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# Private Brown.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

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CHAPTER III.

A few days after their first meeting, while the soldier artist was near the same spot making a sketch of Mount Soledad, a prominent peak of the San Andreas range, Alice came upon him again. Long before she reached the spot where he sat she had seen him bending over his work. With girlish impulsiveness she determined to endeavor to learn something of him, and rode directly up to him.

"If I disturb you, you must frankly tell me so and I will go away," she said. "I sketch a great deal myself, and naturally take a deep interest in an art I love so well."

"You do not disturb me in the least, Miss Sanford," he replied. "As but a private soldier I deem it an honor that the daughter of my commander should take an interest in my poor efforts. And you, also, are of artistic tastes? Do you not find rare subject matter for your pencil in this wildly beautiful country?"

"O, yes, indeed I do. I have many sketches I have made about the fort, and many more from rarely beautiful spots in the mountain ranges hereabouts. You are sketching Soledad, I see. May I look at it?"

"It is scarcely started yet," he replied, "but as you are an artist I need not point out to you what it lacks to complete it."

She gazed upon the picture with great interest, for every bold stroke of the pencil and every delicate shade proclaimed a master's hand. For some moments she stood in rapt admiration, her lips parted and her bright expressive eyes drinking in every detail of the young artist's work.

"Your work is that of the finished artist," she said. "Where did you learn this?"

"At my home in a far eastern state. I developed a taste for drawing when but a child, and every facility for advancement in the art was placed at my disposal. In both drawing and painting I had the best instructors to be found in the country."

"And now you are—"

"Now I am Private Brown, an enlisted man of D troop, Sixth cavalry," he replied, with a sad smile.

She looked into his eyes with a puzzled expression, followed by a shadow

SHE GAZED UPON THE PICTURE WITH GREAT INTEREST.

of pain, as her father's words were recalled, "the romance of crime."

"Mr. Brown, I cannot understand. I—I hope—"

He divined her thoughts in an instant and quickly responded:

"No, Miss Sanford, not that. I know what you would say. It is too true there are many soldiers in the army who enlisted to escape punishment for crime, but I can truthfully assure you that I never committed a crime in my life. I confess that the position in life in which I am placed is not of my own choosing, that my servile lot is distasteful to me, yet with uplifted hand I gave myself to my country for five years, and I will faithfully fulfill that obligation no matter how sorely the task may conflict with my own personal inclinations. In the ranks of life you occupy a sphere far above my present one, Miss Sanford, yet you need not fear being tainted by holding converse with Private Brown."

"I do sincerely crave your forgiveness," she warmly exclaimed. "It was but a passing thought, and even before you interrupted me your eyes told me the suspicion wronged you. But it surely could have been no ordinary cause that induced you to enter the army?"

"It was a result of youthful folly, Miss Sanford. I owe my present condition in life entirely to my own youthful folly."

"You excite my curiosity, Mr. Brown, and a woman's curiosity, when not gratified, is like a rankling thorn in her side, you know. Will you not trust me with your story? Perhaps I may be able to assist you. My father is the commanding officer, you know, and will grant any reasonable request I may ask of him. I might be able to secure your discharge from the service and enable you to return to a life for which you are better fitted than you are to perform the duties of a private soldier."

"In seeking to learn my history I am sure you are actuated only by pure womanly sympathy. I thank you for this, thank you most sincerely, but I cannot consent to you making an effort to secure my discharge. I have accepted the condition in which I am placed as a deserved punishment for wrong doing and as a severe school to teach me the right, and under no circumstances would I have my term of enlistment shortened one single day."

Alice looked into his eyes for a moment, and then began a new scrutiny of the sketch. Her thoughts were not upon the picture, however. She was debating in her own mind the propriety of pushing her inquiries further. She was burning with curiosity not unmixed with sympathy to learn why a man of his acquirements and unmistakable refinement should be found in such a humble position. After a few moments' reflection, during which he watched her face with growing interest, she sprang from her saddle to the ground, and requested him to tighten the girth. While he was doing so she said:

"It may be presumptuous for me to do so, Mr. Brown, but I must ask you a question even at the risk of being thought impertinent. When I tell you I am greatly astonished to find one of your qualifications among men so far beneath you in intellect and refined tastes, I feel that you will see in my interest some palliation for my action. May I venture to ask if there is a secret connected with the cause of your thus banishing yourself from the ranks of life in which you are fitted to move?"

