BOLD DESERTER.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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f and had a long, familiar chat with the

cause it was delivered in a kindly tone. At the end he informed little Billy that

He Never Heard the Explosion That Shattered the Trees Around.

from the conscript camp was togoto the front in charge of Private Chadwick, the enemy having shown a purpose to

make a winter campaign.

next day a squad of picked men

"Would you like to go?" the captain

Little Billy seized the captain's arm.

to go faster, too; but it went fast enough-just fast enough to be switch-

ed off to the right of Richmond and

plunge its load of conscripts and raw recruits unprepared into a furious bat-

tle that had just reached the high-tide

but had to fall back again, and then they began to retire slowly at first, and

a long brown beard rode out of the

the hill.
"Take hold of my stirrup," said the

o be the officer who had noticed him the day before, took him by the arm and introduced him to his staff, and told how he had found him serving a gun, after the entire brigade had begun to

retreat.
This was the beginning. Little Billy

are the man."

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of the civil war there resided in Hillisporough (i.a., a poor wider known for rules around as Ann. Salt, iter son, a tast of 20 whom everybody called little Billy Cochran, was a great favorite, especially with Maor Goolsby, a wealthy planter, whose dead wife had been ten-ierly nursed by Aunt Salty. When, therefore, the boy was taken as a recruit to the confederate army, the major threatened and defied the conscript officer; but it was of no avail, and little Phily was forced to go. When he arrived at the confederate camp, Private Chadwick, the drill master, who at once liked the boy, took him to his tent; and there, subsequently, they read the letters which Mis Mary Goolsby, the major's daughter, wrote to Billy for his mother. One night, about Christmas time, the boy received news that his mother was very ill, and asked his friend if he could get a furleugh.

"There ain't but one way for a conscript

leugh,
"There sin't but one way for a conscript
to leave this camp, and that is to desert,"
faid Chadwick.
Next day little Billy was missing.

Capt. Mosely had the camp searched. but without result, and in a little while everybody knew that the lad was a de-serter. During the morning Private Chadwick had a long talk with Capt. Mosely, and the result of it was that no immediate arrangements were made to send a guard after little Billy.

Meanwhile Aunt Sally was growing weaker and weaker. Sometimes in her woulded dreams she imagined that little Billy had come, and, at such mo-ments, she would cry out a glad welcome, and laugh as heartly as ever. But, for the most part, she knew that he was still absent, and that all her

dreams were futile and deeting.

Nevertheless, one bright morning in
the latter part of December, little Billy walked into his mother's humble home. weary and footsore. Aunt Sally heard his footsteps on the door sill, and, weak his footsteps on the door sin, and, we as as she was, sat up in bee and held out her arms to him. Her dreams had come true, but they had come true too late. When little Billy removed the support of his arms, in order to look at his dear mammy's face, she was dead.

All that could be done by kind hearts and willing hands was done by Miss Mary and the neighbors. Little Billy shed no tears, The shock had be-numbed all his faculties. He went about in a dazed condition. But when, the day in a dazed condition. But when, the day after the funeral, he went to tell Miss Mary good-by, the ineffable pity that shone in her face touched the source of his keier, and he fell to weeping as he had never wept before. He would have kinsed her band, any she drew it seems and her head, any she drew it seems and her he sometimened immediate. uploed and kissed him on the forehead win that she, too, fell to weeping, and thus they parted. But for many a long day little Billy felt the pressure of soft and rosy lirs on his forehead. He sold the old mule that had served ed and with men who were running away. Some of the latter turned again

his dear mammy so faithfully, and this gave him sufficient money to pay his way back to camp on the railroad, with would have it, the first man he saw when the train stopped at the station nearest the camp was Private Chad-wick. Little Elliy spoke to his friend with as much cheerfulness as he could

eommand.
"I'm mighty glad to see you,old man," said Chadwick. "I knowed in season that you was certain to come back and, sure enough, here you are. You've had trouble, too. Well, trouble has got a long run and a hard hand, and I ain enever saw the livin' human bein' th' could git away from it when it begins to feel around for 'em'." to feel around for 'em.

'Yes," replied little Billy, simply, never have any more trou that I've had.'

