Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March, 31, 1911.

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 or frets. But the secret of this lies alone In the things that the laddie forgets

He always forgets to pay back The boy who has done him an ill. Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack And smiles at him pleasantly still, He always forgets 'tis his turn To choose what the others shall play. Forgets about others to learn

The gossipy things that "they say." He forgets to look sulky and cross When things are not going his way, Forgets some one's gain is his loss. Forgets in his work time his play. So this is why I take his part, Why I say he is one of my pets. I repeat it with all my heart. I love him for what he forgets ! -St. Nicholas,

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, balsamscented air whip across their faces and through their hair.

They were not a particularly martiallooking lot, the six troopers who followed Hurlbut. The briars and thorns of the north country, and its drenching morn-ing dews that soaked through khaki and leather to the skin, had reduced their tache. once trim uniforms to collections of dirty patches, held together in some fashion wholly inscrutable to the casual observters. er. They carried their carbines with the ty?" asked Hurlbut after a pause. 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's 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 wanted for the army" posters. He carried his naked sabre in his hand.

"Ain't he the dandy, though ?" exclaimed Parsons, nodding at the captain's straight back. Henderson, riding at his side, agreed with a gesture.

"And he's proof," he went on, "that of the right kind of stuff."

"I don't know," replied Parsons with a you been on this hill?" deep frown which indicated a desire to be fair, " those regulars-----

"Regulars nothing," interrupted Hen-derson quickly. "I tell you Walter Hurlbut's the best captain in the army this minute-and he didn't know what war vas six months ago. Why sh Idn't he

"Somebody's been working a helio" be tolerated. This was a man of his own graph from this hill," explained Hurlbut. Again they went forward, dodging from how the prisoner looked in evening how the prisoner looked in evening the solution of the prisoner looked in evening the solution of tree to tree noiseless as Indians, and clothes, and every time the picture flashed suggested roughly. crawling across the open spaces on all-fours, only their heads raised like snakes. Through the thinning trees they could in shirt-front. He smiled slightly to Through the thinning trees they could tarts only their heads raised like shakes. Inboon of the Legion passing across the trocky crown of the hill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the hill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trocky crown of the bill. Henderson reach-ed this throat noisily, and trocky crown of the bill. Henderson cleared his throat noisily, and trocky crown of the bill. Henderson cleared his throat noisily, and Henderson cleared his throat noisily. trooper's pointing finger and saw the trihe and this stranger did not think alike pod of a heliograph instrument leaning about a good many things—if perhaps soldier, and remember you're a man long against the trunk of one of the last trees. they had not left the same sort of things enough to keep me same?" he demanded against the trunk of one of the last trees. Hurlbut nodded and rose to his feet. As behind them. This other man could not quickly. he did so they heard one of the troopers go back to them, and his people would not care to hear how he had met his "Don't move there!" I've got you cov- death-a spy!

ered!' A strange voice answered cheerfully. "All right!"

ment," the other answered quickly.

a year older and was rather white.

his carbine.

ette.

tight.

he said.

met and

"I shan't try to escape."

ly.

The five men hurried quickly toward the spot from which the voice had come, the spot from which the voice had come, to find Parsons leaning easily against the bole of a tree, his carbine at his hip, its muzzle pointing at a brown-clad figure sitting on a stump twenty yards away, smoking a cigarette and smiling at Par-sons cheerfully through a carefully trim-end of all things; the little plot of open face at his side. The carnest, pleading med black beard. As Hurlbut came into view the man on the stump rose easily and saluted, paying not the least atten-whom had a weapon loaded with a blank sunshine, the thousand familiar sounds cartridge. tion to the nervous jerk of Parson's weapon. He was a tall, well-built man. deep-

ly tanned; his uniform was similar to those of his captors, save that it was much cleaner. Hurlbut walked toward him without returning the salute, in spite of the fact that a torn shoulderspite of the fact that a torn shoulder. "What's your regiment?" Hurlbut de-ing more hateful every instant. The ing only for a few moments of unrestrict-troopers waited for the captain to come ed speech, speech of the things that they both might understand, and that others stranger promptly. The troopers exchanged expressions of the prisoner turned and came quickly to Hurlbut. astonishment and covert winks, but the

captain made no comment. "What are you doing out here beyond the outposts?" he continued. Without on the way back?"

