

A Couple of Wine Casks

They Contained Something Better Than Wine

By F. A. MITCHEL

Not all the aristocracy of France were, previous to the revolution, oppressors of the poor. True, the power they possessed rendered many of them tyrannical, especially those about the court, but through the country there were instances of nobles who were much beloved by their inferiors in rank.

Among these was the young Count de Lisle, who on his twenty-first birthday came into a fine property in the province of Maine, not far from Paris. He had a tender heart, and the condition of the peasantry pained him exceedingly. When he fell heir to his estate there were 100,000 francs for him in currency in a Paris bank. Half of this he distributed among the poor or about his domain.

He furthermore resolved that he would devote his life to the cause of the betterment of the condition of the oppressed lower classes. Had he been older he would have realized that the many years of war and extravagance on the part of royalty and the nobles had so impoverished France that those who had wasted the wealth of the nation must be put out of the way before France could begin a necessary reformation.

When the revolution came on the count threw himself heart and soul into the cause of reform. He went to Paris, where he attended a meeting in the Palais Royal composed largely of the best men of the middle class in France, and there raised his voice in behalf of the overtaxed people.

But in the rising cloud of revolution was a thunderbolt, unseen by the far-sighted middle classes, who were unconsciously fostering it. Mme. Roland, the leader of the Girondists, feared that the excitement would die away before the constitutional rights required by the people from the sovereign had been granted. It was not long before the storm broke, sweeping away her and her associates in the work. They all perished on the guillotine, singing the "Marseillaise," the volume of sound issuing as each head fell, till the last died staving alone.

One day news came to the tenants of the Count de Lisle's estate that cast a gloom upon them. The count had been arrested in Paris. A few there were who, having become rabid by the flow of blood, rejoiced that another noble head would soon fall and there would be one less of that class who had impoverished France. The young Countess Julie de Lisle had sent messenger after messenger to her husband, begging him to come home and leave the revolutionists to work out their own salvation. But he had entered upon the work of ameliorating the condition of the oppressed people and would not turn back.

He had been warning a serpent in his bosom. At the height of the tempest, when the leadership fell into the hands of representatives of the lowest classes and the cry was raised to exterminate all royal blood and all nobles, De Lisle was denounced as an enemy of France and thrown into prison. A few days later he was taken before one of those tribunals, consisting only of a so-called judge—a man without any knowledge of law and usually even without education—whose business it was to condemn those whom the people wished to get rid of in order that they might be executed with the semblance of justice. What was the count's astonishment to see sitting in the judicial chair behind a pine table Henri Denier, one of his own tenants, who had received a portion of the 100,000 francs that the count had distributed on his coming of age.

The two men's eyes met for an instant. Then those of the judge fell before the steady gaze of the one who had befriended him and whom he was now called upon to order to execution. Denier's power to retain from this course. Behind him were the people, who had put him there, not to judge of guilt or innocence, but to pronounce sentence. He was compelled either to send his benefactor to the guillotine or to free himself. And by refusing to pronounce sentence of death he would not save the count, who would be condemned by Denier's successor.

"We have met before," said the count.

"Yes," replied the judge mechanically. "We have met before."

"Which one of us has contributed more to the cause of the French people, you or I?"

obliged to pay had eaten up his patrimony. His wife had fallen ill and needed medical attention and other comforts. His children were without wholesome food. Like a gift from heaven had come his proportion of the count's money. Not only that; the count, being informed of Mme. Denier's condition, had sent his own physician, who had treated her, and she had been restored to health.

The memory of this beneficence in a twinkling produced as great a revolution in the heart of Henri Denier as was being wrought in the government of France. He resolved that if he could save his benefactor by giving his own life he would do so. But his self-control was perfect. He sat apparently unmoved even under the reproachful glance of the count as the latter passed out of the room between two soldiers.

