

THE DISPATCH BEARER

A Story For Memorial Day

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

It was the summer of 1862. General McClellan was moving up the peninsula lying between the James and the York rivers. Somewhere to the north of Richmond between that city and Washington was an army under General McDowell.

One day an officer wearing the blue uniform of the United States and the yellow shoulder straps of a captain of cavalry, followed by an orderly, was riding amid the dust kicked up by his horse midway between these two armies. The hour was noon, the day was hot, and the horses of both officer and orderly were jaded. Coming to a plantation in the center of which stood a manor house bearing the architectural marks of having been built in colonial times, the captain turned his horse's head in between two stone pillars and rode up the lane under arched trees, making straight for the stable. There, dismounting, he strode toward the door, which stood open. A darky, sitting on a barrel, arose as he approached.

"Got any fresh horses in here, uncle?" said the captain.

"No fresh horses, marse. Got two horses in dar dat was 'pressed into de service ob de south'n men, and dey's all wohn out."

"Can't help it. They've had some rest since then, and mine can't go a mile further."

"Can I be of service to you, suh?" asked a voice from behind the captain, who turned and saw a gentleman wearing clothes that, though they had long before disappeared from the north, were still in fashion among a few planters of the south—a beaver hat, a high shirt collar with plenty of neckwear, a ruffled shirt, blue coat with brass buttons and trousers strapped down over his hips. There was something in his thoroughbred manner that made the captain ashamed of going into his stables and taking possession of his horses.

"I am sorry to be obliged, sir," said the officer in an apologetic tone, "to impress a mount for myself and my orderly into the United States service."

"If you will do me the honah, suh, to stop with me fo' an honah I can give you what you wish. My horses will be ready by that time to do a few hours' work. I am Thomas Randolph, suh, and it gives me pleasure to welcome you onto my plantation."

"I am Captain Cartright of the — United States cavalry. I certainly need something to eat; but, being a bearer of dispatches, I do not feel at liberty to delay."

At the mention of the dispatches Mr. Randolph's eyes took on a peculiar look—a crafty look. Captain Cartright was too hot and tired and hungry to notice it or that the planter had any object in his subsequent words except in relieving that hunger.

"We haven't much to give you, suh," said the gentleman; "only some chicken, but my cook knows how to fry it deliciously, and some fine sweet potatoes that melt in yo' mouth. Her corn pone is also excellent."

"Enough, sir," cried the captain. "No man, furnished as I am, can resist that bill of fare. I'll dine with you with pleasure. Let me see"—taking off his watch—"it is now 12 o'clock. Do you think your horses will be rested by 2?"

"I think so, suh. This way, suh." Then to the darky, "Pete, take the gentlemen's horses into the stable and give them a good feed, and tell Sam to give the captain's orderly all he can eat fo' dinner."

Mr. Randolph led Captain Cartright into the house and, asking him to be seated for a few moments in the drawing room, left him. After some time he returned with a negro and said:

"This is my own body servant, Jim. He will show you to a room where you will find the wherewithal fo' getting off the dirt of the road. When you have done so come down, and dinner will be served."

Jim led the way up the winding staircase to a spacious chamber containing an enormous four post bedstead with curtains above and valance below and other furniture of a corresponding pattern. The darky poured water into a great china bowl. The captain unbuckled his belt, from which hung his revolver and saber, and threw them on a chair. Then he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and plunged his head into the water.

Jim took up the coat and brushed it carefully while its owner was spluttering in the water. When Cartright had finished his ablutions Jim stood holding the coat ready to help him on with it. After this had been done the captain placed his hand on his breast pocket and, feeling the envelope, was satisfied that his dispatches were still there and with a refreshed look on his face went downstairs.

Mr. Randolph received him cordially, glancing inquiringly at Jim, who was coming down the staircase behind the captain. What he saw in the negro's face evidently pleased him very much, for he renewed his attentions to his guest to such an extent that Cartright began to suspect his host to be one of those Virginians who adhered to the Union cause. A darky announced that

sinner was ready, and the two went into the dining room, where they found the Randolph family waiting for them. Those at home were Mrs. Randolph, a stately lady, and her two daughters, Carey and Julia, very pretty girls. The sons were all serving in the Confederate army.

"On which side of this fracas are your sympathies, madam?" asked Cartright.

The husband and father took it upon himself to reply. "The fracas, as you call it, suh," he said, "is being disposed of by the armies of the respective sides. We noncombatants have nothing to do with the settlement. We intend to treat you no'the'ners when you come to us as our guests. Let me help you, suh, to some mo' of the chicken. Do you prefer the white meat or the dark?"