answering, the other pointed to the instrument against the tree. Hurlbut frowned and pulled at his blonde musing away, then he turned and met the other's eyes. They were looking at him, very straight and with a terrible earnest-"There's a scouting party six miles far-

ther up the creek," exclaimed the man, "Very well," he answered curtly. The little group arranged itself quickly, titude of the Two of the troopers rode ahead; Hurlbut silent again. "sent out day before yesterday. I'm re-laying their reports back to head-quarfollowed with the prisoner walking by his side, and the remaining four men walked their horses a few paces farther to the rear.

Hurlbut studied the ground in front of him, and poked his heavy Colt back into man beside him, "are queer things. I had its holster. The five troopers lounged my own uniform done up in a bundle under a stone a dozen paces from the stump 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 car-

foot laughed shortly.

-or rather my death--to tobacco. I de- dramatist's last play. Like a picture on a -or rather my death-to tobacco. I de-cided I'd smoke one cigarette before I changed my clothes. I wonder," he fin-ished whimsically, "what my status would have been if you'd come on me when I was half in one uniform and half in the the man's speech broke through onto saw the lithe body lying on its face in and so, of course, quickly fade.

you can make as good a soldier in two months as you can in twenty years out miles south of us. There isn't any scout-to ask this man all sorts of questions; to the fully again. There was a sudden wild clatter of the was a sudden wild clatter of the south of us. There isn't any scoutou been on this hill?" messages he might write, what explana-The dark man shrugged his shoulders nd threw away the butt of his cigarand threw away the butt of his cigar- a desire to see the man slip quickly into when he's had a few years even without

from his eigarette as he spoke, "I've been here long enough to find out what I want. Of course," I shan't answer any of your raised his eyebrows ever so slightly. Hurl-and yet so brave. I know she'll come "She

I've tried hard to be a good one-

ed. ahead of him but ceratin death? Don't you you will. I won't stop you." suppose I'm leaving anything behind me Vermuhlen shook his head and smiled.

of the wood-land, the pleasant, muffled make me!"

if their positiens had been reversed. His -the officer who commanded the firingthoughts moved dully around a monotenous circle; he felt that he could not go back to his own wife and feel as he had, squad, perhaps--might not. "Well?" said Huribut encouragingly.

He did not see the smile of relief on the other's face, but he knew it was there

spoke, he heard the dull voices of the men behind him, and caught the easy attitude of the troopers in front, and fell

too," the other man was saying; "I've never written anything but plays before, but I think I could have done this."

'You're not Gustav Vermuhlen, are you?" he demanded breathlessly.

Hurlbut remembered, now, having read sistant about the advisability of putting "I suppose," he went on, "I owe my life out an American edition of the young

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 advantageo

In the first place not all fabrics that need cleaning or dyeing can be success-fully 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 He spoke partly to the men. "No," he said deliberately, "I shan't 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 deep er green, a very dark red, a very dark own and red. Violet 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 de sign has been in a contrasting color or not, the figured effect will show after be ing dyed.

Supposing the design has been in the weave only, then the goods will be as the breast of his own. He kept asking himself what Vermuhlen would have done When fabrics a

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. across the sea, waiting hopelessly. And yet, if he ordered the men aside, drove his prisoner into the woods, and then gal-And DO NOT DYE WOOLEN AND COTTON GOODS. The mixed cotton and woolen fabrics proclaim this fact more loudly still, and it loped away-he could not go back then, does not pay to send such materials to be with a blot on his army record. The dyed. If one can manage this at home whole color of his life was spoiled, and the cost will be but a trifle and probably all because Vermuhlen had wasted five the result will be quite as satisfactory as precious minutes smoking a cigarette and though done by a professional.

