

## WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.  
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.  
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### CHAPTER X. WINTER QUARTERS.

OUR first scout did not differ much in duration, accidents and results from scores which followed it. Go out whatever road we might, we were always sure to find the Johnnies doing business at the same old stand and unwilling to be interfered with. We always could reach them in a day's march, consume another day in passing along their entire front and still another in returning to camp. They seldom returned our attentions in force, probably because they had not a large enough force to feel safe when far from home. Besides, they could learn all they liked about our post and its camps, for every farmer and planter in the county was a source of information to them. We never got into a big engagement. It wasn't our business, except when we were accompanied by a large force of infantry and artillery, to worry the Confederacy by making believe that the "on to Richmond" movement of the Potomac army was to be made from our direction. When we went alone, the enemy did not worry much, for they had a broad, deep stream along their entire front. They could quickly take up the planking of the only bridge within ten miles, so they exchanged shot and shells with us across the river with the calm confidence of the card player who holds all the trumps.

Our colonel had been quite right in saying that the first scout was worth more to us than a month of drill. The men learned to sit in their saddles and not to be afraid of their horses, so we were able to begin mounted drill in good shape and progress rapidly. Many ranks lower than his horse in all good cavalry regiments, so it was not until we had completed the stables that our own winter quarters were begun. By this time, however, we learned, to our delight, that we were too valuable to consume our time in common labor. A number of the "contrabands" (fugitive slaves) who had made our post a place of refuge were sent into the woods to cut trees and split shingles, and just before Christmas each company had a great log house, about 15 feet by 50, for its winter home. A small contribution from each man enabled us to put up a stove, which tempered the winter air, and one new member, who had always lived in the tenement house district in New York, said he never before had known so comfortable a home.

Killing time in the winter season was almost as hard as killing the enemy. For there was such an appalling lot of time ahead of us. Some men played cards all day, except while eating and sleeping; others read incessantly; still others did nothing but smoke. Some seemed to spend much of their time writing. I liked to observe these, for they had more heart in their faces for the time being, and as I knew some of the people to whom the letters were going I amused myself by imagining the scenes when the letters were received.

But it troubled me much that Hamilton and Brainerd were writing so persistently to my cousin May. I did not see the letters, but I heard of them through my home correspondence. I knew that Brainerd, who visibly worshipped May's portrait sometimes when the supposed I was not looking, and probably hundreds of other times, was not the sort of man to change his regard for any one, much less for a sweet girl. Some one had seen in Hamilton's hands a portrait of May. I said not know that he brought one from Summerton. I was also troubled by this manner toward Brainerd. It was not ugly, but it contained a suggestion of condescension not unmixt with contempt, and I fancied Brainerd noticed it.

Still, what could I do in such a matter? May was no fonder of counsel than very young women in general, nor was she less averse to admiration in large quantities. I could not imagine her in love with any one, for she and I had been rough and tumble playmates, and I knew only the tomboy and fun loving side of her nature. After much thought over the rivals and their respective chances, I could only hope, for the sake of peace, that she would not give the slightest encouragement to either, but would be won by some other worthy Summerton youth. I believed that both Brainerd and Hamilton were manly enough to recover from any sorrow occasioned by the loss of something, no matter how precious, that was not their own and had not even been promised to them.

Our special comforts were not confined to shelter and rest. Two or three of the married men knew something about cooking, and so did one man who had been a logger in Maine; so the company cook was coaxed, bullied and cajoled until he learned to do something besides merely boil the several raw materials dealt him. A ration of cornmeal would sometimes be served as fried hasty pudding and again as "cracking bread"—corn bread containing tiny dice of fat pork which had been fried thoroughly and drained of grease. Remains of a dinner of salt beef and potatoes would reappear next

morning as corned beef hash. Baked rice, modified only by cheap molasses, was about as unpopular as castor oil, but with a little coffee, which would not be missed, we could trade with a native for enough milk and eggs to make that once detested rice so popular that there always was some man offering his supper portion of bread for half of some other man's rice.

