

# WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By JOHN HABBERTON.  
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.  
WHICH I HAD NOT COUNTED UPON.

NE day our company was sent out to rebuild a ruined bridge, several miles beyond the picket line, which would give us the use of a road by which we might increase our capacity for threatening the enemy. All the material, even to the flooring, was to be cut from the woods near the little river. The first two days of this work would have been very happy ones to me but for a single circumstance. All day long there wandered among us the farmer who owned the young pine forest from which we were cutting our timber, and his face looked as if his family were dying one by one, with no doctor or medicine within reach. Had he lost his temper and sworn at us, we could have got rid of him and our uncomfortable feelings, but he was a gentle, soft-spoken, tired-looking man, like the American farmer, and he told us how he had been saying that bit of woods from the time he married, so that the timber upon it should pay for educating his sons when they grew up and also to give himself and his wife a little money with which to do something of the world after the boys married and the farm was divided between them. Now it all was being swept away and without a word of warning or a cent of pay.

"Well, sir," said our captain kindly. "I'm awfully sorry for you, but it's one of the fortunes of war. A full half of my company are young men who ought to be in college or learning some business by which to live and perhaps provide for their parents' later years; but so far as their own future is concerned, their time is being wasted about as thoroughly as your property."

"I suppose that's true," said the farmer, looking around at the men at work. "You've got some likely looking young fellows. But that don't give me back my trees, do you?"

"Very well," said the captain. "The government will pay you the full value of your trees if you will certify and prove that you are and always have been a true and loyal citizen of the United States, except a brief period of comfort to the enemy."

The farmer stopped looking gentle and tired as he replied:

"I've given the Confederacy my three sons, and I'm proud of it."

"That's square, honest talk," said the captain. "But it brings us back to the fortunes of war again."

"I didn't bring on the war," said the farmer.

"I believe you," said the captain. "I only want with my state," continued the farmer. "God knows I never wanted any war; neither did any of my neighbors, except a brief period of comfort to the enemy."

"I was the same way with me and my neighbors," said the captain. "I suppose if we on our side and you on your side had been more particular about the men we sent to congress and to the legislatures—if we had thought more of our country and given aid or comfort to the enemy."

"There's a right smart lot of sense in that," said the farmer after a moment's reflection. Then he looked sad-eyed and continued, "But it doesn't give me back my trees."

"As the farmer wandered away I offered the captain an argument or two which seemed to me first class clinches of the righteousness of his position, but he smiled sadly and replied:

"It's of no use, my boy, to fuss over a man's head when his horse's turned upside down."

"But—I began."

"Oh, go back to your ax," interrupted the captain. "Any logic that I have I need for use upon myself. If you live through the war and have a farm and a family of your own some day and look back to the time when you were a young fellow, you'll probably believe that I'm about as unhappy over this work as the farmer is at his loss."

I was made so wretched for two days by this sad-eyed farmer's manner that I tried to devise ways of escaping it. It wasn't long before I found a way. Many of our logs had to be floated to the point where we were massing the timber preparatory for use, and it was not easy for men walking along the shore with long poles in their hands to prevent an occasional log from drifting into reach and escaping us entirely. I suggested a boat or a punt, a single rowboat or a skiff would help us greatly, and the captain agreed with me, but wanted to know if I had never heard that for military reasons all boats on streams in a fighting country were destroyed.

"If southern boys are as smart as northern boys," said I, "I guess a boat or two escaped and hid hidden away in the bushes somewhere along the shore."

I couldn't forget how many times I had stumbled over boats while ramming along the edge of creeks and ponds near from the picket line. Maybe you can remember a boat or a punt that you certainly meant no more communication with home for months. Probably my parents would think me dead, and they would daily wonder where and how I met my fate. Oh, what an awful load of punishment belonged to whoever was to blame for the war!

"Then all of us had been bound, the men who had kept us covered with their guns arose, came in front of us and stared at us. Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"It's a fact! I was dogged over a skiff of mine!"

"What you talkin' about?" asked another.

"This here," was the reply as I felt a big hand on my shoulder and looked up; "this here is the little cuss that got us three the night the Yanks grabbed us. He was a smart one, but he certainly meant no more communication with home for months. Probably my parents would think me dead, and they would daily wonder where and how I met my fate. Oh, what an awful load of punishment belonged to whoever was to blame for the war!"

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## A WOMAN'S RISK

As a trapeze performer is greater than a man's, she must have a man's courage and a man's muscle to succeed. But she must also work under conditions of which a man knows nothing. Many an accident to women acrobats must be attributed to the sudden weakness to which women are subject at certain times.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription heals the womanly disease which causes weakness. It establishes regularity, weakens drains, heals inflammation and cures female weakness. It makes women strong and sick women weak.

"My pleasure I write today in praise of Dr. Pierce's medicine," says Mrs. Mary Conroy, "I was afflicted with the back of my head hurt me so I could not get to bed and I would have to sit up, and then I would have such pains from my waist down I could scarcely breathe. I had tried all kinds of medicine, but it did me no good. I had to get up and walk, and now I can do my housework and help my husband in the field. Write me and I will send you a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y."

CHAPTER XIV.  
A FRIENDLY CANTEN.

