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A YANKEE IN GRAY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS, "M QUAD."

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Kenton made no reply to Steve Brayton's inquiry, but the latter noticed a look on the young man's face he had never seen there before. The Virginian by adoption had pursued the course he thought was right. He had done his duty under all circumstances and had been thoroughly loyal to the cause which he espoused. Those beside whom he fought had made every attempt to degrade and disgrace him and drive him out of the service. If he had not enlisted, he would have been called a traitor and driven away from his home with bodily injury. He had joined the ranks to be suspected and denounced. As the case now stood he could not leave the southern cause without being returned on the rolls as a deserter. If exchanged, he would be put on trial, and he realized that enough influence could

yo'r head?" asked Steve after a few minutes of silence. "A good many things," was the re-

ply. "I've been figgerin a bit. Both Captain Wyle and the major are now down on yo'. If yo' ever gits back to the Confederacy, they'll shet yo' up or shoot yo'. Can't yo' see it?''

"It looks that way to me." "The Yanks may keep us six months, and doorin that time thar's goin to be a heap of lyin about yo' to that gal. She'll be told that yo' deserted or mebbe that yo' are dead. Yo' kin bet Captain Wyle won't let no grass grow under his feet. I've hearn that she was over in the mountains.'

"And I was told that Captain Wyle and his critter company had bin sent back yere to help hold the Yankees. Can't yo' see?" "Yes, but I can't act."

"Why not? It's comin on dark, and it's goin to rain. See how the line has straggled! Them bluecoats hain't got more'n one eye open. Tell yo' what my plan is. Let's make a dash fur it! It hain't over 20 miles to whar yo'r gal is. Go'n see her. She's powerful level headed, and I reckon she may give yo' some good advice. Yo'll hev a show to explain things anyway, and that will make dough of the captain's cake." "And what about you?" asked Ken-

'Waal, I'd just as lief run up thar with yo'. I ain't jest exactly satisfied about all this thing. Mebbe I'll surrender to the Yanks agin, and mebbe the major pile it on and be hanged to him! I want a day or two to think it over. What do yo' say?'

"I'm agreed," replied Kenton after a moment's thought. "That's bizness! Jest about 40 rods down yere I'll give yo' the word. We nns will break for them woods to the right. We'll be fired on and mebbe killed, but we've got to take chances.

Once we reach the woods we are safe." The afternoon was rapidly fading into dusk, and a fine rain had begun to fall. The cavalrymen were strung out so that there were gaps of several feet between ing songs and seemed in good spirits the vigilance of the captors was naturally relaxed. The wall which inclosed the field on the right suddenly ended, and then came a field which was open because the fencing had been used by soldiers from one side or the other for their campfires. It was a distance of about 30 rods to the edge of the woods, and it was likely they would not only be fired on, but pursued by some of the troopers. Brayton stepped into the road ahead of Kenton, increased his pace to reach the center of a gap between two

horsemen and suddenly threw up his hand as a signal. Both men were well into the field and running at the top of their speed before an alarm was raised. Three or four of the troopers on that side opened fire with their carbines, but pursuit was prevented by a dozen other prisoners evincing a disposition to also make a bolt. Some of the half dozen bullets came unpleasantly near, but not one struck the fugitives, and in two or three minutes they were safe in the woods. With darkness already at hand, there

was no tear of pursuit. "Yank, we uns did that as neat as a b'ar backin down a bee tree!" said Steve as they stopped to recover their breath and shake hands.

"And now what?" asked Kenton. "Now fur the mountains. Reckon we'd best put on steam and git out o'

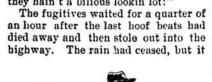
this locality as soon as possible: I know this ground and will lead the way." Stopping to rest for a few minutes every hour or so, the pair held their course for the Alleghanies and about 3 o'clock in the morning turned into a

thicket among the foothills to rest and sleep. It was still raining, and the night was raw and cold, but they crept into the thick bushes and were soon fast asleep. It was 8 o'clock before they opened their eyes and then only because disturbed by a great clatter on the highway only a few yards distant. Brayton was the first to move forward and make an investigation. He returned in four or five minutes to say: "I can't jest make 'em out. Thar's

about a hundred men, and all on critters, and the hull heap are southerners, but only a few are in uniform. They can't be recruits goin to the army, because they are goin the wrong way.' "It may be a Confederate raiding or

scouting party," suggested Kenton. "Mebbe so, but we uns don't want

nuthin to do with 'em. Hang me if they hain't a bilious lookin lot!'





