

HEROIC DEEDS OF TWO FEARLESS FIGHTERS

by EDWARD B. CLARK

IN the records of the war department appears the name of Henry B. Clitz, who was a major in the regular service, and who rose to the rank of a brigadier general of volunteers while in the Union army during the Civil war. Old army officers remember Clitz well, but possibly millions of civilians have well nigh forgotten him. After the short official story of his service written on the now time-stained paper hidden away in a vault of the war department, these words appear: "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1858." The disappearance of Henry B. Clitz is one of the mysteries of army life.

On other records in the war department are brief official lines, also on time-stained paper, telling of the career of Jasper A. Maltby, colonel of the Forty-fifth Illinois infantry, more familiarly known in the darker days of the country's history as the "Washburn's Lead Mine Regiment." Maltby's name was brought back not long ago sharply to memory by the death of his widow in St. Luke's hospital, Chicago. She was a little snow-haired woman who had borne life's burdens for just the time allotted by the Psalmist. During the days that this woman lay ill at the hospital of the Beloved Physician, if her eyes wandered about the walls of her room, it is probable that for the first time in many years when within any room chosen by her as an abiding place, they failed to rest upon the folds of an American flag.

The stories of Generals Clitz and Maltby were stories of sterling patriotism, of action and of wounds received in the discharge of duty. Mystery has added its interest to the life's story of Major Clitz, perhaps one should say to his death's story, though there is always a possibility that at a great age the major somewhere in some condition still has left in him a spark of the spirit of life which moved him to soldier deeds.

Recently a brigadier general of the regular service, many years retired, came to Washington. In the lobby of a hotel he met a veteran as grizzled and wrinkled as he, but still of an upright physical bearing. The general looked at the man a moment actually aghast and then with words that came out in the disorder of a "route step" gasped:

"John I heard you were dead. I would as soon have thought of meeting Clitz."

The two had been subalterns in Clitz's regiment during the Civil war and after, and had loved him it was perhaps the flashing thought of an anniversary of a disappearance at hand that sent the returned soldier's thought to Major Clitz when in the lobby of a Washington hotel he met the former comrade, who he had heard was dead. The army archives bear no stranger records than that of this case of General Henry B. Clitz—he was only a major, however, when he won distinction by his gallantry. It is twenty-three years ago now that Major Clitz was lost. Twenty-three years, but a man may be found after twenty-three years.

Major Henry B. Clitz, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., was once dead and buried and was alive again, was lost, and—the other word that should naturally fit here is either yet to be supplied, or forever is to remain unwritten. There are scores of soldiers today, old soldiers—but once a soldier always a soldier—who, in the memory of what happened after Gaines Mills, think that one day they may again grasp this side of the grave the hand of Comrade Clitz.

Henry B. Clitz of Michigan entered West Point in the year 1841, graduating four years after. He was a schoolmate of Grant, McClellan, Sheridan and Burnside. Clitz went into the Mexican war and won praise on the field and a brevet rank afterward for conspicuous gallantry at Cerro Gordo. Clitz was a fighter. He proved this fact every time he had a chance, and during his forty-five years of service he had chances in plenty.

When the Civil war had been on for a time Clitz found himself major of the Twelfth regulars. He was transferred to that outfit from the Third, another fighting regiment. It came along toward the time of Mechanicsville and Gaines Mills. The Twelfth and the Fourteenth were lying pretty close together. When the Gaines Mills battle was on and war's hurricane was at its height the Twelfth and the Fourteenth were given a position to hold. The two regiments were attacked by overwhelming numbers, but the numbers weren't overwhelming for a long time. There wasn't any retreat in the make-up of those two regiments of regular infantry. The wave of battle simply had to come down on them and engulf them. Afterward when General Sykes wrote a report about the Twelfth and Fourteenth, and the fight that they put up, he said the ranks of the Twelfth were "decimated." General Sykes had probably never studied "English Lessons for English People." Unless things have changed, decimated means the cutting out of one in ten. This is the way the Twelfth was "decimated." It went into the fight with 470 men; came out with



PURCHASED A RAILROAD TICKET FOR A LAKE CITY

200. They say Major Clitz fought that day as he did at Cerro Gordo, only a little more so. The regulars resisted strenuously for an hour or two. Finally some of the men saw Major Clitz go down. A big wall of gray was falling on them just then, and many others went down.

When the fight was over, and afterward, when some order came out of the chaotic hell, this report was turned in by General Sykes: "The Twelfth and Fourteenth were attacked by overwhelming numbers. The ranks were decimated, and Major Clitz was severely if not fatally injured. Around his fate, still shrouded in mystery, hangs the painful apprehension that a career so noble, so soldierly, so brave, has terminated on that field whose honor he so gallantly upheld."

