

THE BOY WHO FORGETS.

I love him, the boy who forgets. Does it seem such a queer thing to say? Can't help it. He's one of my pets. Delightful at work or at play. I'd trust him with all that I own. And know neither worries nor frets. But the secret of this lies alone In the things that the ladie forgets.

THE PRICE.

Along the corduroy road between the level ranks of the forest Captain Hurlbut led the half dozen troopers of his scouting party. The hoofs of the horses drummed pleasantly on the worn logs of the roadway, and the men took off their hats and held them against the horns of their saddles, letting the cool, balsam-scented air whip across their faces and through their hair.

They were not a particularly martial-looking lot, the six troopers who followed Hurlbut. The briars and thorns of the north country, and its drenching morning dews that soaked through khaki and leather to the skin, had reduced their once trim uniforms to collections of dirty patches, held together in some fashion wholly inscrutable to the casual observer. They carried their carbines with the trained carelessness of hunters—their sabres were missing. Also they had trimmed the wide, jaunty brims of the campaign hats to a scant inch. The result was not artistic, but the hats stayed on their heads.

But the figure that rode two horse-lengths in front of the troopers was different. Although he had shared the hard work of his company, he had kept his uniform shapely and reasonably clean. His leather puttees glistened with oil, and his hat was set at the angle seen in the men's eyes, and turned every corner of his ability to being a soldier. He thinks, man! he doesn't learn all his war from books!

"Yes, but he's different," persisted Parsons. "Different!" retorted Henderson, bending to the sudden leap of his horse and animal cleared an old stump in the road, "of course he's different. He's a human being instead of a carefully trained machine."

"He's married, too," Parsons said, as though adding an obstacle which argument could not surmount. "I shan't try to escape." The men seemed not to hear his speech. It was as though a sudden barrier had risen between them, and made of him a different sort of being. Hurlbut looked steadily away from the man, and the little group moved slowly down the slope, the prisoner walking ahead with his hands tied behind him; the troopers close behind, their carbines resting easily in the crooks of their arms; Hurlbut a little to one side. As they neared the foot of the hill, cock-partridge burst suddenly out of a tangle of bushes with a startling thunder of wings, and bored, twisting, out of sight among the trees. One or two of the troopers jumped slightly and gave vent to startled exclamations. Hurlbut and the prisoner stiffened slightly like sentries, and followed the flight of the bird with eyes that snapped with eagerness. Their glances met and the dark-haired man smiled brightly, his white teeth showing pleasantly through the closely-trimmed beard.

"Somebody's been working a heliograph from this hill," explained Hurlbut. Again they went forward, dodging from tree to tree noiselessly as Indians, and crawling across the open spaces on all-fours, only their heads raised like snakes. Through the thinning trees they could catch clearer glimpses of the bald, rocky crown of the hill. Henderson reached over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trooper's pointing finger and saw the tripod of a heliograph instrument leaning against the trunk of one of the last trees. Hurlbut nodded and rose to his feet. As he did so they heard one of the troopers off to their left call sharply. "Don't move there! I've got you covered!"

A strange voice answered cheerfully. "All right!" The five men hurried quickly toward the spot from which the voice had come, to find Parsons leaning easily against the bole of a tree, his carbine at his hip, his muzzle pointing at a brown-clad figure sitting on a stump twenty yards away, smoking a cigarette and smiling at Parsons cheerfully through a carefully-trimmed black beard. As Hurlbut came into view the man on the stump rose easily and saluted, paying not the least attention to the nervous jerk of Parsons's weapon. He was a tall, well-built man, deeply tanned; his uniform was similar to those of his captors, save that it was much cleaner. Hurlbut walked toward him, the troopers exchanged expressions of astonishment and covert winks, but the captain made no comment.

"What are you doing out here beyond the outpost?" he continued. With a answering, the other pointed to the instrument against the tree. Hurlbut frowned and pulled at his blonde mustache. "There's a scouting party six miles farther up the creek," he exclaimed, "sent out day before yesterday. I'm relaying their reports back to head-quarters."