"I fully appreciate the spirit of curiosity which prompts the question, Miss Sanford, and I really regret that my reply may deface any romantic mental picture you may have drawn of me. I have nothing to conceal from the world."

"Then will you not tell me something of yourself, if your story be one you can properly intrust with a stranger? I ask for no confidence, Mr. Brown, and assure you that curiosity alone feeds my nature—with, perhaps, a feeling of friendly sympathy for a fellow artist."

He reflected a moment with downcast eyes, then looking in her face replied:

"I will tell you my story, though it may lessen me in your esteem, and undermine any good opinion you may have formed of me. It can be told in a very few words. In the first place, my name is not Brown."

"I was very sure of that," she said with a sunny smile. "Brown is too common a name for such an uncommon man."

"And yet illustrious men have borne it. I recall one long since dead whose tireless soul with knapsack strapped upon its back is yet reported to be on an extended march. My true name is Edward Thornton. I assumed the name I now bear when I enlisted.

"My mother died when I was but a year old and a few months later my father followed her, leaving me in the care of a very wealthy aunt in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. She was my father's only sister, and took me to her own luxurious home and reared me as her own child, lavishing upon me her deepest love. I was all she had to love, and from childhood the dear, good woman fairly idolized me and gratified my every wish. When I reached a proper age competent teachers were secured for me, and, developing a love for study, I progressed so rapidly that at the early age of seventeen I was the possessor of a liberal education and fitted to fill a responsible position in the business world. As I before told you, I acquired a deep love for drawing and painting, for which I am now truly thankful, for the only real pleasure I now derive from life I find amid these western solitudes with my sketch book and pencils.

"When my education was completed my good aunt supplied me liberally with money, and in her solicitude for my pleasure and enjoyment paid little attention to my moral training. I was of a lively, fun-loving disposition, and in choosing my companions I selected kindred spirits who would join me in any wild lark that promised sport.

"One night at a banquet given in honor of the birthday of a young lady friend of my aunt I listened to the smiling entreaties of the fair hostess to drink her health, and accepted from her hand my first glass of wine. Ah! Miss Sanford, the first downward step toward the depths of drunken degradation is often taken at the invitation of a thoughtless fair woman with a glass of sparkling wine in her jeweled hand, when she little dreams that what she regards as but a trifling act of hospitality is the seal of doom upon a life that might otherwise be bright and useful. The wine seemed to flood my soul with its rosy warmth and to quicken my senses, and other draughts of the ruby liquid followed until I was taken home in a carriage supported in my aunt's arms, in a state of stupid intoxication.

"When I came down from my chamber the next morning feeling as guilty as a felon approaching the bar of justice, my aunt met me with a smile, playfully chided me for having taken just a drop too much, and cautioned me to be careful and not in future overestimate my bibulous powers. That same night I again sought the false cheer of the wine cup.

"Lower and lower I went in my downward course, the demon of drink sinking its poisonous talons deeper and deeper into my soul. No word of rebuke ever fell from my aunt's lips. She continued to keep my purse well filled, the good creature believing my crop of wild oats would soon be sown and I would then settle down into respectable, sober manhood.

"Two years ago this very day—the date is a notable one to me, for it is the second anniversary of my enlistment—I went on a carouse with a couple of my boon companions. In a saloon in New York we met a sergeant of artillery, then attached to a recruiting office in that city. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow and I at once took a great fancy to him and asked him to join us in our revels. Retiring to a private room in the rear of the saloon I ordered wine, and we were soon deeply under the influence of the seductive liquor. Our potations grew deeper and deeper until my two companions fell into a drunken sleep in their chairs.

"The sergeant then suggested a walk, but I told him that gentlemen of our standing should ride, and I ordered a carriage and we drove away. We stopped at various drinking places about the city, and I became wild with my frequent potations and ready to second any proposition that the sergeant might make.

"'Come and enlist with me, old fellow,' he said. 'You will have nothing to do but wear a uniform and hang around with me looking for recruits, and we will have a glorious time in this gay city.'