Another important point to be remem bellious anger at the unreasoning power bered is that all stains must be removed of little things surged through him. One before the dyeing is started otherwise a tiny cigarette, cold now somewhere among hole is likely to be the result, as the dye the pine needles, had sent one man to eats into the stain. I fancy this is the his death and brought to him a lasting reason the directions on home dyes always advise the garment being thorough

Silk does not dye satisfabtorily. Crepe

saline, are equally unsatisfactory. The heavier silks, like bengaline, are a little he could smile and talk to the men about more successful, but professionals, as a

The Inventor of the Dime Novel.

The death of Orville J. Victor, which occurred at his home in Hohokus, New Jersey, recently, removed a remarkable character and a man possessing a distinctspy, flattening himself onto the neck of ive claim to celebrity. Only two or Parson's horse, had already swung the three newspapers chronicled his demise. two or and none of them referred to the work with which he was longest associated. They told of the histories and biographies He tried to raise his Colt, but his hand which he wrote and of the newspapers seemed nerveless. He sat almost inert, and periodical which he conducted. None of them mentioned his connection with Beadle's Dime Novels, all of which he edwatching the other men raising their carbines with unaccountable slowness. Already the prisoner's horse had stopped ited for many years. How the pulses of the robust boys of tride. "Fire!" shouted Hurlbut, seemingly for-they recall "Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter: Seth Jones; Ono-Then he saw the five men, all of whom moo, the Huron"-and the other papercovered 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 "Go after him!" thundered Hurlbut, their accomplished and versatile editor has departed. The Beadle series were the pioneers in the dime-novel field, and they were better than any of their imitaaround a turn in the road, and Hurlbut almost unconsciously pulled his horse to a walk and then stopped. He listened to the diminishing sound of hoofs and the tors of the later period. Of those who where associated in an 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 "Well?" said Hurlbut as they came up. copies.

One of the waiting horses down the suppose I'm leaving anything behind me road heard the sound of the approaching that I regret? Do you think I'm talking party and whinnied. The prisoner lifted this way out of sheer bravado? Man,

his head sharply and peered down the don't you understand that it's only by

ground, the white-faced officer, and the sentences cut into the very core of his file of nervous, twitching men-one of being. It was all so unreal: the brilliant They came out into the road and saw sound of the horses' hoofs and the jingle

"It's only a little while now," he said

For an instant Hurlbut hesitated, look-

"What troops are in that scouting par-"Half of 'L' company of my own regi-

"Little chunks of time," said the pris-

Hurlbut made no reply, and the man on in his own office and talking with his asbine 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 Hurlbut raised his head, and the men

who could see him noticed that it looked "The Forty-Second New York," he said other!" ther!" Hurlbut's mind again. "I suppose I couldn't even talk of these

ing party up the creek. How long have sympathize with him, to ask him what perfect," Vermuhlen was saying, "but a cries from the men. Hurlbut's hand shot

the bushes before the troopers could a flaw, can be?" "Never mind the formalities," he said quietly, letting out the last of the smoke lips in a firm line, drew the black, ugly sciously, "no, I suppose not."

"Aren't you willing to forget your a Hurlbut looked up. "I'm going to let him go," he announc-d. "It's a breach of duty—and you men quickly. "Are you so tightly cased in will see it. You won't need to report it, your uniform that you begrudge the last because I shall confess." He turned sud-few hours of life to a man with nothing denly to Vermuhlen--"You can go when

"No," he said deliberately, "I shan't take the chance you give. It's a fine last

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 insist-ed; "If I won't run, I won't and you can't

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

with the thought of that unknown wife

from the change in his tone. As the spy talked, the stiffness of Hurlbut's attitude began to relax. Now and then he broke in upon the steady flow of the other's words, but always, when he

"I was going to write about this war,

Hurlbut turned quickly in his saddle.

'Yes," answered the spy simply.

had not changed his uniform! A hot, re-

der a stone a dozen paces from the stump where you found me. Had you been ten minutes later, I would have been a pris-oner of war instead of a spy. Hurlbut knew will crack and the fine silks, such as mes-the notice that the young dramatist had gone into the army. Then his mind went farther back, and he remembered sitting

animal around in the narrow road. "Shoot him!" yelled Hurlbut, "shoot

unhappiness that would not pass.