"It's mighty hard at first always," remarked Private Chadwick, with a sigh, "but it's mighty seasonin'. The man that ain't the better for it in the long run ain't much of a man. That's the way I put it down."

"Am I a deserter, sure enough?"
asked little Billy, suddenly remember-

ing his position.
"Well, it's a mixed case," answered the private. "You've gone and broke the rules and articles of war—I reckon that's what they call 'em. You took Dutch leave. The Cap said if you didn't come back in ten days he'd send a file of men after you, and then your cake would 'a' been all dough. But now you've come back of your own free will, and the case is mixed. You are sound arrested. All that's been fixed. and that's the reason I've been comin' to train every day sence you've been gone. I wanted to arrest you myself."

te Billy.
"That's about the size and shape of

Then I'm a prisoner," suggested lit-

it," replied Private Chadwick. His tone was so emphatic that little Billy looked at him. But there was a kindly light in the private's eyes and a pleasant smile lurking under his mus-tache; so that the young fellow thought he might safely go back to his grief

When they arrived at camp Private tent, and there placed him in charge of a newly-made corporal, who knew so little of his duties that he went inside the tent, placed his gun on the ground

Professional Nurse Afflicted with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Finds a Cure.

(From the Buffalo News.) Mrs. A. E. Taylor has resided in Buffalo for over forty years, her address is 250 Herkimer avenue; as a professional nurse she has nursed back to health many a sufferer. Disease in all its varied forms have become as familiar to her as to the regular practitioner. Her occupation is one that taxes the strongest constitution but the felice. strongest constitution, but the fatigue of long watching and nursing at last brought her to a bed of sickness. Mrs. Taylor speaks of her complaint and cure as follows: "After being confined to my bed for some time my disease assumed such a serious assect. fined to my bed for some time my dis-ease assumed such a serious aspect that a doctor was called in. He pro-nounced my allment Bright's disease of the kidneys in the third degree and a very bad case. My limbs swelled up so that I could not walk across the floor, or, indeed, help myself In any way. My face bloated up and my eyes swelled so that the sight was badly impaired. This condition continued for nearly two months without sany marked This condition continued for nearly two months without sany marked improvement from the doctor's treatment. I have taken quarts of buchu and juniper. I tried battery treatment, but all without any lasting benefit until I felt like finally giving up in despair. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills I gave them a trial, and after taking three boxes I was able to get up without assistance and walk, something I had not done in months. I continued to stendily improve with their use. The swelling in my leg left, the color returned to my face, changing from a chalky color This was the beginning. Little Billy became a courier, then an aid, and when the war closed he was in comand of a regiment. His recklessness as a fighter had given a sort of romantic color to his name, so that the newspaper correstondents found nothing more popular than some anecdote about Colonel Cochran.

His fame had preceded him to Hillsborough, and he had a queer feeling when the older citizens, men who had once awed him by the orde and their fine presence, took the results in the sast hey my face, changing from a chalky color to a healthy bloom. I now consider my-self entirely cured and I shall never rest praising the little pill that saved

"Donn's Kidney Pills are certainly a surprising discovery for kidney all-ments. I shall be glad to tell anyone of the wonderful cure they performed for

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greeted him. The most demonstrative among these was Major Goolsby.

"You are to come right to my house, colonel. You belong to us, you know."
This was Major Goolsby's greeting, as he clung to Colonel Cochran's hand.

"It will be a great sample to Mary. "It will be a great surprise to Mary. She'll never know you in the round world. Why, you've grown to be a six-footer,"

footer."
So there was nothing for Colonel Cochran to do but to go to the Godsby's place, a fine house built on a hill beyond the old church. The major wanted to give his daughter a surplise and so he carried Colonel Cochran into the parior, and then told Miss Mary that one of her triends had called to scher.

After the camp had gone to had Private Chadwick relieved the guard and
carried little Billy to his own tent, where
Captain Mosely was walting.
This rough old soldler gave little Billy
This rough old soldler gave little Billy After the camp had gone to had Pri-Captain Mosely was walting.
This rough old soldler gave little Blily a lecture that was the more severe be-

her.

"Miss Mary," said Colonel Cochran.
holding out his hand.