Cartright would have preferred both, but that being out of the question, he said either would do, and doubtless he could have eaten even the bones. Besides, he was observing Carey Randolph, whose southern beauty was especially pleasing to him. The dinner proceeded with marked attention on the part of all the family to the young captain, who, in the presence of a southern matron and her two attractive daughters, strove to make himself as agreeable as possible. The dinner finished, he was conducted to the drawing room, where he sat in the most comfortable chair in the room, surrounded by the Randolph family.

Nothing of moment occurred during this after dinner companionship except that the captain, looking out of a window, saw Jim, Mr. Randolph's body servant, riding down the lane leading from the house to the road. Then in a few minutes the officer saw his orderly, Mike Pinagan, riding full tilt in the same direction.

Presently Cartright saw Mike riding leisurely back and felt relieved. Rising, he thanked the members of the family for their southern hospitality, which he declared was famed all over the world. All were extremely gracious to him and hoped that the fortunes of war would bring him their way again. Mr. Randolph assured him that he would always find a welcome at the manor house. There was an unobserved pressure of the hand between Cartright and Miss Carey Randolph and a soft look between the two.

Then the captain went out, called for the horses to take him and his orderly on their way, and, mounting amid many goodbyes, he rode away with Mike at the regulation forty paces in his rear.

They had not gone far before Mike called, "Captain!"

"What is it?"

"Are ye shure the dispatches are all right?"

"Yes." And the captain felt his breast with his fingers.

"Wouldn't it be well to take 'em out and look at 'em? Them people is bad secesh."

"They're fine people, anyway," replied Cartright. But he unbuttoned his coat, took out the envelope and looked at it with astonishment. There was no address or army stamp on the upper left hand corner. Tearing off the cover, he exposed blank paper.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed.

"What is it, sorr?" asked Mike, riding up beside his superior.

"I've been tricked. Some one has substituted this for the dispatches."

"Beggona, that's bad!" exclaimed Mike.

The captain was pale and trembling. What excuse could he give for his inaction, his trustfulness? His delinquency might wreck McClellan's army. "Orderly," he said, "draw your revolver and put a bullet through my brains; then destroy this blank paper, ride on to General McClellan and tell him that we were attacked on our way and robbed of the dispatches. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

"O'm thinkin', captain, that there's a better way o' doin' it."

"What way?"

"Presintin' the real dispatches."

"But they're gone."

"They might come back."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, sorr, they say all the nagurs of the south is wld us. One of 'em isn't. I know—that black spalpeen, the planter's body servant. I was eatin' me dinner, and I saw 'im goin' out to the stable, puttin' somepin that looked like the dispatches in his shirt. 'Tis he kem out wid a horse, mounted and made off. Rushin' to the stable, I took a horse and followed 'im. I caught 'im on the road and fired at 'im, bringin' 'im to a halt. 'O'll trouble ye for the papers in your shirt, I said. 'What papers?' he asked. For a reply I cut off his ear wid a bullet from me revolver. Wid that he tuk the papers from under his shirt next his dirty black skin, and here they are."

The captain seized the envelope, took out the contents, satisfied himself that they were really the dispatches, then fell on his orderly's neck.

"But how in the world could the rascal have got them?" asked the captain, wondering.

"I dunno, sorr. I only know he had 'em."

"There's but one way," the captain went on, half to himself and half to Mike. "He brushed my coat. Doubtless he made the transfer then. But I can't understand how he happened to have the dummy."

"Well, sorr," Mike put in, "before the nagur carried the water upstairs for you I saw the planter hand it to 'im."

"I see it all," said the captain. "It was a neat trick, and but for you—"

He embraced Mike again.

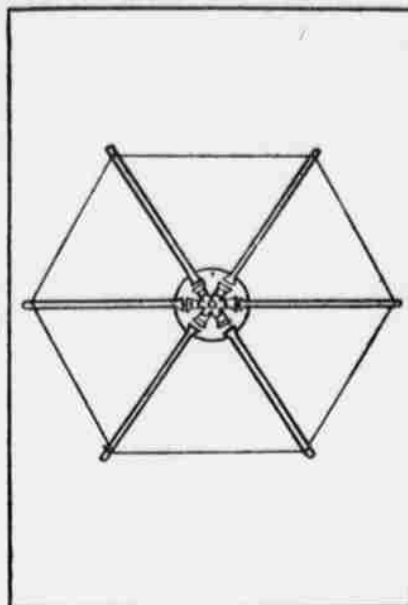
After the surrender Captain Cartright went to Virginia and married Miss Carey Randolph. Then that which might have destroyed an army and ruined the dispatch bearer became simply an interesting episode.



NEW KITE FRAME INVENTED

Ribs Radiate From Circular Disk of Sheet Metal Acting as Center-piece—Will Last Long.

A kite frame which eliminates the lopsidedness that spoils the flight of many kites has been patented by a Wisconsin man. A circular disk of sheet metal acts as a center-piece.