Then the work of condemnation was resumed. Denier after having been some time in Paris, noting the trend the revolution was taking, had gone to his home in disguise for a day and left a cipher code with his wife by which he could communicate with her without any one except himself or her knowing what he wrote her. One morning a girl about fifteen years old appeared at Mme. Denier's door and handed her a bit of paper on which there was writing.

"Who is this from?" asked Mme. Denier.

"Read it," was the girl's only reply. Mme. Denier, seeing a jumble of words, remembered her cipher code, which she took from its hiding place and interpreted the message:

Count de Lisle condemned. Send wine. The recipient read much more than was expressed. She knew that her husband meant that she was to find some person or persons to come to Paris and help him save the man who had saved her when she had been ill. But what did the words "Send wine" mean?

She took the message to the countess, whom she found prostrated at news of her husband's arrest, which she had already received. Together they interpreted the "Send wine" to mean that Denier had just before the revolution set himself up as a wine seller in Paris, bringing wine in casks to Paris and returning the casks empty. They were to send some casks of wine to his shop. What this would have to do with the count's condemnation the women could not determine.

Not two hours after the receipt of the message a man named Francois, a servant in the chateau who attended his master, loaded several casks of wine on a cart and started for Paris. When they reached Denier's shop the girl who had accompanied Francois went for Denier, but he did not leave his official duties till dark. On arrival at his shop he was pleased to see Francois and told him that on his coolness and courage the count's life depended. He was to remain that night in the shop and return the next morning, ostensibly to the chateau, but once having passed the walls of Paris after proceeding some distance in that direction; he was to diverge on a road to the Belgian border.

Denier, having been one of the most radical of the revolutionists, was thoroughly trusted by them. Indeed, he had become a leader. About 300 men on the night of Francois' arrival in Paris he sent a small squad of soldiers under a corporal to the chateau, prisoner with an order to send Citizen de Lisle to him since his testimony was needed to denounce an enemy of France. The count was sent to "the judge," who was in the room where he sent persons to the guillotine. Announcing that he would interrogate the prisoner privately, he ordered the soldiers to withdraw.

No sound having been heard for some time from within, the corporal rapped at the door. There was no answer. The door was opened, and the room was found to be empty. A window had been left open. The corporal had nothing to do but go back to the prison and report the circumstances.

A commotion was stirred up by the disappearance of the judge and his prisoner, who on gaining the street had made straight for Denier's shop, where Denier got into one empty wine cask and the count into another, after which Francois put the heads on the casks. It was expected that the shop would be searched, so Francois placed the casks on his cart and drove it away, moving about the streets till sunrise, when he turned his course to a gate in the wall on the north side of the city. Since it was the same gate as the one through which Francois had passed on entering and he had treated the guard liberally to the wine he had carried he found no great trouble in passing out with the casks, which had evidently been emptied.

France being a wine-growing country, with the product constantly passing to and fro, the fugitives experienced no difficulty in reaching the border, and once in a foreign country they emerged from their confinement and embraced Francois, whose coolness, wit and resources, had saved them from exposure on several occasions.

The two men were joined in Brussels by their wives, whom Francois had advised while on the route of the human contents of his casks. When the storm of revolution had spent its force the count and countess returned to their children. The Deniers remained in Holland longer, being fearful of returning to the revolutionists of Paris, whose cause the husband deserted. However, when the Bourbons were restored again and they felt assured of protection Denier went back to his wife and continued to bring in the casks to be refilled. But never since that eventful journey made by him and De Lisle to the border has he sent one cask filled with human beings.

WHERE WAS IT YOU SAID YOU FOUGHT?

