

The Pity of It

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Just an even hundred men answered "Here!" as the sergeant called the roll on the morning we awoke beside the Potomac. There was an even hundred as we marched away—as we took our first turn at picket—as we first sighted the enemy, as we went into battle for the first time. After the roar of guns had died away and the dead had been buried, only eighty-nine men answered "Here!" to the sergeant's roll call in the morning.

A few weeks went by, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in battle line again, and when the sergeant called the roll, now only seventy-eight men answered "Here!"

Then came Cold Harbor and the falling back to Malvern hill. Cannon boomed and musketry cracked all day long and far into the night. Wounded men cursed and groaned as they limped away or fell helplessly—men pitched forward with but a single cry and died with their faces hidden in the weeds and grass. After Malvern Hill the sergeant called the roll again—not the same sergeant as before, for he was lying dead in the thickets at Fair Oaks—and this time only fifty-two men answered "Here!"

And so could you wonder that when recruits came down to us we looked upon them as intruders, even though they were good men and true, and had come to help us win victories? Their names were called with ours, and we heard them answer "Here!" But they were only with us; they would not be of us. They had come too late.

And at last came Appomattox and the surrender and then peace and the return to Washington. We were almost a full company again as we turned out on the meadows of Arlington for the last roll call. Upward of seventy living men could have answered "Here!" to their names.

"Fall in, company G. Attention to roll call!" It was not the sergeant who had called the roll after Fredericksburg, after Chancellorsville, after Gettysburg. It was a new man—one who had been promoted before his cheeks had scarcely been burned by the southern sun. But he had heard of the ties which bound the old veterans together—he realized what this last roll call meant to the survivors. And from the dusty archives of the past he took the roll of the dead and called:

"Anson, Armstrong, Armitage!" No one replied.

"Berry, Bloomingdale, Benson, Barston, Benham!" No one replied.

"Cary, Carter, Carahan, Cummings, Comstock!" No one replied.

"And so be called, and so the silence at the death roll grew deeper.

"Young, Yeomans, Yager!" No one replied.

"York!"

"Here!"

And so he of all was the sole survivor, the last living man of company G. The only one who had a right to stand there in that line and answer to the last roll call. The others—ninety and nine—were sleeping at home or sleeping their last sleep on the hillside, in the valleys, in the forests and the thickets of Virginia.

The line cheered him as he stood apart, the last survivor of a glorious band which had fought in a dozen battles, but he turned his head away and wept.

Perhaps no act of war engendered more bitterness than the burning of the barns and houses in the Shenandoah valley under Sheridan's official order.

No warning was given unless the great clouds of smoke rising up here and there to signify destruction were taken as warnings of what was to come. A squad of men galloped up, the women and children were told the substance of the order, and the match was applied. An hour later they sat on the grass homeless and homeless, some of them naked and dumb in terror. There were tears and prayers and pleadings, but the order had gone forth.

By and by, as we rode up to a quaint old farmhouse, half hidden among the fruit trees, a rifle cracked and a trooper, shot through the head, fell off his horse. The black pillars of smoke dotting the valley had told the people what was coming. Here was one determined to protect his property—one man against company after company riding up and down and across. Ten minutes later the barn and the stacks were on fire and men under cover were keeping up a hot fire on the rifle pit. Just as another squad, attracted by the firing, came up a second man was hit and grievously wounded.

There was no more firing from the pit. Some of the scores of bullets fired into it must have found a target. There was a rush from all sides and the pit was captured. Fifty men had captured one. And that one? It was a lad not a day over fourteen, and one of our carbine bullets had taken his life. And when we laid him on the grass and saw that he had come home wounded from some battle up the valley—when the mother came out to us from the house and fell on her knees and wailed and sobbed—when an old white haired grandfather stood in the door, helpless to come out and look into our faces, but wailing out as if the sight of the dead boy was breaking his heart, what could we say? Nothing! What could we do? Only slide away and bemoan the cruelties of war!

