

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Captain Harry Beaufort was a tall, handsome middle-aged man who traveled for a leading Chicago firm. In response to a request for a story to while away the time as we traveled from Vincennes to Cincinnati, he said: "As I was going to stop off at my home this trip I believe I'll tell you about my little Yankee prisoner. Let me see"—introspectively—"it was in November, 1863, when our brigade—the old Stonewall brigade—was lying below Winchester, Va., momentarily expecting an attack from the Federals. We were a ragged set of devils, I tell you. Half of the brigade were coatless, and hundreds were shoeless, and all of us were hungry. One night I was put on guard in a little hollow facing the Yankee front. The glade was surrounded on three sides by low hills covered with underbrush, with an opening directly at my front of several hundred yards. Immediately surrounding my position there was a growth of low bushes, so thick that it seemed almost impossible for a man to penetrate it. In my rear all was clear of growth of any sort, so you see that I was not likely to be surrounded and captured if I kept my eyes open. Well I had been standing there perhaps an hour when I heard a thrashing and a crashing in the bushes on my left. It seemed to me so much like the sort of a racket that an old cow tangled in the brush, would make, that I paid little attention to it until a heavier crash than common, followed by "Damn the brush!" in accents of annoyance, attracted my attention to a point about thirty feet away, and while looking, expecting to see the dragged market-belt uniform of one of my regiment, I was astonished to see the blue uniform of a Yankee emerging from the bushes.

prisons, with their necessarily short fare and miserable quarters. Somehow I thought I could see that boy's mother appealing to me with her eyes to save her boy from prison. "It may have been some hypnotic or clairvoyant force or some psychic power unknown to me, but, however that may be, I determined to do the best I could to get my little Yankee out of trouble. I had scarcely come to this determination when the relief guard came up. The officer merely asked me where I got my prisoner, and when I told him he ordered me to take him to camp and turn him over. Our fellows were allowed considerable license, and I took advantage of the fact by going back with my prisoner without any other escort. It was very dark in camp, and I had no trouble in escaping observation with my companion and getting into my tent. "I suppose I'm a goner, Johnny," said my little Yank, after we stretched out on a blanket. "Well see," said I. "Say right here, and don't move till I get back." And then I slipped out of the tent and managed to hook several pieces of corn bread, one of which I ate in short order. Then we lay down again and talked in a low tone of voice until I thought it might be about 2 o'clock in the morning. Then I again stole out, and after a little scrutiny managed to get possession of an old gray rat and jacket these I ordered my little Yank to don, leaving his blue cap and blouse on the ground. Then when all was quiet, I led him out and by a dark glen which ran close to the camp I got him safely down into the brush-covered glade where I had captured him. An hour later, by creeping and crawling, we had dodged the pickets and were well out of reach. "Now, Yank," said I, "we part here. There, a little to your right, is your picket line. Be careful that they don't shoot you for a rebel. Good-by!" And back I went, getting safely into camp before day. "The next morning we went into a fight, and my Yankee friend was forgotten by the other guardsmen. "That was the last I saw or heard of my little Yankee prisoner during the war. Twenty years after, or in 1883, I was traveling then, as now, out of Chicago, in Illinois and Indiana, when one summer evening I was sitting in a store in one of the small country villages in Indiana, in company with perhaps fifteen or twenty others most of whom had been in the army. Stories and jokes were told over our cider and pipes, and we were all in good cheer. When it came my turn I thought of my little Yankee, and told the story just as I have given it to you. One of the listeners, a tall, broad-shouldered, sandy-bearded giant, listened so intently that I saw at least one of my hearers was interested, and when I concluded the big fellow rose and took Watson aside. Watson was the storekeeper. They talked excitedly for perhaps a quarter of an hour before they came back, when Watson said: "Captain, I've been thinking about that order. I don't need the goods now, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll stop, say within sixty days, and give me a day or two's notice, I'll give you a good bid order. What do you say?" "Consulting my book, I found that six weeks from that time I would be in—and would have three or four days' time with nothing special to do. I told Watson that I could not reach him sixty days hence, but would be able to do so just six weeks from that day. "That will do nicely, captain; don't forget the date." "I was not apt to do so, so Watson's big orders meant big sales, and so it was agreed. "On the day agreed upon I drove up to Watson's store, which I found full of people, among whom were many men who looked as though they might have been soldiers veterans at one time. I had shaken hands with Watson and one or two of his friends whom I recognized, when I heard some one say: "Here he is now!" Not thinking the remark had any reference to myself I paid no attention until "Give us yer paw, comrade," scolded in my ear. "Turning, I stood face to face with the big, bearded giant, who had listened so intently to my story on that night six weeks before. By his side stood a fair-haired, fair-eyed man of thirty-five or thirty-seven years. The young man looked me over from head to foot, then back to my face again, as if looking for some point of identification, until his eye at last began to annoy me, but a minute later his eyes brightened and his face lit up with a smile of pleasure. "Don't know me, do you?" said he. "No; I don't believe I ever saw you before, yet—as a smile lit up his face—"yet—there's something about you seems familiar." "Didn't think you you would forget your Yankee prisoner. The one who eat up your grub down near Winchester in '63." "Wha!" I ejaculated, and then it all became clear. There was the same sunny smile, the same laughing eyes, but the man before me was almost middle-aged, bearded and stalwart, whereas my prisoner had been but a stripling of a boy. I forgot the years which had elapsed, but that all came to me in a flash and there before me, twenty years after it had occurred, stood my quondam Yankee prisoner. "It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the scene that followed. I can only do it by saying that for days afterward my arms ached from the shaking they received from that little squad of one-time Yankee veterans. As to my Yankee, nothing would do but I must go with him and his friends to see his old mother. I tried equivocation it wouldn't go. Then I spoke of my business—my sales to Watson was as bad as the rest of them. "You'll have to go, Captain. You shall have your order when you come back day after to-morrow, but not a cent's worth will you get before." "It was now clear to me that the whole affair was a put-up job, and, as there was no way out of it, in half an hour I was mounted on a fine horse and galloping down the road. Two hours later we were trotting up a long avenue of cottonwoods, toward a beautiful white mansion embowered in vines. As we rode up to the broad veranda which faced the avenue, the hall door opened, and a sweet-faced, motherly old lady, accompanied by a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman, stepped out. The elderly lady stood at the head of the steps, and as I advanced she placed her hands upon my