Both men were running at the top of their speed before an alarm was raised. was a lowering morning, and they were sharp set for breakfast. The log house of a farmer was plain to view a quarter of a mile down the road, and they made sure they would find something to eat there. In a few words they agreed on the story they were to tell if questioned, and 10 minutes later they were at the door of the house. It was opened to them by the farmer's wife. She was a strong advocate of the southern cause, and the sight of their Confederate uniforms brought a cheerful invitation to

enter and sit down to breakfast. "Don't you uns belong with that crowd which jest passed up the road?" Steve Brayton took it upon himself to

"It's Kurnel Mosby and his gang. They hain't much on the fight, I reckon, git out. Most of 'em are farmers, and pews came, it was from Captain Wyle | me news that Mr. Kenton is alive, I'll

some of 'em live around yere. Whar did you uns cum from?"

Steve told her of 'the fight with Custer and their escape the night before, and she lifted her hands and cried out: "Then you uns dun seen the Yan-"Yes'm.

"Reg'lar live Yankee sogers?" "And yo' got away alive?"

"Waal, I wouldn't 'a' believed it! Mrs. Sam Duncan dun tole me them Yankees killed everybody with tomahawks as soon as they got holt of 'em!

fore on horseback, and therefore it was impossible to grant the colonel's re-

and asked: "What command do you fellers be-

quest. The sergeant was going away

pany," replied Kenton. Where is it?"

"I don't know." "Humph! Whar yo' goin?" Steve, who had been roiled by the sergent's supercilious airs and lofty tone. 'Oh, it hain', eh? Mebbe yo've got a pass in yo'r pocket to allow of yo'r rambling around the kentry? If so, I'll

take a look at it." "Yo' hain't big enough!" "What! Now you uns either show a

guarding the stores at Harrisonburg, and the Federal cavalry came in yesterday and' 'Whar's yo'r pass?" interrupted the

'Whar's yo'rs?'' demanded Steve. 'Show yo'r pass, or I'll take yo' to

I'll go back to the company and let | not to interrupt him. "We are Confed-Harrisonburg by the Federals yesterday forenoon, but escaped at dark last night. Therefore we have no pass and do not

"Yo' may be all right, and yo' may be a couple of Yankee spies!" replied the sergeant. "If yo' are straight, yo'll come along with me and explain to the 'Deed, but yo've got to come, straight or crooked!"

He had left his revolver and carbine on the saddle. He started for his horse, but Steve was there before him. He had stepped softly out while Kenton was explaining and was now in possession of both firearms and a supply of ammunition. Even as the trooper reached the gate Steve gave his horse a slap and sent him galloping away and then turned and asked:

Who's takin anybody to see the kurnel? Sorter 'pears to me that vo've dun stubbed yo'r toe and fell down!"

trayed his anxiety. 'Goin to git shet of yo' about the fust thing!" answered Steve. "Left face! Forward march! Keep goin right down the road till yo' find the kurnel and then give him our love!"

The trooper marched away without a backward look, and when he was lost

That whole crowd will be after us inside of a hour." him, he'd hev tooken us, and besides that it suddenly occurred to me that

year of war seems to fly more swiftly of war are made up of its dead, its hours of burials, its days of battles, its weeks of campaigns which move a nation, its months, of black figures relating the number of widows and orphans and the tens of millions of dollars expended, its years of despair and desolation crying

she could be moved, but she did not. Where would be begin or end? In no fy dat Mars Kenton was killed. Shoo. epoch of history were mothers, wives now, honey, but doan' yo' believe any and daughters called upon for greater sich story!" sacrifices, nor were sacrifices ever so

engraved the words of praise and commendation so justly their due. When Marian became convinced that if Mrs. Baxter had any plan afoot it fur Harrisonburg. When I git dar, I kiu was to play the spy and forward the find out if Mars Kenton was killed." cause of Captain Wyle, she did not let the matter worry her. A sort of truce Ben.' was declared between the woman and Uncle Ben, and yet he did not cease to de road an am feelin purty good. By suspect and to watch her. He found distime tomorrer I'll be back wid do out that Ike had been exchanged and had rejoined his company, and on two occasions he had good reasons to believe that the man secretly met her in the neighborhood of the house. Owing to Nobody can't diskiber what hain't so, at long intervals that Marian heard from prove dat he wasn't dun killed." Royal Kenton. For a month previous

during, and yet no state or community

was of little or no moment to her, he having become 'suspicious of Kenton and suggesting the detail which was day or two before that the Federals had entire Confederate command. What he great!"