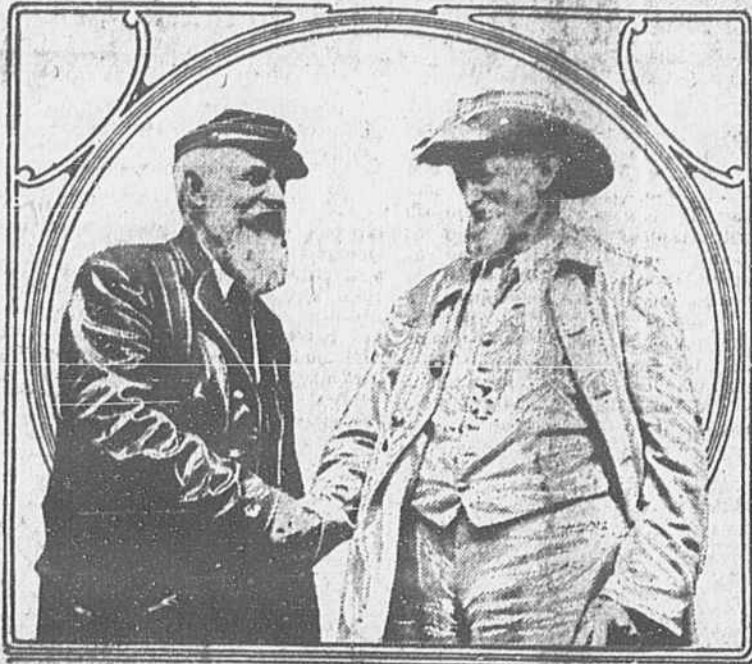


Photo by American Press Association.

HEY can't forget there was a war, The men who bore the battle's brunt, For some left brothers on the field, And some lost limbs along the front.

But grizzled Yank and Johnny Reb Long years ago learned to forget The rancor and the bitterness. To each the other's just "Old Vet!"

CHARLES N. LURIE.

"War" Governors North and South

HERE is the list of "war" governors: California furnished John G. Downey, Leland Stanford and Frederick F. Low; Connecticut, William A. Buckingham; Delaware, William Burton and William Cannon; Illinois, Richard Yates and Richard J. Oglesby; Indiana, Oliver P. Morton; Iowa, Samuel J. Kirkwood and William M. Stone; Kansas, Charles Robinson and Thomas Carney; Maine, Israel Washburn, Jr., Abner Coburn and Samuel Cony; Massachusetts, John A. Andrew; Michigan, Austin Blair and Henry H. Crapo; Minnesota, Alexander Ramsey and Stephen Miller; Nevada, Henry G. Binsell; New Hampshire, Ichabod Goodwin, Nathaniel S. Berry and Joseph A. Gilmore; New Jersey, Charles S. Olden and Joel Parker; New York, Edwin D. Morgan, Horatio W. Johnson and Reuben E. Fenton; Ohio, William Denison, David Tod and John Brough; Oregon, John Whitaker and Adison C. Gibbs; Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin; Rhode Island, William Sprague, John R. Bartlett, acting, William C. Coker, acting, and James V. Smith; Vermont, Erastus Fairbanks, Frederic Holbrook and J. Gregory Smith; West Virginia, Francis H. Pickens, provisional, and Arthur I. Boreman; Wisconsin, Alexander W. Randall, Louis P. Harvey, Edward Salemon and James T. Lewis.

The southern governors were: Alabama, Andrew B. Moore; John Gill Shorter and Thomas H. Watts; Arkansas, Henry M. Rector, Harrie Flanagin and Isaac Murphy; Florida, Madison Perry and John Milton; Georgia, Joseph E. Brown; Louisiana, Thomas O. Moore and Henry W. Allen; Union military governors, George F. Shepley and Michael Hahn; Mississippi, John P. Pettus, Charles Clarke and Jacob Thompson; North Carolina, John W. Ellis, H. T. Clark, acting, and Zebulon B. Vance; South Carolina, Francis W. Pickens, M. L. Bonham and A. G. Magrath; Tennessee, Isham G. Harris and Andrew Johnson; Union military governor, Texas, Samuel Houston, Edward Clark, acting, Francis R. Lubbock and Franklin M. Johnson; Virginia, John Letcher and William Smith.

The border state governors were: Kentucky, Beriah Magoffin, James F. Robinson and Thomas E. Bramlette; Maryland, Thomas H. Hicks and A. V. Bradford; Missouri, C. F. Jackson; Utah, H. H. Gamble and T. C. Fletcher.