A murmur of voices behind him made ly washed before coloring. him turn, and he saw that Parsons had taken the prisoner up onto his horse be- de Chine, however, takes a color splend hind him. He noticed, casually, that the ly,

that he was clinging to life with all the fervor of youth and a great love, and yet him-and more than that, he could be so rule, do not care to handle silks.

the wet grass.

but

Look what he was: head of a big questions. publishing house, art critic, clubman, traveller, athlete! A big, broad-gauge man in every way, and he forgets all that he has been, and turns every ounce 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 as the animal cleared an old stump in the road, "of course he's different. He's a human being instead of a carefully trained ma-

"He's married, too," Parsons said, as though adding an obstacle which argument could not surmount.

"Right," agreed his companion, "and that's the finishing touch. You don't catch him mooning over his wife's picture either! I've seen her and she's a wife worth going back to. but he doesn't let that count. He takes bigger chances than the rest of us. It'll work that way every time, too. You take a good business man and show him the ropes of the army, and he'll make a better soldier than your trained fighting machine."

Hurlbut suddenly threw up his gauntleted hand and pulled his horse up on his haunches. The six men came to an abrupt halt.

"Dismount!" ordered the officer quiet-One trooper was left holding the bridles of the horses, and the five men followed the straight figure into the woods. "What are we after?" whispered Par-

"I don't know," answered Henderson, "but he does!"

The little party moved quietly through the pines, following an old trail, so old that the path on which they stepped was a full two inches lower than the needlecarpeted ground. As they walked they could hear the distant purring of a brook, and the swiri of water about old timbers of some sort. The tiny path bent to the left and came out upon the edge of a brook. A hundred yards ahead of them stood the ruins of an old saw-mill. Hurlbut stopped, wiped his face with a clean handkerchief and looked about him. He consulted a note-book, then moved ahead without a word, the men following him in silence. For half an hour they followed the path which climbed steadily up a long slope. Above the rising shelves of trees they could see the bald knob of a hill. For a week they had been watchyou've trussed me up so well I can't get ing that hill in the distance from their camp by the river, and now they looked cheeks as the soldiers assisted their capat it curiously. Hurlbut turned to his men suddenly

"I've brought you five men," he said curtly, "because you all know something about stalking deer. There's a man somewhere on the flanks of this hill that we he grinned at Parsons. want. I don't want him shot, I want him taken. Henderson, you come with me. The rest of you scatter: keep just far enough apart so you can see the men on both sides of you."

Like shadows the six figures shrank into the underbrush and commenced mov-ing up the flank of the hill. Henderson and the captain went forward almost on their hands and knees, Hurlbut first taking the precaution to rub his shining put-tees with black mud, and lay his clank-ing sword carefully behind a stump. They crawled forward a hundred yards and then paused, panting to get their

but flushed, pretended to examine the cyl- through all right-The attitude of the five lounging troopinder of the weapon, and shoved it back ers changed as the man spoke. They into the holster. "I wish you wouldn't put that away," ceased to look at him cnriously, and their

protested the man quickly. "I feel better with it boring into my mind." eyes hardened. Parsons jerked his carbine to a former position against his thigh and his lean forefinger crawled a triffe "I'll run the risk," said Hurlbut short-

nearer to the trigger. Hurlbut looked steadily over his captive's head and gave They went forward monotonously over ture? the necessary orders. The troopers went forward silently to bind the man's hands. but did not have to check his horse for Hurlbut noticed that they tied the cords the benefit of the man on foot, who walked vindictively, drawing them unnecessarily with long, easy, tireless strides. The low-

voiced talk of the troopers behind them "Never mind tying them quite so tight," sounded distinctly. "I've just been wondering," said the spy,

"Thank you," said the dark man quick-"whether, if I'd had my choice, I'd have picked a day like this as my last. Would The men seemed not to hear his speech. a man rather flicker out with the world at its best or its worst? On the whole, I hand on Hurlbut's saddle. It was as though a sudden barrier had risen between them, and made of him a believe I'm rather glad it isn't raining.'