"Are you—" She paused, grew white
and then red, and suddenly turned and ran out of the room, nearly unseiting the major, who was standing near the

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" he cried, "Well, if this don't pent— Did she know you, colonel?" "I'm afraid she did," replied the colo-

nel, grimly. The major tiptoed to his daughter's room, opened the door softly and found her on her knees by her bed, crying. Thereupon he tiptoed back again and said to Col. Cochran: "it's all right. She's crying."

She's crying."

The colonel smiled dryly. "If I make the women cry, what will the children do when they see me?"

The major laid his hand affectionately on Coehran's arm. "Don't you fret," he said. "Just wait."

And so wonderful are the ways of women, that when Miss Mary came out again, she greeted the colonel cordially, and was as gay as a lark. And nothing would do but he must fight his battles over again, which he did with great suirli when he saw her fine eyes kindling with enthusiasm, and her ilps kindling with enthuslasm, and her lips tremble from sheer sympathy.

Strange to say, nobody knew what It all meant but the old cook, who stood in the doorway leading from the dia-ing-room to the kitchen and watched "Don't fool me!" he cried. "If I'm fit her young mistress. She went back in to go, let me go. That's what I'm long- the kitchen and said to her husband: The captain felt about in the dark for little Billy's hand, and grasped it. "You shall go," he said, and walked from the dark tent into the starlight outside.

The pights

dark tent into the starlight outside.

The nights are long to those who at Col. Cochran.

support of his arms, in order to took at his dear mammy's face, she was dead. The foy of meeting her son again was too much for the faithful and tender heart.

All that could be done by kind hearts

The days went fast expects then and whole story is told. And it was so; and, being so, the whole story is told. The days went fast enough then, and the railway train, with its load of sol-diers, puffed and snorted as if it wanted The End.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

The Old Gentleman's Flask. In a Pullman car on the Manchester,

Sheffleld and Lincolnshive rollingy the of desiraction. Private Chadwick was other week a young traveler noticed an event along with the rest, and be tried alo, white-bearded gentleman trying to hard to keep his eye on hitle Billy, but found is impostible, since they were soon mixed with men who were woundget into a right dust core. The young man rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with the garment noticed a good-sized whiskey flask protruding from one of the pockets. Being of a

when they saw the reinforcements from one of the pockets. Being of a rushing forward pell-mell.

Little Billy was far in front of the bottle, helped the stranger on with his others. He heard the crackle of muscoat and then pulling out the flask said: coat and then pulling out the flask said: ketry and the thunder of the cannon, and ran toward the smoke and con-"Will you take a drink?" The old man did not recognize the fusion. A shell dropped in front of him and spun around, spitting fire, but bottle, and drawing himself up remarked, rather severely: "No, sir, I never he ran on, and never even heard the ex-

> "It won't hurt you," insisted the wag. "It's the best,"
> "Young man," said the old gentleman,

drink."

plosion that shattered the trees around, and played havor with the reinforce-ments that were following. He jumped over men that were lying on the ground, whether dead or wounded, he never knew. Some one, apparently in command, yelled at him with a savage curse, but he reid no attention to it. Directly in front of him he saw a battery of three guns. Two were in action, but one had no one to manage it. On she did was to call me to her bedside speaking loud enough for all in the careach side of this battery, and a little to and say: the rear, the line of battle stretchedJohn. "'John, promise me that

never touch a drop of liquor. Sceing little Billy running forward, followed by the recruits from the train, "Oh, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself," wherethe line of battle began to cheer, and at the same time to advance. He had practiced with an old six-pounder at upon, suiting the action to the words he pulled the cork out and took a good

the conscript camp, and he now ran, as if by instinct, to the gun that had been silenced. The confederates charged, with a A moment later he dropped the bottle with an exclamation which certainly didn't sound like a blessing, and yelled

then with some haste. Little Billy paid no attention to this movement at "Ugh! ugh! my mouth's all raw." Then it was the old gentleman discovall. He continued to serve his gun and fire it as rapidly as he could. Shot and shell from the federal batteries plowed ered his loss, and to the amusement of the other passengers said: up the ground around him, but never touched him. Presently a tall man with

