IRVING BACHELLER

Capartishs, 1900, by Lothrop Publishing

Continued from page 7: grass under my face and hands. Then where I had fallen. I was alive and might see another day, thank God! felt something move under my feet.

heard a whisper at my shoulder, "Thought you were dead long ago," it said. "No, no," I answered; "I'm alive; I

know I'm alive. This is the battlefield." "'Fraid I ain't goin' t' live," he said,

"Got a terrible wownd. Wish it was morain'."

"Dark long?" I asked. "For hours," he answered. "Dunno how many."

He began to groan and utter short "Oh, my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning?" I heard him cry in a loud,

despairing voice. Then there was a bit of silence, in which I could hear him whispering of his home and people.

Presently he began to sing: "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!

Pilgrim through this barren land. I am weak, but thou art mighty"-His voice broke and trembled and

sank into silence. I had business of my own to look after-perhaps I had no time to lose-and a went about it calmly. I had no strength to move and began to feel the nearing of my time. The rain was falling faster. It chilled me to the marrow as I felt it trickling over my back. ealled to the man who lay beside meagain and again I called to him-but no answer. Then I knew that he was dead and I alone. Long after that in the far distance I heard a voice calling. It gang like a trumpet in the still air. It grew plainer as I listened. My own named William Brower? It was cerfainly calling to me, and I answered with a feeble cry, In a moment could hear the tramp of some one comtag. He was sitting beside me presently, whoever it might be. I could not see him for the dark. His tongue went

"Who are you?" I remember asking, but got no answer. At first I was glad; then I began to

clucking as if he pitied me.

feel a mighty horror of him. In a moment he had picked me up and was making off. The jolt of his step seemed to be breaking my arms at the shoulder. As I groaned he ran, 1 could see nothing in the darkness, but he went ahead, never stopping, save for a moment now and then to rest, 1 wondered where he was taking me and what it all meant. I called again, "Who are you?" but he seemed not to hear me, "My God!" I whispered to myself. "This is no man-this is Death severing the soul from the body. The voice was that of the good God." Then I heard a

man hailing near hy. "Where are you?" came the answer, now farther away. "Can't see you." My mysterious bearer was now running. My heels were dragging upon ed the ground; my hands were brushing the grass tops. I groaned with pain. "Halt! Who comes there?" a picket

It must be a giant, I thought, who can pick me up and carry me as if I were no bigger than a house cat. That was what I was thinking when I

From then till I came to myself in the little church at Centerville I remember nothing. Groaning men lay all about me; others stood between them with lanterns. A woman was bending over me. I felt the gentle touch of her hand upon my face and heard her speak to me so tenderly I cannot think of it even now without thanking God for good women. I clung to her hand, clung with the energy of one drowning, while I suffered the merciful torture of the probe, the knife and the needle. And when it was all over and the lantern lights grew pale in the dawn I fell

But enough of blood and horror. War is no holiday, my merry people, who know not the mighty blessing of peace. Counting the cost, let us have war if necessary, but peace, peace if possible, CHAPTER XXVII.

UT now I have better things to write of, things that have some relish of good in them. I was very weak and low from loss of blood for days, and suddenly the tide turned. I had won recognition for distinguished gallantry, they told me. That day they took me to Wash-Ington. I lay three weeks there in the hospital, As soon as they heard of my misfortune at home Uncle Eb wrote he was coming to see me. I stopped him tay a telegram, assuring him that I was mearly well and would be home shortly.

My term of enlistment had expired when they let me out a fine day in mid: August I was going home for a visit take of Faraway, I had a little "blemavas to meet me at the Jersey City denot Before going I, with others who had been complimented for bravery, went to see the president. There were him that day. It was warm, and the great Lincoln sat in his shirt sleeves made made so familiar in print. Its little upward slant, She was now

ing hurriedly when we came in. He laid his pen away and turned to us without speaking. There was a careworn look upon his solemn face.

