

THREE IN A GULLY.

There was a long row of cottages above the beach, and beyond the beach was the sea; and then the sea forever, except for Lackland Island, floating, a mile off shore like a water-lily. At evening we came to the colonel's porch to see how all was glorified; and little Peggy McLean signed for satisfaction, and said: "Now tell us about heroes."

"Ah, the heroes!" said the colonel, a gentleman through and through, and therefore not afraid to reveal his sentiments, "there were enough of them;

"How many, and how many. Whose souls went up to God On the slopes of the Alleghany Bud beside the old French Broad!"

But not all heroes. Some died because they were afraid."

Old Judge Dudley, huddled up with rheumatism, although his eyes were yet clear and keen, crept tremulously across to the colonel's cottage when he saw the gathering, because he liked to see what was going on and to hear talk.

"I believe you, colonel," said the judge then. "That's a historic country, the Tennessee Valley and northward. I'm Connecticut born. I like to see any man smack of his soil and believe it's the best place on God's earth. Yes, sir, I like that."

Peggy McLean, who was chewing taffy opened her sticky mouth and again demanded heroes. And the colonel told his tale, pulling his grey mustache whenever the story moved him, and looking down on the shining sea where the surf murmured.

"Now, Peggy, you can't have all heroes; just some common folk among them; same as if you suck taffy all the time, some day you'll despise taffy surprising. But taffy is good and heroes are good, but not all the time."

He whistled reflectively, and Peggy looked at the taffy, feeling herself to be a sinner. The colonel went on gently:

"I'm not saying anything of heroes today, only a couple of common men and a dog, I bring one. I was one of the men, Peggy, not the dog. He was just a pup, but he was clever. And I'm not to tell you about battles and campaigns, though there is one thing about campaigns, judge, that only the poor soldiers understand. It is this, that his legs are so tired it makes the heart sick to think of it. I am to tell you about something near by and after a battle namely, of Lookout Mountain, to the south in Tennessee, which you've all been badgered into learning at school, I reckon, and have your own ideas about."

"I'd like you to notice that it's a powerful steep mountain to climb, and risky getting down in a hurry. And maybe you remember that we Confederates had to get off the top on account of the Federals coming up the other side and acting like hornets. That was surely a fact."

"They say the retreat was orderly as could be, considering the ground; but in some places it was scattery, and besides, when the top was lost it was no use waiting, and one might as well be at the bottom in a hurry. Just how it happened, and so unnoticed, I don't know; but the roar of the musketry and the trampling and the high wind were great; and going somewhat to the southward, though not thinking to be far apart, I fell over a log and into a little thicket of brambles on a slope that dropped off the end with a plunge."

"I was all done quickly and too quickly in the uproar, and after that I had nothing more to do with the battle of Lookout Mountain, or of Missionary Ridge, either, though I remember the low moan of the cannonading through the next two days somewhere off to the east. There was a little brook going near us in the gully, and that and the cannonading were both sleepy sounds. I can shut my eyes and hear them now. The cannons say, 'Oh oh, oh,' and the brook says, 'Oh, oo, oo.'"

"So I was not wounded at the battle of Lookout Mountain like a soldier and a gentleman, but fell into a gully out of foolishness, and broke my leg."

"The gully was a slit cut in the face of the mountain, the sides of it steep and stony, and perhaps forty feet high. And it was a twisted gully, so that I could not see far above or below, and lay as if in a hole in the ground."

"I don't know what happened first after the plunge, only I reckon to have hit my head somewhere and fallen in a heap at the bottom, and there I found myself after a time, crumpled up and bumped all over and my leg one big pain."

"I didn't care for anything else just then, for in the first place it is not interesting when your men are going the wrong way. If they had been going up instead of down I should have been hot to be with them, but as it was I only wanted some one else to fall into the gully and set my leg. I thought maybe some one else would, and I shouldn't have minded advising him to fall some other way from the way I fell. I was all ready to own up it was a poor way."

"The cracking of the rifles went on irregularly—sometimes a roar, and then only here and there. But the trampling and shouting were dying away from the mountain, so I knew that no friends of mine were any longer near. Next I heard an odd sound of that place—the barking of a dog, and then a sound that was in that place a common one and much to be

expected, the sharp cry of a wounded man on the rocks above.

"He came stright down with a thud and roll, but he was in no shape to set my leg, though he fell right near. He was hurt in the shoulder or chest, but I could not tell how badly. He lay white and still, the blood running across his hand, and I knew it was my job to do for him, Federal or not. Federal he was, and a small man and young, in a blue coat."