shoulders and, bending forward, kissed me on the forehead. "God bless you, my son," said she, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "I have prayed to see this day." The younger woman pressed my hand gratefully, but my eyes were moist, and I could scarcely see, either. "Boys, it seemed to me just like a home coming after years of absence, and the feeling did not abate as we became calmer. Somehow that sweet-faced old lady did not seem to me like a stranger. On the contrary, I felt as though I had known and loved her as a mother all my life. I don't pretend to account for it. I had always been of a retiring disposition where women were concerned, but from the moment I first saw Mrs. Northup (that was the name of the family) I felt completely at ease, except when some one referred to some imaginary goodness or tender-heartedness when the story of myself and my little Yankee prisoner was told and retold, as it was, over and over again. Young Northup, or Frank, as I soon learned to call him—insisted on his friends dismounting and remaining to dinner, and we were a happy party, if ever there was one. I remained that night, and it was difficult to get away even the next day, but business demanded my attention. I promised to visit my friends frequently, and did so every time I could get a day off. But here's my stopping place, and there's my wife and mother-in-law and the babies. That blue-eyed woman is my wife. "You have guessed it. She was Jessie Northup, and that sweet-faced old lady is our mother."—Chicago News.

in, with a view of advancing upon the wild horses and driving them off, but before we had gotten into line it was too late. The sight was a wonderful one. The two leaders advanced as if they meant to decide the issue by a fight between them, but when within forty yards of each other they wheeled and returned to their respective lines. Then we witnessed something which only a cavalryman will credit. Our horses fell into double line and I dressed to the right as perfectly as if a trooper had occupied each saddle, and while we looked the lines suddenly moved forward on a charge. When they swept past us the alignment was absolutely perfect, with the captain's horse on the right and leading by about twenty feet. The line of wild horses bent and wavered, but did not break until struck with a sledge-hammer. I believe that fully forty horses went down under the shock, but all except four were speedily on their feet again. From this on it was a melee, the whole drove circling around, and each horse biting and kicking and displaying such ferocity as to astonish us. The mob fought past us down the valley and back, and right in front of the camp the climax came. The battle had been raging half an hour, when the spotted stallion hobbled out of it on three legs and bleeding from half a dozen wounds, and that seemed to take the pluck out of his followers. Some ran up the valley and some down, but of the eighty-eight only fifty-seven got away. When the hottest of it was over we dashed in and secured a horse here and there, and in this manner we finally got hold of the last one, which was the captain's. Of the seventy-five only five had escaped scot free. Every one of the others had been bitten and kicked, and twelve of them were so crippled as to be worthless. In almost every instance our horses had kicked off both hind shoes, and in some cases the front ones were gone, as well. There were seven dead and thirty-six crippled horses on that battle-field when hostilities ceased, and of the fifty-seven wild horses which made their escape, many were limping badly. Before breaking camp we turned to and put an end to the sufferings of the crippled, and we were not yet in the saddle when a hundred great tizzards and a dozen wolves were leaping on the bodies.—Detroit Free Press.