"What troops are at that scouting party?" asked Hurlbut after a pause. "Half of 'L' company of my own regiment," the other answered quickly. Hurlbut studied the ground in front of him, and poked his heavy Colt back into its holster. The five troopers lounged about on the grass or leaned against trees, wiping the perspiration from their faces and eyeing the two officers curiously. Only Parsons had not moved, but stood against the same tree, the bolt of his carbine drawn back, the black muzzle never wavering from the strange officer's body. The black-bearded man seemed to have forgotten the existence of Parsons and his carbine.

Hurlbut raised his head, and the men who could see him noticed that it looked a year older and was rather white. "The Forty-Second New York," he said coldly, "is something like a thousand miles south of us. There isn't any scouting party up the creek. How long have you been on this hill?" The dark man shrugged his shoulders and threw away the butt of his cigarette.

"Never mind the formalities," he said quietly, letting out the last of the smoke from his cigarette as he spoke, "I've been here long enough to find out what I want. Of course, I shan't answer any of your questions." The attitude of the five lounging troopers changed as the man spoke. They ceased to look at him curiously, and their eyes hardened. Parsons jerked his carbine to a former position against his thigh and his lean forefinger crawled a trifle nearer to the trigger. Hurlbut looked steadily over his captive's head and gave the necessary orders. The troopers went forward silently to bind the man's hands. Hurlbut noticed that they tied the cords vindictively, drawing them unnecessarily tight.

"Never mind tying them quite so tight," he said, "I'm wondering," said the spy, "whether, if I'd had my choice, I'd have picked a day like this as my last. Would a man rather flicker out with the world at its best or its worst? On the whole, I believe I'm rather glad it isn't raining."

The captain was commencing to regret that he had promised to let the man talk. The spy was looking at things so exactly as he would have had a doomed man look, and yet it made it that much the harder. It seemed to him that he could follow every step of the man's mind, and all that he said seemed exactly the thing that Hurlbut would have said. He wished fervently that the man would fall a prey to fear and keep silent.

"It's a queer thing," the spy continued in the same idle fashion, "it's a queer thing this walking to death with your eyes wide open, and the best part of what ought to be life ahead of you. I don't see why it doesn't make me mad with the injustice of the thing."

"You took the chance. You didn't have to play the spy," his captor reminded him. "Yes, I did," replied the other, looking up at a straightforward fashion, "made the other silent; there wasn't anybody else to do it. That isn't mock heroics, you know, but just plain facts. I can't make it seem quite real yet. Why, I've always been so disgustingly healthy I've never even thought of dying. They won't hang me, will they?" he finished in a sudden burst of anxiety.

"No," answered Hurlbut in a dry, matter-of-fact tone, and added, to stiffen his wavering sternness, "I'll see that you're shot."

Hundred yards farther along the road, Hurlbut cleared his throat nervously and began: "If there are any messages, or anything of that kind, I will be very glad—"

"Talk about something else," Hurlbut suggested roughly. The spy looked steadily at Hurlbut's profile, his own face set seriously, as though he were trying to convince himself just what sort of a man lay beneath the tanned skin and the yellow mustache. Finally he threw up his head with an air of decision and took the plunge. "Aren't you willing to forget your own soldier, and remember you're a man long enough to keep me sane?" he demanded quickly. "Are you so tightly cased in your uniform that you begrudge the last few hours of life to a man with nothing ahead of him but certain death? Don't you suppose I'm leaving anything behind me that I regret? Do you think I'm talking this way out of sheer bravado? Man, don't you understand that it's only by thinking of the things so close behind me, keeping my mind off the grisly thing such a little way in front that I can keep my knees stiff?"