"Mr. President," said the general, who had come with us, "here are some of the brave men of our army whom

He came and shook hands with each public for the example of courage and given to the army. He had a lean, tall, ungraceful figure, and he spoke his mind without any frill or flourish. He said only a few words of good plain talk and was done with us. "Which is Brewer?" he inquired pres-

I came forward more scared than

ever I had been before, "My son," he said, taking my hand in his, "why didn't you run?"

"Didn't dare," I answered, "I knew it was more dangerous to run away than to go forward,"

"Reminds me of a story," said he, smiling. "Years ago there was a bully in Sangamon county, Ill., that had the reputation of running faster and fighting harder than any man there. Everybody thought he was a terrible fighter. He'd always get a man on the run; then he'd ketch up and give him a licking. One day he tackled a lame man. The lame man licked him in a minute. "'Why didn't ye run?' somebody ask-

"'Didn't dast,' said he. 'Run once when he tackled me, an' I've been lame ever since.'

"'How did ye manage to lick him?" said the other. " 'Waal,' said he, 'I hed to, an' I done

"That's the way it goes," said the immortal president; "ye do it easy if ye

He reminded me in and out of Horace Greeley, although they looked no more alike than a hawk and a hand: saw. But they had a like habit of forgetting themselves and of saying nelther more nor less than they meant Thay both had the strength of an as and as little vanity. Mr. Greeley used to say that no man could amount to anything who werried much about the fit of his trousers. Neither of them ever encountered that ebatacle.

Mariy next morning I took a train for home, I was in soldier clotheshad with me ne others and all in my car came to talk with me about the now famous battle of Bull Run.

The big platform at Jersey City was crowded with many people as we got off the train. There were other returning soldlers, some with crutches, some with empty sleeves.

A band at the farther end of the platform was playing and those near me were singing the familiar music: "John Brewn's body lies a-moldering in

Somebody shouted my name. Then there rose a cry of three cheers for Brower. It's some of the boys of the Tribune, I thought. I could see a number of them in the crowd. One brought me a basket of flowers. I thought they were trying to have fun with me.

"Thank you," said I. "But what is the joke?" "No joke," he said; "it's to honor

"Oh, you wish me to give it to some

I was warming with embarrassment "We wish you to keep it," he answer-

In accounts of the battle I had seen some notice of my leading a charge, but my fame had gone farther-much farther, indeed-than I knew. I stood a moment laughing-an odd sort of laugh it was that had in it the salt of tears—and waving my hand to the many who were now calling my name.

In the uproar of cheers and waving of handkerchiefs I could not find Uncle Eb for a moment. When I saw him in the breaking crowd he was cheering lustily and waving his hat above his head. His enthusiasm increased when I stood before him. As I was greeting him I heard a lively rustle of skirts. Two dainty, gloved hands laid hold of mine; a sweet voice speke my name. There, beside me, stood the tall, erect figure of Hope. Our eyes met, and before there was any thinking of prepriety I had her in my arms and was kiss-

ing her and she was kissing me. It thrilled me to see the splendor of her beauty that day, her eyes wet with feeling as they looked up at me; to feel again the trembling touch of her lips. In a moment I turned to Uncle Eb.

"Boy," he said, "I thought you"- And then he stopped and began brushing his

"Come on now," he added as he took my grip away from me. "We're goin' t' hev a gran' good time. I'll take yo to a splendid tavern somewheres. An' I ain't goin' t' count the cost nuther." He was determined to carry my grip for me. Hope had a friend with her who was going north in the morning on our boat. We crossed the ferry and took a Broadway omnibus, while query

"Makes me feel like a flapjack t' ride 'n them things," said Uncle Eb as we

He hired a parlor and two bedrooms "Purty middlin' steep," he said to me as we left the office, "it is, sartin, but I don't care-not a bit. When folks

has t' hey a good time they've got t' We were seen seated in our little parior. There was a great glow of health and beauty in Hope's face. It lines and a coloring as delicate as ever. She were a plain gray gown admirably fitted to her plump figure. There was fice. He wore a pair of brown carpet a new and splendid dignity in her carsuppers, the rolling collar and black | riage, her big blue eyes, her nose with clety in the full glory of her youth,