A Cryptogram

By F. A. MITCHEL

It is said that "all's fair in love and war." Whether or not the adage is true, this story is an illustration of it. Imogene Blair, a comely lassie of eighteen and the idol of her parents, must needs be debating whether she should accept Frank Shackelford as a husband. The only reason why she hesitated was because Frank was worthless except for one purpose—that was to lead cotillions. When Imogene saw him marshaling the dancers, his breast covered with favors and looking for all the world like a much decorated generalissimo, she admired him immensely, and when he stood in the middle of the ballroom and gave his orders by clapping his hands she thought him a god.

Imogene, notwithstanding her parents' serious objections, accepted Mr. Shackelford, and there was before her the honor of being the wife of a prominent society man and cotillion leader. Her father, a hard headed man, who had made a fortune by practical attention to business, was much disgruntled by his daughter's choice. His chief clerk, John Stebbins, had been attentive to Imogene, and Mr. Blair had hoped she would marry him. John was Mr. Blair's financial man and as steady as a church. But it was not to be expected that a man who did not even dance could compete with a terpsichorean captain-general with his breast plastered over with decorations.

John knew that he was the favorite of the parents of the girl he loved, but he was not averse to this advantage. One day Mrs. Blair came to him after her daughter's engagement and showed him a piece of paper on which was written "O. L. G. R. B. L. I. T." and asked him his opinion as to what it all meant. John suspected what it was, but he was considerable of a wag, a great favorite with the lady who showed it to him, and, withal, quite apt at invention. After studying it awhile he said:

"I think it's a love message. The first two letters, O. L., probably stand for O. Laura. I is the ninth letter in the alphabet. So we have O. Laura, I. The meaning of the next letter, R, we must fill in after we have finished. U is the twenty-first letter of the alphabet, or you. The whole may read, 'O, Laura, I — you.' Quite likely the letter R is the initial letter for the word love in some other language than English."

"Just what I thought," said Mrs. Blair, and without stopping to give the young man a chance to confess that he was chaffing her she whisked out of the room.

Now, when Shackelford had visited Imogene one evening he had taken a bunch of letters from his pocket in order to read one of them to her and a bit of paper had slipped from among them and fallen on the floor, slanting as it fell, so that it lay under the sofa on which the couple were sitting. A maid had picked it up the next morning and handed it to the young lady.

The most easily excited emotion in the breast of a young lover is jealousy. Imogene felt sure that her fiancé had dropped the paper on which were the letters and figures given above, and these she feared was a cipher message to a rival. She showed them to her mother, who found it convenient to agree with her. Mrs. Blair promised to decipher the cryptogram and called in John Stebbins to help her. Whether or no she believed his flimsy interpretation to be correct, she certainly preferred to consider it so. Taking the paper back to her daughter she gave the meaning John had put upon it.

Imogene was much affected. She told her mother that she would change her fiancé with being in clandestine correspondence with another girl and if he did not make a satisfactory explanation she would break her engagement. Mrs. Blair told her that Shackelford would doubtless trump up an explanation and begged Imogene to act without consulting him. After a long struggle, in which the mother strove to convince the daughter that Shackelford wanted her only for the wealth she would inherit, Imogene was prevailed upon and wrote him a note breaking with him without without giving any reason.

So this was the evidence on which this conspiracy was based that Mrs. Blair took advantage of the season, February, to whisk her daughter off to Florida and kept her there till the hot weather drove them home. On their return they found Shackelford engaged to a girl whose first name happened to be Laura, with a fortune in her own right.

This was conclusive proof to Imogene that the paper she had discovered was a cipher love letter. Partly to show the recreant Shackelford that she did not love him and partly from the dawn of common sense within her she accepted John Stebbins.

Some time after their marriage John twitted his wife as to her affair with Shackelford. She produced the cryptogram. John looked at it curiously, forgetting that he had ever seen it before.

"What is it?" asked his wife.

"The combination of a safe lock."

"What?"