Hurlbut swallowed chokingly and kept his eyes steadfastly turned from the eager face at his side. The earnest, pleading sentences cut into the very core of his being, cutting, perhaps, not so much the sunshine, the thousand familiar sounds of the wood-land, the pleasant, muffled sound of the horses' hoofs and the jingle of harness, and the low, cheerful talk of the men behind them, broken now and then by a full, deep-chested laugh. And then, cutting in upon the steady flow of the other's words, but always, when he spoke, he heard the dull voices of the men behind him, and caught the easy attitude of the troopers in front, and fell silent again.

"I was going to write about this war, too," the other man was saying. "I've never written anything but plays before, but I think I could have done this."

Hurlbut looked down to see the other fumbling in the breast of his brown tunic. "Don't!" pleaded Hurlbut thickly; "don't!" Vermuhlen looked up in surprise, and saw that his captor's face was white and his hands were trembling. "I'm not playing fair with you," he said quickly. "I've no right to make your duty harder. I don't mean—in the intensity of his feeling he rested his hand on Hurlbut's saddle.

"Look out, captain!" Parsons yelled suddenly. "He's reaching for your gun!" The little cavalcade halted suddenly. The two men, the prisoner and his captor, stared at the troopers, their carbines half-raised, and then at each other. Vermuhlen shook his head slightly and smiled faintly.

"I can't do it," Hurlbut muttered under his breath; "my God, man, I can't!" "You've got to," the other whispered; "it's a hard price for both of us, but we've got to pay it. Let me go with the men!" Hurlbut sat motionless in the saddle, his face a mask, but behind it his mind a riot of conflicting thoughts, his pulses now racing madly and now almost sluggish.

cut out for us. Because I happen to be an officer, the responsibility of my duty is heavier than yours. I'm a soldier, and I've tried hard to be a good one—but after all, I'm a man first and a soldier afterward. I can't take this man and shoot him—after what he's done for the other men and women in the world!" he finished helplessly. He stared at the ground in silence for an instant. Henderson cleared his throat noisily, and Hurlbut looked up.

"I'm going to let him go," he announced. "It's a breach of duty—and you men will see it. You won't need to report it, because I shall confess." He turned suddenly to Vermuhlen—"You can go when you will. I won't stop you."

Vermuhlen shook his head and smiled. He spoke partly to Hurlbut and partly to the men. "No," he said deliberately. "I shan't take the chance you give. It's a fine last thing you're paying to whatever I may have done—but I'll not see a good soldier broken that I may live. Your captain is going to let me walk between two of you the rest of the way to your camp."

Hurlbut started to speak, but the other held up his hand. "There's no use protesting," he insisted; "if I won't run, I won't and you can't make me!"

Without a word, Hurlbut wheeled his horse and rode on. The troopers closed loosely about Vermuhlen, and the little group moved slowly on through the thinning trees. Hurlbut rode with his head bent, thinking of the picture in the breast of Vermuhlen's jacket, and of another in the breast of his own. He kept asking himself what Vermuhlen would have done if his positions had been reversed. His thoughts moved dully around a monotonous circle; he felt that he could not go back to his own wife and feel as he had, with the thought of that unknown wife across the sea, waiting hopefully. And yet, if he ordered the men aside, drove his prisoner into the woods, and then galloped away—he could not go back then, with a blot on his army record, the whole color of his life was spoiled, and all because Vermuhlen had wasted five precious minutes smoking a cigarette and had not changed his uniform! A hot, rebellious anger at the unreasoning power of little things surged through him. One tiny cigarette, cold now somewhere among the pine needles, had sent one man to his death and brought to him a lasting unhappiness that would not pass.

A murmur of voices behind him made him turn, and he saw that Parsons had taken the prisoner up onto his horse behind him. He noticed, casually, that the men were laughing, evidently at something Vermuhlen had said. What a thoroughbred this man was! Hurlbut knew that he was clinging to life with all the fervor of youth and a great love, and yet he could smile and talk to the men about him—more than that, he could be so thoughtful as to take temptation of his own causing out of a stranger's way! And even as Hurlbut thought of the other's handsome, black-bearded face, he saw the lithe body lying on its face in the wet grass.

Dyes That Colored Frocks Take.