Major Clitz went on the list of the dead and what was left of his regiment mourned him as few soldiers are mourned.

Suitable orders were issued lamenting the death of this hero of Cerro Gordo and Gaines Mills, but before the period of the real mourning was over, though the official kind had been over for months, the dead came to life again. Major Clitz had been shot through both legs and in one or two other places, but on his showing a few signs of life the Confederates made a prisoner of him and sent him to Libby.

Major Clitz was paroled. When he went back into the service again and when the war was over he put in twenty years campaigning on the plains. In 1856 he retired after nearly half a century of service, and went to live in Detroit, Mich. Two years later his old command, with which he had stood in the bullet storm at Gaines Mills, passed through Detroit on its way to take station at the posts of the great lakes. There were not many then in the Twelfth who were in it in the old days, but it was the same outfit with the same old tattered regimental banners.

Major (then General) Clitz met the command and old memories stirred him to tears. The Twelfth cheered its old officer and then Detroit was left behind.

Was it the stirring of old memories or what was it? His old comrades in arms had been gone but a little while when Major Clitz went to the railroad station from which the train bearing the soldiers pulled out, and there purchased a railroad ticket for a lake city which held a garrison of United States troops. From the hour of the purchase of that ticket no one has been found, soldier or civilian, to say that he has ever seen Major Henry B. Clitz. The army records give in detail the story of his gallantry in battle, and at the end of the shining record are these words: "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1858."

There was no mystery of disappearance in the case of Brigadier General Jasper A. Maltby. He died as the result of wounds received in action. His widow who survived him many years and who died at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago held the American flag and her husband's memory as the most cherished things in life. Neither was ever long absent from her mind.

How many men are there today, bar a few old soldiers, to whom the name Jasper A. Maltby would mean anything unless it were coupled, as is the above, with some specific information? Yet this man Jasper A. Maltby was chosen by General Grant, on the advice of McPherson and Logan, to lead, with his single regiment, the most desperate enterprise at the siege of Vicksburg, and, as some historians have it, one of the three

most desperate enterprises of the entire war. There are today surviving members of the Forty-fifth Illinois in whose veins the words "Fort Hill Mine" will make the blood tingle. It was only a week before the Fourth on which Pemberton surrendered the Confederate city in Logan's front lay Fort Hill. It was decided at a council of the generals that its sapping and mining and the subsequent seizing and holding of the embrasure made by the explosion would be of tremendous moral and strategic value to the Union cause. The place was commanded by Confederate artillery and by sharpshooters in a hundred rifle pits. It was known that if the explosion of Fort Hill was a success that few of the men who rushed into the crevasses could hope to come out alive. It would be what the Saxons called a deed of derring-do. Owing to the limited space to be occupied only a single regiment was to be named to jump into the great yawning hole after the explosion and to hold it against the hell fire of the enemy until adequate protective works could be thrown up.

There was as many volunteers for the enterprise as there were colonels of regiments in Grant's army. The choice fell on Jasper A. Maltby and his following of Illinois boys.

The time came for the explosion. The Forty-fifth lay grimly awaiting the charge into death's pit. The signal was given; there came a heavy roar and a mighty upheaval. Silence had barely fallen before there rose one great reverberating yell and the Lead Mine Regiment, led by its colonel, Jasper A. Maltby, with his lieutenant colonel, Malancthon Smith, at his elbow, buried itself into the smoking crater. The lieutenant colonel was shot through the head and mortally wounded before his feet had fairly touched the pit's bottom. The colonel was shot twice, but paid little heed to his wounds. A battery of Confederate artillery belched shrapnel into the ranks and sharpshooters seemed fairly to be firing volleys. The question became one of getting some sort of protection thrown up before the entire regiment should be annihilated. Certain men in the pit were tolled off to answer the sharpshooter's fire and to make it hot for the cannonaders in the Confederate battery. They did what they could, but it availed little to save their comrades, who were toiling to throw up the redoubt Men fell on every side.

Beams were passed into the pit, and these were put into position as a protection by the surviving soldiers. The joists were placed lengthwise and dirt was quickly piled about them. Colonel Maltby helped the men to lodge the beams. He went to one side of the crater where there was no elevation. There he stood fully exposed, a shining mark. He put his shoulder under a great piece of timber, and, weak with wounds though he was, he pushed it up and forward into place. The bullets chipped the woodwork and spat in the sand all about him. One Confederate gunner of artillery trained his great piece directly at the devoted leader. A solid shot struck the beam, from which Colonel Maltby had just removed his shoulder, and split it into kindling. Great sharp pieces of the wood were driven into the colonel's side, and he was hurled to the bottom of the black pit.

