the state of the second state of the second state of the second s HEN BOYS WERE MEN By JOHN HABBERTON. Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY JOHN HABBERTON

CHAPTER XX. THE FIGHT AT THE FENCH Mick as I made haste to get his carand some percussion]

caps, "we are here o hould the fince till the rigimint comes. D'ye moind me?" "If the gov'ment"- began big Pat

Callahan, but Mick snarled: "Hould yer jaw an' talk wid yer car-

bine! All av ye fix yer carbine soights at 600 yards. Loie down an' take good est on the fince rails. Count off from first mounted officer at the right forninst him, number two at the nixt, an' so on, an' aich av ye kape on shootin' till yez bring down yer man. Whin they ain't got any ginerals an' colonels an' majors an' things, mebbe they'll shtop to talk about it an' give our rigimint a chance to come up an' charge 'em. Them min that ain't got no mounted officers to shoot at, foire loike blazes at the colors. Don't any man shoot till I holler 'toime!'"

The jacket filling heart throb that all soldiers can recall came upon measIlay down and selected a "rest" where there was a clear way between the shrubbery and weeds which always infest a country fence row. The promise was of a fight of a kind for which I had always longed-a fight with a mass of troops instead of with occasional heads and shoulders half screened by trees and stumps. But I had also longed to be in the saddle and following a dashing, trusty commander and with an even chance of success. Now I was hugging the ground, with an unfamiliar carbine in my hands, a Summerton ruffian for my commander and the odds against me at least 50 to 1.

"Toime!" screamed Mick Our carbines reported almost in vol-ley force style. The heat shimmer prevented good aim, yet there were three less heads visible above the gray line when the smoke had been blown away. "Kape peggin' at 'em!" said Mick as he leaned on the fence, shaded his eyes and peered forward. A few more shots were fired in quick succession by each man, after which no more mounted officers were visible. The gray line stopped quivering like a heat band. Evidently it had halted.

"Kape on foirin'," Mick ordered, "an' make aich shot tell! Pepper all along their loine! Take a lot of ground to the roight an' lift, youse fellers on the flanks, so they'll think our loine is longer an' there's more of us than there

The order was obeyed. The gray line had decreased the distance between us to about a quarter of a mile, so we could note breaks in the ranks whenever our shots told. "Aim careful!" Mick ordered. "It's

no toime to fool away cattridges."

I was of the same opinion, and I was beginning to wonder what would haphave 40 carbine cartridges in his box and 10 full rounds for his revolver, but three middle buttons of his jacket and

longer than a musket with a bay'nit or Punch below the belt wid 'em YES," said Sergeant. Don't fear, for Oi'm the referee in this moind aimin', but make all the noise foight, an' Oi won't ery 'foul? no mat-ter fhat ye do to 'em. A fince rail jab out their skirmisbers an' are beginnin' bine, ammunition below the alt'll kape any wan av 'em quiet till ...e can rayson wid him. Whin"-

"Sergeant," said Brainard, "I beg your pardon, but the enemy's going to large or small game before the war, so de something."

"Attin-tion!" Mick commanded. All delight, caused the enemy to break into rompanies and move to the rear under the natural impression that their skirenemy's front, and at their left flank a single fieldpiece was pushed forward. Suddenly that fieldpiece was fired, and the roight up to 16. Whin I give the worrud, number wan is to foire at the Mundreds of bullets whistling over un, down by tripping him, but he was on hitting tree trunks and cutting twigs. his feet again in an instant. Suddenly Sergeant Mick, the only man who was I saw Sergeant Mick near me, brandish-

dropped something. Apparently shot sightly though displaced human memtwo of my corporals, but these commis-"Will somebody loose that thing from Mick raised it to the position of "rear" e?" said Mick.

cut against cavalry" and landed it I drew my knife from its sheath in fairly on the back of the officer's neck. ny boot and cut the shreds of sleeve, The officer instantly landed on his own opping the arm to the ground. Two back, and the fight for the fence was ther men quickly bound the stump over. Then Mick looked across the ith a handkerchief twisted rope fash-fence, saw the retiring enemy and n, putting under it a bit of dead stick croaked: lieu of tourniquet. It was every "They've throwed up the sponge!