Uncle Eb, who sat between us, pinched her cheek playfully. A little spot of white showed a moment where big fingers had been; then the pink flooded

as you did," he said, laughing. "Well," said she, smiling, "I guess I

gave as good as I got" "Served him right," he said, "You kissed back good an' hard. Gran' sport!" he added, turning to me. "Best I ever had," was my humble

acknowledgment "Heldom ever see a girl kissed so



I had her in my arms.

hand in his. "Now, if the Bible said when a body kissed ye on one cheek ye mus' turn t'other I wouldn't find no fault, but ther's a heap o' differ'nce 'tween a whack an' a smack."

When we had come back from dinner comfortably in his stocking feet, while Hope told of her travels and I of my servatory nearly the whole period of her absence and hastened home when wound. She had landed two days be-

Hope's friend and Uncle Mb went away to their rooms in good season; then I came and sat beside Hope on

"Let's have a good talk." I sald There was an awkward bit of silence. "Well," said she, her fan upon her lips, "tell me more about the war." "Tired of war," I answered. "Love is

a better subject." She rose and walked up and down the room, a troubled look in her face. I thought I had never seen a woman who could carry her head so proudly. "I don't think you are very familiar with it," said she presently,

"I ought to be," I answered, "having loved you all these years." "But you told me that-that you lov-

ed another girl," she said, her elbow leaning on the mantel, her eyes looking down soberly.

"When? Where?" I asked. "In Mrs. Fuller's parlor." "Hope," I said, "you misunderstood me, I meant you."

She came toward me then, looking up into my eyes. I started to embrace her, but she caught my hands and held them apart and came close to me. "Did you say that you meant me?"

she asked in a whisper. "Why did you not tell me that night?" "Because you would not listen to me

and we were interrupted," "Well, if I loved a girl," she said,

"I'd make her listen." "I would have done that, but M Fuller saved you." "You might have written," she suggested in a tone of injury.

"I did." "And the letter never came-just as I feared." She looked very sober and thoughtful

"You know our understanding that day in the garden," she added. "If you did not ask me again I was to know you-you did not love me any longer. That was long, long ago."

"I never loved any girl but you," I said. "I love you now, Hope, and that is enough. I love you so there is nothing else for me. You are dearer than my life. It was the thought of you that made me brave in battle. I wish I could be as brave here. But I demand your surrender. I shall give you no

"I wish I knew," she said, "whetherwhether you really love me or not?" "Don't you believe me, Hope?"

"Yes, I believe you," she said, "butbut you might not know your own

"It longs for you," I said. "It keeps me thinking of you always. Once it was so easy to be happy; since you have been away it has seemed as there were no longer any light in the world or any pleasure. It has made me a slave. I did not know that love

was such a mighty thing." "Love is no Cupid; he is a glant," she said, her voice trembling with emotion as mine had trembled, "I tried to for-

the was near to crying now, but she abut her lips firmly and kept back the She came closer to me. Our lips touched; my arms held her tightly.

"I have waited long for this." I said thought I had lost you." "What a foolish man," she whispere "I have loved you for years and years, and you-you could not see it. I be-

She hesitated a moment, her eyes

"That God made you for me," she "Love is God's helper," I said. "He made us for each other," "I thank him for it. I do love you

close to my cheek I could feel the beat

of their long lashes.

so," she whispered. that have not lived it are to be pitied. When we sat down at length she told me what I had long suspected-that Mrs. Futler wished her to marry young

"But for Uncle Eb," she added, " think I should have done so, for had given up all hope of you." "Good old Uncle lib!" I said. "Let's go and tell him."

He was sound asleep when we entered his room, but woke as I lit the "What's the matter?" he whispered ifting his head.

"Congratulate us," I said. "We're engaged." "Hey ye conquered her?" he inquired, smiling

"Love has conquered us both," I said, "Waal, I swan! Is thet so?" he answered. "Guess I won't fool away any more time here 'n bed. If you children 'll go in t'other room I'll slip into my trousers, an' then ye'll hear me talk some conversation."