"That common little pup kept yelping on the rocks overhead to show he was interested, and presently he tried to pick his way down, and slipped and slid and yelped louder on account of losing skin. Then he came along the bottom, snuffing at the little Federal and looking kind of put out when he saw what shape he was in. But he seemed glad to find I was tolerably alive, and snuggled up to me. He sniffed and moaned all the time, and looked at the little Federal, seeming to say, 'Ain't that too bad!'"

"So there we were, we three ordinary folks, whom the great war had thrown aside and left in a kind of wrinkle of an old mountain; just as when a sea more than commonly high throws some bits of weed up the beach there, and goes off again, leaving them, and they don't seem of much importance to anybody. That was the way we felt, the pup and I, of not much importance to anybody; and the Federal, he didn't have any opinion at that time. He didn't come around for some while, and we were glad when he did, the pup and I."

"The little Federal straightened himself out slowly, looked at the blood running across his hand and blinked at it. Then he saw me and the pup and smiled. I reckoned he thought it was all ridiculous, and I agreed with him there, but maybe he just meant to be polite. He certainly was polite."

"'What's up?' he asked; and I said there wasn't anything up; it was all down and our luck was at the bottom. It made me mad to see him so cheerful when he hadn't any real excuse for it. But he smiled again and then closed his eyes."

"I judged he was faint, and that I ought to be doing something; so I crawled toward him, thought it took a deal of grunting to drag a red-hot leg, and the damp came out on my forehead."

"He opened his eyes and asked what was the matter."

"'Leg.'"

"'Jinks, old man,' he said, 'I'm sorry!'"

"The shot was high up in his chest, and I didn't rightly know what lay around there inside. I didn't see much to do without water, and it was a good fifty feet over the rocks to the pool of the brook."

"'Water?' he said. 'That's so. I'm horrid thirsty. Are you? Why, you can't get down there, and I can't. But there are lots of ways to do things.'"

"Then it struck me I had heard Yankees were full of tricks, and forever inventing and figuring. So I keep quiet and watched the little Federal."

"He tried to sit up; it made him cough and struggle in his throat, but I helped him, and he propped himself against a stone. Then he fished in his pocket and pulled out about six hardtacks, which he laid on the ground and started fishing again. Hardtacks are common soldiers' rations, and they're nourishing; but you need blasting-powder to eat them with. There's no water in hardtacks."

"I thought it was my turn, and showed a canteen—that's a flat leather bottle. There was no water in that either, but it seemed to please him, and he settled down to think about it, whistling and looking up to where the pine trees met overhead, and then down over the boulders to the glint of the pool just showing above them. He didn't seem to take to anything till he lit on the dog, and then he brightened up and chuckled. 'He isn't much to look at,' he said."

"That was an idea which had struck me, too. The pup was sort of dirty and grayish in color, and he sidled around when you looked at him as if he were embarrassed."

"'Wonder what's his name. Tommy! Hi!'"

"The pup sidled around himself and whirled his tail in a manner that might be called excessive, seeming to signify that 'Tommy' was a good enough name for him; but probably he was only pleased to be recognized."

"'Tommy will do,' said the little Federal. 'Now then, you toss your canteen and see if he'll fetch it.'"

"And Tommy didn't wait to be told. He went for that canteen like a lost brother. And then I saw the little Federal's idea; and you wouldn't think it, but while we were interested in the subject there weren't any happier people in the State of Tennessee than the pup, the little Federal and I. I lay back and laughed; it seemed amusing even to have a red-hot leg; the little Federal chuckled and coughed and choked, and the pup pranced around as if he expected Christmas all the year."

"I threw the canteen again down by the boulders, and Tommy brought it up. Then I took a long aim and scaled it over the top of them, so that it fell with a splash in the pool, and Tommy went after it with enthusiasm and stayed some time."

"There was a black-headed knif-fisher on a tree way up above, and he came down lower and appeared to be making comments on Tommy; but we didn't make out what they were, only we judged after-

ward he was calling Tommy two or three kinds of idiots. Then Tommy came back with the canteen wrong end up and the water all ran out, having taken it by the nearest end which happened to be the bottom."

"The little Federal said he was disappointed in that dog; but I told him we musn't have family quarrels, and he said that was all right."