We obeyed orders and found some

other mounted messenger in search of

CHAPTER XXI.

2 De

than hell.

tention."

oper's duty to know what to do in Niver moind the killed an' wounded of accident. Mick turned and just yet. Look quick to the Johnnies ked again toward the enemy, laugh- as was punched wid the fince rails! and said: "Do yez moind the cunnin' av the land! An' tie the han's an' fate av

ste? That volley was to holde the thim that's gittin' over bein' groggy." irmishers wid shmoke. Here they ne! There's not more than wan very sick men, whom we bound so they np'ny av 'em. Oi hope it's big. Re- could not get away when they recovermber the fince rails, min. Glory be ed. Then we did our best for the o the poikes av auld Oireland! Don't wounded. Mick had already sent an-



pen should we run out of cartridges. let a man git back! Scatter, now, roight There was a standing order in the reg-iment that every man should always moind givin' me that arm av moine?" arm whin 'twas around yer swate waist!" "What in"- I began. Mick opened

one for you boys. I'll thrain ye up to the loightweight "Not for me, sir, that I know of," championship av Ameriky whin we said Brainard quickly, git back to Summerton."

"Eh? Well, so much the more to About this time there was a visible our credit. Nevertheless 'tis true carcity of Johnnies in fighting trim. ou're both commissioned to the Forty In fact, there was but one-the only ofhird. It seems from a letter accom ficer who seemed to be with the party. nying your commissions that the Fort He had an eye like a hawk and had dashed to and fro as rapidly as if tryhird is in a bad way-good men, ba officers-so bad that the command can' ing to learn our number and resources. be trusted to take the field. A lot o Suddenly it occurred to him that he the officers have been weeded out, and had done and learned all in his power the governor wished to replace them and that it was time to return. I tried with men from regiments that are in good shape and have seen hard servic to head him off and bring my rail to bear upon him. At the same moment The senator from your district strongly Mick roared: ecommended you, Frost, and called "Grab their muskets an' their ammyour father up to Albany, and it seems

nition! Git back to the fince an' foire that your father took with him a handwid 'em as fast as yez kin! Niver ome young woman who told an extraordinary story of your bravery and produced a letter in evidence. I can't understand how I, your colonel, failed the foight ag'in!" to have learned the facts, but"-

"Your cousin May!" exclaimed Brain-Fully half of us had had some militia practice with muskets, and all the others had used muzzle loaders against ard. Then he sprang to his feet and hit me between the shoulders with a force which I could not have believed was in his tiny frame. The colonel we made quite a racket, which, to my looked surprised, and Brainard murmured "I beg pardon" and collapsed in confusion.

"It seems, further," continued the mishers had been overcome and we olonel, "that the governor said he had resumed business at the old stand. wished he knew of some other trooper But I was still in chase of the officer. Once I succeeded in knocking him of equal courage and ability, upon which the young lady said she could name one and straightway praised you, Brainard, without stint and declared standing, turned suddenly on his heel ing his severed arm. The sleeve had that if you two could be sent together and looked behind him as if he had fallen from it, and it was really a where the young lady obtained her or a bit of grape from the fieldpiece had come his way, for Mick's left arm and hopes for one like it, for 'twas a of the service or how she came to know was severed just above the elbow and mass of muscle, with an elbow joint as so much about the soldierly qualities of

"We can't accept them, sir," said Brainard, "if they've been granted on such hearsay and misapprehension." I didn't approve of Brainard's "we." He had the right to decline for himself. should he insist on being so foolish, but I wanted my own commission, no matter through what mistake it was issu-

ed. The colonel, too, was of my way of thinking, for he replied:

reach higher rank, especially to move Glory be to the poikes av auld Oireyour insignia of rank from your sleeve to your shoulder." "But, sir, there are other men more

deserving of it," said Brainard. "I'd feel ashamed to wear shoulder straps if McTwyny must go on with only a sergeant's stripes. You ought to see him fight!" "Eh? McTwyny? That freekled

the regiment to report that the enemy was retiring, and there was a fine chance for a chase and a charge. But he tried!"

