



THE GRAND ARMY.

In the morning the Grand Army marches out to fight for bread. There is many a wounded soldier, many a bruised and bleeding head. There is many a marcher who would gladly run away...

In the morning the Grand Army, with its boy recruits in line. Marches bravely out to duty in the field and mill and mine. Goes to give its country glory, goes to make it great and strong...

There will be no honors waiting, there will be no grand review. For the soldiers who go trudging where the fields are damp with dew...

In the morning the Grand Army bravely marches forth to fight. For the love of little children, for the sake of doing right...

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER. Author of "Eben Holden," "Daredevil of the Blessed Isles," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

A thought came flying through my brain with the sting of an arrow. "She must not be deceived. I have not any noble blood in me. I am only the son of a soldier-farmer and have my fortune to make..."

"Nevertheless, I beg you to say, in your letter, that I have nothing but my word and my honor." As we rode along I noted in my book the place and time we were to meet the captives...

CHAPTER XIX.

D'ri and I left the chateau that afternoon, putting up in the red tavern at Morrivost about dusk. My companion rode away proudly, the medal dangling at his waistcoat lapel.

"Jerushy Jane!" said he, presently, as he plopped rein. "Ain't a-goin' t' hev that foppin' there so—meks me feel lute a bird. Don't seem nohow nat'ral. What d' ye s'pose he gin me that air thing fer?"

"He was putting it away carefully in his wallet. 'As a token of respect for your bravery,'" said I. His laughter roared in the still woods, making my horse lift and snort a little.

"'What d' ye s'pose that air thing's made uv'?" he inquired, after a little silence.

"Silver," said I. "Pure silver?" "Undoubtedly," was my answer. "Judas Priest!" said he, taking out his wallet again, to look at the trophy. "The air mus' be wuth suthin'."

"More than a year's salary," said I. He looked up at me with a sharp whistle of surprise. "Ain't no great hand fer sech flummy-diddles," said he, as he put the medal away.

"It's a badge of honor," said I. "It shows you're a brave man." "Got 'nough on 'em," said D'ri. "This 'ere rip 'n the forehead's 'bout all the badge I need."

"It's from the emperor—the great Napoleon," I said. "It's a mark of his pleasure." "Wall, by Judas Priest!" said D'ri, "I would n't jump over a stump or a stun wall t' please no emp'r'r, an' I would n't cut off my leetle finger fer a hull bushel basket o' them air. I hain't a-fightin' fer no honor."

"What then?" said I. His face turned very sober. He pursed his lips, and spat across the ditch; then gave his mouth a wipe, and glanced thoughtfully at the sky. "Fer liberty," said he, with decision. "Same thing my father died fer."

Not to this day have I forgotten it, the answer of old D'ri, or the look of him as he spoke. I was only a reckless youth fighting for the love of peril and adventure, and with too little thought of the high purposes of my country. The causes of the war were familiar to me; that proclamation of Mr. Madison had been discussed freely in our home, and I had felt some share in the indignation of D'ri and my father. This feeling had not been allayed by the bloody scenes in which I had had a part. Now I began to feel the great passion of the people, and was put to shame for a moment.

"Liberty—that is a grand thing to fight for," said I, after a brief pause. "Swap my blood any time fer that air," said D'ri. "I can fight sassy, but not fer no king but God A'mighty. Don't pay t' git all tore up less it 's fer suthin' purty middlin' valyble. My life ain't wuth much, but, ye see, I hain't nuthin' else."

We rode awhile in sober thought, hearing only a sough of the wind above and the rustling hoof-beat of our horses in the rich harvest of the autumn woods. We were walking slowly over a stretch of bare moss when, at a sharp turn, we came suddenly in sight of a huge bear that sat facing us. I drew my pistol as we pulled rein, firing quickly. The bear ran away into the brush as I fired another shot.

"He's hit," said D'ri, leaping off and bidding me hold the bit. Then, with a long stride, he ran after the fleeing bear. I had been waiting near half an hour when D'ri came back slowly, with a downhearted look.

"T ain' no use," said he. "Can't never git that bear. He's got a flesh-wound high up in his hin' quarters, an' he 's travellin' fast." He took a fresh chew of tobacco and mounted his horse.

"Terrible pity!" he exclaimed, shaking his head with some trace of lingering sorrow. "Ray," said he, soberly, after a little silence, "when ye see a bear lookin' your way, ef ye want 'im, always shute at the end that's toward ye."

