

A JERSEY ROMANCE.

"Do you know Rod Clark?" I asked one day of a friend as we sat together under the eternal unrest of Old Ocean.

"Rod Clark? No, I don't think I do, at least not by that name. Who is he?"

"Well, he is the man who keeps boats for hire at Clark's Landing on Squan River, back of Point Pleasant. He is a tall pleasant faced man. He is lame and walks with the aid of a heavy cane."

"Remember him now. What about him?"

"Well he is a hero, and has had his own little romance. I don't know that I ought to tell it. He is very modest and rarely speaks about himself. I drew the story from him by repeated questionings, and I am not sure that I succeeded in obtaining all the facts most honorable to himself. I was riding with him recently, and noticing his crippled condition, I asked him the cause of it, whether rheumatism or a broken limb?"

"No," said he, "I have a wooden leg."

"Where did you leave the original?" I asked him.

"Oh! I lost that in the war, at the battle of Frederick. We had been having hot work of it all the afternoon," he continued. "Finally a long column of rebels began to pour out of the woods on our left, and gradually worked around our flank. We stood our ground, but saw that we must soon fall back or have a fire in our rear. Just at that moment a minnie ball shattered my ankle bone into fragments. Of course I fell but two of my comrades raised me up and placing me astride a musket started to carry me off the field, my back, of course, being turned toward the enemy in front. We had not gone more than fifteen paces before another ball struck me in the back, went through one of my lungs, and, piercing the bones and muscle of my breast stopped just beneath the skin, raising a projection much the shape and size of a hen's egg. Of course, I fell senseless. My comrades supposing me killed, ran back to the ranks and reported me dead. After a while consciousness returned and I found that our boys had fallen back and I was lying between the two fires of the opposing forces. By degrees and intense agony I managed to crawl some fifteen paces further into a corner of the fence. The sun was yet shining brightly, and as I lay there by the fence I put my hat over my face to keep the sun off. In a few minutes a couple of rebels came up to the fence and crouching down behind me used what they evidently supposed was my dead body for a breastwork, and began firing. Our boys returned the fire and the very first ball grazed my forehead, leaving a long, red mark, and knocking my hat off my face. The "rebe" beaten as I then supposed, got up and ran back, and was undisturbed save by the occasional singing of a ball as it passed near me. After a little while, I turned partly over to relieve my pain, when I saw one of the rebels lying back of me dead. The bullet that had grazed my forehead had killed him as dead as a door nail. After a while night came on and the firing died away. Then came the surgeons and searching parties. All regarded me as a hopeless case and left me to die, while they attended to those for whom there was some hope left. And so I lay from five o'clock of the afternoon of one day until after nine of the next morning. Oh, but that was a long night! It was a night of agony. The bullet in my breast distended the muscles and the least movement aggravated the suffering. The wound in my back was clotted with gore. Each breath I drew was through a torn lung. The night came on chilly as my wound stiffened and inflamed. The shattered leg bones pierced the torn flesh. I could lie easy in no position, and each change added to my suffering. As I grew feverish a ragging thirst came on. Sometimes one of the searchers would give me a drink. Sometime I would be refused the water being needed for others. To crown all my misery, while I lay in this state, a rebel came along and picking up my shattered limb, tore the shoe off my foot. Well! well! didn't that hurt? And yet, tortured as I was, and with no expectation of

living to see the morning, I declare to you that I could hardly help laughing at the disgust he expressed when he found that the bullet which had shattered my ankle had also badly torn the shoe. He savagely threw the shoe down and went off muttering curses on the "d—n fool" that had spoiled a good shoe in that way. At one time during the night a young rebel came along with a bayonet in his hand. I asked him for a drink of water. "D—n you," he said. I have a good mind to give you this, presenting the bayonet. However, he gave me neither one nor the other but after hesitating a moment went off. In a few minutes he returned, the bayonet still in his hand. I thought my time had come then, sure and, to tell the truth, I didn't care how soon he put me out of my misery. Every surgeon who came to me had told me I couldn't live, and I didn't want to suffer any longer. But he gave me his canteen instead, saying, as he placed it to my lips. "Here, take this; I want to show you—uns that we uns are not as hard as you uns think us."

"About nine in the morning, all the other cases having been attended to, we hopeless ones were looked after I was taken to the hospital. The bullet was cut out of my breast, my leg was amputated and my wounds were dressed. I lay there upon the cot, a fearful looking object, covered with the dust and dirt of the march before the battle, and blackened with powder."

Clark told me that much and then he stopped. I again hinted for him to go on, but he remained silent. I turned toward him and then noticed a dreamy far away look in his honest blue eyes, and a smile, tender as a maiden's and almost boyish in its bashfulness, gradually spread over his features. Pleasant memories seemed to be at work, and I waited. After a little he said, "Well I might as well tell you the rest. Who do you think first washed and cared for me there?"