"At the next throw the canteen hit a boulder, but it bounced off into the water and the pup brought it up sideways in his mouth and about half full. So we allowed it was innocuous and not malice that made him spill things."

"It was getting toward night and dusky in the gully. We moistened hardtacks and ate them, at least I did, and the little Federal ate some. But he was in bad shape, though he said nothing, and I could only wash out his wound and tie something over it. I didn't like talking of it either, judging he wasn't good for long, by his fever and the choking in his throat."

"We neither of us brought up any very serious matter,—nothing much even about the war, except that he wanted to argue Tommy was a Union dog, and I was ready to stand out he was Confederate—I stand to it yet—it wasn't likely a dog of Union opinions would be loose in southern Tennessee; but we compromised, and allowed he might be neutral on account of his innocence."

"It seems strange that two alone in the night, in the midst of armies and likely about to die, should have nothing much to say, nothing of any importance. But I reckon we did some hard thinking. Tommy was like the little Federal in this that while conversation was going on he kept his manners up to their level best and banged his tail cheerfully, but when nothing was being said he drooped and got low in his mind."

"It grew cold in the gully and the stars came out in patches of sky between the pines; we got close together, with the pup rather shivery, between us."

"'Oh, it was cold that night! Sometimes it makes one bitter and discontented with the world to think of such times, the pain and weariness of it all. But that won't do, and besides it's no use. The little Federal, he had the right idea about it; he said he thought on the whole it paid to stay game.'"

"It was late in November—the twenty-fourth, I think. The sky was clear as glass, but the trees were mostly pine and spruce, which don't shed their leaves, and so made it dark in the gully—made it seem that there was only one cold and dark place in the world, the rest of it sparkling with stars, and that place had been picked out, and we dumped into it to get along as best we could. There wasn't much to do about it. It was a hard night and we let it go at that."

"The morning came at last, light in the gully, but not much warmth. Still there was no wind down there, though the trees were swaying and creaking above in the forest. The batteries began softly and far away, and we knew the battle was up once more. Once more, and how often after no one knew then."

"The little Federal's face looked peaked and hollow in the gray light, and showed what the night had been to him. I didn't like his looks."

"There were three hardtacks left, and the pup was persuaded to get more water. The little Federal didn't seem interested. He said, 'You'll eat 'em all, Johnny,' and I asked, 'Why?'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I can't. Besides, I'm going to peter out pretty soon, and they won't do me any good.'"

"Somehow, it seemed then that we had lived together a long time, the pup and the little Federal and I. The lumps came up in my throat and made me nervous, and I said, 'Don't you do it,' which, seeing he wasn't dying in the least because he wanted to, was idiotic enough, but he was that polite he didn't say so."

"'Shucks!' he said, 'I shan't make any fuss. I'm going easy. If you get a chance I'd be obliged to you if you'd drop a line to my people, let 'em know how it was. Somebody'll be along by and by, and you and Tommy can whoop for 'em. And then you'll be a no-count captive, Johnny and go up North till properly exchanged, and hear yourself called a not-to-be mentioned rebel; that's what you will.'"

"And I knew all this was his way of saying he meant to stay game, and advising me to do similarly, though that isn't saying those predictions were not strictly correct, for it all happened to me afterward in precisely that way."

"I reckon maybe the little Federal wandered some that morning in his mind, and what he said, being sort of half-conscious, belonged to his private affairs, which we're not inquiring into now and were none of my business then. But I have one curious thing to mention, that he seemed to know accurately when his moment had come, which, I should judge, was an hour before noon."

"He opened his eyes and smiled at Tommy and me and said something. I listened and he said it again: 'I must go now. See you later, maybe.' And as near as I could make out he went right then."

"By and by patches of sunlight dropped into the gully and one moved across his face. It was an ordinary enough face, only I say it belonged to a very decent kind of man and a gentleman altogether."

"Well, it was lonesome for Tommy and

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyse the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." MRS. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MINNIE JACQUES Oshano, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

me. My broken leg began to get back on me in a hot fever, and it occurred to me maybe I'd go out of my head with the fever without letting his people know how it was. So I took the canteen and cut in the leather side of it, 'Billy Ames 14th Mass.'

"But after a while that didn't seem enough, so I worked at it a bit more and cut. 'He was the right kind,' which I thought put things accurately enough in a general way."

"Then I didn't see any more I could do. I fell to having dreams and thinking I was somewhere else, yet I heard through them all the sleepy sounds of the brook and the cannonading, and Tommy, lying beside me, he was sleepy, too."