"Turn from zero to 6, then right to 9, then left to 17."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

But Imogene lived to be thankful that she had turned down a dancer for a practical business man and did not mind the way in which the scale had been turned in favor of the latter.

AFTER KID MULLIGAN

By ALAN HINSDALE

When I was sheriff of Marion county it was reported to me that there was a young clergyman in Hilton, a farm center, some twenty miles away, and it was suspected that he was Kid Mulligan, a half boy, half man, desperado, who was fond of masquerading in different disguises. I was anxious to secure Mulligan and concluded to go to Hilton and inspect the reverend gentleman. I had never seen the Kid, but had a description of him.

On my way to Hilton I met a farmer who had been held up by a masked man the night before. He was unarmed and handed out what little money he had about him without making a show of defense. Indeed, he was too frightened to take notice of the robber except that he spoke with a voice not at all gruff. On the contrary, it was rather musical.

This robbery was an indication that Mulligan was the robber and Mulligan and the robber were one and the same person. I went on to Hilton and made inquiries for the Rev. Joseph Wyeth, the parson's name, and was told that he was to be found at the Phoenix hotel. He was traveling under a commission of the bishop to raise funds for building churches. I went to the hotel, a small tavern, and found the curate sitting on the veranda. He wore the canonicals of an Episcopal clergyman, his hair was parted in the middle, and altogether his appearance was exceedingly clerical.

Soon after my arrival at the tavern he arose and started down the main street till he came to a church and turned in at a back door. I inferred that the rector had a study there and Wyeth was going to visit him. I waited till he came out, then went in to interview the rector. I found him an elderly man not versed in worldly ways. He had seen Mr. Wyeth's credentials from the bishop, but had not scrutinized the signature. Mr. Wyeth was arranging with him to speak to his congregation the next Sunday evening, with a view to taking up a collection for church building in the diocese.

From Mr. Wyeth's personal appearance and certain of his mannerisms I gathered suspicions of him. I did not believe him to be Kid Mulligan, but I did believe that he was not an Episcopal minister. However, I had no real knowledge concerning him and felt obliged to let him proceed with what he was doing, keeping him under surveillance. I decided to let him deliver his Sunday evening address, but did not propose to let him get out of town without being convinced that he was what he purported to be.

When Sunday evening came I attended the church services. At the proper time the rector spoke a few words of introduction; then Mr. Wyeth began his address. Possibly if I had not been suspicious of him I might have been fooled by his remarks like the others. One matter especially gave him away to me. In mentioning the places the bishop desired churches should be built he included the town of Bingham. I happened to know that an Episcopal church had just been finished in Bingham.

The young man spoke with a pleasantly modulated voice and talked fluently. I sat in a pew right under him, where I could watch him, and I think that my fixed gaze disconcerted him, for he gave me an occasional glance, and every time he did so he seemed to lose the thread of his discourse. Doubtless others of the congregation attributed this to his youth and the fright natural to a speaker.

That he had made a very favorable impression was evident from the collection, which for so small a place was considerable. The congregation departed, and the two clergymen went into the vestry room, the one to turn over, the other to receive the contributions. I listened under an open window and heard Wyeth bid the rector goodby, saying that he must be off early the next morning.

Having seen the young man enter the tavern and go to his room, I waited for an hour, then told the landlord that I wished to speak to Mr. Wyeth and asked him to go to his room with me. I had reasons for wishing the landlord with me which will appear presently. He consented, and, taking a candle, we went to the clergyman's room and knocked on the door.

"Who's there?"

The landlord and I looked at each other. The voice sounded like that of a woman suddenly awakened.

"A gentleman wishes to speak with you, Mr. Wyeth," said the landlord.

"It's too late. I've gone to bed."

This time the voice had lost something of its femininity.

My mind was made up. The door was locked. Drawing off, I gave it a kick, and it flew open. Mr. Wyeth was revealed in bed pulling the covers up to his chin. Approaching, I drew them down far enough to expose his neck.