There was no better bear-hunter in the north woods than D'ri, and to lose a bear was, for him, no light affliction. "Can't never break a bear's neck by shutin' 'im in the hin' quarters," he remarked. I made no answer.

"Might jest es well spit 'n 'is face," he added presently; "jest eggzacly." This apt and forceful advice calmed a lingering sense of duty, and he rode on awhile in silence. The woods were glooming in the early dusk when he spoke again. Something revived his contempt of my education. He had been trailing after me, and suddenly I felt his knee.

"Tell ye this, Ray," said he, in a kindly tone. "Ef ye wan' t' git a bear, got t' mux 'im up a leetle fer'ard—right up 'n the neighborhood uv 'is fo'e's'se. Don't dew no good t' shute 'is hams. Might es well try t' choke 'im t' death by pinchin' 'is tail."

We were out in the open. Roofs and smoking chimneys were silhouetted on the sky, and, halfway up a hill, we could see the candle-lights of the red tavern. There, in the bar, before blazing logs in a great fireplace, for the evening had come chilly, a table was laid for us, and we sat down with hearty happiness to tankards of old ale and a smoking haunch. I have never drunk or eaten with a better relish. There were half a dozen or so sitting about the bar, and all ears were for news of the army and all hands for our help. If we asked for more potatoes or ale, half of them rose to proclaim it. Between pipes of Virginia tobacco, and old sledge, and songs of love and daring, we had a memorable night. When we went to our room, near 12 o'clock, I told D'ri of our dear friends, who, all day, had been much in my thought.

"Was the letter writ by her?" he inquired. "Not a doubt of it." "Then it 's all right," said he. "A likely pair o' gals them air—no mistake."

"But I think they made me miss the bear," I answered. "Ray," said D'ri, soberly, "when yer shutin' a bear, ef ye want 'im, don't never think o' nuthin' but the bear." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Won't never hev no luck killin' a bear ef ye don't quit dwellin' so on them air gals."

I thanked him, with a smile, and asked if he knew Eagle Island. "Be'n all over it half a dozen times," said he. "T ain' no more 'n 20 rod from the Yankee shore, the air island ain't. We c'd paddle there in a day from our cove."

And that was the way we planned to go—by canoe from our landing—and wait for the hour at Paleyville, a Yankee village opposite the island. We would hire a team there, and convey the party by wagon to Leraville.

We were off at daybreak, and going over the hills at a lively gallop. Crossing to Caraway pike, in the Cedar meadows, an hour later, we stampeded a lot of moose. One of them, a great bull, ran ahead of us, roaring with fright, his antlers rattling upon bush and bough, his black bell hanging to the fern-tops.

"Don't never wan' t' hev no argyment with one o' them air chaps 'less ye know purty nigh how t' s'comin' out," said D'ri. "Alvus want a gun es well es a purty middlin' ca-a-areful aim on your side. Then ye 're apt t' need a tree, tew, 'fore ye git through with it." After a moment's pause he added: "Got t' be a poimightful stout tree, er he 'll shake ye out uv it luk a ripe apple."

"They always have the negative side of the question," I said. "Don't believe they'd ever chase a man if he'd let 'em alone." "Yis, siree, they would," was D'ri's answer. "I've hed 'em come right after me 'fore ever I c'd lift a gun. Ye see, they 're jest es cur'us 'bout a man es a man 's 'bout them. Ef they can't smell 'im they 're terrible cur'us. Jes' wan' t' see what 's inside uv 'im any what kind uv a smellin' critter he is. Dunno es they wan' t' dew 'im any pertic'lar harm. Jes' wan' t' mux 'im over a leetle; but they dew it awful careless, an' he ain't never fit t' be seen no more."

He snickered faintly as he spoke. "An' they don't nobody see much uv 'im after that, nuther," he added, with a smile. "I member once a big bull tried t' find out the kind o' works I hed in me. T' wa'n' no moose—jest a common ord'nary three-year-old bull."

"Hurt you?" I queried. "No; t' hurt 'im," said he, soberly. "Sp'it 'im, es ye might say. Could n't never bear the sight uv a man after that. Seem so he did n't think he w'd fit t' be seen. Nobody c'd ever git 'n a mild o' th' poor cuss. Hed t' be shot."

"What happened?" "Hed a stout club 'n my hand," said he. "Got holt uv 'is tail, an' begun a-whalin' uv 'im. Run 'im down a steep hill, an' passin' a tree, I tuk one side an' he t' other. We parted there fer the las' time."