"It was late in the afternoon. Tommy began to yelp, and I made shift to sit up and shout, but I reckon it was only Tommy that made any noise to speak of."

"There was tramping around and calling overhead, and at last they came down a distance up the gully—a Federal sergeant and some men detailed to look for wounded. They seemed to take things in and didn't ask questions, considering I was more or less wondering."

"But I recollect the sergeant reading, 'Billy Ames, 14th Mass. He was the right kind,' and saying he'd see the canteen through to Massachusetts; and I recollect, too, how Tommy followed us out of the gully very low in his mind, with his tail between his legs and nobody noticing him. I don't know where he went any more than where he came from, but I'll say for him that he was a well meaning dog."

"And I recollect going down the mountain, carried somehow, but I don't remember how, and seeing in the distance the town of Chattanooga, and by it the shining loop of the river. And that was all."

Peggy McLean's mouth was wide open, and astonished, and sticky. "Ay!" she said. "Weren't there any heroes?"

"Not this time, Peggy," said the colonel. "You can't have 'em all the time. We were three ordinary folks."

ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

RHEUMATISM CAN'T EXIST

With salves, suppositories and ointments and dreading a surgical operation, scores and hundreds have turned to Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment and found in it an absolute cure for piles. The first application brings relief from the terrible itching and it is very seldom that more than one box is required to effect a permanent cure.

TOO NEAR TO TREAT LIGHTLY.

Almost any one can be brave when danger seems distant. The Washington Post draws a suggestive picture of a young man who, during a storm, was trying to calm the fears of a young woman.

"That lightning is twenty miles away," he said, when there came a sudden roar. Yet she shuddered. There was another flash and a loud report about three seconds later.

"That's a good five miles away," said the cheerful youth.

There was another bluish flare, quickly followed by a very heavy rumbling.

"A good mile from here, that," said he, not quite so confidently.

Then there came a flash that illumined the room for two long seconds, and the report that succeeded the flash almost instantly was like the simultaneous discharge of half a dozen thirteen inch guns.

"My goodness!" cried the young man, jumping up suddenly. "That was in the back yard."

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS

**Pyny Pectoral**

The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS

Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Prop's. Perry Davis' Pain Killer. New York Montreal

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS

44 & 46 DOCK STREET ST. JOHN N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 2

The Place to Purchase

is where you can buy the Best Goods and the Most for the Least Money. Our advertisement is simply an index to which you may refer with Profit.

- Fancy Wool Waist Plaids,
- Plain and Fancy Black Dress Goods,
- Colored Dress Goods—Fancy and Plain,
- New Stock of Spring Prints,
- Fancy Shirtings,
- Fancy Cottons suitable for Blouses,
- Grey and White Cottons,
- Flannelette,
- Flannels,
- Lace Curtains,
- Art Muslin,
- White and Fancy Spot Muslin,
- Furniture Covering,
- Linings of all kinds,
- Flannelette Blankets,
- Carpets and Oil Cloth,
- Spring Roller Blinds,
- Curtain Poles and Fittings,
- 3000 Rolls Wall Paper,
- Ladies' Blouse Waists,
- Men's and Boy's Shirts,
- Men's Clothing,
- Boy's Clothing,
- Men's Underwear,
- Ladies' Underwear,
- Fancy Drapery,
- Felt for Fancy Work,
- Men's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
- Ladies' " " " "
- Child's " " " "

Men's and Boy's Hats and Caps.

Our stock of Mixed Paint, White Lead and Paint Oils ready for spring use will be found complete. Full Stock of Groceries, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, at Lowest Prices.

J. & W. BRAIT, KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

All Kinds of Printing.

Good Work---Low Rates.

- Address Labels, Books, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blanks all kinds
- Bonds, Blotters, Bills of Fare, Business Cards, Ball Invitations,
- Ball Programmes, Catalogues, Circulars, Calendars, Checks,
- Certificates, Counter Bills, Charters for Societies,
- Dodgers, Drafts, Druggist's Printing, Folders, Gang
- Saw Bills, Hangers, Hotel Registers, Invoices,
- Insurance Printing, Letter Heads, Labels,
- Magistrate's Blanks, Memorandums, Menu Cards, Note Heads, Notes
- of Hand, Orders, Posters, Programmes, Pamphlets, Price Lists,
- Receipts, Reports, Statements, Show Cards, Shipping Tags,
- Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding
- Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.