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Pitche's Backache Kidney
Tablets Because they Know
About the Local Testimony
of People in Chatham
Cured by the Medicine

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years my back and kidneys have both
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drug store and I am most happy to
say that they gave me the relief I had
so long looked for. I used only about
one-half the bottle, and was in com-
fort, and since that time I have had
no trouble whatever. This in the
face of so much trouble is remarkable
and stamps the tablet as the right
thing in the right place. I gave them
to a friend of mine with equally good
results; as far as I am concerned I
am very glad to recommend them, as I
consider my kidneys sound again."

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have had a kidney trouble with pain
in the back that was severe, and make
it hard to get about. Some one told
me of Dr. Pitche's Backache Kidney
Tablets, and I got a bottle at A. I.
McCall & Co.'s drug store, and can
say truthfully that I think them a
good medicine. They acted well with
me and also with my husband. I like
them because they are quick and gen-
tle in effect, and effect the bowels
easily as well as the kidneys. I can
recommend them to others."

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kidney or bladder trouble you can test
this great medicine free. Arrange-
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reader of this paper can obtain a trial
package of Dr. Pitche's Backache Kid-
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LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"
"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

When reflecting that to be shot in the
back was not considered a distinguished
mark of honor, he hastened his legging
steps until the shelter of the wood was
reached. Bill was very tired, and feel-
ing comparatively safe, determined not to
travel farther until he had had some
rest. Hunting up a thick clump of un-
derbrush, near a stream of water, where
he would be sheltered from observa-
tion, he crawled into its midst, and was
soon long sleeping soundly, wholly ob-
livi-ous to the strange sights and sounds
around him, as squad after squad of
soldiers hurried by.

Meanwhile George Graham was sit-
ting faint and weary beneath the tree,
when the first token of the retreat met
his view.

"See, they are running," Isaac said,
grasping his sound arm in some fright.
"Let us run, too. You lean on me, and
I'll lead you safely through."

With a bitter groan, George attempt-
ed to rise, but sank back again from utter
exhaustion. A species of apathy
had stolen over him, and he would ra-
ther stay there and die, he would rather
make the attempt to flee. He did not
think of Annie until Isaac, bending
down, said, entreatingly:

"It will be horrid for Annie to know
you died when you might have got
away. Try, for Annie's sake, can't
you?"

Yes, for Annie's sake he could, and
at the mere mention of her name, the
dim eye kindled, and the pale cheeks
glowed, while the wounded man made
another effort to rise. He succeeded
this time, and with slow steps the two
commenced their retreat. It was a no-
vel sight, that tall, muscular man, tow-
ering head and shoulders above the small
boy, upon whom he leaned heavily,
who would not leave him there alone,
even though he knew the danger he
was incurring for himself.

"They treat us decent if we're taken
prisoners, won't they, think?" he
asked, as the possibility of such a ca-
lamity was suggested to his mind.

Not till then had George thought of
that. They would not murder a wound-
ed man, he was sure, but they might
take him prisoner, and death itself was
most preferable to days of captivity
and sickening suspense away from An-
nie. The very idea roused him into
life, and with a superhuman effort, he
hastened on, almost outrunning Isaac
until they, too, had reached the friend-
ly woods where Bill had already taken
shelter. Just then a loaded wagon
passed them, its frightened, excited oc-
cupants paying no heed to Isaac's
cry for help, until one, whose uniform
showed him to be an officer sprang up,
exclaiming:

"The strong must give place to the
wounded. I can find my way to
Washington better than that bleeding
man," and Tom Carleton seized the
reins with a grasp which brought the
foaming steeds nearly to their han-
dles. The vehicle was stopped, and the
next instant Tom had leaped upon the
ground, spraining his ankle severely,
and reeling in his first pain against
the astounded Isaac, who cried out, joy-
fully:

"Oh, Captain Carleton, save Lieuten-
ant Graham, won't you. We can walk,
you and I, now."