If the captain hoped that Marian would betray her real feeling, he was information every vestige of color fled from her face, and she seemed about to

"Only rumored, but"---"But you believe the rumor will be confirmed?"

he for some reason best known to him-"Captain Wyle, you wrong him, living or dead!" exclaimed Marian as sha braced herself against the shock caused by report of the rumors. "He enlisted ecause he was imbued with the same

"He has acted very strangely for a Virginia patriot, I must declare," said

"How strangely?" she demanded as the color began to return to her cheeks and her eyes to flash.

might have a spy within our lines." 'And who made them believe it? Royal Kenton has periled his life in the cause oftener than any man in your company or regiment! Tell me of one single instance where an honest, unbiased man could have questioned his loyalty!'

Why was he left behind, detailed to guard stores, and that at General Jackson's suggestion?" asked the cap-

"You are already possessed of that knowledge!" she scathingly replied. There has been a conspiracy against him from the very outset, and it is not the fault of the conspirators that he was not assassinated before a battle had been

"Private Kenton, if alive, should feel have met them and know where they grateful for such championship!" "It is my duty to champion him! I

tain that there was more than friendship between them he had hoped that things had not gone that far. As she stood before him and looked into his eyes and spoke the words which made his heart fall like lead he was dumb for a moment. Her face was set and hard, and he realized that his fate was sealed forever. There was but one thing for him to do, and he did it. Though rage and despair filled his heart, he did not forget the fact that he was a born southerner. It required all his nerve to take his leave gracefully, but he accomplished the feat, and it was only when he was

and his smiles were replaced by wicked "Southern chivalry" has been held up to ridicule and scorn, but only by the ignorant or by those who had a purpose to accomplish. Chivalry was born in the heart of the true southerner; it came down to him legitimately in the blood. Now and then he may forget himself in

in the saddle that curses passed his lips

the mother's condition was still regarded as dangerous, and she must not even suspect the sad blow which had fallen

tain's departure Marian appeared in the old man's quarters to find him cobbling entered and before she could say a word, pened. Am de good missus gwine to

thin to make yo' feel bad?" "Uncle Ben, I have heard sorrowful



to fall. "Captain Wyle told me he had heard that Mr. Kenton was dead-

killed over at Harrisonburg a day or two ago.' "I shall nebber dun believe it!" be exclaimed. "Dat Mars Kenton he doan" write no mo', but dat hain't 'cause he

was dead. It's 'cause de possoffis was all turned upside down." "But they had a battle a day or two ago, Uncle Ben, and Mr. Kenton was

"Whar was dat battle?" "Near Harrisonburg."

"But I'm-I'm afraid it's true!" cheerfully made. Brave, patriotic, en- sobbed, breaking down at last. "See yere, chile," said the old man has reared a marble shaft on which is after a bit, with tears in his own eyes, "yo' jiss keep quiet till we find out all about it. I'll hev dis shoe fixed in 'bont 10 minutes, an den I'll start

> "But it's almost dark now. Uncle "Makes no difference, honey, I know

"But what if you should discover that-that"---"Dat Mars Kenton was railly killed? the interruption of the mails, it was only kin dey? I'ze gwine ober dar jest to "Uncle Ben," said Marian as she to the battle in which he was captured placed a hand on either shoulder and

himself on his second visit to the Ha- | make you a free man before the week

"Hu! What I want to leave yo' an ered in the valley, and his stay was de missus an becum free nigger fur? brief. While his welcome was fairly Reckon I wants to go to de porehouse cordial, he realized that circumstances or jail? Hain't I allus bin like one o' were not propitious for any approach to de family? Could de family git along the subject nearest his heart, and he widout Uncle Ben? Whar would yo'

