

"DOC" SIMMONS AND THE WILD CAT

AN EPISODE IN WOODS AND WATER EXPLOITS

By Ernest McGaffey Author of Poems of Gun and Rod, Etc.

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"Got your compass, Doc?" asked one of the guides, as a short, stout figure passed over from the tents, with a double-barrelled shot-gun over his shoulder.



I thought if I lingered the wild cat might have robbed me of my watch and other valuables.

to try for turkeys. "Doc" had been taking lessons from an artist in turkey-calling, and by means of scraping a small cedar box on the barrels of his gun, after having previously rubbed a quantity of common chalk on the barrels, he had managed to learn a call that sounded quite natural to the uninitiated, even if it didn't fool the turkeys.

casually call for turkeys. Finally I began to get an answer from over to my right and I kept calling the best I could, but finally I must have let out a fortissimo instead of a pianissimo note, and the turkey quit me cold.

STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

THOUGHT HE KILLED A MAN.

Samuel Martindale Relieved When Told the Truth.

"It must be a dreadful thing," said Capt. John S. Tarkington, "to carry through life the knowledge—or even the suspicion—of having killed a man, of having deprived any human being of life.

"I was captain of company A, One Hundred and Thirty-second Indiana, in the civil war, and the regiment was stationed most of the time of its service at Stevenson, Ala. I was judge-advocate of the general court-martial at Bridgeport, ten miles from Stevenson, on the Tennessee river. It was reported to me one morning that Samuel Martindale of my company was in sore distress. He had killed a man, a deserter from a union regiment, as he was escaping from the prisoners' stockade the night before.

"This deserter had gotten over the stockade, had crossed the ditch surrounding it and was climbing the embankment a hundred feet away where Martindale was pacing his sentry beat, when Corporal Bliff ordered him to fire on the fugitive. He did so. The man fell, shot in the back and through the body, the mine ball touching the backbone in its flight. The poor fellow was paralyzed and Martindale had suffered a shock almost as bad.

"The deserter was picked up. A detail carried him to a convalescent camp up the mountain. The surgeon in charge took the body to see to its burial and our detail returned to camp.

"I consoled Martindale as best I could; told him what he had done was in the strict line of duty, but he continued to bewail this death, which he said was quite a different thing from shooting a man in actual battle.

"More than 20 years later I was talking one evening with a neighbor, Maj. W. H. Calkins, who afterward went to the state of Washington. We were calling up army incidents as we were seated on his porch when a friend visiting him came out upon the porch, whom he introduced as a former surgeon in the army. The major told of a man in his regiment, a cavalry regiment, who was shot in the toe, not much more than bruising it, yet the soldier died from that apparently insignificant wound.

"Then the surgeon spoke up. He said he could tell of a most singular recovery. He told of a man brought up to the hospital of which he was in charge just outside of Stevenson, Ala., a man who had been shot through the body. The surgeon had casually looked at the body when he in some mysterious way was moved to put his ear to the heart. He heard a faint beat. More than that, there was a faint breath coming from his lips. The surgeon, who was about to give orders for the burial of this body, had the man placed upon a bed. He nursed him, watched him night and day and finally sent him away entirely restored, to his regiment. Let us hope this deserter did valiant duty for his country afterward.

"I thought at once of poor Sam Martindale as I heard the surgeon's story, and directly afterward I told him that the deserter whose death he had mourned so many years did not die, and was probably yet in the land of the living.

"Martindale was again a happy man. He said that this thing of killing a man jumping over a fence was too much like murder for his peace of mind. Mr. Martindale is yet living. He's up in Newton county, where he has served as auditor and treasurer of his county."

AT PETERSBURG.

War Reminiscences of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Regiment, Pa. V.

In the winter and early spring the marshy country to the south and southwest of Petersburg, drained by Hatchers and Gravelly runs, was subject to frequent fogs so dense that from day-break until ten o'clock a soldier wandering away a few rods from his camp would be unable to find his way back to the same. During the siege of Petersburg, writes John T. Porter in the Pittsburg Dispatch, the whole region between the lines of the contending armies was so cut up by covered ways, dug-out roads, rifle pits, etc., to conceal the movement of troops and pickets from the view of the enemy as to make it almost impossible, or at least extremely hazardous, to pass from the main lines to the picket posts when the fog was heavy.