believe I'm rather glad it isn't raining." "Look out, captain!" Parsons yelled The captain was commencing to regret suddenly. "He's reaching for your gun!" different sort of being. Hurlbut looked steadfastly away from the man as the litthat he had promised to let the man talk. tle group moved slowly down the slope, the prisoner walking ahead with his hands The spy was looking at things so exactly as he would have had a doomed man look, tied behind him; the troopers close be- and yet it made it that much the harder. and yet it made it that much the harder. It seemed to him that he could follow muhlen shook his head slightly and smilhind, their carbines resting easily in the crooks of their arms; Hurlbut a little to every step of the man's mind, and all that ed faintly.

hill, a cock-partridge burst suddenly out Hurlbut would, have said. He wished his breath; "my God, man, I can't!" of a tangle of bushes with a startling thun- fervently that the man would fall a prey der of wings, and bored, twisting, out of to fear and keep silent.

sight among the trees. One or two of the troopers jumped slightly and gave vent to in the same idle fashion, startled exclamations. Hurlbut and the prisoner stiffened slightly like setters, and followed the flight of the bird with eyes is a startled exclamations. Hurlbut and the eyes wide open, and the best part of what followed the flight of the bird with eyes is a startled exclamation. Hurlbut sat motionless in the saddle, his face a mask, but behind it his mind a riot of conflicting thoughts, his pulses that snapped with eagerness. Their glances why it doesn't make me mad with the now racing madly and now almost slugthe dark-haired man smiled injustice of the thing." gish.

brightly, his white teeth showing pleas-antly through the closely-trimmed beard. have to play the spy," his captor remind-ever read a book called 'The Father'?" Hurlbut had to stiffen the muscles of his ed him. face quickly and turn his glance off to- "Oh, y

"Oh, yes I did," replied the other, lookward the brook to check the smile of ing up in a straightforward fashion which the others and two or three of them noding up in a straightforward fashion which the others take wonderingly. made the other silent; "there wasn't any-body else to do it. That isn't mock hero-"Well," explained Hurlbut with a gestcommon feeling. "A fine bird," he heard the prisoner say to the men behind him. The troopers to the men behind him. The troopers ics, you know, but just plain facts. I ure toward his prisoner, "this is the man looked at each other in uncertainty and ican't make it seem quite real yet. Why, that wrote it—it and a lot of other things did not answer. As they reached the path which passed the ruined mill the prisoner seemed in-the ruined mill the prisoner seemed inthe ruined mill the prisoner seemed intent in watching the waters swirl about the rotting piles and did not look at the path in front of him. His foot caught on

won't hang me, will they?" he finished in a sudden burst of anxiety. "No," answered Hurlbut in a dry, mat-ter-of-fact tone, and added, to stiffen his wavering stermass. "I'll soc that

an old stub and he fell headlong, heavily. wavering sternness, "I'll see that you're at a loss what to do or say; this was no The troopers, mistaking his action, halfraised their weapons and then lowered them awkwardly. The man had fallen in A hundred yards farther along the road,

such a way that, with his hands pinioned began: behind his back, he could not rise. "It's careless of me," he said, "but "If there are any messages, or anything ed for Hurlbut to speak.

of that kind, I will be very glad—" "Ho!" the other broke in on him sud-denly, "message!" Then he went on more quietly: "That's good of you, but I'm not Hurlbut felt the blood tingling in his cheeks as the soldiers assisted their cap-tive to rise. Parsons even went so far as to dust off the man's clothes. "Never mind, thanks," said the man carelessly; "I won't need them long," and he grinned at Parsons.

man has no time "You can untie those cords," said Hurl-

"You can untie those cords," said Hurl-but, choosing his words carefully. He felt a strange hesitancy about referring to his prisoner even so far as speaking of his hands, so he said "cords" deliberately. He was glad, too, when the man did not thank him hur words carefully. He waited an instant for Hurlbut to nhurriedly: "It seems queer, doesn't it, for men like "It seems queer, doesn't it, for men like

He was glad, too, when the man did not thank him, but merely bowed silently. As they walked back over the deeply worn path, Hurlbut studied the other's figure and carriage. He had thought of spies often enough, but he had never con-nected them, somehow, with this sort of a man. He had not bothered to think much about their possible personalities; the mere word—spy—covered their whole existence and made of him a thing not to

"Who?" interrupted Hurlbut

"Why, my wife," answered the other quickly, surprised. "I know she'll come through all right," he went on, "but I his frantic plunging and fallen into his know how hard it will be-and I feelstride well, I teel so much sorrier for her than I do for myself. May I show you her picgetful of his own Weapon.