"That's true, Uncle Ben. You were born on the place, and you know how mentioned the fact of General Jackson much we all think of you. It would break our hearts to have you go, slave though you are and always have been made and of his having heard only a in the eyes of the law. But you shall be rewarded, Uncle Ben. Only bring descended on the post and captured the me good news, and your reward shall be "Hush up dat noise, honey!" he chid-

ed as he made ready to depart. "If yo'll let de ole man lib right on in de family, dat'll be reward 'nuff, I'll be back by foah o'clock tomorrer, and not disappointed. As she received his I'll bring yo' de news dat Mars Kenton am all right." Marian watched him as he strode

bravely down the frozen highway and

vanished into the dusk of evening, and as she turned away fresh tears came to her eyes, and she murmured: Brave and unselfish old slave! God grant that he may bring a message to

relieve my anxietics!" CHAPTER XXII. While Uncle Ben was slowly progressing along the frozen and slippery highway, and when he had reached a point about three miles from Rest Haven, he suddenly encountered about a dozen men, most of whom were mounted. All but one were in citizens' dress, and he at first supposed them to be farmers. They rushed upon the old man with a shout, and pistols and knives were flour-

'Hang him up!" 'Slice off his ears!"

"Build a fire and roast him if he lies "Fo' de Lawd, gem'len, but what's de matter?" asked the old man as soon as he could get in a word. "We want them two Yankees!" shouted three or four men in chorus.

'W-what Yankees? I nebber dun

ished before his face as the gang cried

seen a Yankee sence dat big army went by de house on hors'back!" 'Yo' lie, yo' old black faced devil!" said the leader as he got off his horse and seized Uncle Ben by the collar. "Now, then, tell us where they are hiding! Don't pretend to us that vo' have not seen 'em, for we know better! Ont with it now, or yo' won't live two min-

"What yo' mean?" asked the old man, who was badly upset over the sudden attack. "We mean just this: We've been following two Yankee spies along the mountain nearly all day. One of them was wounded about an hour ago. They

ntes!

now are. Did they send yo' for a doc-'Nebber, sah, nebber! I tole yo' de troof. I nebber did meet up wid nobody sence I started from de house!

were headed this way, and yo' must

'From what house?' 'Dat house back dar which b'longs to Missus Percy. Mebbe yo' knowed de Percys of Winchester?" "The Percys, eh? Are you a Percy

"Yes, sah, an de only one dat's left. "And where were you going?" "Down to Harrisonburg, sah, to git news 'bout dat battle dey fout dar de odder day. I hain't seed a single pusson on de road, an if yo' was to kill me

I dun couldn't tell yo' nuffin 'bout no They had looked upon it as just a chance that Uncle Ben had encountered the men they were after, and their vigorous measures were intended to frighten the information out of him. While he was trembling and afraid, his tones satisfied the crowd that he was telling the truth. It wouldn't do to let him down too easily, however. The negroes of the country were breaking over all rules and regulations and traveling

about at night to confer with each other and plan escapes to the Federal camps. "Now, then," said the leader of the band, "yo' have had a powerful close call, and yo' want to remember it! Niggers have no business away from home after dark. Yo' were probably going to Harrisonburg to give yo'self up to the Yankees, but we'll spoil that little

game! This will do yo' a heap of good!" And thereupon, holding Uncle Ben with his left hand by a firm grip on his collar, he used a rawhide over the old man's back and legs with his right and administered the first whipping of his step around mighty softly an pick 'em life. When his arm had grown weary, he stopped and said:

"Now, yo' make a beeline for home and don't stop to rest on the way! If any other prowling niggers ask yo' about that battle at Harrisonburg, yo' tell him yo' was in it and got licked! Gee-

As the old man headed for Rest Haven the gang of men rode in the other direction. He stepped out at a lively pace until hidden by the darkness and then stopped and turned to shake his

"White man, I'ze only a pore ole nigger, but somebody has got to bleed fur dis! Nobody ebber put a whip on Uncle Ben befo' sence he was a pickaniany, an I'll kill yo' fur dat as shore as I ebber

He at first thought of resuming his journey toward Harrisonburg, but a moment's reflection convinced him that if he fell into the hands of the same party again his life would be in peril. He realized how much disappointed Marian would be, but he would return and report and perhaps make a new start. He had covered two miles of the back track when at a turn in the road a man stepped out from the rocks at his left and

"Who are yo'?" "Uncle Ben Percy. 'What, is that yo,' Uncle Ben?" "Fur shore, but I hain't dun met up

wid no Yankee spies, jess as I told yo' 'Uncle Ben, don't yo' un know me?" asked the man as he came nearer. "I've

"Fo' de Lawd! Yes, I 'member yo'r voice! I dun teckoned yo' was some mo of dat crowd what was gwine ter kill

"Hev yo' met up with anybody?" "Do Lawd furgive me, but I has! Back dar 'bout two miles a gang o' white men stopped me an war gwine to shute me dead an cut my froat! Dey said I had sawn some Yankee spies, an "Dat's a right smart step from yere, bekase I dun hadn't seen nobody 'tall dev giv me de moas' powerful lickin on

> "Yankee spies?" queried Steve. "Ah, I understand! And are yo' with the Percy fam'ly, Uncle Ben?"

