

The Hill We Held for HOOKER

By JOSEPH MILLS

ED turned our guns for action, for they'd started on the right. Where Byrnes had bumped on Jackson and their lines had clinched at sight.

While we waited there for Longstreet, who never missed a fight. An old-school man in shirt sleeves came leaping up the hill. "You hold this line for Hooker!" he yells at Captain Bill. "And mind you hold it longer than you did at Gaines's Mill!"

Old Captain Bill made answer: "You boys must have your fun. But we didn't break at Gaines's till all our chips had run. And we'll hold this hill for Hooker while we've men to work a gun."

Across the field below us ripped out the rebel yell. As Longstreet's line of battle came straining up the swell. And we whipped the limbers closer and opened out with shell.

But shell was meant for Longstreet; he sent with his ahead. And so we changed the men to cannon instead.

And when that didn't stop 'em we let the straps spread. We pounded 'em to jelly, but the jelly wouldn't jell.

The powder scorched their faces but they took it like the shell. And they reached our muskies and tumbled through pill-box.

It seemed we'd best be going, with bayonets on our rifles. When through the woods behind us, a yell and a roar came. And Captain Bill yelled, "Hold 'em! That's Hooker almost here!"

We fought between the sections just like a game of tag. A Johnny jumped my field gun and waved a battle flag. But I lammed him with the gunswab and dropped him like a rag.

They had forced us to the limbers, where the teams were tangled thick. And were trying our pieces to teach us our own trick. When Hooker's boys came through us, deploying double-quick.

The Johnnies hung like bulldogs and faced us breast to breast. But Longstreet's men were winded, while Hooker had a rest. And when the smoke had lifted we Yankees held the crest.

And Hooker stopped to thank us, and then said Captain Bill: "They thought we couldn't hold 'em, but General here's your bill! And I'd like to see Jim Longstreet if he's ever quills for Gaines's Mill!"

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"ONE MILLION LEAGUE FOR MANITOBA."

The purpose of the "Million for Manitoba League" are set out in the fact that Manitoba "wants more" people. Today the population is less than five hundred thousand, and the demoralization of the representative men of the Province serves their best interests to increasing it to a million. It is a worthy one. There is already a widespread interest in every municipality. Thousands are appointed, whose duties are to secure, through thorough knowledge of local conditions, that, whether the applicant for information be a laborer for the farm, a would-be tenant, a probable homesteader, the buyer of a small tract or the purchaser of a large tract for colonizing farmers, the information is at hand, free.

The advantages that Manitoba possesses are many, and with the exploitation that will be given them by the birth of this new acquisition to the settlement and immigration propaganda that is being carried on by the Dominion Government, there is no doubt that the establishment of the business will very soon bring about the results looked for. Manitoba is practically the gateway of the great belt of the West. Its farm lands have demonstrated time and again that they have a yielding value that practically makes a yielding value of one hundred dollars per acre. Added to the yielding value of the land, there is an increased value on account of the increasing value of the land. The increase of freight rates is carefully considered by the cautious buyer. But the information more valuable to the incoming settler is that it still has an immense amount of vacant fertile land open for homesteads. This dispels the idea that free homesteads in Manitoba are about exhausted. In addition to this the territory recently added to the Province will open up some of the best standing areas which when filled should fully satisfy the "Million for Manitoba League." Within the old boundaries there is an area of 47,450,000 acres, less than six million acres of the 16 1/2 million acres occupied by land under cultivation. At present there are over 20 million acres of available land capable of being put under the plough. If in every one of the 155,000 vacant quarter sections of the Province an average family of four persons were placed, there would be added a rural population of nearly 800,000. So there is room for additional hundreds of thousands on the farms of Manitoba with any possibility of congestion. There is 28.4 in Minnesota it is 23.5. That in Manitoba is only 1.1.

A glance at the map, copies of which will be forwarded upon application to any Canadian Government Agent, shows that Manitoba is wonderfully well supplied with railways. There are but few farms that are more than ten or twelve miles from a railway line; elevators are convenient and markets are always good. The growing of grain, while a big feature in the Province, is not the only one enforced by the great necessities that exist in all portions of the Province, for the raising of stock, for dairying, for hops, and for a successful class of citrus farming, and what gives additional interest is the fact that there is so much land in the Province open for free homesteading that improved farms in almost any of the 96 municipalities can be purchased at very low figures. Many of the owners of these have made sufficient upon which to retire and are becoming residents of the cities.

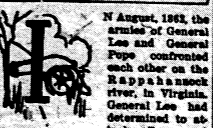
In addition to the export market for the produce of the farm, Manitoba has a number of large cities and towns providing a splendid local market. Truck and garden farming are highly profitable branches at very low prices. A splendid centre, Portage la Prairie is the hub of an excellent district, and Yorkton, Minto, Dauphin, Morden, and Brandon and other towns are important help as consumers.