Tom had not the least suspicion as to
whom he was befriending until then,
and now, unmindful of his own aching
foot, he assisted George to the seat he
had vacated, and watched the party
without a pang as they drove rapidly
away, leaving him alone with Isaac.
"We'll do the best we can, my boy,"
he said, cheerily, as he met the con-
fiding, inquiring look bent upon him by
Isaac, who, relieved of his former
charge, felt now like leaning for pro-
tection and guidance upon Captain
Carleton.

Alas, his hopes were short-lived, for
a groan just then escaped from Tom's
white lips, wrung out by the agony it
cost him to step. Isaac saw him stag-
ger when he sprang to the ground, and
comprehending the case at once, he
resumed his burden of care, and kneel-
ing before poor Tom, who had sunk
upon the grass, he rubbed the swollen
limb as tenderly as Rose herself could
have done.

"If we could only find some water,"
Tom said, scanning the appearance of
the woods, and judging at last by in-
dications which seldom failed, that there
must be some very far away.

"There where the bushes are," he said,
pointing toward the very spot where
Bill lay snoring soundly, and dreaming
of robbing Parson Goodwin's orchard,
in company with Hal. "There must be
water there, and human beings, too,
for I hear singing, don't you?"

Isaac listened till he, too, caught a
strain of melody, as sad and low as if
it were a funeral dirge some one was
trilling there.

"What can it mean?" Tom said.
"Lead me your hand, my boy, and I'll
soon find out."

It was a harder task to move than
he anticipated, for the ankle was swell-
ing rapidly, and bearing the least
weight upon it made the pain intoler-
able. Leaning on Isaac's shoulder, he
managed to make slow progress toward
the stream, bubbling so deliciously
among the grass, and toward the music
growing more and more distinct.

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It was reached at last, and the mys-
tery was solved. Leaning against a
tree, was a Confederate officer, whose
white face told plainer than words
could tell that never again would he be
seen in the pine-shadowed home he had
left so unwillingly but a few months
before. Beside him upon the grass lay
a boy scarcely more than twelve years
old, a drummer in a company of New
England volunteers, both little hands
shot entirely off, and the bleeding
stumps bound carefully up in the hand-
kerchief of the rebel, who had smooth-
ed his own dying anguish for the
sake of comforting that poor child, sob-
bing so piteously with pain.

"I didn't s'pose any of you was so
good, or I wouldn't have come to fight
you. Oh, mother, mother, they do
ache so,—my hands,—my hands!" he
said, the cry of contrition ending in a
childish wail for the mother sym-
pathy never more to be experienced by
that drummer boy.

A smile flitted across the officer's
face as he replied: "Had we all known
each other better, this war would nev-
er have been," and the noble face held
the boy closer to his bleeding bosom,
dipping his hand in the running stream,
and laying the feverish brow where the
drops of sweat were standing.

"What makes you so kind to me?"
the dying boy so kind to me?" the
childish wail for the mother sym-
pathy never more to be experienced by
that drummer boy.

"I have a boy about your size,—Char-
lie, we call him," the stranger said.
"And I am Charlie, too," the child
replied, "Charlie Hampshire, right on
home in New Hampshire, and my
father is dead, and we are poor, mother and I. That's why
I came to the war. I wanted to go to
college sometime. Do you think I'll
die? Will I never go home again?—
never see mother nor little sister ei-
ther?"

The soldier groaned, and bent still
closer to the drummer boy, asking so
earnestly if he must die. How could
he tell him yes? and yet he felt he
must; he would not be faithful to his
trust if he withheld the knowledge, or
failed to point that dying one to the
only source of life.

"Yes, Charlie," he answered, mourn-
fully, "I think you will. Are you afraid
to die? Did your mother never tell
you of the Saviour, oh yes?" and the little face
lighted up as at the mention of a dear
friend. "I went to Sunday school and
learned of Jesus there. I've prayed
to Him every night and every morning
since I came from home. I promised
her I would,—mother, I mean,—and she
prays, too; she said so in her letter,
right here in my jacket pocket. Don't
you want to read it?"

The officer shook his head, and Char-
lie went on:
"I didn't want to fight to-day because
I knew it was Sunday, but I had to, or
run away. Will God punish me for
that, think? Will He turn me out of
heaven?"