Hurlbut looked down to see the other fumbling in the breast of his brown tunic. "Don't!" pleaded Hurlbut thickly; could clip coins at fifty or even a hundred vards, send one after another of the steel-jacketed bullets whistling harmlessly through the air above the head of the "don't!" Vermuhlen looked up in surprise, and fleeing horseman-not yet a score of yards away from him. saw that his captor's face was white and

drawn. "I'm not playing fair with you," he said quickly; "I've no right to make your duty harder. I didn't mean—" in the intensity of his feeling he rested his and he spurred his own horse as the troopers lumbered into awkward, halfhearted pursuit. They went out of sight

The little cavalcade halted suddenly. The two men, the prisoner and his capcries of the men. From time to time the tor, stared at the troopers, their carbines sound of a shot came back to him. Minute after minute he sat stolidly in the road, waiting for the return of his men. After what seemed an interminable time they came around the turn of the road, "I can't do it," Hurlbut muttered uuder

Parsons, on foot, in front of them. "You've got to," the other whispered; "it's a hard price for both of us, but

Henderson saluted solmenly. "We couldn't catch him, Captain," he explain-"It's a queer thing," the spy continued we've got to pay it. Let me go with the in the same idle fashion, "It's a queer men!" the fastest in the company. And he got off so quick I guess it flustered our shooting. I think we winged him, but we couldn't tell for sure."

Hurlbut nodded slowly. "You and Tooley go back to that hill," he ordered, "and stay there until relieved. If any-"Yes, sir," answered the astonished trooper. Hurlbut looked the question at thing happens, ride in at once and re-

port." The captain started to wheel his horse but Henderson, after an instant's awk-

just as good or better. And we're taking him to be shot! we understand!"

and Henderson gripped it hard. "Thank you," said Hurlbut shortly, and then Henderson and Tooley trotted back toward the hill behind them, and Hurlbut at all a part of the game of war they had been playing; these two men before them rode toward camp at the head of his de-Hurlbut cleared his throat nervously and were not at all like Thurston or Crockett or some of the other officers. They wait-

pleted force with his chin up and his eyes looking straight before him.—By Donald Hamilton Haines, in *Scribner's* Magazine. How much do I know about myself? Such a question honestly asked and an-

if we shoot him."

vent his knowing. He's sent the infor-

came on the first of the month.

The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;
But why the people call it so,
Nor you, nor I, nor they, may know

What Folksongs Are.

"You know sir, Parson's horse was 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 before there were any 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, harvesttime, hunting and other events in their lives. Before men knew how to write ward hesitation, spoke again. "And, Captain—" he began diffidently, and then more boldly as Hurlbut faced and print music, songs were preserved by being treasured in the memory of the people. Every country had its own pehim, "I guess we ain't any better soldiers or worse men than you are, and-I guess culiar songs which were passed down from father to son, sometimes through Impulsively Hurlbut's hand shot out. 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.

it	Battle	Union	Confederate	Total
1	Antietam Atlanta		25 899 8 499	38 368 12 140
•	Bull Run (1)	2 952	1 752	4 744
	Bull Run (2) Cedar Creek	5 995	4 200	11 500 10 195
is	Chancellorsville . Chickamaugua		12 281 17 804	28 311 32 655
	Cold Harbor Corinth		1 700	16 634 11 782
r	Franklin. Fredericksburg	2 326	6 252	8 578
	Gettysburg	23 186	31 621	16 929 54 807
	Missionary Ridg	4 348	8 684 4 500	14 300 8 848
	Shiloh Stone River		10 699 14 560	24 272 16 138
	Wilderness		11 400	29 787
	Total	173 398	177 560	350 058

swered would show at once the need of a medical work such as Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. It is a book dealing with the plain facts of physiology, hygiene and reproduction, in plain English, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay ex-pense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent

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