The action was over shortly, for the gallant Forty-fifth succeeded in making that death's hole tenable. Then they picked up their colonel. He was still alive, though the surgeon shortly afterward said that it would be hard work to count his wounds. They took him to the field hospital, and before he had been there an hour there was clicking over the wires to Washington a message carrying the recommendation that Colonel Jasper A. Maltby of the Lead Mine Regiment be made a brigadier general of volunteers for conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

A week later Grant's victorious forces marched into Vicksburg.

Colonel Jasper A. Maltby or General Jasper A. Maltby as it soon became, lived until the end of the war, but no system could long withstand the shock and pain of those gaping wounds. He died in the very city which he had helped to conquer. Afterward a flag and a precious memory were rarely absent from the life which finally flickered out when the white-haired little widow died at St. Luke's hospital, Chicago.

Point of Honor

A Thousand Dollar Bill

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Bert burst into the house with a whoop of delight. He dashed out into the kitchen, where his mother was making a pie for dinner, and instantly took possession.

"Say, mother!" he shouted. "I want some bread and butter and some cookies and an apple. And, say, mother, when you bake the pie will you cook one in the little pie dish so I can have it soon? It's done? And, say, mother, can I have some of this ginger-bread? Gee, but I'm nearly starved."

When his wants had been partially supplied and he was tending away bread and butter, ginger-bread, apples and other trifles, he broke into a mirthful chuckle.

"Say, mother," he said, "if we didn't have the foxy time at school today, I got another guess comin'. Say, gee, you'd 'a' died if you had been here. Honest, I thought I'd be wide open. I never thought a fellow could have so much fun in school."

"You see, Fred Gunkle, he's the smartest fellow in the room, I guess. At least, he knows his lessons best and he never seems to study none, too. Say, and the teacher likes him, 'cause you can see her eyes twinkle when he cuts up, and then she turns her back a minute and when she turns around again her face is just as solemn, and then she scolds him, but Fred doesn't mind. He just kind of stays around after school and jollies her. I bet she like him best of any of us, but, gee, who cares? Who wants the teacher to like you, anyway?"

"Well, this noon Fred he come back early and there wasn't nobody in the room when he come, and so he takes some chalk that he gets off the blackboard and he rubs chalk all over the fronts of the fellows' desks, so when they sits down they'll get chalk on the front of their legs. So when they gets up, all the fellows and the girls and everybuddy, for physical culture, and begins to march around the room, every fellow had chalk on the front of his knees! And Fred had some on his, too, so the teacher wouldn't know who done it."

"Gee, I thought I'd die laughin' till the teacher's face begins to get red and she hollers, just as mad as she can: 'Halt! Gee, I guess we all started. And everybuddy was scared. Only, of course, I wasn't scared, but Nellie—she marches right in front of me—gee, she was scared, and so was the other girls."

"So the teacher says—and by that time she was just as pale in her face—she says: 'Children,' she says, 'I intend to find who is the proprietor of this outrage.'"

"Then the teacher she begins and she says: 'The girls may go to their seats and the boys may march right along in front of my desk.' So we marched right along in front of her desk after the girls went to their seats and sat down, and every fellow had to march by himself 'way from the back of the room. Gee, when it come my turn my shoes sounded like a motorcycle or something, they made such a awful racket."

"Every time a boy come and stood in front of her desk she'd ask him: 'Did you have anything to do with this putting chalk on the desks?' And then she follow says, 'No,' she says, 'Do you know who did it?' And then the fellow would say 'No,' because, of course, we didn't none of us know, because we didn't see Fred do it."

"So it come Fred's turn after awhile and he was the very last fellow. And so when Fred come along he didn't wait for the teacher to say a word to him. He just started right in and he says, 'Miss Smith,' he says, 'I know who done it, but I don't feel like I'd better tell, so please don't ask me.'"

"Gee, I thought me and the other fellows would die, we was so full of laugh, because, of course, Fred wanted the teacher to think he didn't like to tell on some other fellow, but we didn't dare to laugh. Of course, we dared to, but we felt so kind of funny we didn't."

"Miss Smith she says, 'Well, Fred,' she says, 'if it's a point of honor with you not to tell, of course, I won't press the question,' or something like that."