Amateur dyers are often puzzled to know just what colors will take certain shades, and though fairly successful in dyeing are apt to make mistakes, so that I feel a little practical information may be advantageous.

In the first place not all fabrics that need cleaning or dyeing can be successfully attempted at home. Indeed, there are certain materials and colors that professionals accept only at the customer's risk, so that an amateur should not feel discouraged, supposing a first attempt is a failure. Possibly the result would have been the same had it been undertaken by a professional.

All woolen goods dye better than any other materials; serge and broadcloth also take dyes effectively. Any light color will dye any preferred color that is darker in shade than the original tone and of course will take black.

Red will dye a deeper red; also brown, purple and green and black. Brown will take navy blue, a deep red and a chocolate brown. Green may be dyed a deeper green, a very dark red, a very dark brown and red.

Viollet will take a deep purple and black. Goods with a plain surface will dye most successfully. Where there is a pattern, as plaid or stripe, whether the design has been in a contrasting color or not, the figured effect will show after being dyed.

Supposing the design has been in the weave only, then the goods will be as pretty as before. When fabrics are of two or more colors the result will be a mottled or blurred effect, according as the different tints have responded to the dye of one shade.

These goods as a rule show that they have passed through the dyeing process. DO NOT DYE WOOLEN AND COTTON GOODS. The mixed cotton and woolen fabrics proclaim this fact more loudly still, and it does not pay to send such materials to be dyed. If one can manage this at home the cost will be but a trifle and probably the result will be quite as satisfactory as though done by a professional.

The Inventor of the Dime Novel.

The death of Orville J. Victor, which occurred at his home in Hoboken, New Jersey, recently, removed a remarkable character and a man possessing a distinctive claim to celebrity. Only two or three newspapers chronicled his demise, and none of them referred to the work with which he was longest associated. They told of the histories and biographies which he wrote and of the newspapers and periodical which he conducted. None of them mentioned his connection with Beadle's Dime Novels, all of which he edited for many years.

How the pulses of the robust boys of forty or fifty years ago stir to-day when they recall "Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter"; "Seth Jones"; "Ono"; "The Hunt"—and the other paper-covered pocket treasures which Orville J. Victor's skillful staff of contributors produced in the sixties and seventies of the past century. Both the Beadles died long ago, and so did Adams, their partner in the publishing business. And now their accomplished and versatile editor has departed. The Beadle era is over; the pioneers in the dime-novel field, and they were better than any of their imitators of the later period.

Of those who were associated in any capacity in a prominent way with the Beadle novels in their earlier and greater days all are dead except Edward S. Ellis and Mary A. Denison. Dr. Ellis's "Seth Jones," which was printed just half a century ago and which was the most famous of all the "dimes," was translated into a dozen languages and had a sale of over five hundred thousand copies.

What Folksongs Are.

One of the finest pleasures in the world is derived from singing. Even savages make an effort to sing by uttering weird notes as they beat on queer drums and dance around their war fires. In ancient times there were many pianos, people sang sometimes to the clapping of their hands, and often to the accompaniment of crude instruments which looked like old-fashioned guitars, violins or harps. Their songs told of battles, love, harvest-time, hunting and other events in their lives. Before men knew how to write and print music songs were preserved by being treasured in the memory of the people. Every country had its own peculiar songs which were passed down from father to son, sometimes through hundreds of years. In more modern times, interested people have from time to time printed collections of these songs of the different nations, and nowadays there are many enthusiastic collectors who are printing these songs so that we may all know them. This kind of music is called folksongs. These include the songs which the "folk" or people, sing and treasure in their heart and memory. —St. Nicholas.

Loss in Seventeen Battles.

These figures were compiled from official records in the War Department at Washington. They include the killed, wounded and missing in 17 of the greater battles in the war of the rebellion.

Table with 3 columns: Battle, Union Confederate Total, and another column. Rows include Antietam, Atlanta, Bull Run (1), Bull Run (2), Chickamauga, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, Shiloh, Wilderness, and a Total row.