The Dominion and Provincial Immigration officials are working in strong sympathy with the "Million for Manitoba League," and in addition to the pamphlets literature sent out by the Government, the League has prepared a series of highly artistic and complete information, which on addressing the Secretary, Million League, Winnipeg, Manitoba, will be forwarded free.

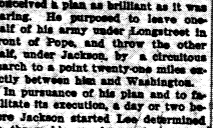
A Hint.
Do not get a copy of the paper. Do not get it up your hat. Do not get it up your hat.

Who Drank the Tokky?

By Fitzhugh Lee

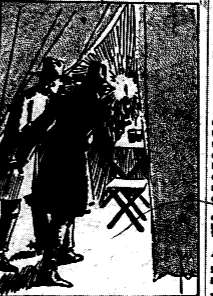


The TWO FLAGS



CONSIDERABLY these come to the writing man a very ready-made from actual happenings before his eyes. Or there is a story to him some tale that does not require the slightest movement of literary machinery to weave it into straight and true and comic, as if it had required hours of construction to produce the fabric. Actual events follow in such dramatic sequence that it almost seems as if art had been brought to bear upon their presentation.

The other day a magazine writer visited the new white house in Boston in the old-fashioned manner that had been recently placed on the walls. He was standing looking at the picture painted by Mr. Robert Reid, the painter of Otis delivering his fiery speech before the judges, when suddenly a voice spoke at his elbow. Looking round, he saw standing beside him a short, stout man in a blue uniform. It did not take the little bronze button in his cap, and he was stamped with it from the erect carriage of his head and shoulders to the glance of his keen gray eye.



"It Was Vacant."

"You have been through the building," he said, "and you have been told that it was the writer's visit, he politely offered his services as guide. They were accepted promptly. The little man in blue pointed out the old-fashioned drum and sword, the first musket captured from the British, and the one that fired the shot at Lexington. He knew stories of the famous portraits on the walls, and after having examined the old senate and council chamber, he led the visitor down to the great octagon-shaped rotunda, where, behind their plates of glass, artfully grouped and festooned, were the battle flags of the British, the regiments—nothing but the flagstaffs of some, others mere shreds of bunting hanging in pathetic disarray, only a few with the colors intact, pierced here and there with bullet holes. Stopping before the first corner he began in his low, well-modulated voice to explain about them. There were two shafts, shattered and roughly splined with a few inches below the rigid spearheads.

"Those two flags," he began, "were given to the regiment by two sisters, who were engaged to be married to two officers. As you see, the flags were both hit in almost identically the same spot, and under them both officers were killed. The other flag he said, "Doubtless that flag seven men were killed and four were wounded. It was decorated with a medal of honor." So it went on. There was a story to almost every one of the tattered relics of the battlefields. At last the guide came to the case in the northwest corner of the hall. Immediately in front was a shield-shaped banner, white, red and white stripes, was a big blotch of brown. It needed no second glance to tell what the blotch meant.

"There is a story there," remarked the visitor, and the little man in blue looked at him keenly.

"Yes, sir, there is," he replied.

"Three men were killed carrying that flag at the battle of Appomattox, as one would fall another would march it up, and still they carried it forward. As they went on, in the charge, a shell exploded over the head of the first man who had caught it, and a fragment struck him in the arm, between shoulder and elbow, cutting it off as by a surgeon's knife. He clapped the flag to his breast with the bloody hand, and staggered on. At last, he felt himself weakening, he turned about, and seeing near him a man in his company who came from the same regiment, he said, 'God's sake, take this flag, I can't carry it any longer.' The visitor was breathless. 'Will you be kind to do that?'"

"There is a strange ending to that," he said, "and I am not going to tell it to some visitor only the day after and had got as far as what I am telling you when a tall man with gray hair, who was standing about where you are now, said to the visitor, 'You're right! I was Frank.' A few minutes later, as they went down the corridor, the visitor asked around a question.

"What was the name of the man who carried that flag?" he asked.

"The name was Marshall?" he said.

"The name was Marshall?" he said.

BACKACHE AND ACHING JOINTS.

Together Tell of Weak or Disordered Kidneys.

Such pain that results as rheumatism is due to uric acid in the blood. When you suffer such, just point to your backache, too, with some kidney disorder. There's a Kidney Pills which have cured thousands.

January 2nd, 1904.
W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill., Wis.
Dear Sir: My limbs were stiff and sore and almost paralyzed with rheumatism. My condition became so serious that I was taken to the hospital but was not helped. Through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, I gradually improved, however, until entirely cured.