Finally Hamilton, who felt that as commissary sergeant it was his duty to study up on cookery, electrified us one day by announcing that on the following Sunday there would be a desert of plum pudding. Up to that time about half of the men had called Hamilton "stuck up." Worse still, many had called attention to the fact that never once in our many skirmishes and fights had Hamilton been under fire. Brainerd had combated this story for the honor of Summerton, but one day he, too, learned that Hamilton had a picture of my cousin May. That silenced him. But the mention of plum pudding caused the grumblers to recant, Mick McTwyny going so far as to borrow a pipe of tobacco from Phil. Our gustatory anticipations were marred only by Hamilton's statement that the pudding would be made entirely from army rations.

"Where will he get the raisins?" asked one family man.

"And the suet?" said another.  
"And the flavoring?" suggested a third.  
"Does the quartermaster issue pudding bags?" another wanted to know.  
Nevertheless the pudding was an absolute success. The four came from the commissary stock; finely chopped fat pork, well soaked, answered for suet; dried apples, partly boiled and then candied in boiling sirup made

from sugar, took the place of raisins. The sauce looked as if it were only sirup of sugar, some of which had been caramelized to give it special flavor and color. There rose from the sauce, however, an odor which caused Mick McTwyny to utter an ecstatic "Whooroo!" and Clayne to ask:  
"Is brandy an army ration, Phil?"  
"Yea," said Hamilton—"that is, 'tis

a hospital ration, and I got half a pint from the hospital steward by promising a small pudding in exchange—for the sick, you know."

"There's just one thing I want to ask," mumbled an ex-truck driver through a mouthful of hot pudding.  
"Does the government issue pudding bags?"

"The quartermaster issues cotton drawers," Phil replied, "and you'll learn, if you choose to ask, that he charged two new pairs to my personal clothing account this morning. The puddings were boiled in the legs of them."

"Be hivin'," said Mick McTwyny, with an approving shoulder slap that nearly knocked our enterprising commissary sergeant into the cook's fire, "the likes of yez never was born, and the rust money the paymaster gives me yez shall git that drunk wild me that yez won't know yer mout' from a hole in the ground!"

"Thanks, sergeant," said Hamilton, rubbing his shoulder. "I assure you that you're the first man who ever was thoughtful enough to make me so handsome an offer."

To Be Continued.

You can tell how much a woman appreciates a kindness by the way she expresses thanks.

There is surely a reward hereafter for the man who lives up to his wife's expectations of him.

Give Tone and Streangth to  
Your Weakened Digestive  
Organs.

Malt Breakfast Food

Whets the Appetite of Old and  
Young in the Hot Weather.

If you have not yet tried Malt Breakfast Food, begin at once, and see how quickly this peerless cereal food will tone and strengthen your stomach and whole digestive organism. If your appetite is jaded and uncertain, Malt Breakfast Food is the form of nourishment you need for soothing and comforting every organ connected with the stomach. Malt Breakfast Food keeps people well in summer. All Grocers sell it.

A woman takes positive satisfaction in seeing her best friend dressed less tastefully than herself.

## Pruning the Tea Plant



After the leaves have been plucked from a tea plant for a year or two it naturally loses the vitality necessary to send forth abundance of the new shoots which are used in

## Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

The plant then undergoes a thorough pruning—its branches are lopped off, and it looks utterly ruined. The rest does the plant good, however, and it bursts forth with renewed vigor. The leaves are delicate and tender. They make that rich, fragrant, delicious tasting tea that is peculiar only to the forty-cent, Red Label, Blue Ribbon Tea.

Black, Mixed,  
Ceylon Green

Forty Cents Should be  
Fifty

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The FAMOUS NON-ALCOHOLIC KIDNEY CURE

Recommended by Physicians and Our Best Druggists.

Kidney troubles irritate the nerves, cause dizziness, irritableness, shortness of breath and disturbed sleep. Victims of this dangerous disease experience painful urination, inflammation of the bladder, jaundice, torpid liver and constipation. If you note any of the warning symptoms, may Heaven direct your attention to Dr. Pettigill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, the only remedy known to medical science for the healing and building up of the diseased tissues that are now passing away cell by cell in the urine. The kidneys abhor alcohol admin-

istered in any form. Be careful about the use of liquid medicines; they are largely composed of deadly alcohol. Kidney-Wort Tablets do not contain a trace of alcohol, they are purely vegetable, and have never failed in their work with old or young; they have cured some of the most desperate cases. Go at once to your druggist and buy a bottle of Dr. Pettigill's Kidney-Wort Tablets if you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder troubles, they will save you weeks and months of pain and anxiety.

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