"In my irresponsible state I agreed to his proposition and ordered the driver to take us to the street and the number he named. I have a dim, indistinct recollection of ascending a stairway supported by the sergeant, of him telling me to give the name of Richard Brown, of replying to some questions propounded by an officer, and then of raising my hand and taking an oath. A few moments later, with a lot of men, I was taken to a boat and helped on board, and there I fell into a drunken sleep.

(CONTINUED.)

## HE WANTED KICKING.

**It Was an Old Trick, but He Had Tumbled Into It.**

It was evident that something had gone wrong with an oldish man, who came in on a Lake Shore train from Toledo yesterday, says the Detroit Free Press. He looked all around the depot until he found a policeman, and then began to unburden himself by saying:

"I want you to look at this Canadian $10 bill."

"Yes, sir," replied the officer as he reached for it. "I don't see much Canadian money, but I shouldn't care to take this bill for a good one. Have you a ked anyone about it?"

"The conductor said it was bad."

"Let's see the ticket agent."

They walked over to the window, to be told that it was not even a good counterfeit, and the officer a ked the stranger:

"Did you take it for good money."

"Say! How easy it is for a man to make a fool of himself?" exclaimed the other. "I thought I knew enough to fall off a fence when the top rail broke, but I don't. I haven't got the sense of a barn door. I ought to be sent to an idiot asylum for a term of five years."

"How did it happen?" queried the officer.

"A chap came into my car and a ked me if I could give him change for a $5 bill. That is the bill. He had on goggles and seemed to have sore eyes, and I took it that he thought the ten was a five."

"Chance to make $5," laughed the officer.

"Of course. I am an honest man, but I couldn't let that chance slip. I counted him out five ones in greenbacks and put this in my pocket. After he got off at Wyandotte I began to be suspicious and showed the bill to the conductor. Ever hear of the trick before?"

"About a hundred times."

"And I've been takin' a daily paper for fifteen years and am accounted the sharpest man on fakes in our town. Went right at it and beat myself with my eyes wide open. Say, have you got a machine around here?"

"What sort of a machine?"

"A kicking machine—one that runs by steam—,000 horse power—kicks a thousand times a minute—lifts a blooded fool twenty feet high at every kick."

The officer had to tell him that no such machine had yet been invented, though inquired for almost every day, and the man went off up Jefferson avenue to see if he couldn't find a beer wagon to run over him.

## Footsore Fagin's Dangerous Ride.

The passengers on train 21 on the Falls branch of the Central Hudson, which left this city Monday evening at 5:25 o'clock, were the witnesses of an amusing incident which occurred at Murray station. When the train stopped at that station, the brakeman, who was standing on the platform steps, heard the sound of a man's voice from beneath the car. He told the conductor of his discovery, and soon the entire crew were on the scene looking for the owner of the quivering tenor. Falling on his knees and looking under the car the trainman recoiled at the sight which met his gaze. Sitting on the car truck was a man. He was hanging on to the truck with all his might, and was relieving the monotony of his ride by singing, "I Had But Fifty Cents." The trainman grasped him by the collar and pulled him from his perilous position. He stood him upon his feet, and then the crowd which had gathered began to guy the brave knight of the road. He said that he chose the truck of the last car because it was softer than the others. When the trainmen asked him his name he replied, "Weary Willie," and then floated away into dreamland. Another shake served to waken him. He was intoxicated, and after the train departed he walked over to a fence corner and laid his weary head on a stone and slept the sleep of the innocent.—Rochester Democrat.

## The Lord Knows.

Some years ago in a Maine town a revival had been conducted jointly by two churches. When the meetings were concluded one dominie put forth his best work and succeeded in getting nearly all the converts into his fold. The next Sunday the other parson felt that this circumstance needed a word of explanation, so, looking down at the handful of converts in his congregation, he said:

"Brethren, it doesn't make any odds who strings the fish—the Lord knows who caught 'em."