the regiment was not found. It found us two hours later. The affair appeared to have been one of many of its kind, in which an advance of the enemy, reconnoitering in force, had been ever forget it, or your enemy will get boat for Fort Monroe. We were in time reported so imperfectly by negroes the better of you." from beyond the lines that our regi-

ment had taken the wrong road, found nothing and, like many times before, cursed "the reliable contraband" and grumbled at a long, hard ride for nothto fight what looked like a brigade-cering. But they buried the enemy's dead for us, which was great comfort, for to kill a man and then have to bury him sergeant." is worse than war. I think it's worse

"Hadn't you better go back to camp, smile apparently at Brainard's assumsergeant, now that the fuss is over?" ing to know how a general would act. suggested Brainard as we waited for the regiment. "Your wound needs at-Mick did not seem to hear. He was with him and were proud of it and of leaning against his horse, looking tenhim."

derly at his severed arm, and we heard him say, as if he were alone with it: "Ah, Norah, little did yez iver know ed your captain for a written report. have to rouse a sleeping family. On av the strength ye was puttin' into that Tell me all about it."

> Brainard told him without a word of exaggeration, yet as he talked the colonel arose and paced his tent like an excited lion in a cage. He clinched his hands, and his eyes flashed, and he

ion and through the ag the piazza I tiptoed to the n of a young woman, I shall f parlor blinds and open window to recrecommend you for commisin your own old regiment, and of anticipation. There sat my cousin onnoiter and to increase the pleasure n may be sure that you'll get them. May, and I was startled at the change

there many moments for the joy of gazing at her, but I heard a familiar room, Phil Hamilton. How handsome he was, confound him! Oh, if I could know that my letter about Brainard had reached May! For Hamilton was saying: "I asked you an important question in two or three successive letters, but you did not answer it, so I've used my earliest possible opportunity to repeat the question in person." Quickly I drew Brainard after me through the doors and pushed him into

the parlor. Hamilton rose quickly, and despite his habitual and superb composure he literally staggered as he saw two of his late brother noncommissioned officers in lieutenant's uniforms. Apparently May had received my letter and been properly affected by it, for, though she turned pale as she rose

The colonel looked surprised. and looked at us, she quickly became I've no more captaincies at my dis-posal. To make a vacancy for Mc- "I like you very much, but here is Twyny I'm going to force a good for my answer." thing captain to resign. But you Then she hid the red scar on Brainshall both have lieutenancies - first ard's cheek with two red lips. At that lieutenancies, if possible." moment our dog Rover entered the "In the old regiment?" exclaimed room and sprang upon me with a joy-ous whine, and as I tried to abate his

"Hurrah!" ous whine, and as I tried to abate his "Hurrah!" I echoed. The colonel frenzy of affection I heard Hamilton grasped our hands and almost crushed say: "Meanwhile, on the basis of the com-

sions to the Forty-third, I'll have late you." both of you as enlisted men discharged atonce. That will enable you to go home Of course we called on McTwyny's and tell your story, and McTwyny's- Norah, a rosy, modest, dainty girl who he came from your town, I believe. compelled us to recall the story of 'Twill also enable you to see that imag-"Leauty and the Beast." We had not inative young woman." intended to tell her all the details of Brainard's pale face became a sunburst in an instant. The colonel con- ed them from us, and she shivered, tinued: inued: "Twill also enable you to draw your av and as the paymeter is about kissed us both and commended us to

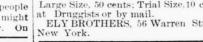
pay, and, as the paymaster is about the eternal guardianship of all the f thinking, for he replied: "Nonsense! Never lose a chance to straps and all-eh?" straps and all-eh?" I looked into Brainard's eyes and saw that the fight with Phil Hamilton was on