"Then we all went back to our seats and she give us a big long spiel about how bad she felt because some one in the room had told a lie, because, you see, Fred was the only fellow that didn't say he didn't do it, and she said she was glad Fred hadn't told, because she hated a tale bearer, and she hoped we'd all try to be good. And, say, she never tumbled that Fred was the one that did it. And, say, she took up the whole recitation hour preachin' at us, and so when we come out of school I thought we'd die laughin'."

Bert's mother looked reproachful. "That wasn't a very nice thing to do," she said. "It seems to me Fred just as much as told a lie, anyway."

Bert put two cookies into his pocket and half a banana into his mouth. "Aw, gee," he said, with muffled disgust, "don't you ever want a fellow to have a little fun? Anyway, after school Fred stayed and told her about it, and I thought she'd die laughin', 'cause us fellow stayed out in the hall and listened."

His Heroism.

Gwendoline—if it were but possible, in these prosaic days, for you to do something heroic, something brave and knightlike, in order to prove your love!

George—Well, ain't I going to marry you next month on a salary of £1 a week?—London Opinion.

A Sure Sign.

"How do you know they're man and wife?" "I just overheard her telling him not to smoke another cigar tonight."

"There never was a nicer lad than Phil," Mrs. Ellis said, sighing. "It is heart-breaking to hear of him turning out this way."

"Nobody can make me believe he took that money," Margery Clare, Mrs. Ellis's ward, said firmly.

Again the elder woman sighed. "I have to believe, much as I hate to, she said. "Somebody certainly did get that thousand dollars—and he was about the only one who had the chance."

"That is more than anybody knows," Margery answered with spirit. "Jim Franklin admits that he went to sleep with open windows and only the outer doors shut. Neither he nor Phil heard a sound all night—but that doesn't prove a burglar didn't get in and steal that thousand dollar bill."

"Jim thought of that first off—but there wasn't a sign of such a thing. Oh, I tell you he was the worst cut-up—said he'd rather have lost the money ten times over, ill as he could spare it, than have to believe such a thing of Phil. And you know he won't go to law, in spite of what his uncle tells him."

"It would be better—and braver," Margery broke in, her eyes snapping. "Phil could fight in open court—now nobody accuses him directly—but everybody except me thinks he stole the money, and he has no chance to prove he didn't."

"Jim says he'll be punished enough if he did take it—losing his job and his friends and—maybe you?" Mrs. Ellis said the last word interrogatively.

Margery's head went up. "If he loses me it will be his own fault," she said. "I'll marry him tomorrow—if only he'll ask me."

"Margery! Darling!" a shaken voice cried from the hall.

Phil Ames had come in noiselessly to say good-by, just in time to hear his sweetheart's avowal. She rushed into his open arms and hid her face on his breast, sobbing out:

"Phil! Dearest! Take me! Let us go away from all this—together."

"Are you brave enough to stay and face it—with me?" Phil asked huskily.



"Had Taken Off His Coat."

"I did mean to run away—it all seemed so hopeless. Now that I have you I can't do it. I must stay here and prove myself worthy your trust."

"It is all one to me," Margery said, clinging to him.

Mrs. Ellis bridled. "I have been a mighty good friend to both of you," she said. "But, really—this is too much. Margery, as your guardian, I must forbid you to—to—act so."

"I'm nineteen; you can't forbid me marrying Phil," Margery cried.

Her sweetheart led her toward the door. In it he stopped, looked back and said slowly: "Aunt Nan—Mrs. Ellis, I mean—thank you truly. You—you want to save my darling from herself, but love will save us both."

Then they went away to find a minister, Margery snatching down a sun hat as she went along the hall. It was the simplest bride—but none other ever so stirred the village. It was a thrifty place, rich and full of family pride, also family traditions. Margery Clare embodied alike the pride and the traditions. Throwing herself thus into the arms of a thief, almost a thief confessed, was a shock, no less a nine days' wonder.

Margery knew it; notwithstanding, she was happy. She and Phil set up housekeeping very simply in a little cottage, the humblest place of real estate she owned. She had an income sure but sufficient for one.

Phil showed quickly he did not mean to stretch it into providing for two. There was a good bit of ground at

tached to the cottage—he set to work on it manfully—inside of six months it was indeed a garden spot, returning scant profits to be sure, but promising great things in the next growing season.

When people came to see her she accepted them as if sure the motive were pure kindness. But she made no visits herself, neither accepted invitations to join in church affairs, nor the dances at the courthouse, where formerly she had been a leading spirit. Phil wanted her to go—he was willing to endure martyrdom for her sake. But she smiled and shook her head—she meant never to go out among their own people until their own people saw and acknowledged their mistake.

Time went swiftly; almost before she realized it came the anniversary of their wedding. The garden had been a modest gold mine, but she would not let Phil buy her anything save a fluffy Pomeranian puppy, agreeing, however, to his proposition that they should show themselves that night at the courthouse.

