

Within the Lines.

The captain woke that morning at first with a lazy contentment. And then he remembered that it he had distinguished himself—in the cavalry charge he had been first—that two of his comrades would sit no more at his mess. But first, you must notice a certain pleasurable vanity held him; he saw in his grasp a little bauble of present reputation and promotion.

There followed the reaction of regret. A man who has been in a dozen fights learns to regard, while in action, death as a matter of course, either for himself or his friends. The exhilaration seizes; the blood tingles; and the truth making the Red Badge of Courage accepted is that an ordinary man, after craven fear, suddenly forgets himself. Even gentlemen born to the habit of respect and self control have known that verity, from the great Frederick to lesser men.

For Captain Leslie that exultation had not passed. But now, the next morning, as he lay still, regret led on to a sadder mood, to voices far away—beyond hearing; to faces forgotten in the brisk, imperative movement of life. As he lay there Leslie was back in an old sentimental moment, talking with a girl who had jilted him—a case of "call love"; he could see her eyes, hear her voice. Five years of other faces—the stir of events.

Even in more serious affairs we must linger—aping this life for us. And I would add to Stevenson's lucid phrase, "that impure passion of remorse," that impure passion of regret. Then the John Leslie of the Seventeenth, the yesterday, returned; he never should mess with Bill Darlington and Jim Forbes. And suddenly he was wide awake, on his feet—was dashing cold water over his face, dressing, and calling for breakfast. Another day had its claim on him.

"The General, sir, wishes you at once." The General? A thought of the yesterday brought him the reason in a rush of a pleasurable glow.

"Be seated, Captain," said the General as he entered.

"You've been commended for coolness and firmness, and yesterday—the report runs—'great bravery on Captain Leslie's part.'"

"I couldn't very well help it," said Leslie; "I was keyed up to it, you know."

"A modest answer encourages praise," quoth the general with a smile. "But it will be in my own report. That's not why I have sent for you. I have—him—a duty."

"Yes, sir," said Leslie, suddenly sobering.

"Success but leads to more effort—your capability is recognized; reliance is put on you."

The general sat reflecting, tapping the little map laden table with his knuckles.

"We have pushed well into their lines," he said, after a moment. "They didn't expect us so far down. Ten miles from here the families are still in their houses. They will be running fast enough, to be sure. Well, study this map. Follow that road, Captain, 'cye see, along the river—ten miles, isn't it? Yes, ten. Now, at the forks turn due west. You pass a village there, eh—what's its name? No matter, a blacksmith's at the next turn. There—let me see—seventeen miles; 'is the road to the left—there, twenty-one miles; and there you turn from the turnpike into private grounds—twenty-two miles to the house. Now there's another way, the general went on, explaining details. "One with twenty troops might sweep into that quiet country; he suddenly might find him self in a mess; he might fall in with a detachment; he might come back—he and his twenty men—I think that's a sufficient number. To make the story short, I want to find the man who will go there and search that house, and bring away somebody whom a spy has reported to be there. It isn't an order, you understand, but a suggestion. I don't ask a man to risk his life, or his chance of further service, but—it would please me to catch that fox, who doesn't fancy we would dare venture there—unless unexpectedly we have reached so far down into the heart of his country."

The Captain smiled.

"I don't overlook the suggestion," he said.

"Study the map. Choose your twenty men. Colonel Moore will help you. I am obliged, Captain."

"And we may or may not find him?" Leslie said.

"Well, if he's down, you will have dared, that's all. He's there to get his family away."

"Will P said the captain.

The general hesitated, and then:

"The man who of all others has most interfered with this march—Dorston, man; Dorston."

Leslie paled, and a lump was in his throat.

"Dorston," he said faintly; "not that man!"

To the General, keen observer as he was, the exclamation was but one of surprise at the daring cleverness of his idea; Dorston who had harassed and bothered them; Dorston to be seized in his fancied security.—The movement of the General's division had been so rapid that even yet the enemy failed to understand its significance: that the advance was in the very heart of their country.

But Leslie, standing there, understood that he had committed himself to arrest the brother of the girl he had been thinking of that morning. He had known Philip Dorston in those other days; as he stood there before the General he had a picture of the old friend whom he hardly associated with that cavalry leader who had harassed every rod of advance. And it was easy to refuse, to say that he had changed his mind. But what would the General say to them? He would fancy that John Leslie was a coward. But why not confess to

the General at once that he knew those Dorstons? But that equally would be a confession of weakness. This was a struggle in which friend was put against friend. How many would avoid duty by the same excuse!

"Now, I suppose, sir," he said at last.

"Yes, now, Captain."

