Iphigenia going to the sacrifice, turning to look at the musicians behind her. The melancholy of the girl's eyes had haunted me from boyhood. I saw it now in Margaret's.

"You shall not," I cried, with almost a sob.

She came back and took me by the arm. I suffered her to lead me on. The light was broadening, the stars were fading, the hills were growing into being, their green sides tinted with the red, yellow, brown and maroon of autumn. On a neighboring hill was a vedette. He was sitting on his horse, the butt of his carbine resting on his thigh, looking for all the world like a statue of bronze, an ancient fire-worshiper watching for the coming sun. On an eminence beyond sat another, while still farther on we could distinguish the dim outline of a third. Then came the crowing of a cock, whose tiny figure we could discern strutting about in the yard below at the base of the staff that bore the flag. While the sun was thrusting his broad face above the horizon we were languidly moving down the road that wound around to the house. As we entered the grounds we heard a faint boom. It was the morning gun fired at sunrise from some distant camp.

"Come," I whispered to Margaret.

IX.

A STROKE OF GENIUS.

Margaret went at once to her mother. I sat on the gallery, dreading the moment when the general would rise and I be obliged to report my arrival, with all it involved for Margaret. I occupied myself in rehearsing what I would say that I might convey her breach of parole so artfully covered by her great service to me that the general would be impressed in her favor. By the time he had risen I had my story well laid out, and hoped against hope. I waited till I saw him leave his tent and go to the mess-tent for breakfast, then I joined him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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On these dates round trip tickets, good 21 days will be sold at the rate of One Fare, plus $2, to all points on this line in Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota, north of and including Shell Rock and Abbott Crossing and to Waverly. Tickets at this rate will also be sold to a large number of cities and towns in Northern, Western and Southern states. For further information call on B., C. R. & N. Agents or address

J. MORTON, G. P. & T. A., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

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ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time table No. 21, taking effect at 12:00 o'clock noon, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
6:05 p. m	†No. 31, Clipper	6:25 p. m
8:43 a. m	†No. 3, Day Express	8:43 a. m
10:20 p. m	*No. 1, Flyer	10:25 p. m
Arrive	**East Bound.**	**Leave**
9:40 a. m	†No. 32, Clipper	9:40 a. m
8:10 p. m	†No. 4, Day Express	8:10 p. m
3:22 a. m	*No. 2, Flyer	3:25 a. m

Freight Carrying Passengers

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
12:25 p. m	†No. 91, Way Freight	1:05 p. m
2:00 p. m	†No. 71, Through Freight	2:30 p. m
Arrive	**East Bound.**	**Leave**
10:10 a. m	No. 92† Way Freight	10:55 a. m
12:15 p. m	†No 82, Through Freight	12:50 p. m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

South Bound —Leave—	Between Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No. 303 9:45 a.m	†Passenger	No. 304 6:10 p. m
No 321 6:30 p.m	†Passenger	No 322 8:35 a. m
No. 351 5:30 p.m	†Freight	No. 351 1:45 p. m

*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

H. G. PIERCE, Station Agt.

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Day Express daily except Sunday.....3:04 p m
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Way Freight daily.....9:35 p m
Day Express daily, except Sunday.....1:53 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp, daily.....5:41 a m

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DELAWARE TIME CARD.

North Bound
St. Paul & West. Passenger.....9:03 a. m.
Way Freight.....11:59 a. m.
South Bound
Davenport & Kansas City, Pass.....6:07 p. m.
Way Freight.....10:20 a. m.

B. C. R. & N. R'y.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING NORTH.

Arrive		Leave
7:35 a m	No. 1 Minneapolis Express	8:05 a m
12:30 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger	3:30 p m
12:05 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express	12:20 ngt
5:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger.	
11:45 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul. No. 5—Pullman sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

8:20 p m	No. 2 Chicago Passenger	8:40 p m
10:15 a m	No. 4 St. Louis Passenger	3:05 p m
3:10 a m	No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex.	3:30 a m
12:20 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express.	12:30 ngt
	No. 10 Passenger	6:05 p m
	No 12 Burlington Passenger	7:15 a m

No 2—Pullman sleeper, free chair car and coaches to Chicago. No. 6—Pullman sleepers and through coaches to Chicago and St. Louis. No. 8—Pullman sleeper to Chicago; arrives Chicago 7:50 a. m. Ngt.—night.

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m	Decorah Passenger	8:15 a m
4:05 p m	Decorah Freight	6:20 p m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

2:50 p m	Spirit Lake Passenger	8:30 a m
12:20 ngt	Sioux Falls Fast Express	12:30 ngt

IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

2:30 p m	Passenger	3:05 p m
7:35 p m	Passenger	7:15 a m
11:5 a m	Passenger	8:40 p m
	Passenger	6:05 p m
7:50 p m	Clinton Passenger	7:15 a m
7:50 p m	Davenport Passenger	7:15 a m

"Trains numbers 5, 6, 8, 13, 19, and Sioux Falls Fast Express run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday."

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