"Ah, young man, you will be careful in the future before you take other people's property. I am Dr.--, and that bottle contained some quinine and iron for one of my patients."

smoke and ordered little Billy to re-treat, pointing, as he did so, to the bristling line of federals charging up The young man got out at the next station.-Tid-Bits.

tall man. He spurred his horse late a rapid trot, and little Billy trotted by his side, mightily helped by helding on to How He Made Bells Bing. Recently, at one of our large hotels, the stirrup. In this way they were soon out of sight, and in a little while white a party was holding an argument had caught up with the main body, which had planted itself a couple of miles farther back, while the brigade in on the subject of Spiritualism, one young fellow expressed his belief that there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of a "medium."

which little Billy had fought was hold-ing the enemy at bay. "How a medium?" inquired one of the Little Billy's face was black with powder, but his eyes shown like stars. He knew new that never again would "Why," replied the wag, "I can do a

danger or the fear of death cause him good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without "What regiment do you belong to?" The other offered to wager that he

asked the tall man, as they went along,
"None," replied little Billy, simply.
Then he told how he was just from a
conscript camp in Georgia. When they
arrived at the confederate position the that he would lay him £5 he could make at least a dozen of the bells in the passage ring within two minutes, without leaving his sent.

arrived at the confederate position the tall man called to an officer.

"This is my rear guard," said he. "See that he is cared for." Then to little Billy: "When this affair blews over, brush up and call on General Zeb Stuart. He needs a courier, and you may the man." "Done!" exclaimed the sceptic, and the money was staked. The young fellow turned round on his off the gas from the upper part of the | can. As there was no sign of a fight the next day, little Billy went to Ceneral Stuart's headquarters and was ushered in. That famous fighter, who happened building. In less than one minute haif

denly lost their lights. And so, of course, the money was fairly won.-Tid-Bits.

Misplaced sympathy. The little boy was crying, and his tears touched the heart of the charit- Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. ably inclined lady. He was so small and seemed to be in such distress.

what the trouble is. Did some of the olg boys hurt you?" "No'm," replied the waif, still sob-Are you sick or hungry?" she per-

sisted. "No'm." "Did your father beat you for some

"No'm, but he will." "Oh, that's the trouble, is it?"

"Well' it's a shame," she exclaimed angrily. "Why will be beat you?" "'Cause I lost 10 cents."

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Some Instances, too, of the Modern Treatment for Neuralgia-It is a Woman's Disease.

"Did he send you to buy somethin with it?"

"Yea'm." "And how did you lose it?" "Yes'm."

"Oh, well, I guess we can fix that she said in her kindly way as she too! a dime from her purse and handed to the boy. "Now he won't heat you will he?"

"What did he send you to buy wit! "Beer."

"Beer!" The good lady grasped at the thought

'Yes'm. "And you lost it on the way?" "Matchin' pennies.

Before she had sufficiently recovere to demand the return of the dime th boy was gone.-Chicago Post.

Took Him Literatty.

The people of Holland are commonly as matter of fact as the Scotch, and a figurative phrase bothers them sorely Not long ago an American travel found in a case at Amsterdam a Dutch couldn't. The wag persisted, and said man who had traveled much, and who spoke English perfectly well. The Dutchman was smoking a Chin-

pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the American, as an admirer and collector of such brie-a-brae, took the lib erty to comment upon it. You could not stumble upon a pipe

seat, opened a closet door, and turned like that every day," said the Ameri

The Dutchman took three or four the bells in the passage began to ring whiffs at the pipe, and then slowly reviolently the persons above having sud-"Certainly not, without breaking it!" he said gravely .- Youth's Companion.

CATARRIIAL DEAFNESS OF TWELVE YEARS' STANDING.