Whole Army From "Little Rhody." One of the Rhode Island boys in the civil war on picket duty near Yorktown, Va., deserted a time with a Confederate soldier. This frequently happened during the war. "What regiment do you belong to?" asked the fugitive Yankee. "The seventeenth Connecticut," was the answer.

General Smith's Theory. "Extra Billy" Smith, the Confederate general, was as insensible as a wall. One day he had his soldiers on an exceedingly difficult march. When they halted the general had a hard time getting them started again. Finally he exclaimed, "If you fellows don't get up, pretty quick I'll march the regiment out without you and leave you all behind."

On Memorial Day Honor Women Nurses of the War

THE women who did hospital services continuously or who kept continuously near the base or armies in the field, or who moved among the camps and traveled with the corps, were an exceptional class—its rarest and heroiest always—A class representing no social grade, but coming from all, belonging to no rank or age or life in particular, sometimes young and sometimes old, sometimes refined and sometimes rude, now of frenetic physical aspect and then of extraordinary robustness, but, in all cases, women



Photo by American Press Association.

WOMAN NURSES AT GERMANY'S BENTON. with a mighty love and earnestness in their hearts, a love and pity and ability to show them both.

Moved by an indomitable desire to serve in person the victims of wounds and sickness, a few hundred women, impelled by instincts which assured them of their ability to endure the hardships, overcome the obstacles and adjust themselves to the unusual and unfeeling circumstances in which they would be placed, made their way through all obstructions, at home and at the seat of war or in the hospitals to the bedside of sick and wounded.

They were really heroines. They conquered their feminine sensibility at the sight of blood and wounds; their native antipathy to disorder, confusion and violence, subdued the rebellious delicacy of their more exquisite senses; lived coarsely and dressed and slept rudely; they studied the anatomy of men to whom their ties were simply human—men often ignorant, feeble minded, out of their senses, raving with pain and fever.

Chicagoans. The word Chickamauga is of Indian origin. It is said to be a Cherokee name signifying "the river of death." The stream received its name from the accidental drowning of the people of a village by a sudden rise attributed to a cloudburst.

A Southern Spy A Memorial Day Story

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL.

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IN our regiment in Virginia in 1863 was a soldier in the ranks who was a thoroughbred. No one even of his own company seemed to know exactly when or where he enlisted, where was his home or anything else about him except that he said he was a Marylander. Maryland was a border state, the inhabitants being part northern and part southern in their sympathies.

There was nothing unusual about Davis' fighting on the Union side, for in the border states whole Federal regiments were made up of their citizens. But it was singular to hear him abusing Confederates with the accent of a southern man.

Davis in other respects was a good natured fellow, perfectly fearless and seemed to have no selfishness in his nature—indeed, was a type of the real southern gentleman. We wondered why he had not been able to obtain a commission, but he reminded us that the flower of the Maryland population was on the southern side. Maryland was not a good state for northerners.

We were cavalry, and Davis was one of the best of us so far as horse-manship was concerned. He was constantly being punished for running about wherever he liked. He rode all over our camps and, whenever he took a fancy to do so, called forth single plucked brains, the Confederate pickets. That he was a good fighter was evident whenever there was trouble on the picket lines. On such occasions he would ride right up under the enemy's rifles. He always came back unhurt, and we could never understand how he managed to escape.

One night while out on vedette duty Davis disappeared. Shooting was heard in the direction of the point where he was stationed, and it was believed that at last he had reaped the payment of his recklessness. A party was sent out next morning to look for his body, but it was not found.

Six months passed, during which everything was changed with us. Armies are like packs of cards—they are constantly being shuffled. One day while on picket duty I saw a man running from the Confederate lines toward ours, while men on that side were firing at him. "There comes a deserter," I remarked. The man stumbled two or three times, fell, got up and came on, reaching us in safety. I was at the time a sergeant in command of the picket post into which he ran, and he came right up to me.