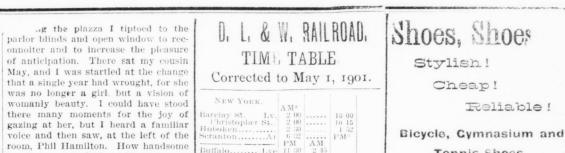
was on. many other general officers attended "Give a man an inch, and he'll take the wedding; so did Phil Hamilton and an ell, colonel," said Brainard. "Would his wife, who was as handsome and it be possible to get our papers at once? distinguished looking as he; so did No-I think it—it might save a life if I rah and Mick McTwyny, the latter in could start for home tonight." the uniform of a lieutenant colonel of "It shall be done. Please say to your cavalry. But, as "journeys end with

THE END.

Conscience in some people is that CLEANSING AND HEALING CATARRH CURE FOR

straps. I even saw to it that he wore Easy and pleasa n Me did not reach town till long after sorbed. Gives Re ef at once.





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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,

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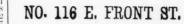
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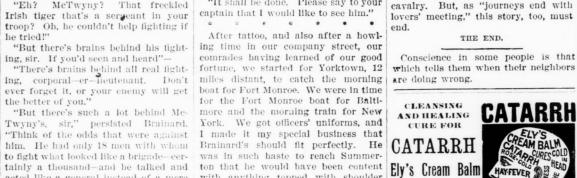
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Twyny's, sir," persisted Brainard. York. We got officers' uniforms, and was in such haste to reach Summertainly a thousand—and he talked and ton that he would have been content Ely's Cream Balm acted like a general instead of a mere with anything topped with shoulder "When? Where? How do you know?" sash and sword belt. Meanwhile 1 to use. Contains no asked the colonel, with a quizzical prayed that my letter about Brainard injurious drug. might reach Summerton before us. "This afternoon. Way off to the dark. As our house was on the direct right of the road our regiment took. We saw him. We were in the fight should stop with me, if only for a mo-sages. Allays Inflamation."

with him and were proud of it and of ment, and he did not refuse. As we approached the house I was glad to see the senses of Taste and Smell Large Size, 50 cents; Trial Size, 10 cents and Smell Large Size, 50 cents; Trial Size, 10 cents and Smell Large Size, 50 cents; Trial Size, 10 cents and Smell Large Size, 50 cents; Trial Size, 10 cents and Smell Large Size, 50 cents; Trial Size, 10 cents and Smell Large Size, 50 cents; Trial Size, 10 cents and Smell Size, 10 cen "Bless me! I heard such wild stories that it was still ingited. Vinage people at Druggists or by mail. of that skirmish that I've already ask-retire early, and I had feared 1 might at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street.





so short had been our many previous fights that all of us had become caresoftly-the first time I had ever less as to quantity of ammunition. Seldom had any man more pistol ammunition than that already in his revolver. No one was astonished to hear big Pat Callahan growl:

"Dhivil another cattridge hev I to me name."

yer revolvers—all av ye—fer close ac-tion!" shouted Mick, "an' pray fer the The skirmishers came on in fine style, rest av our rigimint to come up."

cartridges borrowed from comrades make assurance doubly sure. They with fuller boxes. Soon the firing ceas-ed entirely. Mick frowned, glared next few minutes were uncomfortable wildly and said to me:

"Coppyral Frost, ye've the biggest "Coppyral Frost, ye've the biggest ears in all Summerton. Go out to the road an' lay yer ear down to it an' see av ye can hear the rigiment a-comin'." I obeyed orders and at first mistook work the fathers and mothers and

nothing

The silence was becoming appalling, for the enemy had not yet fired a shot. The Johnnies, more sensible than their adversaries, seldom or never wasted Revolver shots seldom do except when their bullets on smoke puffs and "cov-ers" behind which figures did not

felly that's a-bossin' 'em an' see fhat his thrick'll be," said Sergeant Mick. "Av Oi was him an' things so quoit is a av me, O'd think he was sneakin' for a Mick should back holt. Coppyral Brainard, fhat's yer own opinion?"