An Extraordinary Experience. Catarrh nearly always leaves its mark "Dont' cry, little boy," she said after it. These are frequently revealed soothingly. "Dry your eyes and tell me in deafness of the victim. A case in what the trouble is. Did some of the 189 Berkeley street, Toronto, Can., who was deaf for twelve years from extarrh, No medicine or treatment did him any good, until he procured a bottle of Dr Agnew's Catarrh Powder, which gave immediate relief, and continuing to use it, in a short time the deafness was en-tirely removed. Mr. Connor's friends,

> 1876 Climax Brande From grape wine, has, by its extreme age and constant care while in uniform temperature and pure, sweet atmos phere of storage houses for fourtee years, become a rival of the Hennessay and other brands of Cognac Brandy, and much lower in price, and preferred by the physicians of Philadelphia, New York and other citles. Buy it of drug-

who knew the extremity of the malady are loud in their braises of this medi-cine; and Capt, Connor himself will be

only too glad to answer all enquiries concerning his case and remarkable cure, 50 cents. Sold by Mathews Bros.

Will Always Be Popular. "There's a limit to the bleycle as neans of transportation." traded his wheel yesterds

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.

A very grateful mother is Mrs. A. L. Hartness, of 66 Grandy Avenue, Detroit, for the wonderful cure which her daughter has received by the use of Dr. Williams? Pink Pills, Said Mrs. Hartness; "Yes, my daughter's life has been seved by using Pink Pills, thanks to a kind friend who recommended them to me.

"Blanche was sick for over three years, She had the eare of the best physicians procurable, and no expense or trouble was spared to give her relief. She was so thin that she wis fairly skin and hones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most may be recovery. Her long, thin, Halless he made me nearly energy, and we did everything in our power to give her strength and induced to the book. She had taken about 1 min. Pills, and Mr. Hartness went down town might and the physical on the plane. I could hardly believe it, for it had been over a year since the plane had been openel.

"Soon she began to take short rides en her playing on the plane. I could hardly believe it, for it had been over a year since the plane had been openel.

"She thinks nothing of a sain on her wheel over to Mr. Clemens or Pontale, and is as well as she ever was.

"Thad a girl living at our house who was a great sufferer from impoverished blood, may have received instant and permanent relief from the use of one box of the pills.

"It his information can be of any bee to help some poor, sick one, it is given with the greated of pleasure."

NEURALGIA NO LONGER TERRON-IZES VOOMEN.

A story of Two Women.

From the Econing Times, Huffeld, N. F.

Women have no longer need to fear that dread enemy—Neuralist. Sejence has cancered, and women is relieved at a overal base of any policy of the desire of the proper of the p

den of pair. Prominent runner the target was straid as living testimethalis to be used for the blood, such as pale and sulfile rathers. Christ Steltzer, in a pleasant home just beyond Gowanda.

Believing her experience would prove of wide interest among women, a reporter called at her house.

Scated in the cosy little parlor, furnished in the country style, Mrs. Polinski told the reporter her story.

"I am not a siek woman as you can readily see," she said, and I never have been. I do not like newspaper notoriety and have never had my name in the papers before. I would see that to be troubled with frequent headaches. They were not serious—I think they must have been neuralgia—but they were just bad enough to make it decidedly unpleasant for me. I was able to work, but in a sort of a listless fischion.

"I heard of Pink Pills made by the Dr. Williams Company and was persuaded to try them. I did so and now all is changed. I have not had a headache in many months and have such faith in the bills that I do not think I ever will again. They did me a world of good and I know they will do as much for other women."

good and I know they will do as much for other women."

Charles S. Phelps, the well-known Gowanda druggist whose place of business is on Main Street, said to the reporter that he had

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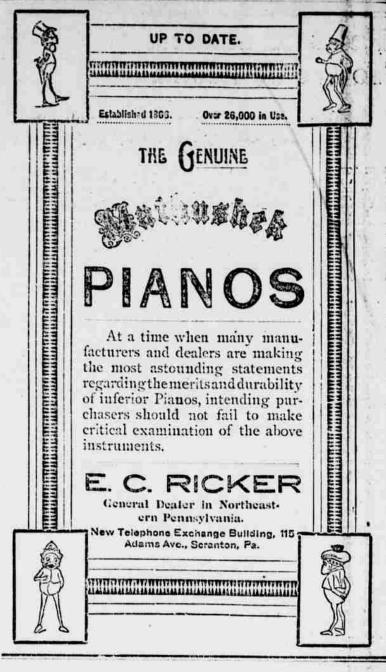
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