"Fur shore." "Do they uns live nigh vere?" " 'Bout a mile away, sah.

"And whar war yo' goin when yo' met up with that crowd?" "I'd dun started fur Harrisonburg to git news 'bout dat big battle. Dat Cap'an Wyle he was long yere today an told Miss Sunshine dat Mars Kenton was killed ober dar!"

"He did?" "Yes, sah, an den Miss Sunshine cum out to me wid her face as white as snow an tears in her eyes an a big lump in her froat, an when I seed how powerful she felt I dun said I would go an find out dat Mars Kenton was all right." "See yere, Uncle Ben, I've got sunthin to tell yo'!' said Brayton as he

though we are not Yankee spies. Mars | the "poor whites." Thus it was that | was hit and fell, but he struggled up | the garden, cook, wash, iron, sweep, | During the early part of its career | from all excitement.

Kenton was badly wounded jest befo' The Baxter, picking up his crumbs of dark, and I had to carry he un on my back fur a couple of miles. Uncle Ben. yo' must go to the house and git blanstable or around the stove of the barkets and bandages and sunthin fur us room, was something of a local champion in the matter of Yankee hating. If to eat. Yo' must also bring that gal yere, but not tonight. Tomorrer will Kenton had not stood between him and military glory, he would still have felt do fur her, but we must hev the other things tonight."

"Fur de luv of heaben, but how yo"

do talk!" gasped the old man. "Den Mars Kenton be wasn't killed at Har-"And he dun got shot tryin to git ober yere today?"

"Yes. Is Ike Baxter's wife at the "Her am, an she dun jest hates Mars Kenton. "Then yo' must be keerful. Try and

see the gal alone. Tell her she must send the things tonight, but not to come herself till tomorrer. Go now as fast as an, but his return aroused her, and her yo' kin. I'll be waitin fur yo' right yere on this spot. Hold on a minit. Hev yo' got a gun at the house?" "Yes, a double bar'l'd shotgun."

"Then bring it back with yo', and powder and shot and Lips. If we hev a fout yere, it will be at clus range, and buckshot will be better'n bullets." "Fo' de Lawd!" muttered the old

man as he set off at his best pace. "Dat Cap'an Wyle he lie to Miss Sunshine. Den Miss Sunshine wants me to go to Harrisonburg. Den I meet up wid some gorillas an git switched till I smart like pepper. Den I start fur home an meet dat Steve Brayton an find out dat Mars Kenton hain't dead but hurted, an de Lawd only knows what's gwine to happen tomorrer!"

The invalid mother had fallen into a

light sleep, and Marian sat thinking. She and Mrs. Baxter had taken turns at watching with the sick, and this was her night, while the other had gone to the help's quarters. Uncle Ben need not have been cautioned about Mrs. Baxter, as he felt that he thoroughly understood her disposition. He turned off the road to approach the house from another direction, and so softly did he draw near that the first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window pane. He pressed his old black



The first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window. face against the glass that she might know who was there, and a moment later she stood outside the door with a shawl thrown over her head. "You are back, Uncle Ben-what's

the matter?" she asked. "Heaps de mattah, Miss Sunshine, heaps. I dun met up wid mo' dan fo'ty bushels o' trubble! I'ze news fur yo'!' "You-you met some one who told you about Mr. Kenton?" "Fur shore! Dat Cap'an Wyle lie to

yo'! Mars Kenton he dun git away arter dat battle, 'long wid Steve Bray-"I orter hev run he un right down an made him show me the way! Now "Thank God!" she whispered as she raised her clasped hands to the bright

stars in the winter sky. "But dar's trubble, Miss Sunshineheaps o' trubble! Dey was tryin to git ober yere when some gorillas reckoned dey was Yankee spies an dun shotted Mars Kenton. He hain't dead, but he's bad hurt, an he's lyin in the bresh an rocks down yere 'bout a mile. I met dat Steve Brayton, an he dun tole me

all 'bout it.' "Royal Kenton wounded-badly hurt and lying in the brush this winter's night!" moaned Marian as she grasped Uncle Ben by the arm.