What was my astonishment to see Davis!

Davis' astonishment at seeing me was equally great. Besides astonishment, I noticed chagrin. His face fell momentarily; then, grasping my hand, he shook it heartily, exclaiming:

"How are you, Charlie? What luck to come in sight among my own boys?"

I withdrew my hand, saying to him, "I don't shake with deserters."

"Deserter! I reckon I am a deserter. I had to be or fight with those cursed southerners."

"I mean deserter from our side."

Davis looked hurt. He told a story of having ridden on the night of his



disappearance right in behind a Confederate camp. The opening was closed behind him. There was nothing for him to do but surrender. Being a southerner, as was proved by his accent, he had told his captors, he said, that he had been forced into the northern service and had long been watching for an opportunity to desert.

Notwithstanding this story, I marched Mr. Davis up to headquarters, where the general commanding interrogated him. The general set him straight with this packing. One old wife to another and wailing against him the fact that he was a southerner, ordered that he be held under arrest and charges of desertion be made against him.

Davis laughed at the idea of charges against a man who had Confederate arms on his back, and if he felt the least doubt about his being able to clear himself none of us could suspect it.

played the same game before, doubtless serving as a Federal soldier and carrying information to Confederate generals. Before the court finished the case it came out that Davis belonged to an old Maryland family, that he held a commission as lieutenant colonel in the Confederate army and was high in favor with several Confederate generals, whom he had furnished with enough information to enable any army to defeat twice its numbers.

Davis was sentenced to be hanged. His family might have saved his life had he been convicted of desertion. Indeed, they were handicapped, knowing that he was a spy—in fact, an officer of high rank in the Confederate army. The best they could do for him was to obtain a change in the mode of his death. The sentence was made shooting instead of hanging.

Davis maintained the same coolness of outward appearance to the moment of his death. Before he was a spy of the enemy; now he was one of nature's princes.

TO REDUCE ILLITERACY A Plan to Pay Children to Attend the Public Schools.

Atlanta, May 9.—The State of Georgia is taking a leading part through Congressman Frank Park, in a movement which may not only increase the facilities of the common schools of Georgia but may in addition become of nation-wide scope. Georgia in the past has been occasionally blamed for not doing more to reduce illiteracy, but if the present project is successful it will mean tremendous strides forward.

Congressman Park's plan is to obtain national aid for the common schools in the elementary branches of spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic. He has already introduced a bill, which, if it becomes a law, will authorize the payment of the sum of three cents per day per pupil for the first two school years of actual attendance, between the age limits fixed by law in each of the states. It provides that the sum to be paid into the treasury of each state shall be distributed along with the common school fund of each state to reduce the percentage of illiteracy. Every state school superintendent in the United States has endorsed the Georgia congressman's measure.

TO UPHOLD COURTS Georgia Will Grant No Pardons for Trivial Reasons.

Atlanta, May 8.—The established policy of the prison commission of Georgia to interfere with the sentences of the courts only when urgent or special reasons will demand it, has brought about a decrease in the number of applications for pardon. This fact was plainly shown at the regular monthly hearing just held at the capitol. There were fewer applications than usual for clemency, and the number has been steadily dwindling during the months past.

The policy of the prison commission and that of Governor Slaton, as he has often expressed it, are almost identical on the subject. They believe that pardons should be granted only on the most unusual and actually material reasons for pardon or clemency arise. At the monthly hearing just closed, no pardon recommendations of any general interest or importance were made. Sitting at the hearing were all three commissioners, Messrs. R. E. Davison, E. L. Rainey and T. E. Patterson.

2 Plus 2=3 No? Well, Read

By MOSS.

SOPHISTRY wasn't wiped off the map of reasoning over 2,000 years ago, although it certainly deserved to be.

The Sophists in ancient Greece, you remember, taught a false philosophy of life and things, their theories being based on fallacy. They tried to make two plus two equal three.