He looked off at the sky a moment. Then came his inevitable addendum, which was: "I hed a dam sight more tail 'an he did, thet 's sartin'." About ten o'clock we came in sight of our old home. Then we hurried our horses, and came up to the door with a rush. A stranger met us there.

"Are you Capt. Bell?" said he, as I got off my horse. I nodded. "I am one of your father's tenants," he went on. "Ride over the ridge yonder about half a mile, and you will see his house." I looked at D'ri and he at me. He had grown pale suddenly, and I felt my own surprise turning into alarm.

"Are they well?" I queried. "Very well, and looking for you," said he, smiling. We were up in our saddle, dashing out of the yard in a jiffy. Beyond the ridge a wide mile of smooth country sloped to the river margin. Just off the road a great house lay long and low in fair acres. Its gables were red-roofed, its walls of graystone half hidden by lofty hedges of cedar. We stopped our horses, looking off to the distant woods on each side of us.

"Can't be," said D'ri, soberly, his eyes squinting in the sunlight. "Wonder where they live?" I remarked. "All looks mighty cur'us," said he. "T ain' no way nat'ral." "Let's go in there and ask," I suggested.

We turned in at the big gate and rode silently over a driveway of smooth gravel to the door. In a moment I heard my father's hearty hello, and then my mother came out in a better gown than ever I had seen her wear. I was out of the saddle and she in my arms before a word was spoken. My father, hardy old Yankee, scolded the stamping horse, while I knew well he was only upbraiding his own weakness.

"Come, Ray; come, Darius," said my mother, as she wiped her eyes; "I will show you the new house." A man took the horses, and we all followed her into the splendid hall, while I was filled with wonder and a mighty longing for the old home.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a fine house—that in which I spent many happy years back in my young manhood. Not, indeed, so elegant and so large as this where I am now writing, but comfortable. To me, then, it had an atmosphere of romance and some look of grandeur. Well, in those days I had neither a sated eye, nor gout, nor judgment of good wine. It was I who gave it the name of Fairacres that day when, coming out of the war, we felt its peace and comfort for the first time, and, dumfounded with surprise, heard my mother tell the story of it.

"My grandfather," said she, "was the Chevalier Ramon Ducret de Trouville, a brave and gallant man who, for no good reason, disinherited my father. The property went to my uncle, the only other child of the chevalier, and he, as I have told you, wrote many kind letters to me, and sent each year a small gift of money. Well, he died before the war—it was in March—and, having no children, left half his fortune to me. You, Ramon, will remember that long before you went away to the war a stranger came to see me one day—a stout man, with white hair and dark eyes. Do you not remember? Well, I did not tell you

then, because I was unable to believe, that he came to bring the good news. But he came again after you left us, and brought me money—a draft on account. For us it was a very large sum, indeed. You know we have always been so poor, and we knew that when the war was over there would be more and a-plenty coming. So, what were we to do? 'We will build a home,' said I; 'We will enjoy life as much as possible. We will surprise Ramon. When he returns from the war he shall see it, and be very happy.' The architect came with the builders, and, voila! the house is ready, and you are here, and after so long it is better than a fortune to see you. I thought you would never come."

She covered her face a moment, while my father rose abruptly and left the room. I kissed the dear hands that long since had given to heavy toil their beauty and shapeliness. But enough of this, for, after all, it is neither here nor there. Quick and unexpected fortune came to many a pioneer, as it came to my mother, by inheritance, as one may see if he look only at the records of one court of claims—that of the British.

"Before long you may wish to marry," said my mother, as she looked up at me proudly, "and you will not be ashamed to bring your wife here."

I vowed, then and there, I should make my own fortune—I had Yankee enough in me for that—but, as will be seen, the wealth of heart and purse my mother had, helped in the shaping of my destiny. In spite of my feeling, I know it began quickly to hasten the life-currents that bore me on. And I say, in tender remembrance of those very dear to me, I had never a more delightful time than when I sat by the new fireside with all my clan—its number as yet undiminished—or went roistering in wood or field with the younger children.

The day came when D'ri and I were to meet the ladies. We started early that morning of the 12th. Long before daylight we were moving rapidly down-river in our canoes. I remember seeing a light flash up and die away in the moonlit mist of the river soon after starting.

