

A Soldier's Secret

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Nita, a girl, is in the hospital at the Twelfth Cavalry, at Fort Snider, in Arizona, recovering from a wound sustained in the attack on the San Carlos. She is the daughter of a soldier who was killed in the war.

CHAPTER XIV.

"How's the arm today, Ellis?" A month later and Holden has his wounded arm safely lashed under the roof of the hospital at Fort Snider, many a severely shattered and suffering soldier, many a man who will bear the day of battle, and many a man who will bear the day of peace.

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"He means me," said Dennis to Miss Guthrie, with a prompt consent. "But he says next month he'll come on here—pay as a ten days' visit and take no money. Then you'll come, too, won't you, Miss Guthrie? But Miss Guthrie shook her head.

"You promised us," said Mrs. Holden reproachfully; "and Rolfie won't be there to worry you, this time." She failed to mention that she would have to tell the truth about the matter.

"But even that," wrote Jennie to her niece, "did not seem to comfort her. She says she will never, probably, visit Papa and Rolfie again, and she can't be it all on account of that terrible fight. What can there have been behind it all? Now that the Twelfth is coming home and every one has everything running smoothly, don't you think it possible to find out something about that strange affair? You have never written a word, and I can see Nita's eyes questioning me every time she goes to see Papa.

"The other day I was in her room, and looking over some old albums that I drew from the bottom of a desk I came across a picture of her just like the one that is in the little sketchbook. It was a toilet table in her room at Pawnee, except that this was blurred and worn. Why, Nita? I cried unthinkingly, as she entered. I thought you told me mine was the only one left of that kind. Her eyes were one that looks as if it might have been worn next to some fellow's heart and been kissed a million—and then I stopped short and dropped it, for she had turned white as death and was staring out at her. "Where did you find that?" she whispered at last. "I said, 'It was lying there loosely.' I had never seen it for years. I thought I had burned it."

"And then she broke off suddenly and shuddered, but seized it and took it away. If she would only talk to me of that, I know that ever since the suicide of Mr. Percival last August Mr. Guthrie has been working day and night reopening the old matter. All the friends of the deceased, and the friends of the soldier who had been absolutely innocent—that had made away with those missing funds and securities and charged it to Jack and to his friend Harold Worden. An effort has been made to get at Mr. Percival's papers, all of them, but his widow is still so broken that she cannot be seen by any one, say her physicians. It is believed she knows something of the inner history of the whole case, and that she is striving to hide what she knows for her children's sake. Of course people say she has behaved very badly, but Mr. Guthrie is a highly nervous and excitable state, which naturally reacts upon Nita. I wish we could get her away from here. He went west, you remember, when he left her. He is at Pawnee, but Nita says she never saw any trace of Mr. Worden, so I learn now, and to urge the immediate return to St. Louis of Jack's old and infirm mother and the mother of Percival, and to urge the immediate return of the Percival, for he was ruined irretrievably by Percival's accusation when dismissed from the bank. But he has vanished utterly, and I know that he had given up and had gone to the bank for months, and twice of late men have come to the house asking if it were possible to find somewhere a picture of Mr. Worden, but Nita says she never saw any trace of him. I believe that she burned all that she had.

"Of course there are various grades of mean men," said the thoughtful man. "What you mean is that she is a little 'thin' on the subject." "That being so," continued the thoughtful man, "what character of a man would you consider the smallest, meanest and most contemptible of all known to modern civilization?" "I could hardly answer that off-hand," returned the careless man. "Perhaps you have given the subject some thought."

"I have," admitted the thoughtful man. "Then what are your conclusions?" "I think that the man who is rich enough to build or rent a fine house, but who considers himself too poor to have his side walks properly cleaned is entitled to that distinction."—Chicago Post.

It May Do As Much For You. Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so-called kidney cures but without any benefit. He began to use Electric Bitters and relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price 50c. and \$1.00. At J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Bralier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

The Retort Courtious. A couple of young women were making their way along Market-yesterday through the rain and mud, when a well dressed man going in the same direction looked back rather sharply as he passed them.

His Cyclone Fence. A farmer in the Kansas cyclone district was building a stone wall. He was putting it there to stay, building it five feet across the base and four feet high.

The Major and the Lioness.

An English major has just been killed in a desperate fight with a lioness in Somaliland. The animal was driven out of a thicket by beaters, and the major wounded her severely; the attendant who carried the second rifle fired both barrels into her, but she killed him with one blow of her paw on the head.

An Old Lady's Advice. The following advice, given a young married woman who was visited by another older and more experienced one, may be helpful to some of our readers: When the visitor arose to go the hostess came with her to the door, and she upon the pleasant piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners.

"Oh, dear," said the young wife, "how provoking the servants are! I told Mary to sweep the piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is!" "Gee," said the older woman looking into the disturbed young face with kindly humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so they will rarely see them."

"Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said, 'How blue the sky is!' or, 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or, 'How bright the air is!' Then I should have looked up at that as I spoke, and should have gotten my self down the steps, and out of sight without your seeing the dust."

Many merchants are well aware that their customers see the best of their goods and the worst of their prices. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough medicine we have ever sold, and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Bonfroy's Pharmacy.

"Have you ever heard the 8-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation?" "Oh, yes; I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago."—Epileptic Comique.

Don't Quarrel. With people for quarreling when they suffer with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, the pain is simply terrible; no ancient torture was more painful; but people ought to be blamed if having Rheumatism or Neuralgia and won't use Red Flag Oil; it has cured hundreds of sufferers and costs only 25 cents at G. W. Bonfroy's drug store.

A certain married lady of Hope sat up till 12 o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire and found the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going to bed, he had gone to the kitchen and was cooking his dinner. She was so angry that she wouldn't speak to him for a week.—Hope Examiner.

The Smallest of All. "Of course there are various grades of mean men," said the thoughtful man. "What you mean is that she is a little 'thin' on the subject." "That being so," continued the thoughtful man, "what character of a man would you consider the smallest, meanest and most contemptible of all known to modern civilization?" "I could hardly answer that off-hand," returned the careless man. "Perhaps you have given the subject some thought."

A Hard Fight. The combined forces of the weather during the winter season of the year 1911-12, were so severe that the colds and coughs, which, if neglected, result in Pneumonia and Consumption; these diseases usually result serious. Send for Pan-Tina, the great Cough and Consumption Cure, and save doctor bills.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, ISOLATED. An Old Lady's Advice.

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