"Beats the world!" he continued coming in presently, buttoning his suspenders. "I thought mos' likely ye'd hitch up t'gether some time. 'Tain't often ye can find a pair s' well matched -the same style an' gaited jest about alike. When ye goin' t' git married?"

"She hasn't named the day," I said. "Sooner the better," said Uncle Eb as he drew on his coat and sat down. "Used t' be so 't when a young couple hed set up an' held each other's han's a few nights they was ready fer the minister. Wish't ye could fix it fer 'bout Crissmus time, by jinge! They's other things goln' t' happen then. S'pose yer s' baany now ye can stan' a little bad news. I've got t' tell ye. David's been losin' money. Hain't never wrote re 'bout it-not a word-'cause I didn't know how 'twas comin' out."

"How did he less it?" I inquired. "Waal, ye know that Orv Barkerruns a hardware store in Migleyvillehe sold him a patent right. Figgered an' argued night an' day fer more'n three weeks. It was a newfangled wash hiler. David he thought he see a chance t' put out agents an' make a great deal o' money. It did look jest as easy as slidin' down hill, but when we come t' slide-waal, we found out we was at the bottom o' the hill 'stid o' the tep, an' it wan't reel good slidin'. He paid five thousan' dollars for the right o' ten counties. Then bime by Barker he wanted him t' go security fer fifteen hunderd b'ilers thet he was hevin' made. I tol' David he hedn't better go in no deeper, but Barker he promised big things an' seemed t' be sech a nice man 'at fin'ly David he up an' done it. Waal, he's hed 'em t' pay fer, an' the fact is it costs s' much t' sell 'em it eats up all the profits."

"Looks like a swindle," I said indig-"No," said Uncle Eb, "'tain't no swindle. Barker thought he hed a gran' good thing. He got fooled, an' the fool complaint is very ketchin'. Got it myself years ago, an' I've been

doctorin' fer it ever sence." The story of David's undoing hurt us sorely. He had gone the way of most men who left the farm late in life with unsatisfied ambition.

"They shall never want for anything so long as I have my health," I said. "I have \$400 in the bank," said Hope, "and shall give them every cent of it." "'Tain' nuthin' t' worry over," said Uncle Eb. "If I don' never lose more'n a little money I shan't feel terrible bad. We're all young yit. Got more'n a million dollars wuth o' good health

right here in this room. So well I'm 'shamed uv it. Man's more decent if he's a leetle bit sickly. An' thet there girl, Bill, 's agreed t' marry ye! Why, 'druther hev her 'n this hull city o' New,

"So had I," was my answer. "Waal, you ain' no luckier 'n she isnot a bit," he added. "A good man's better 'n a gol' mine-ev'ry time." "Who knows," said Hope. "He may

be president some day." "Ther's one thing I hate," Uncle Eb continued. "That's the idee o' hevin' the woodshed an' barn an' garret full o' them infernal wash b'ilers. Ye can't take no decent care uv a hoss there 'n the stable-they're so piled up. One uv 'em tumbled down top o' me t'other day. 'Druther 'twould 'a' been a panther. Made me s' mad I took a club an' knocked that b'iler into a cocked hat. "Tain't right! I'm sick o' the sight uv

"They'll make a good bonfire some day," said Hope, "Don't believe they'd burn," he answered sorrowfully. "They're tin."

"Couldn't we bury 'em?" I suggested. "Be a purty costly funeral," he answered thoughtfully. "Ye'd hev t' dig a hole deeper 'n Tupper's dingle."