'Same as yours, sergeant," Brainard replied. "He doesn't know how few we are, for we've fired a great many shots, and he doesn't imagine we have breechloaders. Probably he thinks his enemy has left his front and is trying to flank him. I wonder, though, that he doesn't send out skirmishers to look into the situation over here."

"Thrue fer yez. It's ividint yez didn't lave yer brains in yer bunk back in camp. Now moind whole Oi spake preventing some awkward situations, to yez all. Call in thim min on the flanks-tell 'em to come on their ban's an' knees. Are yez all here? Thin listen: Av they sind skirmishers over, we mustn't let none av 'em git back, ilse their boss'll know how wake our line is, an' they'll try to cut off our rigi-mint's already done the same by them, an' they'll ate us up intoirely. an' they'll ate us up intoirely.

toward the horses. Thin close in an' a chance to reload."

a chance to reload." "An' how'll we git away then, with the Johnnies close to our horses?" ask-blim with their bayonets ready to lunge. But Brainard turned like a teetotum, holding his rail horizontally. It struck ed big Pat Callahan.

heard a soft note in the nutmeg grater oice of Mick McTwyny: "It's been around me swatcheart. If Oi'm kilt, Oi'd loike it buried wid 'Twas no time for ceremony, yet I

bowed twice, first to the arm, then to its owner, as Mick thrust the fragment of himself into the front of his jacket, "Nor I," said Brainard. "Ye're dhivils, both av ye! But kape of himself into the front of his jacket, and he and I made way to the left un-

fixing bayonets as they ran. We after-The carbine fire continued, but more slowly, while men who were out of the way clear and had merely come to

> in the extreme for all concerned. Shootthe orderly sergeant of our company came to our tent and said:

my heartbeats for hoofbeats, but I was know that fathers and mothers and at once." obliged to report that I could hear brothers and sisters and sweethearts and wives and children are longing and nile, but failed. ping and praying is not doing as you "It seems to me," said I, "that our would be done by. But war is war. Besides, not all our shots took effect.

mitigate our punishment-I mean my own punishment, for you did nothing in that shell affair but tell about it, that you had some share in it, so as to shield me."

pistol firing began to slacken, Sergeant "Don't fergit the fince rails! Glory be

for the good of the service." to the poikes av auld Oireland!" A fence rail could not be wielded with

one hand, but Mick did not seem embarrassed. He thrust his empty re-volver into his belt and fought with his unspeakable lunatic." Nevertheless for a corporal to be uninjured arm, the winner in many a summoned by his colonel has a sobering effect, so I fought down my feelings and tried to assume a bold front ray skirmishers as might attempt to parade ground.

a' they'll ate us up intoirely. "So we must kape ivery dhivil av frighting with fence rails as weapons was new to us, but we took to it kind-'em from gittin' back. Scatter to the roight an' lift whin the skirmishers of free space, which was not always come. Let 'em git over the fince an' to be had, for the tree trunks would not toward the horses. Thin close in an' give it to 'em in the back wid yer pis-tols, an' don't foire till yer so close that yez can't miss 'em. They can't foire more than wan shot aplece-the skirmishers can't-if ye don't give 'em a chance to reload."

one of the Johnnies and knocked him

A CHAT WITH THE COLONEL. OR Brainard's sake 1 sputtered small groups of Scriptural was glad the fight had words that were not prayers. Brainoccurred, for it seemed and stopped abruptly after telling how to me that it should Mick felled the skirmishers' captain. have put Phil Hamil-"The tiger!" exclaimed the colonel. ton's possible chance "I wish there were more of his kind in out of his mind. But the regiment."

as soon as we reached "But isn't he a man, too?" asked camp the few sick list Brainard. "And shouldn't he be remen and shirkers who had remained warded"-

behind began to croak a story sup-posed to have filtered from the colonel's "It shan't be my fault if he isn't a man from this day forth," interrupted tent through several intermediarles the colonel. "Come with me. I supthat the colonel had been in a rage pose he is in the hospital."

about the explosions of my relics in our old camp, that had made him sup-"Or dead," I suggested. "Nonsense!" growled the colonel. pose the enemy were shelling us as "Loss of a fore paw never kills a tiger. Lieutenant Baslow of our regiment has we evacuated the post, and that he was going to make an example of the guilty shot them in India. He was in the party. Sure enough, we had not been British service and has told me all in camp more than two hours when about it.'