"I thought so," I remarked to the landlord. Then, turning to the woman, I said:

"I'll trouble you for the church collection."

The secret being out, she surrendered without objection. She had forged her credentials. Though she was not Kid Mulligan, she was very near to him, being his sister. I was disappointed in getting her instead of him, for he was far more slippery and dangerous to handle.

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Time of departure of trains passing through Earlington. Effective Sunday, April 9, 1916.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 92..... 6:20 a. m.
No. 92..... 11:15 a. m.
No. 94..... 8:45 p. m.
No. 94..... 11:30 p. m.
No. 46..... 7:45 a. m.
No. 104..... 7:55 a. m.
No. 108..... 11:50 a. m.
No. 108..... 4:30 p. m.
No. 110..... 4:30 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 93..... 4:35 a. m.
No. 95..... 8:25 a. m.
No. 91..... 4:25 p. m.
No. 93..... 10:52 p. m.
No. 108..... 6:51 a. m.
No. 107..... 12:27 a. m.
No. 109..... 8:23 p. m.
No. 108..... 12:27 p. m.
No. 104, 106 and 107 daily except Sunday.
No. 105 Sunday only.

I. C. R. R. TIME CARD.

Time of departure of Illinois Central trains from Nortonville, Ky. Effective Sunday, Feb. 20, 1916.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 102..... 1:15 p. m.
No. 104..... 3:25 a. m.
No. 122, local pass..... 11:52 a. m.
No. 136, local..... 6:15 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 101..... 4:08 p. m.
No. 103..... 1:50 a. m.
No. 121, local pass..... 12:50 p. m.
No. 135, local pass..... 5:55 a. m.

L. H. & ST. L. TIME CARD

HENDERSON ROUTE

Trains from and to Henderson.

EAST BOUND.

No. 146, Louisville Limited..... 5:11 a. m.
No. 142, Louisville Express..... 7:01 a. m.
No. 144, Louisville Fast Mail..... 2:52 p. m.
No. 148, Owensboro Accommodation..... 9:25 a. m.
No. 150, Cloverport Accommodation..... 5:35 a. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 145, Louisville Limited..... 1:45 a. m.
No. 141, Louisville Fast Mail..... 12:58 p. m.
No. 143, Louisville Express..... 9:15 p. m.
No. 147, Cloverport Accommodation..... 9:00 a. m.
No. 149, Owensboro Accommodation..... 5:15 p. m.
E. M. WOMACK, A. G. P. A.
L. W. ROGERS, T. A.

A House in the Air.

In 1893 a balloon of 200,000 cubic feet capacity was constructed at Paris. It was named the Giant and was intended to show the great possibilities of the air. The car attached consisted of a small two story house fitted with every modern comfort, lavatories, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, parlor, etc. Thirteen passengers made the first ascent, but the journey was of only four hours' duration. The last ascent was for seventeen hours and was abruptly terminated by a high wind, which, when the balloon descended, dragged the little house bumping over the ground. The remains of this giant of the air was for a long time exhibited in the Crystal Palace in London.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

VENGEANCE.

Would that all of us might learn to put off till tomorrow the desire to get even with those who have criticized or opposed us. There are some things which can always wait; vengeance is one of them.

FEEBLE, AGED WOMAN

Says Vinol Made Her Strong
Grand Saline, Texas.—"I am an aged woman and for a long time was weak and feeble but Vinol restored my health and strength so that I feel almost young again and am doing all my housework. Old people who are weak and feeble should try Vinol and know its merits as I do. It is the best medicine to create strength and for chronic colds I have ever taken."—Mrs. FANNIE E. RODGERS.
Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, is sold on our guarantee to benefit or your money will be returned.
St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorpo-
ated—Drug Department, Earling-
ton, Ky.

Garment Germs May Cause Disease

Our scientific method of pressing clothes kills all germ matter, restores life and luster to the cloth and positively produces in every garment

The Natural Body Shape

CLEANING ALTERING REPAIRING

Why not send your dry cleaning to us. We pay Parcel Post one way.