"No, no, oh, no," and the North
Carolinian held the child up to
the troubled face, upturned so an-
xiously to his. "God will never pun-
ish those who put their trust in Jesus."

"I do, I do, I do," and the trembling
voice grew fainter, adding after a
pause: "You are a good man, I know,
you have been to Sunday school, I
guess, and you prayed this morning,
didn't you?"

The soldier answered "Yes," and the
child continued:
"You are dying, too, I most know,
for there's blood all over us. We'll go
together, won't we, you and I? Will
there be war in heaven, between the
North and the South?"

"No, Charlie. There is naught but
peace in heaven, and again the white
hands were clasped in prayer, for the
soldier would fain keep that little
spirit till his could join it company, and
speed away to the land where trouble
is unknown."

But it could not be, for Charlie's life
was ebbing away; the last sand was
dropping from the glass. Closer the
fair curly head nestled to its strange
pillow,—the bleeding bosom of a foe,—
and the lips murmured incoherently of
the elm trees growing near the moun-
tain home, and the mother watching
daily for tidings of her boy. Then the
train of thought was changed, and
Charlie heard the bell just as it pealed
that morning from his own village
spire. How grand the music was echo-
ing through the Virginia woods, and
the blue eyes closed, as with a whis-
per he asked:

"Don't you hear the old bell at home,
calling the folks to church? It has
stopped now, and the children are sing-
ing before the organ, 'Glory to God on
high.' I used to sing it with them. Do
you know it, 'Gloria in Excelsis'?"

"Yes, yes," the soldier eagerly re-
plied, glad to find they were both of the
same faith,—that little Yankee boy,
born among the granite hills, and he, a
North Carolinian, born on Southern
soil.

"Then sing it," Charlie whispered:
"Sing it, won't you? Maybe I'll go to
sleep. I don't ache any now."

With a mighty effort the soldier forced
down his bitter grief, and in a low,
mournful tone, commenced our beau-
tiful church chant, the dying child for
whom he sang faintly joining with him
for a time, but the sweet voice ceased
ere long the curly head pressed heavier,
the bleeding stumps lay motionless, and
when the chant was ended, Charlie had
gone to his last sleep.

Carefully, reverently, the North Caro-
linian laid the little form upon the grass
and kissed the stiffened lips for the
sake of the mother, who might never
know just how Charlie died.

Just then footsteps sounded near.
Tom and Isaac were coming, and the
face of the soldier darkened when he
saw them, as if they had been intrud-
ers upon him and his beautiful dead.
Their appearance, however, disarmed
him at once, and with a faint smile he
pointed to his companion and said:

He was in the Federal army two
hours ago; he has joined George's army
now. Poor Charlie, I would have done
much to save him," and with his hand
he smoothed the golden hair on which
the flecks of sunshine lay.

Isaac knew it was a cruel speaking
to him, and for an instant he experi-
enced the same sensation he had felt
in the midst of the fray, but only for
an instant, for though he knew it was
a sworn foe, he knew, too, that 'twas
a noble-hearted man, and with a pity-
ing glance at the dead, he asked if
anything could be done for the living.

"No," and the soldier smiled again:
"My passport is sealed; I am going
after Charlie. Some one of your men
did his work well—see!" and opening
his coat he disclosed the frightful
wound from which the dark blood was
gushing.

Then, in a few words, he had told
them Charlie's story, adding in conclu-
sion:

"You will escape; you will go home
again; and if you do, write to Char-
lie's mother, and tell her how he died.
Tell her not to weep for him so early
saved. Her letter is in his pocket;
take it as a guide where to direct your
own."

This he said to Isaac, for he saw Tom
was disabled. Isaac was the one who
had seen the letter from Charlie's mo-
ther, written but a week before, and
was safely put away for future reference,
and then Isaac did for the North Caro-
linian soldier what the North Carolina
soldier had done for the Yankee boy;
he stanchied the bleeding blood as best
he could, bathing the throbbing head,
and held the cooling water to the dry,
 parched lips, which feebly murmured
their thanks.

