

A LITTLE DESERTER.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

At the beginning of the war there lived in Hillsborough, N. J., a poor fellow known for miles around as Aunt Sally's boy...



Capt. Mosely had the camp searched, but without result, and in a little while everybody knew that the lad was a deserter.

Meanwhile Aunt Sally was growing weaker and weaker. Sometimes she would weep and wail, and then she would cry out at such moments, she would cry out as glad welcome, and laugh as heartily as ever.

Nevertheless, one bright morning in the latter part of December, little Billy walked into his mother's humble home, weary and footsore.

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 numbed all his faculties.

He said the old man had served his dear mammy so faithfully, and this gave him sufficient money to pay his way back to camp on the railroad.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, old man," said Chadwick. "I knowed in season that you was certain to come back."

"That's about the size and shape of it," replied Private Chadwick. "His tone was so sympathetic that little Billy looked at him. But there was a kindly light in the private's eyes and a pleasant smile lurking under his moustache."

When they arrived at camp Private Chadwick, with a great show of formality, led little Billy to the guard tent, and there placed him in charge of a newly-made corporal, who knew so little of his duties that he was nearly as much puzzled as the boy.

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

Mrs. A. E. Taylor has resided in Buffalo for over forty years, her address is 520 Herkimer avenue...



He Fought the Battle Over Again.

He to 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.

"Donn's Kidney Pills are certainly a surprising discovery. My kidneys were so bad that I could not get any sleep, and, indeed, help myself in any way. My face bloated up and my eyes swelled so that the sight was badly impaired."

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greeted him. The most demonstrative among these was Major Goolaby. "You are to come right to my house, colonel. You belong to me, you know."

So there was nothing for Colonel Cochran to do but to go to the Goddards' place, a fine house built on a hill beyond the old church. The major wanted to give his daughter a surprise and so he carried Colonel Cochran into the house, and then told Miss Mary that one of her friends had called to see her.

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" he cried. "Well, if this don't beat—Did she know you, colonel?"

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

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

The major laid his hand affectionately on Cochran's arm. "Don't you feel?" he said. "She's so thin that she was fairly skin and bones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most awful headaches. We gave up all hope of her recovery. Her long, thin, hollow face made me nearly crazy, and we did everything in our power to give her strength and induce her to take an interest in anything."

"I had a girl living at our house who was a great sufferer from indigestion, and who received instant and permanent relief from the use of one box of the pills."

"If this information can be of any use to help you, sir, it is given with the greatest pleasure."

"I am not a sick woman as you can readily see. I have been married for twenty years, and have had five children. I do not like newspaper notoriety and have never had my name in the papers before. I would certainly not say a word this time, but I think it is my duty to tell women what I have found."

"I used to be troubled with frequent headaches. They were not serious—I think they have been occasioned by my having just had enough to make it difficult to work, but I was able to work, but in a sort of listless fashion."

"I have not had a headache in many months and I do not think I do this thing again. I will again. They did me a world of good and I know they will do as much for other women."

"Phelps, the well-known Gowanus druggist whose place of business is on Main Street, said to the reporter that he had

"I don't send you to buy something with it?" "Yes, sir." "And how did you lose it?" "Yes, sir."

"Oh, well, I guess we can fix that matter in her mind by giving her a dime from her purse and handed it to the boy. "Now he won't heat you will he?" "No, sir."

"What did he send you to buy with it?" "Beer." "Beer?" The good lady grasped at the thought. "Yes, sir, you lost it on the way?" "Matchin' pennies."

"Before she had sufficiently recovered to depart the return of the dime the boy was gone—Chicago Post.

THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND are commonly a matter of fact as the Scotch, and a figurative phrase borrows them society and have been an American favorite found in a café at Amsterdam a Dutch man who had traveled much, and who spoke English perfectly well.

"You can't stumple upon a pipe like that every day," said the American.

"The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe, and then slowly removed it from his mouth. "Certainly not, without breaking it!" he said gravely,—"You're the comedian."

TERRIBLE ORDEAL OF A MOTHER

The Saw Her Little Girl Fading—A Story That Will Touch the Heart of Every Mother.

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

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich. A very grateful mother's Mrs. A. L. Hartness, of 67 Grand Ave., Detroit, for the wonderful cure which her daughter has received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Blanche was sick for over three years. She had the care of the best physicians procurable, and no expense or trouble spared to give her relief. She was so thin that she was fairly skin and bones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most awful headaches."

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NEURALGIA NO LONGER TERRIBLE FOR WOMEN.

A Story of Two Women. From the Evening Times, Buffalo, N. Y. Women have no longer need to fear that dread enemy—Neuralgia. Science has conquered, and woman is relieved of a great burden of pain.

"I am not a sick woman as you can readily see. I have been married for twenty years, and have had five children. I do not like newspaper notoriety and have never had my name in the papers before. I would certainly not say a word this time, but I think it is my duty to tell women what I have found."

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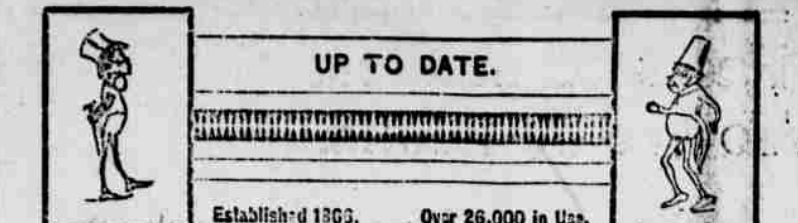
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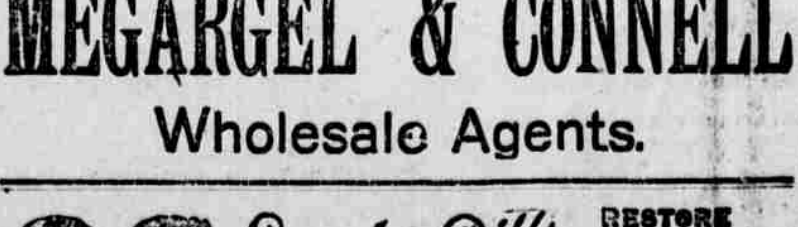
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