

# A Boy's Reappearance

A Story From a Memorial Day  
By EDGAR STORMS

It was what was afterward called the battle of Chancellorsville. We soldiers didn't know when we went into a fight whether it was to be a battle, a massacre or a rout. Some of us got a glimpse of the battle, some of us not. I was in the front line, and I saw the smoke and the noise and the confusion. I saw the men who were my comrades, and I saw the men who were my enemies. I saw the men who were my friends, and I saw the men who were my foes. I saw the men who were my brothers, and I saw the men who were my enemies. I saw the men who were my friends, and I saw the men who were my foes. I saw the men who were my brothers, and I saw the men who were my enemies.

I have often been asked since I got used to it. I say, "I don't know if I may be a small child ever get used to facing death. But I got used to it, and that served the same purpose. Unfortunately I was obliged to get used to it in order to stand the racket. This is my experience, and others may be different. The thought of the glorious excitement of battle, but only one man, so far as I know, ever described it correctly, General Sherman, when he said, "War is hell!"

If this is doubted listen to an incident told me by a fellow veteran. "After a battle a line of wounded lay in a long line waiting for the surgeons. They were not all waiting for some of them were dying. In the night the men and boys, too, of the country in which it was fought had their part. I saw a little fellow with a leafy branch keeping the flies off two dead bodies lying side by side. And they any relation of yours?" I asked the child. "That's my pap," he answered, "and that's my brother."

To resume my narrative. I was hit some men who are shot don't know it for awhile. Not so I. I was shot right through a lung. I sank down, while the others passed over me. I struggled for breath, and the blood, pouring from my mouth, choked me. I felt a little bit of consciousness, probably fainting. After that I remember intervals of fighting for breath. What was my condition the rest of the time I don't know. I remember that it was night and it was day, but how many of these changes there were I have no idea. Possibly choked blood stopped the breathing or some of it.

Opening my eyes, I saw a standing over me a small boy. He might have been ten years old or thereabout. "Water!" I said faintly. He went away and presently came back with a canteen full of water. I can never forget that first draft. What movement I made started my blood bleeding again. The little fellow stuffed some of my clothing into it and slung it. But I choked again. When I had somewhat recovered from this the boy went away and brought some persons, who carried me to a house. There I received medical attendance and in time recovered.

# THEY MILED HIM UP

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

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Law Telephone Numbers in New York. Such a small thing as a telephone number has some significance in the standing of a firm, remarked a man who had little else to do but talk and observe. "How so?" asked the other. "Take the law numbers—Broad Street for instance—and, as a rule, it will be the number belonging to an old established firm, provided, of course, that firm has remained in one location. The firm now bearing the above number was in existence before telephones were in use at all, and in like manner it is possible to ascertain the old established business houses. If a firm moves, but remains in the same exchange, it has the privilege of retaining its original telephone number. Americans don't care much for age and long established anything, as a class, but there are many firms in this city that are proud of their telephone numbers in a system where the numbers run high up in the thousands."

Reversed His Decision. "We once had a customer," said an undertaker, "who had lost his wife and who came to us to bury her, which we did. After the funeral he came back to us. He had selected the casket in which his wife was buried, and now he bought one just like it for himself. He was a man in health, with no prospect of death, so far as that was concerned, but he was greatly grieved and cast down over the death of his wife, and when he should die he wanted to be buried in a casket just like that in which we had buried her. So he bought this casket, and we held it for him."

Women's Love of Ugly Men. The illustrious men in history who were distinguished as much for the fascination which they exercised over the fair sex as for their talents and ability were, as a rule, plain and insignificant in appearance. Julius Caesar was a very ill favored man, and yet when a mere stripling, before his fame in Rome, girls of his own age sighed for him and mature women longed for his love. Among the men of later times who were renowned in like manner were Sir Philip Sidney, plain almost to ugliness; Paul Scarron, the comic poet, a cripple; Voltaire, unattractively ugly; and Rousseau, whose manliness was awkward as his face was plain, while John Milton, who had the power to subjugate any woman who spoke to him for several five centuries, was admitted to his own class by the fact that he was the ugliest man in England in his time.

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Advertisement for Elastique Reduse Corsets, featuring an image of a woman wearing a corset and text describing the product's benefits.