"Very well," said Leslie; "now it shall be."

"Good luck to you, Captain."

A half hour later Leslie and his twenty troopers swung out of camp. And as they covered the miles he said to himself: "What a beastly thing is this war!" and again, "What a beastly thing!" And yet he had been a man to whom his profession was all.

He began to analyze his feelings. It was not, he was sure, any of the old sentiment about Nell Dorston. Why, he had forgotten her long ago. He really had been refused once since; and he had settled down to the philosophy that "the girls you want to marry you can't marry; the girls you can marry you don't want to," and then he thought he had found he didn't want to marry either very much, two months afterwar. But oddly this morning he had wakened thinking of Nell Dorston.

That was not queer when he was on this mission. The old sentiment, it existed, hadn't kept him from regarding Philip Dorston as simply the bold cavalry leader—nothing more nor less. Well, it was rather bad to be sent to the very house of these old acquaintances on such an errand. Eh, in civil war how many fellows would refuse duties if such considerations should be paramount!

The march was dangerous for the little troop, but the luck of the daring helped them. They followed the road along the river in a deserted countryside. After they had turned due west at the forks, the people yet were only moving in their sudden scare. As they rattled through the village, blanched faces—women's and children's stared after them. What were they after—the foe! Was it not enough that men from that countryside were dead on many fields, should war reach by this sudden march even to their hearths? At the blacksmith's an old bent man came out and cursed them, and his senile oaths followed them down the long western slopes and faded into the woods. And then they came out in the open, and in the grounds they sought, with the white glimmer of the house between the green.

"Dismount!"

The order followed to separate and surround the house. Leslie walked up a gravel path. A woman came to the door and shaded her eyes with her hand, a frightened look on her face.

"I beg pardon," said Captain Leslie, following her inside.

"Oh!" she cried.

"I am sorry," said he.

"We heard the guns, but we didn't think that you would push on so far," she recognized him. "Why, it's Jack Leslie!"

"I'm awfully sorry," said he. "How d'ye do, Miss Dorston? We haven't met in five years—"

"No; not in five years. What do these men mean?"

"Hem—well—Oh, you know—I want to apologize."

"You're on our land," she said.

"I know it; I know it. It's my order," he added.

"Well? Are you going to camp here? You may not stay very long," she added, with a fearless flash.

"What a spirit you have! How pretty you are! I almost wish I weren't on the other side."

"I see you haven't forgotten compliments," she said with a faint smile; but her eyes—and they were very bright—wandered restlessly.

"Oh, bother!" he said. "I almost hate myself. I do hate myself and this duty."

"Why, Captain Leslie? I see you are 'Captain.'"

His voice sank to a whisper.

"I am here, Miss Dorston, to arrest your brother."

For a moment he heard from the fields the hum of the midsummer afternoon.

"I should think she began coldly, 'that you could have let a stranger do this.'"

"It was my order," he said doggedly.

She looked at him for a moment. Did he hold it against her that once she had jilted him? And then she put that thought away. She was an observant young woman. His face was too frank, too honest; and with a certain pique she thought she saw that she had been forgotten.

"He isn't here," she said.

"I must search the house," he said.

"You dare?" she cried; "you dare!"

"I must fulfill my order."

"You shan't pass this door," she said, "unless you're a brute. I won't stir. I tell you he isn't—"

"You have told me that he is," he said.

"I haven't! I haven't!" she cried.

He turned back to the outer door and his men when her voice reached him:

"Your men are on every side."

"On every side, Miss Dorston."

"You must do this?" she said. You must?"

And what's in a mood? What's in a forgotten sentiment? What's in duty? What's in love? If you were there you never would have been weak. You despise Leslie for this very weakness. And yet he had been the ever efficient officer; the strong man!

"You have but to give me your word, Miss Dorston."

He knew she would tell any lie to save Philip Dorston; he knew it was a case of unacceptable evidence; he knew that he courted disgrace and deserved it.

The girl looked at him out of her tears. He looked down at the carpet.

"I give it," she said at last faintly; "he isn't here."

"I will withdraw my men. I am sorry to have bothered you."

"You have taken my word," she said.

"Will that be sufficient for me," he said brusquely.

"You may need something to eat."

"We will eat later, thank you," he said.

"I dare not risk my men any longer."

"You have taken a great risk in coming here. You may be caught—"

"I knew the risk," he said.

"I thank you so much," the girl went on; "so much."

"Why?" he asked. "Why?"

"For taking—"

But at the voice a tall boyish figure was outlined in a doorway, and a voice said:

"Captain Leslie, my sister was mistaken."

"Phil," she cried, "Phil—how can you, how can you?"