It was not a dance, but an entertainment by a so-called psychic lecturer. He was said to have marvelous powers. Phil had a sort of feeling that the villagers would think he was dreading to face the seer. That was untrue—he had even a wild idea of going forward if subjects for experiment were called. Second thought showed him he had better stay beside Margery—people had been so odd to them, offering felicitations with no apparent reserves. He would do nothing to bring up the old story; in twenty years perhaps he could live it down.

He heard little of the lecture, which was a string of platitudes. But he was somehow aware of a strange influence—something which got into him and made him shiver in spite of himself. He was on the point of saying Margery if she also felt it, when he saw Jim Franklin moving toward the rostrum, his face faintly troubled. He spoke low but earnestly to the lecturer, too low for the audience to catch a word. It watched with bated breath as he sat down and fell under influence.

For a minute he was silent, motionless, inert, as one in a deep, and refreshing sleep. Then he stirred and sat up, opening eyes that did not see. The lecturer spoke to him.

"What did you do that night?" he asked.

Franklin stood up, not uncertain, but like a man with a purpose. He had taken off his coat—it hung neatly folded on the back of a chair. He picked it up, took a knife from his pocket and ripped a short length of the stitches that held down the collar. Through the rip he thrust his fingers and drew out a crumpled and crumpled paper, narrowly folded, spread it out, folded it again, to fit it back in place and said as he replaced the coat:

"Darn thousand dollar bill; one one goes in bank tomorrow."

Phil darted toward the stage, his face white and working. Hushed cheering followed him; the hypnotist took up a warning hand. He was making swift passes over Jim. As Jim opened his eyes they rested on Phil and Margery—in their faces he read something momentous. He sprang up, holding out both hands and saying emphatically:

"I know you didn't do it. Phil, though I don't know how I know."

"But we do," the hypnotist said kindly.

Then for the first and only the Phil fell forward in a dead faint.

"To think I sewed down that ripped collar without ever dreaming it meant anything," Jim's mother explained when she came to understand.

The mystery was plain enough. Jim, worried in sleep over the big bill had hidden it with the cunning of a con man, and forgotten all about the hiding. It might never have been found except by a rag picker who had the hypnotic experiment. Be sure, though, Jim meant what he said—namely, that getting back the money was nothing compared to getting back Phil, his closest friend.

Thought It a Purchase.

Some good luck had come to Jim in business that day and he felt as if he wanted to share it with others. So when he reached her house and dismissed the station hack with his two sorry horses he joyously handed the driver two dollars. The man looked at the money, then at the man, and then at his horses, and finally said: "All right, sir, which horse do you want?"

keep her sorrows and worries hidden, how she is cautioned to be up and doing at all times, on the front doorstep ready to smile as soon as the dear husband turns the corner!

But what about advice to husbands along the same line?

One rarely sees any printed. One might think it is because women don't care for commendation. But we all know that praise from both men and women gobbles up greedily and loudly cry, "More, more."

The money had been lost in August—he had married Margery at the beginning of September.

Thus he had only his cold frame and a tiny greenhouse to depend on. When he had plots of growing things, there would be another and a better story.

Margery loved the gardening—she knew it meant so much to Phil. Words made him so healthily tired he slept instead of brooding half the night over the stain on his name. It gave him a

Couldn't Fool Him

Practical—that was what he was. No dream-shimmer for him; only realities. So it was with trepidation that they lent him "Alice in Wonderland."

A few days later he returned it and they thoroughly asked: "Well, what did you think of it?" To the intense surprise of all present the practical, hard-as-nails one had detected something—he didn't know exactly what—about that book that pleased him.

He endeavored to explain it. In the midst of the explanation he noticed the surprise on their faces, and feared dimly that he had made a "faux pas," that he had been untrue to himself.

"Of course," he hastily said in his defense, "you must understand that I fully realized all through the book that it was quite absurd!"

Ancient Marble Canopy Unearthed

During the excavations at Winchester cathedral a piece of carved marble weighing thirteen hundredweight has been unearthed six feet below the surface. On examination it was found that the piece of marble, which is carved in the early English style, was the missing canopy of the monument to Bishop Ethelmar de Valence, half-brother of Henry III, who died in exile in France and whose heart was

by his desire buried in the cathedral in 1260. The canopy had been missing for centuries. It is now proposed to restore the monument, using the canopy which has been found.—London Mail.

Beggar—Please, mister, give me a dime for my three hungry children. Pedestrian (hurryng one)—Don't need any more, thank you.