The Sophists are not all dead. A few thrive today. They argue of newspaper advertising.

"Oh, I never buy anything widely advertised or patronize merchants who make a splash in advertising."

As a matter of fact, advertising enables you to buy BETTER things at CHEAPER prices. Through advertising the sales are INCREASED ten, twenty, fifty fold. The manufacturer or merchant is thus able to sell BETTER and CHEAPER goods and still pay for his advertising.

This recognized BUSINESS principle is the basis of all successful advertising.

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WHAT A PEDDLER DID

By M. QUAD

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Abraham Barnes and his sister, Cynthia, were quarrelling. A little farm had been left the two children by will, and while they almost hated each other, neither would sell to the other. Both wanted the best of the bargain, and both feared to be cheated.

It had been a cat and dog business for years, and Abraham had come to be thirty years old and Cynthia twenty-eight. She was a strapping, healthy young woman, and she not only acted as housekeeper, but worked in the fields a part of the time.

Nature had wanted to spite the state of Indiana when she created them—cross eyed, lop shouldered, big ears, big mouths, overhanging teeth and bow legs! The pair had once been offered \$75 per week to go as freaks in a dime museum. They would have accepted only they could not agree as to the division of the salary.

What a tin peddler heard as he stood in the open door of a summer's morning was:

"You are a liar!"
"And so are you!"
"Oh, how I hate you!"
"And I'd like to kill you!"
"And what kind of talk is this between brother and sister?" demanded the peddler as he stepped inside the house.

"There, I'm glad somebody has listened and knows just how mean you are!" exclaimed Cynthia to Abe.

"But what's it all about?" asked the peddler.

"He wants to get married, but no woman will have him," explained Cynthia.

"No woman will have me as long as she is around and you can't blame her," added Abe. "Just take a square look at her, will you?"

"And then take a square look at him, will you?"

The peddler helped himself to a chair and sat down, with his hands on his knees, and took a long look at both in turn. Then he uttered a whistling "w-h-e-w" and added:

"It's awful—just awful!"

"You mean her?" said Abe.

"You mean him?" added Cynthia.

"Um, um! It's which and other, I guess. So you quarrel about getting married?"

They both nodded their heads.

"You are right when you see the chances."

No response.

"Unless you make it an object for me to help you out," finished the peddler.

"What do you mean?" was chorused.

"Sit down and let's talk. Now, then, the first thing is to recognize the fact that neither man nor woman is going to fall in love with you and marry you out of affection."

Brother and sister sighed deeply.

"But one of you can get a wife and the other a husband, just the same. If the scheme is worked right, just about one marriage out of seven is a love affair. In the other cases it's money that talks."

"You have a scheme. Let's hear it."

"Not so fast. If I can marry you both off I want \$50 each."

"You shall have it."

"And you must do exactly as I tell you to."

For an hour the peddler's scheme was discussed, and he then resumed his way.

The Barnes farm was on a main highway, and somebody was passing every few minutes. One morning farmers driving to the village two miles beyond pulled their teams up short at an unawakened sight. Abe and his sister were digging with pick and spade in a grove near the road. They had evidently been at work since midnight, for there were several holes in which a calf could have been buried.

"Hey, Abe, are you digging a well here?" was called, but neither Abe nor his sister pretended to hear.

"What one farmer said to himself as he drove on half a dozen did, and that was:

"By thunder, but I thought that tin peddler was kidding when he told of buried treasure in the Barnes farm. Abe and his sister must have got a pinner and are digging for it. Consarn 'em! If they find it they ought to be made to divide."

Three peddlers did his work well over three counties. On the fifth day of the digging a wheeler came twenty miles to look Cynthia over. He shook his head and backed off, but heard some one whisper that the treasure amounted to \$1,000,000 in gold. He therefore drew a long breath, braced up and sold to Cynthia:

"It's love at first sight with me."

"But we may not find the money," she replied.

"It is a wife to love me, and to money," he gallantly lied. And inside