

A SOLDIER OF TRUTH.

A VETERAN'S VALUABLE ADDITION TO WAR LITERATURE.

How an Odd Signal Agreed Upon by Brothers, Who Were on Opposite Sides, Was Finally Used—A Mystery the Old Soldier Didn't Try to Explain.

As the reporter was rapidly hurrying past the door of a saloon he was met by an old soldier, who suggestively tipped his hat.

"If you will tell me a story," remarked the reporter, accepting the tip. "I'll pay for the potations. I have a thirst for a story; you have a thirst for a drink. Let us exchange."

The veteran was quick to respond, as the parched soldier responds to the grateful rain, and, opening the door, he bowed the reporter in and escorted him to a table in a quiet corner, where presently the potables were served.

"I don't think I could have earned what I am now so greatly and gratefully enjoying," said the veteran, with a glowing check, as he set down his glass, after a long swallow, "had it not been that today I met an old comrade from Kentucky, a state, you will remember, which had soldiers in both armies, and good soldiers, I may add. This man, who is now a merchant and comes to New York to buy goods every year, was in the Federal army, and he had a nephew in the same regiment with himself and another in the Confederate army. The young chaps were brothers, and they were mighty fond of each other, but they were fonder of their principles or patriotism or politics, or whatever you may call it, so they agreed to disagree, and each one got to the side he thought was the right side.

"It was a sad parting, for they had been closer together than most brothers, and before they separated they fixed up a kind of signal to identify themselves by, so that if one was wounded and left on the field he could notify the other if it happened they were on the opposite sides in that particular fight. It was a boyish kind of a lottery chance of one in a million, but it suited them, and that's all they cared for. The signal arrangement was to be a light chain with a note fastened to it, and the whole thing was to be fastened to the bullet and dropped into the old muskets they had in those days. This was to be fired at random up into the air to fall among the soldiers of the opposite side to be picked up as it might and taken to the man whose address was in the note, along with other instructions to be followed out by the brother who might be in condition to do it. You can see how childish and almost impossible it was, but there was just that chance in it that made it attractive to the boys, and they told each other goodby and went their ways, the one to the north, the other to the south, each bearing with him his chain and note of identification attached to the bit of lead that some day might bear on its wings the message of death."

The veteran was becoming poetic and pathetic, and the reporter suggested a refilling of the glasses, and the suggestion met with immediate and pleased approval.

"For the first two years," continued the veteran, "the boys hadn't any occasion to use their signals, for they had gone through unscathed, and, besides, they were serving in sections of the

country widely separated, but in 1863, in the fall, they were with the armies fighting through Tennessee, though they had lost track of each other except in a general way.

"Just what they knew of each other's whereabouts I don't know, but one night in November there was a skirmish somewhere in the neighborhood of Knoxville, in which 500 or 600 men on a side were engaged, without result, and both sides had settled down for the night to wait and fight it out by daylight. There were a lot of wounded men, and dead ones, too, for that matter, scattered through the woods, where most of the fighting had been. There was a cornfield about a quarter of a mile wide separating the woods, and there had been some scrapping in this open ground, though most of the fighting had been done from cover, as these small skirmish line fights generally are.

"I was corporal of the guard that night, and by 6 o'clock there was only an occasional shot, as if each side was quitting reluctantly and by inches. I am not positive, but it seems to me that I heard the last two shots before stillness settled over all. What the details of the romance, or the tragedy, or whatever you want to call it, are I don't know. I know, though, that during the night we had re-enforcements, and when we began to cautiously peep around, as soon as the day began to break, we discovered that the enemy had by some hook or crook taken alarm and departed in the night, leaving their dead on the field, and among them, when we went out our burying party, we found one of those boys with a bullet through his lung and another, bearing a chain and a note, buried in his brain. On our side we found the other nephew with both legs broken by a ball and a bullet through his heart, with a chain and note attached to it."

The reporter threw up his hands in amazement, not to say doubt.

"I don't try to explain it," the veteran hastened to say apologetically. "I know it is hard to explain. It is even hard to believe, but what is a man to do or to say when he sees such things with his own eyes?"—New York Sun.

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THE BARGAIN CORNER,

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The western half of the house on King St., formerly owned by William Dodd, containing eight large rooms, at present occupied by Mrs. Koughan. The house is in good order. Possession given the fifth of May next. Apply to John Trainor on the premises or to Thomas McQuaid, Lower Queen Street.

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Dr. Mitchell and the Stranger.

Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia tells the following story on himself: "While traveling in England," he said, "I fell into conversation with a stranger who proved to be a man of great intelligence and culture. We discussed recent novels, on which we spoke with much freedom. I expressed my opinion of Tess, some parts of which I thought were very melodramatic, especial emphasis being laid on the first part of the compound word. 'In fact,' I said, 'they are so mellow that they approach the stage of rottenness.' As we were parting the gentleman said, 'You may be interested in knowing that my name is Thomas Hardy.'"—New York Sun.



Suburban Joys.

Domestic From Next Door—Please, missus sends her compliments, and there's a burglar in our back parlor, and will you come and catch him?—Pick Me Up.

The Observing Bachelor.

Clothes don't make the man, but they often unmake him.

To a woman home is where her heart is; to a man it's where he keeps his biggest pipe.

After a man has been married two years whenever he calls his wife darling she gets suspicious.

You can always tell a bachelor by noticing whether he carries a baby like a lighted lamp or an old overcoat.

A new woman is an old girl that can't hide it.

A man never really enjoys life, because when he is young he gets so used to loafing that he can't enjoy work, and by the time he gets old he has got so used to work that he can't enjoy loafing.

—New York Press.

An Authority Changed.

It was first of one of the members of Grant's first cabinet, a former college professor of the "know it all" variety, that he was on one occasion discoursing on the subject of the Druses, when an auditor interrupted him with the remark that the cyclopedia did not agree with him. "Oh," was the reply, "I know a great deal more about the Druses than I did when I wrote that article in the cyclopedia."—Argonaut.

Cure For the Club Habit.

Mrs. Yeast—I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home at nights.

Mrs. Puncheon—Get him a bicycle.

Mrs. Yeast—That would take him out more than ever.

Mrs. Puncheon—Oh, no, it wouldn't. My husband got one the day before yesterday, and the doctor says he won't be out for a month.—Household Words.

How It Ended.

"I see in the paper," said Mr. Dubbs, "that a burglar on coming out of a house encountered a policeman, and a fierce scuffle ensued."

"How did it terminate?" asked Mrs. Dubbs.

"The policeman succeeded in getting away."—Up to Date.

Aspinall's Enamel, all colors at Watson's Drug Store.