"Do you suppose I could let him suffer, and you pre-judge yourself?" Dorston said quietly. "I heard it all. It was like breaking a parole—a word of honor. We can't afford to do this—whatever happens. Captain Leslie would be court-martialed for this."

"You must take him," said the girl, turning. She walked down to his side.

Turning to his prisoner, Leslie said:

"I shall be lucky if I get away with you at all. We must start at once."

"You will be lucky," Dorston acknowledged.

Leslie left the two together for a few moments while he went outside and gave the order to mount.

"Now, Colonel Dorston," he called.

Without another word Dorston turned from his sister, went outside and down the path.

One word to you, Captain Leslie," she called.

"Yes," Leslie answered, going up the path to her.

"I thank you so much," she said, "so much. What was my word—to his being made prisoner?" she added. "Can you forgive me?"

"Why, of course. I knew," he said.

"You knew, and you accepted it. And why?"

He came nearer, while the troop waited.

"I have been a fool," he said, "all these years. I have been deceiving myself." His voice rose fiercely, as if accusing her. But through tears a faint smile gathered on her lips.

"I love you—now, Jack Leslie."

"You mean that? You can't mean it," he said, taking her hand. "You can't mean it."

"I have said I love you," she said softly.

Nor shall difference of opinion nor war keep us apart?" he said.

"Nor shall war or difference of opinion keep us apart?" she said in a low voice.

For a moment they stood there. Then he turned down the path.

"Mount," came the order.

To the General at midnight Captain Leslie entered.

"Your arm is tied up!"

"My wrist was broken, and I left three men in the road by the river, but I have the prisoner."

A DOCTOR TALKS.

EXPLAINS WHY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE MORE THAN LOCAL KIDNEY DISEASES.

Kidneys are the Filters of the System and must be kept clean—Dodd's Kidney Pills as a Corrector of Kidney Disorders—a Straightforward Explanation.

HALIFAX N. S., Feb. 5.—One of the most up-to-date and advanced physicians of this city, in a conversation with a press representative the other day, explained some interesting points in relation to the marvelous cures Dodd's Kidney Pills are making in this province.

"The great point is," said he, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are an unapproachable medicine for the kidneys. They act directly on those organs and correct what ever is wrong with them."

"Yes, but Dodd's Kidney Pills are making cures of diseases like Rheumatism. How does Rheumatism have any connection with the kidneys?"

"Well, that is easily explained," said the doctor. "Rheumatism is uric acid in the blood. Uric acid is left in the blood by reason of poor filtering on the part of the kidneys. They should strain all impurities like uric acid out of the system. If they don't something is wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills proceed right to the spot and right that wrong."

"And the uric acid is then strained out of the system?"

"Exactly. You see how naturally the cure is effected. The kidneys are the seat of the trouble, and it is no use treating the part where the uric acid happens to lodge. Take the case of William A. Brown. Boicestown, reported a short while ago. He had Sciatica and Lumbago. Both of these complaints are but local forms of Rheumatism. Sciatica is situated in the thigh; Lumbago in the back. But as in all Rheumatism the cause lies in the kidneys. Brown felt relief as he asserts, on the first box. And on the third box of Dodd's Kidney Pills he was cured. Now, how long would it have taken Mr. William Brown to have driven the uric acid out of his system by means of oils or other such remedies applied externally? Not in a thousand years," said the doctor, answering his own question.

Tommy—"Pop, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?"

Tommy's [Pop—"A statesman, my son, is a politician who has got what he wanted."

GENERAL DEBILITY AND A "RUN DOWN" STATE calls for a general tonic to the system. Such is The D. & L. Emulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

"During Blake's trip around the world he was married."

"Well where's his wife, then?"

"Oh stopped off in Dakota and got a divorce."

The Baby's Occupation.

An Arkansas coroner in making out a verdict for the findings of an inquest over a ten-months-old child gravely wrote down the assertion that the child was unmarried and that its chief occupation was in keeping its father and mother awake at night.

BORN.

Kempt Shore, Jan. 16, to Mack Rathburn, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 21, to the wife of H. Hubler, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 19, to the wife of Geo. Nauffts, a son.

Five Islands, Jan. 20, wife of Abraham Boyd, a son.

Molga, Jan. 20, to the wife of Neil McLean, a son.

Amherst, Jan. 20, to the wife of Conn. Fage, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 20, to the wife of F. Shepherd, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 13, to the wife of Geo. Singer, a son.

Chatham, Jan. 30, to the wife of F. Peterson, a son.

Amherst, Jan. 19, to the wife of Bert White, a son.

Pictou, Jan. 24, to the wife of J. Pries, a daughter.