The stranger saw the distinction there
was between his two friends, and
feeling that Tom was the one to whom
he must appeal, he turned his glazed
eyes upon him and said:

"Whose Government will answer for
all this, yours or the one that I acknow-
ledge?"

"Both, both," Tom replied vehemently;
and the stranger rejoined:
"Yes, both have much to answer for,
—one for not yielding a little more,
and the other for its rash impetuosity.
Oh, had we as a people, known what
brave kind hearts there were both
North and South, we should never have
come to this; but we believed our lead-
ers too much; trusted too implicitly in
the 'dastardly falsehoods of a lying
press; and it has brought us here. For
myself, I am willing to die in a good
cause; and of course I think ours is
just; exactly as you think of yours;
but who will care for my poor Nellie
I left in my Southern home? What
splendid victory can repay her for the
husband she will lose ere yonder sun
has set, or what can compensate my
daughter Maudie or my boy Charlie
for their loss?"

The North Carolinian paused from ex-
haustion, and Tom essayed to comfort
him.

Reaching over him, and supporting the
drooping head, which dropped lower and
lower, the lips whispering of Nellie,
of Maudie and Charlie, and of the Bar
River, winding past their door, until
there seemed no longer life in that once
vigorous frame.

"He's dead," Isaac was about to say,
but the words froze on his lips, for in
the distance he caught sight of two
other men coming towards them,—one
strong and powerful, the other slight
and glibly looking. Tom saw them,
too, and turning to Isaac said hurriedly:

"Run, my boy, and leave me. They
will think far more of capturing an of-
ficer than a private. You can escape
as well as me—run, quick."

But Isaac would share Captain Carle-
ton's fate, whatever that might be, and
with a deep flush on his boyish face,
he drew nearer to his companion and
stood gazing defiantly at the rebels as
they came up.

"We have nothing to hope," Tom
whispered, "but we'll sell ourselves as
cheaply as possible," and bracing him-
self against the tree he prepared to do
battle, refusing at once the bullying
rebels' command:

"Surrender or die!"

"Never," was the firm response, and
while Isaac engaged hand to hand with
the smaller of the two, Tom parried
skillfully each thrust of his antagonist,
who, accused him of having murdered
the North Carolina officer lying near.

But Tom and Isaac had thought
the stranger dead, but at this accusa-
tion the white lips quivered, and whis-
pered faintly, "No, no, they were kind
to me, the officer and the boy."

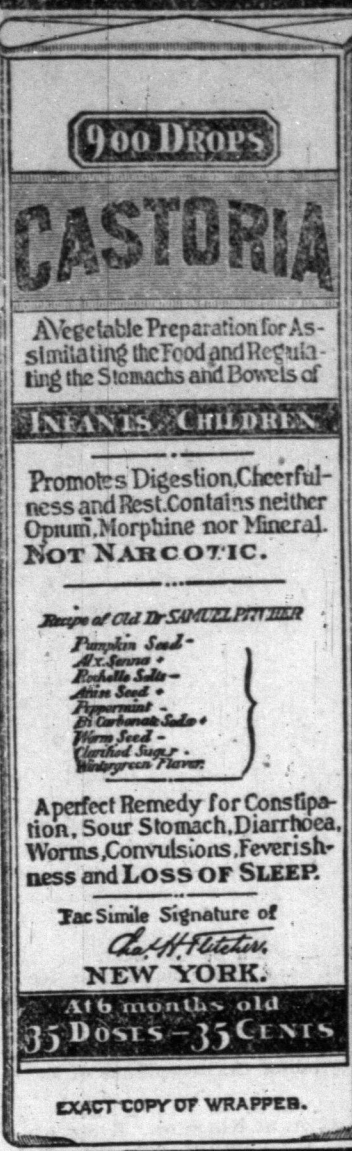
For an instant the rebel's uplifted
hand was stayed, and it is difficult to
say what the result might have been
had not another voice called through
the leafy woods, "No quarter to the
Yankees!"

To be Continued.

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