"Couldn't you give them away?" I in-

"Waal," said he, helping himself to a

show of tobacco, "we've tried thet. Gin 'em t' everybody we know, but there ain't folks enough-there's such a slew get, and he crushed me under his feet of them bilers. We could give one t ev'ry man, woman an' child in Faraway an' hev enough left t' fill an acre lot. Dan Perry druv in t'other day with a double buggy. We gin him one I fer his own family. It was heavy t' carry, an' he didn't seem t' like the looks uv it some way. Then I asked him if he wouldn't like one fer his girl. 'She ain't married,' says he, 'She will be some time, says I. "Take it along." Bo he put in another. 'You've got a sister over on the turnpike, hain't ye? says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'Waal,' I says, 'don' want a hev her feel slighted.' 'She won't know 'bout my hevin' 'em,' says he, lookin' 's if he'd hed enough. 'Yis, she will,' I says. 'She'll hear uv it an' mebbe make a fuss.' Then we piled in another. 'Look here,' I says after that, 'there's yer brother Bill up there 'bove you. Take one along fer him.' 'No,' says he, 'I don' tell everybody, I but Bill an' I ain't en good terms. We ain't spoke fer more'n a year.'

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"Knew he was lyin'," Uncle Eb added, with a laugh. "I'd seen him talkin" with Bill a day er two before,"

"Whew!" he whistled as he looked at his big silver watch. "I declare it's mos' 1 o'clock. They's jes' one other piece of business t' come before this meetin'. Double or single, want ye t' both promise me t' be hum Crissmus." We promised.

"Now, children," said he, "'S time go t' bed. B'lieve ye'd stan' there swappin' kisses 'till re was knee sprung if I didn't tell ye t' quit." Hope came and put her arms about his neck fondly and kissed him good

"Did Bill prance right up like a man?" he asked, his hand upon her

"Did very well," said she, smiling, "for a man with a wooden leg." Uncle Eb sank into a chair, laughing heartily and pounding his knee. It seemed he had told her that I was coming home with a wooden leg!

"That is the reason I held your arm," she said. "I was expecting to hear it squeak every moment as we left the depot. But when I saw that you walked so naturally I knew Uncle Eb had been trying to fool me."

"Purty good sort uv a lover, ain't he?" said he after we were done laugh-"He wouldn't take no for an answer,"

she answered. "He was allwus a gritty cuss," said Uncle Eb, wiping his eyes with a big red handkerchief as he rose to go. "Ye'd oughter be mighty happy, an' ye will too. Ther' ain' no doubt uv it; not a bit. Trouble with most young folks is they wan' t' fly tew high these days. If they'd only fly clus enough t' the ground so they could allwus touch one foot they'd be all right. Glad ye ain't

We were off early on the boat, as fine a summer morning as ever dawned. What with the grandeur of the scenery and the sublimity of our happiness it was a delightful journey we had that day. I felt the peace and beauty of the fields, the majesty of the mirrored cliffs and mountains, but the fair face of her I loved was enough for me. Most of the day Uncle Eb sat near us, and I remember a woman evangelist came and took a seat beside him awhile, talking volubly of the scene. "My friend," said she presently, "are

you a Christian?" "'Fore I answer I'll hev t' tell ye a story," said Uncle Eb. "I recollec' a man by the name o' Ranney over 'n Vermont. He was a plous man. Got into an argument, an' a feller slapped him in the face. Ranney turned t'other side an' then t'other, an' the feller kep' a slappin' hot an' heavy. It was jes' like strappin' a razor fer half a minnit. Then Ranney sailed in-gin him the wust lickin' he ever hed. "'I declare,' says another man after

"'Am up to a cert'in p'int,' says he. 'Can't go tew fur, not 'n these partsmen are tew powerful. 'Twen't do less ye wan' t' die sudden. When he

'twas all over, 'I thought you was a

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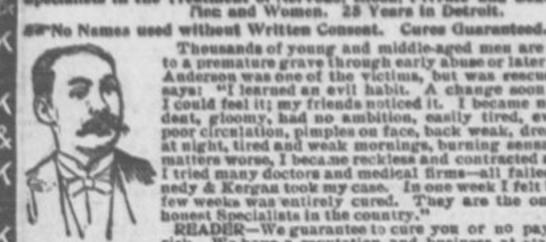
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