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## DWIGHT C. & A. Time Table

| | |
|---|---|
| NORTH. | |
| Express, daily | 5:10 a.m |
| Accommodation except Sunday, leaves | 6:00 a.m |
| Hummer, daily | 7:20 a.m |
| Express except Sunday | 10:23 a.m |
| Mail daily | 4:00 p.m |
| Joliet Accom. Ex. Sunday | 6.55 p.m |
| Sunday Accommodation | 8:45 a.m |
| Way Freight except Sunday | 11.30 a.m |
| SOUTH. | |
| Bloomington Accom. ex. Sunday | 7.55 a.m |
| Mail, daily | 12:05 p.m |
| Kansas City Exp., except Sunday | 4:35 p.m |
| Accomodation, daily, arrives | 8:45 p.m |
| Hummer, daily | 7.15 p.m |
| St. Louis Express daily | 11.50 p.m |
| St. Louis & Kansas City Ex., daily | 2:40 a.m |
| Way Freight except Sunday | 10.00 a.m |
| BRANCH TRAINS. WEST. | |
| Accomo'tion Freight except Sunday | 7:00 a.m |
| Mail Leaves except Sunday | 4:45 p.m |
| EAST. | |
| Mail Arrives except Sunday | 10:15 a.m |
| Accomo'tion Freight except Sunday | 10:30 p.m |

J. CHARLTON, G. P. & T. A. W. H. DOTY, Agent.

## Illinois Central Time Table

PONTIAC, ILL.

| | |
|---|---|
| GOING SOUTH AND WEST. | |
| Freight | 8:00 a.m |
| Passenger | 5:33 p.m |
| NORTH AND EAST. | |
| Passenger | 4:20 p.m |
| Freight | 10:03 p.m |

Close connections at Minonk and Kankakee for all points north, east, south and west. All trains carry passengers.

W. J. BUTLER, Agent, Pontiac, Ill.

## I. I. I. Time Table.

On and after Sunday, December 16, 1894, trains will leave Dwight as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| TRAINS EAST. | |
| No. 2, mail | 5:17 a m |
| No. 8, Local | 9:10 a. m |
| No. 14, express freight | 2:01 p. m |
| TRAINS WEST. | |
| No. 1, mail | 11:07 a m |
| No 7, Local | 5:29 p. m |

No. 14 carries passengers to Kankakee and Momence only.

C. W. COOK, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
T M BATES, Supt. J. B. FRANCE, Agent.

## C. & A. Time Table.

On and after Dec. 30th, 1894, and until further notice, trains carrying passengers will leave Braceville as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| NORTH OR EAST. | |
| No. 1. Express Mail | 4 25 p. m |
| No. 5. Atlantic Express | 10 47 a. m |
| No. 7. K. C. & St. L. Express | 5 31 a. m |
| No. 9. Chicago Accommodation | 6 27 a. m |
| No. 63. Joliet Express (Sunday only) | 9 10 a. m |
| No. 31. Way Freight | 12 25 p. m |
| No. 17 Joliet Accomodation ex Sun. | 7 23 p. m |
| SOUTH OR WEST. | |
| No. 2. Express Mail | 11 18 a. m |
| No. 6. Pacific Express | 4 12 p. m |
| No. 8. K. C. & St. L. Express | 2 14 a. m |
| No. 18 Bloomington Accom. ex. Sun. | 7 26 a. m |
| No. 10. Joliet Accommodation | 8 15 p. m |
| No. 32. Way Freight | 8 40 a. m |

J. Charlton, Gen. Pas. and Ticket Agt. J. O. Raines, Local Agent.

## Gardner C. & A. Time Table.

| | |
|---|---|
| NORTH: | |
| No. 7, daily | 5.25 a.m |
| No. 9, Accommodation | 6.30 a.m |
| No. 63 " Sunday | 9.02 a.m |
| No. 5, Denver, Except " | 10.40 a.m |
| No. 1, mail, daily | 4.17 p.m |
| No. 17, Accommodation Ex. Sunday | 7.15 p.m |
| Way Freight, except Sunday | 12.35 a.m |
| SOUTH: | |
| No. 18, accommodation Ex. Sunday | 7.34 a.m |
| No. 2, mail, daily | 11.42 a.m |
| No. 6, Denver, except Sunday | 4.40 p.m |
| No. 10, accommodation, daily | 8.20 p.m |
| No. 8, daily | 2.20 a.m |
| Way Freight | 9.10 a.m |

W. C. JONES, Local Agent. J. CHARLTON, G. P. A. Chicago.

## Big Four Route.

Commencing Sunday, Mar. 11th, 1894, trains pass Gardner as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| GOING WEST. | |
| No. 201 | 10:06 am |
| " 203 | 5:25 pm |
| GOING EAST. | |
| No. 200 | 8:16 am |
| " 202 | 4:10 pm |

All trains daily except Sunday.

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