"The booby light!" D'ri whispered. "There t' goes ag'in!" I had heard the river folk tell often of this weird thing—one of the odd phenomena of the St. Lawrence. "Comes alwus where folks hev been drowned," said D'ri. "The air 's what I've heard tell."

It was, indeed, the accepted theory of the fishermen, albeit many saw in the booby light a warning to mark the place of forgotten murder, and bore away. The sun came up in a clear sky, and soon, far and wide, its light was tossing in the ripple-tops. We could see them glowing miles away. We were both armed with saber and pistols, for that river was the very highway of adventure in those days of the war.

"Don't jes' like this kind uv a hoss," said D'ri. "Got t' keep whalin' 'im all the while, an' he 's apt t' slobber 'n rough goin'." He looked thoughtfully at the sun a breath, and then trimmed his remark with these words: "Ain't eggzacly sure-footed, nuther."

"Don't require much feed, though," I suggested. "No; ye hev t' dew all the eatin', but ye can alwus eat 'nough fer both."

A Good Answer. "The late Mayor McLane," said a Baltimorean, "told me last year of an occurrence that had befallen a well-known railroad man. 'A humble employe of the road called on this man and asked for a pass to a certain distant point. The official said, with a severe air: 'You have been working for me for some time, haven't you?' 'Yes,' said the employe. 'You have always been paid regularly?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer. Would you have the nerve to ask this farmer to harness up his horses and drive you a long distance into the country?' 'No,' said the employe. 'I wouldn't. But if the farmer had his horses already harnessed and was going my way, I'd call him a pretty mean fellow if he refused to give me a lift.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

Substitute for the Stick. A story is told of the four-year-old Prince Knut, son of Prince Christian of Denmark. Recently a dispute arose between his nurse and himself, the cause of the dispute being whether he should or should not take a bath. The arguments terminated in a sponge being thrown in the nurse's face and the royal mama being sent for in hot haste. She decided that Knut was in the wrong, and sent him himself to fetch the cane with which she must beat him. He departed, and after some time he came back again. "I can't find the stick," he said politely, "but here are two stones that you can throw at me."—St. James Gazette.

Wrong Indeed! "Really, now," said the diner to the waiter, "right down in your heart don't you believe this tipping system is all wrong?" "Indeed I do!" replied the waiter, with feeling; "that fellow at the next table to mine has made \$2 to-day, and I've only made 20 cents."—Yonkers Statesman.

Unlike Her. She—He had the impertinence to say I was just like a phonograph because I tell everything that's told to me. He—Ridiculous. "Of course it is." "Yes, because a phonograph always tells it straight."—Philadelphia Press.

Truths that Strike Home. Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality? LION COFFEE, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes. LION COFFEE is carefully packed at our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands. In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.) (Save the Lion-heads for valuable premiums.) SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Professionally Expresed. "How high can that soprano sing?" "As high as \$5,000 a night," answered the manager, absent-mindedly.—Washington Star.

Who Owns the Railroads? H. T. Newcomb, of the District of Columbia Bar, has compiled statistics showing that 5,174,718 depositors in savings banks of six eastern states are directly interested in the joint ownership of \$142,354,086 of steam railroad securities, that insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts hold \$845,889,038 of steam railroad stocks and bonds, and 74 educational institutions depend on \$47,468,327 invested in similar securities for a portion of their income. Other fiduciary institutions own enough railroad securities to bring such holdings up to more than a billion and a half dollars, about one-sixth of the entire capital invested in railroad property. These investments represent the savings of the masses, there being twenty million holders of life insurance policies in the country, as many more of fire insurance policies, and an even greater number of depositors in banking and trust institutions, where investments are largely in railroad securities.

It's an ill-wind that blows anybody good, but you.—N. Y. Times. Edlestein, Ill. Pusheck's Kuro helped me and I am better now than I have been for a long time. Mrs. K. Hekel. Paris, Logan Co., Ark. We are very well pleased with Pusheck's Kuro, and together with others who were cured by it, join in praising its merits. We only regret all the money we spent without results until we used this remedy. Mrs. Marie Klager. A vegetarian ought to be well pleased with cigars made of cabbage leaves.

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THE STRAIN OF WORK. Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil. Lieutenant George G. Warren, of No. 3 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great lot of good, and if it were not true I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted 600 pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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The Substitute. Mrs. Fluffy—My husband writes the loveliest verses for me; does you? Mrs. Duffy—No, but he writes me the most beautiful checks.—Detroit Free Press.

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