HER FIRST BLOOMERS. She Did Not Know Which Way, and the Tailor Awaits to Tell Her. A well-known Washington lady who has become a great bicycle enthusiast intends to take an extensive wheeling trip with her husband. Because of the inconvenience of skirts, she decided to adopt bloomers, and left her order and measure with the ladies department of a well-known tailor. In answer to a card to "call at her earliest convenience to try" she dropped in the other day. The lady fitter at the time was not in, but the new women said that didn't make any difference, she would try them on anyhow. She was therefore ushered into the small dressing room and tried the patience of the proprietor and cutter, who awaited her appearance, for she was gone a good while. When she came out she was in bloomers, but not in a very equable frame of mind. Turning to the proprietor, she exclaimed: "This is a horrid fit. I don't see how you could have made such a botch. I don't know just how they ought to be, but I know they are not right. I can scarcely breathe. Where they ought to be tight they are loose, and where they ought to be loose they are tight. The proprietor looked at the cutter and the cutter looked at the proprietor. The proprietor blushed, but the cutter, who was behind the lady's back, smiled, and boldly winked at his employer. Then the proprietor determined on heroic measures. Gently, but firmly, he said: "My dear madam, if you will kindly return to the dressing room and put them on right side before, I think you will find that they fit all right." Sadly she disappeared behind the curtain and said never a word.—Washington Star.

Eating Before Sleeping. The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed was sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless; but something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest in bed. The process of digestion goes on in sleep with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is a very desirable condition for the night's rest. Some physicians have declared indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of the unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing is more agreeable on retiring for the night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel or clam soup. It is a positive aid to nervous people, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case on cold winter nights, when the stomach craves for warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a light well-cooked gruel is better, and in our climate, during the cold months of winter, should be the retiring food of every woman who feels, as many do, the need of food at night.—New York Tribune.

MAY BROOM OF BRADNINCH. A very pretty name indeed is May Broom. The name Bradninch is not pretty, but that fact is not chargeable, probably, against any of the good people who live there; and May Broom lives there among the rest. And we are glad to state, furthermore, that she is healthy and happy now as every little girl should be. For when full-grown folks are ill we may be sorry for them; but we somehow feel that they have managed to deserve it; whereas the sufferings of the little ones seem contrary to nature's justice. Yet what is nature's justice? Ah! dear, that is a question to make us scratch our heads under the edge of our thinking caps. In the summer of 1891, May Broom was seven years old. Living in the country her cheeks ought to have looked like peach blossoms, and her voice to have sounded like a brook of laughter in the air. Alas, however, for the gap that opens between what ought to be and what is. It was in that very summer that May's father took her to Sampford-Peverell, near Tiverton, in Devonshire, to stop awhile with her grandmother, hoping that a change of air might do the child good. For some time previously she had not been well, yet so elusive and mysterious did her malady appear to be that no form of treatment was intelligently adopted. Medicines in plenty were given, but none of them produced any good result. She was always tired, weary and languid, and her strength grew less and less without an obvious reason. Her appetite was poor, and after eating she complained of pain at her stomach and chest. Medicine having failed a final hope was placed in a change of scene and air, as we have said. Alluding to what occurred after the girl's arrival at Sampford-Peverell, her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Broom, in a letter dated Feb. 28th, 1893, says: "I grieve to say that the change disappointed us; it did her no good. She could take only light food, and received no strength from it. She would sit by the fire for hours together, never speaking or noticing anything. At other times she would lie down the greater part of the day as if too weak to move. When I took her out of doors she was soon tired and wished to rest. The poor girl seemed to be gradually wasting away, and her pale face and almost transparent skin were sad and melancholy to look upon. She had all the appearance of one in a decline, and people who saw her said she would never get better. One day I was in Miss Kerslake's shop, and was induced by her to try for my grand daughter a remedy, which is said to have saved many young persons after both physicians and friends had given them up to die. I bought a bottle and began giving this medicine to May with a faint hope that it might help her. In a fortnight she began to improve. This both surprised and delighted us, as you will readily believe. Afterwards she got stronger every day, and in three months she returned to her home in good health, and has aided nothing since. My son asked me what medicine I had given the child, and I told him that Seigel's Syrup had made a new girl of her. Yours, (signed) Elizabeth Broom." As confirmatory of the case as already stated, we add the following from the lady referred to by Mrs. Broom: "I remember May Broom coming to this place to stay with her grandmother in the summer of 1891. The child looked as if far gone in consumption, and I recommended Mrs. Broom to send her back home as I thought she could not live long. However, I persuaded Mrs. Broom to try Seigel's Syrup for May, thinking it would do her no harm if it did her no good. To my astonishment and that of the neighbors the child began to improve rapidly, and was strong when she returned home to Bradninch." (Signed) Miss Susan Kerslake, Kerslake's General Warehouse, Sampford-Peverell, February 28th, 1893. Had little May Broom really been far gone in consumption, as Miss Kerslake and others feared she might have been lying under the daisies this summer of 1893. But her ailment was indigestion and lack of good, strong red blood. That was all, but it was enough; and but for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup it would have been as fatal as consumption, which it resembles. What a lesson for parents is in this episode in the life of little May Broom.

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