Ladies' Suits \$1.00 Men's Suits \$1.00

Williams Dry Cleaning Co.

Phone 62 W Madisonville, Ky

\$13.70 Ashville, N. C. and Return

Via Louisville & Nashville Rail Road

Account of

Southern Baptist Convention

Tickets on sale May 13th to 17th. Final limit to return May 31st; privilege of extending to June 15. Through sleeper will leave Earlington 4:25 p. m., May 16th and arriving Ashville 9:10 a. m. next day. Route via Chattanooga, Tenn., with liberal stopovers. For reservations address or call on

R. F. BRASHER, Agent

R. H. DeTreville, C. P. & T. A.
Evansville, Indiana

Honey Drops Are Delicious.

Pour two tablespoonfuls of strained honey into a cupful of boiling water and add two cupfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil slowly until strup dropping from a fork taken out of the hot liquid leaves a fine thread behind it. Pour the boiling strup over the whites of two eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth and add a teaspoonful of almond extract. Now beat until it is cold and just as stiff as you can handle and drop in spoonfuls on a buttered pan or a sheet of paraffin paper. A nut meat pressed into the top of each drop makes the candy even nicer.—Delineator.

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of bladder troubles, removing gravel, the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggists will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from Kentucky and other States. Dr. F. W. Hall, 2956 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by all druggists.

It Flies Away.
"Why do they call a theatrical backer an angel? He hasn't got wings."
"No, but his money has."—Exchange.

For baby's croup, Willie's daily cure and braces, mamma's sore throat, Grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the household remedy.—5c and 50c.

A Hibernating Fish.

A remarkable fish known as Protopterus annectens is found throughout the whole of tropical Africa, but is most common near the West Coast, where it sometimes attains a length of six feet. During the dry season, when many of the ponds dry up, the fish descends some distance into the mud and forms a rounded hollow for a nest, which is lined by a capsule of hardened mucus secreted by the glands of the skin. It hibernates thus for nearly six months, drawing its sustenance from the fat secreted when it is active.

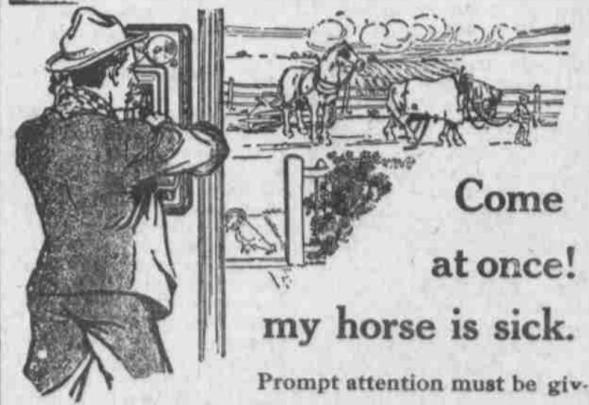
Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Notice! Poultry Raisers

R-4-11-44 CURES Cholera, Gapes, Umbelneck, Roup, Canker, Diarrhoea and All Diseases of Poultry. Will Cures, Band-down, Ky., says one drop of Recipe R-4-11-44 dropped down the bill of a gaping chicken kills the worm and relieves the chick instantly. It is the best preventive I ever used. News as 1906—No cure, no pay. Mfg. & Dist. by J. Robt. Crane, Bardonia, N. Y. Price 50c at all Druggists SOLO BY

ST. BERNARD MINING COMPANY Incorporated Grocery Department



Come at once!

my horse is sick.

Prompt attention must be given

ailing stock so that farm work may not be delayed. Bell Telephone Service on the farm enables you to get the veterinary quickly.

It also keeps you in touch with the markets and your neighbors.

If there is no telephone on your farm write today for our Free Booklet.

Address: Farmers' Line Department.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY INCORPORATED

BOX 252, MADISONVILLE, KENTUCKY.