During the winter campaign of '64-'65 Sergt. Walter McCabe of company B, One Hundred and Fifty-fifth, in command of a large squad of pickets, started out one foggy morning to relieve the union pickets in the rifle pits. After wandering for some time in what seemed to be the direction of the union picket line the sergeant and his squad were brought to a sudden halt by a challenge from a confederate picket, when, to their consternation, they found themselves prisoners within the enemy's line, unable to escape.

On being lined up preparatory to starting for the rear of the confederate army Sergt. McCabe and his men were relieved by the enemy of all their valuables and most of



The Sergeant and His Squad Brought to a Sudden Halt.

their clothing. A confederate would say: "Here, Yank, I'll trade hats with you!" Another would exclaim: "Off with your shoes, Yank! I'll exchange with you!" Some mercenary confederate would ask: "Have you any money? Out with it! You'll not need it where you're going, and I'll take care of it for you."

When the exchanges were all completed the scene presented the appearance of a company of confederates dressed in neat union military uniforms, guarding within their own line a band of union soldiers dressed in ragged, tattered confederate uniforms, their heads sticking through crownless hats, toes protruding through the ends of shoes, bare spots showing through rents in trousers, especially in the rear.

As the prisoners were marshaled into line by their captors and started for the rear, the appearance was that of a company of union soldiers within the enemy's lines guarding a company of confederate prisoners. However, no such scene was witnessed within the enemy's main line, as the captors, becoming confused by the thick fog, struck and followed a covered way, which, to their great chagrin, led them and their prisoners right back into the union lines, where the confederates, in turn, became prisoners. It is needless to add that the fortunes of war having changed, there was a hasty disgorging of plunder and Sergt. McCabe and his squad came into their own again.

Diplomats Purchase Homes. Diplomats from Latin republics, especially those countries where the governments seem to sit on shaky foundations, are making hay while the sun shines and acquiring permanent homes in the United States. The minister from Cuba and Mme. Quesada have just bought the home of H. Clay Evans, the place of the Leslie Shaw hospitality in Washington. Senor Calderon, the minister from Bolivia, purchased and remodeled a fine mansion in Sixteenth street, and he intends to remain in Washington despite the whims of passing governments. Calderon has invested much of his ample fortune in American securities. His wife is a Philadelphian and his daughter was educated in that city.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

A FUNNY GIANT.

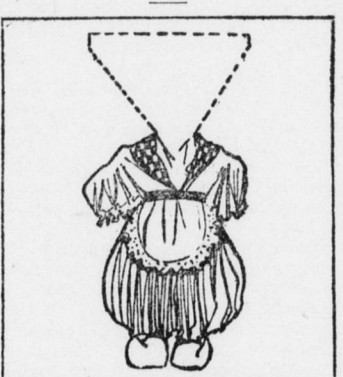
How a Little Fun Can Be Had in Social Company.

Some evening when your friends have come in to spend an hour with you and conversation lags, you and one of your friends can impersonate this queer-looking giant and cause much merriment.

Select a boy much smaller than yourself and seat him astride on your shoulder, draping your combined figures with a shawl or long cloak. Disguise your friend's face by making a mustache with a piece of burnt cork and ornament his head with a high hat. The more complete the disguise the more effective is the giant. If some ready-witted and genial member of the party will undertake to act as showman and exhibit the giant, holding a lively conversation with him and calling attention to his gigantic idiosyncrasies, a great deal of fun may be produced. The joke should not, however, be very long continued, as the feelings of the person carrying, the other must be considered.

A NEW CUT-OUT.

Cut Out White Space Around the Head.



Cut out the disk and fasten it to back of the card at the dots. Turn and see yourself as others see you.

TOYS OUT OF EGG SHELLS.

What the Handy Boy Can Make in Spare Moments.

Would you like to make this simple yet clever toy? It is easily done. Take an empty egg shell which is open only at one end. Close this opening with a little piece of kneaded bread, shaped like the head of a chicken. Two tin tacks will serve for eyes; a bit of pointed wood will do for the beak. Let the bread go into the opening quite a little way to make it more secure. A few feathers inserted at the rear will look like a tail, and two toothpicks will serve as legs. Now your chicken is complete and ready to be made to stand up. Next take a couple of bent iron wires, about an inch and a half long. One is inserted a little back of the imitation legs, and is kept, as are all the other features, in place by white sealing wax; the other will serve as a support for a bit of sugar.