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Around the edge of this are spaced loops, and in the middle is a circle of sockets in line with the loops. Half a dozen sticks, all the same length, form the ribs of the frame, which is made by thrusting one end of the sticks through the loops and into the sockets. This gives a firm frame with every rib of exactly the same length and guarantees regular, even flying for the kite. The frame can be covered with either muslin or paper and is so substantially made that it will outlast many coverings, even if they be of the stoutest materials.

NEW YORK LAD HAD A HEART

Little Fellow Held Nose Bag Up So That Horse Might Get Few Remaining Oats in Bottom.

The cold wind was sweeping through Church street under the "L" and a small boy was running along shivering for lack of an overcoat, when he saw a horse feeding from a nose bag. Only a few oats were left in the bottom of the bag, and the horse was jerking its head so as to catch the remnant of its dinner, that was out of reach of



A Boy With a Heart.

its tongue. The lad, says the New York Mail, ran up to the horse and held the bag so that the animal could get the rest of the oats, and he shivered while. Then he patted the horse on the nose and ran along whistling.

FLAGS FLYING HALF MAST

Custom Long Ago Passed From Purely Military Usage to Public Life of All Kinds.

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called half mast. Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, the Angel of Death.

Money Was Safe.

John—See, James, I have a scent bottle. James—Let's see you get the penny out.

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ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
8:20.....Scranton.....	1:30
8:13.....Dunmore.....	1:37
8:02.....Nay Aug.....	1:46
7:54.....Elmhurst.....	1:55
7:43.....Wimmers.....	2:07
7:40.....Saco.....	2:10
7:34.....Maplewood.....	2:16
7:20.....Lake Ariel.....	2:34
7:09.....Gravety.....	2:41
6:59.....Clemo.....	2:51
6:53.....Hoadleys.....	2:56
6:37.....West Hawley.....	3:27
6:12.....White Mills.....	3:38
6:03.....East Honesdale.....	3:47
6:00.....Honesdale.....	3:50

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Established 1906

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF HONESDALE DIME BANK

HONESDALE, PA.

(Condensed)

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Cash and Due from Banks.....\$ 60,644.20	Capital Stock.....75,000.00
Loans and Investments.....619,479.01	Surplus and Undivided Profits (Earned).....60,017.55
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures.....24,000.00	Deposits.....569,113.43
Over Draft.....7.68	
\$713,130.98	\$713,130.98

By this THE HONESDALE DIME BANK of Honesdale Invites Attention to the Statement of its condition as rendered to the department of Banking on May 3, 1912.

From which the **STRENGTH** and **MAGNITUDE** of the Institution will be apparent.

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Just note what the information given in one of these booklets, "The Million Egg-Farm," did for Robert Liddle, a clerk of Scranton, Pa.

In May, 1910, Robert bought 2300 day-old chicks. He spent just one week studying the methods now given in this book,—his only preparation for the business. Result—this "greenhorn" raised 95 per cent. of all his chicks, and 1350 of them were pullets. ("Poultry Secrets" tells you this secret.) In less than seven months he was getting 425 eggs daily, and selling them at 58 cents a dozen. His feed cost averaged \$4.00 a day, leaving him OVER \$17.00 A DAY PROFIT,—and this before all his pullets had begun laying.

Isn't "Money-making Secrets" a good name for such booklets?

Read what people say of the other booklets, and of the FARM JOURNAL itself:—

"I find your Egg-Book worth untold dollars," says Roy CRANEY, Illinois. "What it tells would take a beginner years to learn."

"I am much pleased with the Butter Book," writes F. J. DICKSON, Illinois, "and would like to know how I could secure 500 copies, one for each patron of our co-opery."

"Duck Dollars is the best book I ever had on duck-raising," says F. M. WARREN, Pennsylvania.

"If your other booklets contain as much valuable information as the Egg-Book, I would consider them cheap at double the price," says F. W. MANABERG, New York.

T. F. MCCREA, a missionary in China, writes, "I found Garden Gold a great help in my garden this summer. I lost my health in the great famine, trying to save the starving Chinese, and I am trying to get it back by getting near to the soil. After a long tussle with the Chinese language and mission problems, it is a great rest to get out with the vegetables, trees, chickens, etc. I am saving money and regaining my health. My wife and I both find FARM JOURNAL indispensable."

"The FARM JOURNAL beats them all," writes T. H. POTTER, Pennsylvania. "Every issue has reminders and ideas worth a year's subscription."

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STRAWBERRY SECRETS tells how you can have the finest fall and winter strawberries almost until snow flies. It gives you the fruits of ten years' work and study of experts in this new industry. It reveals the secrets of fertilizing and blossom-removing to produce berries in the fall, tells inside facts about varieties, how to get three crops in two years, how one grower gets 1000 quarts an acre and nets 25 cents a quart, etc.

L. J. Farmer, the famous berry man, says, "Any one who can grow ordinary strawberries can, if they read this book, grow fall berries almost anywhere."

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