Instead of going direct to the hospital the colonel stopped at a captain's "The colonel wants to see you two tent and asked for one of the occu-

pant's jackets-an old one. The cap-We looked at each other and tried to tain looked surprised, but complied wh the request. The colonel strode

share of the fight at the fence ought to rapidly to the hospital tents, followed surgical ward, he asked:

"Is McTwyny here?" "Prisint, sorr," came from a red face on a cot, and a big freckled hand came like a fool. I suppose that even now you'll try to make the colonel believe to the side of the face in the position of

salute. "I wish I could," replied Brainard meekly. "I wish I hadn't told of it "I'm sorry to hear of your loss," said the colonel, "and I've brought you the best consolation I could think of. This when the colonel was so mystified is the jacket you shall wear when you about the shots, but really it did seem

get up again, Captain McTwyny.' "Whooroo!" exclaimed Mick. He "You're too good to live," said I. "Come along. I hope you'll come in closed his eyes an instant, then opened them and said, "Av Norah cud only see for some share of the punishment, you

"She shall see it, with you inside of It, as soon as you're fit to go north on leave of absence. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Mick pushed aside his sheet, displayas I dragged Brainard across the ed his severed arm lying on his breast and said:

"Pass them in, sentry," said the colo-"Don't let 'em throw this away." nel from the open front of his tent as we drew near. We stopped at the tent "He knocked me down for trying to take it from him," whispered th flaps, saluted and stood at "attention." nurse, "but of course a thing of that kind can't be kept." "Come in, gentlemen," said the colo-

nel, with an odd smile which never-For a moment the colonel seemed to theless seemed not ugly. "Sit down." be choking. When he recovered, he Both of us dropped nervelessly on the said:

colonel's camp bed, the only seat vis-"Let me take it. I'll have it buried Ible. The colonel was handling some with the honors of war. The company papers which I promptly assumed were you're to command, captain, shall fire court martial charges against us. a salute over it."

"I was greatly surprised and also pleased," continued the colonel, still handling the papers, "at receiving to-about thim two little dhivils forninst day commissions for both of you—com-missions as first lieutenants." glory be to the polkes av auld Oireland glory be to the polkes av auld Oireland 1 looked at Brainard, and Brainard -they were wort' more than all the rist looked at me, and I don't understand why both of us did not drop dead with Brainard, ah, fhat a shillelah twister astonishment. The colonel went on: he'd make! An', as for Frost, he saved "I had hoped to promote both of you me own loife two or three toimes in in the course of time, after you had succession.

reached sergeant's grade-Brainard, "Good!" exclaimed the colonel. "They because of your rescuing your party shall be taken care of. Now keep as from the enemy after capture and for quiet as you can, captain, so as to get "Git away, is it? Ye don't git away till ye kill me—ye or any av ye. We're here to hould the fince, an' here we stay till the rigimint comes, or we go to glory. If yer nistol gits imply nick un cause I've learned that you spent a lot in some way so he can always see the of money in trying to get recruits for the regiment at the time you entered open. Come along, men-I beg your

till the rigimint comes, or we go to glory. If yer pistol gits imply, pick up a fince rail an' use it loike a lance or a polke. Glory be to the poikes av auld Oireland that me gran'father an' his neighbors used ag'in the English! Thim pine rails is loight, an' they're

taste in your mouth? It's your liver.! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure consti-

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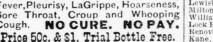
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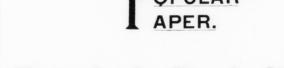
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