WO Johnny got into the boat, putting two of us, still bound, in the stern, and crossed the river; then one brought the boat back and took over the remainder of the party.

"We're in a hurry to get there, I'm sure," said I.

He looked at me sharply a moment and replied:

"Maybe they ain't as well fixed there as you are at Fort Monroe, where they tuck us when we get ketchtd, but they'll do the best they can for you. Besides, you'll be exchanged 'fore long, just as we was."

"I had thought before of the captain's canteen of whisky. Would it be safe to let Charlie in the hearing of the guard that the canteen across my shoulder was full of whisky? Suppose the Johnny should learn of it, drink it and get drunk and kill me?"

I answered Brainerd, "No."

Then, remembering some jar inscriptions that he and I had spilled out together in our village drug store and persuaded the druggist to translate, I continued, trusting the sergeant did not understand Latin. "Spiritus frumenti."

The surprise that gleamed through Brainerd's eyes would have startled the sergeant had he seen it. Before I dropped asleep again the guard was changed by the sergeant rousing the man of the watch and saying to me, "You're a feckle looking fellow, with a stupid face, the lower half of which had been left unfinished soon after it was begun. He threw fresh wood on the fire so as to keep the room alight, then he went out of the hut. The guard came back in about half an hour and said they had the boat ready. In the interval my old acquaintance had explained about once in five minutes and each time apparently after profound thought, "Well, I'll be—"

"I finally told him I hoped not, and it wasn't his fault we had turned the tables on him."

"Just tell me how you done it all," said he. "I won't ask no more."

"We didn't do it," said I, thinking to get off a practical temperance lecture that might be repeated after the war. "We didn't do it, whisky did it." Then I nodded suggestively toward the guard who had wanted medicine.

"Whisky?" exclaimed the questioner, with a wide-eyed look. "An' you didn't offer me a toothful?" Then he looked reproachfully and remarked, "I wouldn't let the whisky do it." This made me feel so bad that I hastened to say:

"I didn't do it. I never thought of the whisky. 'Twas given to me to use in case we got a soaking. I wouldn't have thought of it again. I haven't tasted whisky three times in my life."

The poor fellow looked at me searchingly and finally said, "I've got to believe you. I do believe you. But say, whar was you bring up?"

"Score one for the north," said I to myself.

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That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness and give you a good digestion. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation and biliousness. Gently laxative. All druggists.

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This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La Grippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

glad to be about even with him."

"You're a gentleman, I say it again, I'll say it always."

Evidently whisky really was the medicine he needed, for he began to be quite happy, though quiet. Then he fixed his eyes on something on the floor. He appeared to go into a brown study. Finally he closed his eyes and loosened his grasp on his gun, which fell softly across his knees. I looked toward Brainerd to wink, but to my horror I saw him loosening the strap at his feet and motioning me to likewise. Then he rose softly, took the guard's gun, handed it to me and proceeded to tie the fellow's feet.

Then I understood what Charley was up to, and, although I was so frightened that I was afraid I would drop the gun, I covered the sergeant and my rebel friend with it. I wasn't going to be outdone in appearance of bravery by any five-foot ex-student of theology alive, even if he happened to be my particular friend. Nevertheless as I stood there with that gun I devoutly prayed that the sergeant and the rebel friend might continue to be very sweet.

Meanwhile Brainerd carefully unbound the two other men of our own party. I wondered why he didn't wake them and tell them to loosen themselves, but I offered no suggestions. I don't believe I could have spoken had I tried. With the belts taken from our boys Brainerd softly bound, or hobled, the feet of the sleeping graycoats. Then he cut the strap round from our captain's canteen and bound their hands all round in an advance and the sergeant suddenly opened his eyes. The fire that shot from those eyes when the sergeant saw me tremble, and when he strained at his bonds I recalled the story of Samson.

"We're awfully sorry, sergeant," said Brainerd, "that it had to be done, but duty is duty, you know."

The sergeant was speechless. Perhaps he was just as well, for I learned afterward that he was a member of the church. He did, however, arouse my old acquaintance by nudging him with his old feet, but when that matter of fact was explained the situation he ejaculated, "Well, I'll be—"

They generally stick. Hewitt—Gruet has fitted that Boston fellow, should hurry on in advance and report, so that the prisoners should not be fired at on suspicion that they were coming on a business errand.

I acted upon his suggestion, and as I hurried along it occurred to me that I ought to officially thank the sergeant Brainerd had been doing all the planning and work. Why hadn't I intended of he thought to get that stupid fellow drunk and thus prepare the way for our escape, instead of accepting our fate and dropping ungratefully to sleep? Brainerd's head had been alert, nine in a daze. That was the only difference, but it was enough to make me feel uncomfortable. Still, "honor to whom honor is due." I would see to it that Charley got full credit. I could be glad, too, that the man who had been smarter than I was my dearest friend.

## Nasal CATARRH

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This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, La Grippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

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## D. L. & W. RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.  
Corrected to May 1, 1901.

NEW YORK.	AM.	PM.
Bareilly St.	7:00	10:00
Christopher St.	7:10	10:15
Hudson St.	7:20	10:25
Seranton	7:30	10:35
Buffalo	7:40	10:45
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