When properly adjusted the bird will perch on your finger; it will balance itself and can be made to swing backward and forward.—Magical Experiments.

Teacher (reading aloud)—The weary sentinel leaned on his gun and stole a few moments' sleep. Dottie—I bet I know where he stole it from. Teacher—Where, Dot? Dottie—From his "nap"-sack.

Something Wrong. The little girl had gotten up very early in the morning for the first time. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, returning from the window, "the sun's comin' out all right, but God's forgotten to turn off the moon."—Judge.

SUSIE.

The True Story of a Little Squealing Pig.

When Susie was a little squealing baby, Uncle Hezekiah adopted her. She was all alone in the world, and so was he. He wrapped her in a piece of old carpet and tucked her into a box filled with hay in the wood shed.

"A queer crib for a baby," you say. But Susie thought it was delightful. She had never seen such a nice bed before, for she had been born in the slummiest of slums—to tell the truth, in a pig pen.

That pigs are really cleanly creatures, no one could doubt; who saw Susie's milk-white coat. She was the dearest, sweetest little baby piggy in the world. Her pretty pink nose and little pink ears and the curl of her little tail were simply irresistible. So thought Uncle Hezekiah, as he fed her a bowl of warm bread and milk three times each day.

But pretty soon Susie was able to feed herself, for baby pigs are not

bables long. In a short time she was trotting all over the farm as her foster-father's heels; out to the hen house to feed the chickens; back to the pump to get a pail of water for Sam, the old horse; down to the berry patch to pick berries for supper; over to the pasture after the cow. Wherever Uncle Hezekiah went Susie went, too, or wanted to. It was very funny to see the old farmer and his faithful follower.

One day Uncle Hezekiah had to go to town on business. He was already in sight of the court house tower when he remembered that he had not locked Susie in her shed as usual. He turned around and looked behind him in some uneasiness. In the distance was a small cloud of dust. It came nearer and nearer.

Yes, it was Susie! She had followed him these three miles to town. Uncle Hezekiah stopped his horse. Susie's feet clattered faster over the dusty road as she saw the beloved face of her master turned toward her. When she reached the buggy she gave a joyous grunt of greeting.

"Well, Susie, what does this mean?" Uncle Hezekiah spoke sternly. "No one told you you might come. Go straight home!"

The joyous twist of Susie's tail unwound, and she stood looking at him with mournful eyes, as he whipped up his horse and rolled away as fast as Sam's stiff old legs could carry him.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before Uncle Hezekiah had finished his errands and started for the farm. He had reached the top of the hill where he had left Susie in the afternoon, when he thought he heard a familiar sound in the darkness. He listened:

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" The tones were as full of love and longing as pig language can express. It was the voice of the faithful Susie! She had waited for him all the afternoon and evening in this same spot where he had left her. How could he scold her?

"Is that you, Susie, my girl?" he called. "Well! well! You must be hungry. So am I. Let's go home as fast as we can and get some supper." Susie trotted happily along under the buggy. She was a very intelligent pig, and she pricked up her pink ears to try to hear that song Uncle Hezekiah was chanting in his deep bass. He was chuckling so she could hardly understand him, but it sounded like: "This little pig went to market. This little pig stayed at home. This little pig cried: 'Wee, wee, wee!' I can't find my way home."—Martha D. Taylor, in Detroit Free-Press.

FOR WILLING FINGERS.

A Sewing Convenience Which Mother Will Like.

Would you like to make this useful and ornamental sewing convenience? It is easy to make, and will be much appreciated by your mother, sister or friend. The pin cushion, needlebook and scissor-case are fashioned of any small pieces of silk or satin that you may happen to have. The emery bag is made of red flannel to represent a strawberry, or of brown cloth to look like an acorn. It is filled with emery. Fasten to each article a strip of ribbon a half yard in length. Join these at the top with a bow and sew a large safety-pin on the underside of the bow for the purpose of pinning this dainty sewing convenience to the dress of the user.

Could Gladys Spare It? "Sir, I want your daughter's hand." "You may have it with the greatest pleasure, dear boy, if you'll take one that's always in my pocket!"