Middleton, Jan. 19, to the wife of W. Johnson, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 20, to the wife of C. Johnson, a daughter.

Fort Lawrence, Jan. 24, to the wife of Jas. Gray, a son.

Annapolis, Jan. 24, to the wife of Dr. Bayfield, a son.

Kenville, Jan. 20, to the wife of G. McDougall, a son.

Truro, Jan. 16, to the wife of Prof. Lee Russell, a son.

Milton, Jan. 27, to the wife of Frank Freeman, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 2, to the wife of Richard Hayes, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 23, to the wife of Frank Warr, a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 18, to the wife of Geo. Randall, a son.

Bridgetown, Jan. 26, to the wife of Norman Brooks, a son.

M. Ivern Square, Jan. 15, to the wife of Allen Gates, a son.

Annapolis, Jan. 19, to the wife of Robt. Reynolds, a son.

Lunenburg, Jan. 26, to the wife of Arthur Oxner, a son.

Avondale, Jan. 19, to the wife of Manning Knowles, a son.

Portsmouth, Jan. 16, to the wife of Wm. Rins, a daughter.

Windsor, Jan. 21, to the wife of Herbert Kilcup, a daughter.

Oxford Jan. 15, to the wife of Alfred Gordon, a daughter.

Miller's Creek, Jan. 21, to the wife of Benj. Dimock, a son.

Halifax, River, Jan. 9, to the wife of Alfred Fulton, a son.

Cumberland, Jan. 16, to the wife of Moore Thompson, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 29, to the wife of Edward Johnson, Jr., a daughter.

Norwood, Mass., Jan. 18, to the wife of Wm. Emeneau, a daughter.

Albert, Co., Jan. 29, to the wife of Andrew Hicks, a daughter.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 18, to the wife of R. McLeish, a daughter.

Alma, A. Co., Jan. 25, to the wife of Abner Thompson, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Jan. 18, to the wife of Charles Warrman, a daughter.

Clark's Harbo, Jan. 25, to the wife of Capt. Brannan, a daughter.

Orangedale, C. B., Jan. 13, to the wife of Dr. J. Macaulay, a son.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 27, to the wife of Hon. Fred F. Cox, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Woodstock, Jan. 24, by A. E. LePage, Vernon Ross to Evelyn Hay.

Yarmouth, Jan. 24, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Mber Hunter to Ann Paul.

Yarmouth, Jan. 23, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Samuel M. Jones to Emma Lyons.

Frederic, Jan. 23, by Rev. E. H. Howe, John W. Trencher to Emma Todd.

Dutch Settlement, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. Mader, Geo. Green to Isabelle Isenor.

Clifton, Jan. 24, by Rev. L. W. Parker, Scott B. McNutt to Ada Graham.

Liverpool, Jan. 17, by Rev. David Hickey, Joseph Croome to Jessie Kaye.

Boston, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. H. Molster, Geo. McKenzie to Rachel McKee.

Yarmouth, Jan. 18, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Daniel Soddard to Ida Raymond.

Frederic, Jan. 18, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Willie H. Stevens to Edwille Everett.

Canada, Jan. 23, by Rev. C. H. Martell, St. Clair Edgerton to Sarah Landry.

Tiverton, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Fletcher Ellott to Aggie Blackford.

Digby, Jan. 27, by Rev. H. A. Harley, Frederick Cromwell to Maud Jordan.

Pictou, Jan. 13, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Wm. McDonald to Minnie Fraser.

New Horton, Jan. 24, by Rev. M. Addison, Arthur Mulligan to Clara Anderson.

Pleasant River, by Rev. G. M. Whyte, Reuben Russell to Wilma Westerman.

Halifax, Jan. 25, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendonning, Alvin Spriggs to Mary Green.

Clifton, Jan. 6, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Homer Edgerton to Sadie Sanderson.

Norwood, Mass., by Rev. Geo. W. Meade, Alfred M. Lightbody to Robina Little.

East Mountain, Jan. 24, by Rev. R. M. Jost, Wilbert J. Lynds to Addie Johnson.

Gabarus, C. B., Jan. 16, by Rev. D. Sutherland, David Walker to Kate McLeod.

Milton, Quebec, Jan. 20, by Rev. W. L. Archibald, John Jollimore to Maggie Venoit.

Woodstock, Jan. 30, by Rev. A. D. Archibald, Robert Perry to Bertha Stevenson.

Yarmouth, Jan. 22, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Joel Worthen to Mrs. Elizabeth Larkin.

Bradford, Mass., Jan. 4, by Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, Joseph S. Croome to Alice M. Boyd.