"The Cure Book" by James H. Yeman, the Nurses—DOAN'S. See all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A man may not know who his friends are, but he usually has his enemies spotted.

God bless Him who helps a truly complete, dispel foul blood and cures the temper.

Man's favorite brand of love is usually the latest.

Write For This Free Book—Shows 20 Beautiful Modern Rooms—

tells how you can get the very latest effects on your walls.

Contains a sample of the Color Plans our artists will furnish you, FREE, for any rooms you wish to decorate.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

comes in 16 exquisite tints. More artistic than wall paper or paint at a fraction of the cost. Kinds of colors are hard to come by in the soft-hued water color tints of Alabastine. Absolutely sanitary—easier and quicker to use, goes further, and will not chip, peel, or rub off.

Write for a sample of color plan in every city. 50c in every city. This regular tin, 50c.

Alabastine Company
10 South 4th, 1st and 2nd, N.Y.
DON'T FAIL TO WRITE FOR THE FREE BOOK

Armorside REDUCER CORSET

THE GREAT SUCCESS

Makes a friend of other corsets.

At ALL DEALERS or direct from the manufacturer.

AT ALL DEALERS or direct from the manufacturer.

ARMORSIDE REDUCER CORSET

223 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Lighting Rods 6c per foot

Direct to You. No Middlemen.

Heavy Copper Cable 98¢ per foot.

If goods when received are not satisfactory, return them in original boxes and we will refund your dollar you paid us.

We will deliver just what it will cost you. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small, pill, small dose, small price.

Get them from your Signature.



THERAPION

Small, pill, small dose, small price.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

Small, pill, small dose, small price.

Present Generation Also Has Its Duties

Recall the Days of Sacrifice Fifty Years Ago

MUCH will be written and said of the march to the rhythmic beat of the muffled drum of the delectable phalanx of war veterans in honor of those and more especially in honor of those comrades who have passed to eternity, the day has been set aside as a memorial.

All honor to the soldier dead. Sacred to their memory.

Great honor to the veterans who have been spared to us and whose presence should be an inspiration to better citizenship.

Tremendous was the cost of the war in human lives. A whirl was the carnage, yet the result was a united nation and a greater nation.

The patriotism which inspired the great outpouring of troops in that wonderful war should be a central idea about which everything should cluster because it bursts with patriotism.

It was the most wonderful demonstration of self-sacrifice for a nation's nobility and honor the world has known.

It was a glorious achievement for principle, and every participant in that magnificent victory deserves more than a formal wreath upon his grave, or "he" be yet with us, more than a laurel wreath to honor.

Certainly we do not honor the veterans as we should!

One thing we should do is to honor them, every day. We should be doing every day. We should be doing every day. We should be doing every day.

MORE than fifty years have passed since the North and South took up arms to defend the Union, and the great battles which Seward had declared could not last first year. President Lincoln's first call was for 75,000 volunteers, and Jefferson Davis sent agents abroad to purchase 10,000 stand of arms. In 1861 that was as near as public opinion on both sides came to grasping the magnitude of the coming struggle.

It was little else than an armed mob that went streaming south in the early days of the war; it was little else than an armed mob that met the Union army at the first battle. There was little else than heroic scuffles. But presently when the hurrah strain was passed and the sections had settled down to the grim business of war, the Union army and the Union army came and drill ground the Union army that ever shook a continent with their tread.

And out of the first doubtful trials and experiments with political general, in every column and adventure captain, there came the foremost military leaders of the age—Lee, Grant, Jackson, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan, and the rest. The war was a scramble of the war, of the bounding cannon balls on the field of Bull Run grew into the seasoned veterans who coolly planned legs bearing their names to their graves when they were called.

"Bloody Angels" at Cold Harbor, who stormed the fire-breathing heights at Fredericksburg and took part in the murderous fighting at Gettysburg.

The more than 2,000,000 soldiers called to the tented field half a century ago are but a corporal's guard. Their marching line is thinned to file leaders and color bearers, a speaker of words, and a few more. In a year, or Memorial Day, come stop to the shrill of the old bugle and the tap of the muffled war drum. Today the great army of the past is no more. The great army of the past is no more. The great army of the past is no more.

Doctor Advised Resinol for Eczema

A Southern Case. Held of One. A True Proven Case.

It is a story that will interest you. It is a story that will interest you. It is a story that will interest you.

Resinol is a natural product of the earth. It is a natural product of the earth. It is a natural product of the earth.

Resinol is a natural product of the earth. It is a natural product of the earth. It is a natural product of the earth.

Resinol is a natural product of the earth. It is a natural product of the earth. It is a natural product of the earth.