"One of the hospital nurses, I suppose," I replied.

"No," said he, "you're wrong. A young lady from a Union family in the village came into the ward where I was lying after the surgeons had left me. She came to cheer by her presence the sick and wounded soldiers. Nurses were scarce and she was given a basin and towels and she went bravely to work. She washed off the dirt and powder, combed my matted hair, and, with that gentle touch which only a woman can give, arranged my pillows, and I dropped off into a good, sound sleep. That girl took care of me then, and just nursed me back into life."

"Do you know what became of her?" I asked.

"Well, I married her. She is down there, at present on a visit, or we would see her now," he added, as we halted in front of his house.

And so I not only found a hero but discovered a romance.—*Ex-Judge Buchanan.*

As One Risen From the Dead.

The family of Mrs. J. S. Brady, of Toombsboro, Ga., was greatly astonished when a bearded stranger, bent with age stood at the doorstep and inquired for Mrs. Horn, the mother of Mrs. Brady.

"I am your husband," he said as soon as Mrs. Horn appeared.

After looking at the stranger intently for a moment, Mrs. Horn swooned away.

Twenty-four years ago W. C. Horn, at that time one of the most substantial men of his place, enlisted in the Carwell Guards and served until the battle of Gettysburg. On the retreat he had a disagreement with his captain, and deserted to the Federal side. After the war he wrote to his wife but the letter was miscarried. Since that time he has roved all over the country. In the Indian territory he met a Georgian, from whom he learned that his wife was still living, but mourned him as dead, and that his baby daughter had grown up and became the wife of J. S. Brady. To see them once more he had tramped all the way home.

Though getting upon the police force may be sure cure for insomania it does not follow that getting run in by them will cure a man of the habit of sleeping in churches when the collection is taken up.

A Texas Valedictory.

"Having made arrangements with Mr. K. Bradley to fulfill all my paid contracts, I now bow myself down and out as a great journalist. I have saved the country—hence am happy—Bradley will continue to keep it saved. I have filled the lung felt want, and Bradley will throw his weight on the stopper and endeavor to keep it filled. I haven't made any money to brag of, but I have had a large assortment of fun. I know that my friends will weep over my retirement, but when I tackle them with a basket of bananas or string of garlic they will still have an opportunity to recognize my fine Italian hand. I cannot afford to be idle, and must keep busy until our Uncle Grover throws a post office or a mission over my manly form and says: 'Thomas, your country needs your services, old boy take this, there are better things yet in store for thee' Then I will announce that I am in the hands of my friends. Grover Cleveland is those friends."—*Texas Black Way.*

Twenty Good Reasons.

- There are some men who don't seem to understand why ladies prefer sober men. The matter is simple enough:
1. Wives like sober husbands because they can reason with a sober man.
 2. The sober man is more companionable.
 3. Sober men have pride, and pride is a woman's main hold.
 4. Sobriety means a comfortable home.
 5. Good clothes for mother and children.
 6. A house of your own.
 7. Evenings at home instead of a bar room.
 8. Better health and enjoyment of life.
 9. An elevated view of life and a sense of your responsibility.
 10. You are a credit to your wife and children.
 11. People that once despised you will now bless you.
 12. Your word will be gauged as you resist the temper.
 13. Young men will pattern after you.
 14. You will be an ornament to society and the whole town in which you live.
 15. The whole community will take pride in you and wish they had one like you.
 16. Your family and friends will appreciate you.
 17. Your enemies will a laise your path of sobriety.
 18. Scoffers will be disarmed by your works.
 19. Your manly qualities will grow with your years.
 20. God will bless you.

She Knows More Now.

A fashionable society girl married a man who lived in a country town, and as she really loved her husband she wanted to do all she could to please him, says the *Merchant Traveler*. One day she told him she was going to make him some nice home-made cider for him, and when he came home she had about two bushels of little hard apples piled up in the kitchen.

"Why Maude!" he exclaimed, when he saw them, "what have you got there?"

"Apples, darling," she replied, with a smiling face.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them of course, love."

"But what did you get such hard ones for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted me to make you some home-made cider?" she asked with a trace of a quiver in her voice.

"Yes, dear, but those are not good cider apples."

"Why—why—" she hesitated—"you said you liked hard cider, and, of course, I had to have hard apples to make it with, didn't I?"

The husband kissed the wife and never said a word. Young husbands are not like old ones.

The following is old, but it has a fresh "point," just now: A man complained that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall street, and had lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a "bull" or a "bear." He replied, "Neither; I was a donkey."

"Rough on Coughs."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Rats."
Clears out rats, mice, ratches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

"Heart Pains."
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Well's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Well's "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porous Plaster:
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in the chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

"Thin People"
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and the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs" Troches: Balsam, 25c.

"Mothers"
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

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HORACE B. HORTON,
at Dighton Furnace Co.

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S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.

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