"Hist dar!" he cautioned. "We mustn't woke up de missus or dat Baxter woman. Now, den, yo' be brave. Yo's got to be! Steve Brayton he dun said I was to bring back blankets an bandages an sunthin to eat. We must

'And I will go back with you! God grant that his life may be spared!" "Hush, chile! Yo' can't go wid me tonight, but tomorrer. Dat's what Steve Brayton dun said. When I git back dar. I'll see Mars Kenton wid my own eves, an I'll tell him all 'bout yo, an I'll stay right dar all night an nuss "Oh, Uncle Ben, but I feel that I

must go to him"--"Hush! Yo' jess git all dem fings what I spoke of packed up fur me as quick as yo' kin an let me go back! If yo' want dem gorillas to finish Mars Kenton, yo' jest make a fuss so dat Mrs. Baxter will open dem big ears o' hern an find out de news!"

CHAPTER XXIII. As was stated in a previous chapter, Captain Wyle's company, along with others, had been returned to the valley and placed under the orders of General Imboden. Ike Baxter and the others captured at Kernstown had rejoined the company when exchanged. Ike felt more than ever that Royal Kenton was an enemy he must get rid of, and Captain Wyle encouraged this feeling in various ways, though never openly and

in his mental struggle. The day came

obstacle by any means possible.

he had met her secretly.

directly committing himself. On two Uncle Ben.' occasions Ike had been granted leave of absence to visit his wife. Both times The spirit which animated this humble twain will surprise only those who have never encountered the "poor whites" of the south. Nine out of ten of the bloody and long continued feuds we read of in southern communities begin among the poor and ignorant. The cause is generally of trifling character. The "poor white" may be humbled by the law, but outside of the courtroom he hates with an intensity hard to realize. He is persistent, cunning, merciless. Ike Baxter had never had an ambition in his life up to the hour he enlisted. He could barely read and write, was naturally lazy and indifferent and felt no pride in anything except the fact that he was "better than When he found that corporals and sergeants were looked up to him to throw himself down on his knees and moan out: and respected, there came a queer feeling in his heart. He could not credit what am Miss Sunshine gwine to say an it at first, but Captain Wyle aided him

and made a run of if, with Steve Brayof blood finally brought the wounded

who has fout 'longside o' me so often!' was the hearty reply. "Thar was only three of 'em when they fust popped at two now, and mebbe one o' them is wuss off than yo' ar'! I hain't been shootin five or six times jest fur the fun of it! If yo' can't walk, yo've got to be car-

Heeding none of Kenton's protests, the faithful fellow got him on his back and picked his route through scrubs and over rocks until he reached the spot where Uncle Ben found them. He knew it was within a mile or two of Rest Haven, and he was about starting for the house when the old man came along.

"I'll take a trot up the road and see how the nigger's dead man is," said Steve when he could do no more for Kenton. "It's my everlastin opinyun body stumbles over it."

In the course of 20 minutes he reached the spot, but no man, living or dead, was to be found. He made a thorough hunt, but nothing could be discovered.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A TARIFF CATECHISM.

things are so very queer: Q. What is the meaning of the word

Q. What is the meaning now? A. A certain sum forced from the people by land pirates. Q. Why do you say taken by force? A. Because congress says to the peo-

ple, "Stand and deliver." "How do I know but what dat wom-Q. Stand and deliver to whom? an dun heard me git de gun an is fol-A. To the manufacturers, etc. lerin me?" he whispered to himself. Q. In what part of the constitution does congress find power to pass a law

Q. Give the book, chapter and verse. taken away even that he hath." sense of being Democratic-a govern-

ed almost within arm's length to mut-O. What do you mean by aristo-A. A government wherein the few to support the privileged few.

ment in which the people rule?

A. No. It is aristocratic.

duces iron, or cotton goods, or woolen the cussed Yankee may git away from goods, you shall pay him so much

goes to the rich. Q. Is that the only reason congress A. No. It says the tariff is intended experienced before Uncle Ben clubbed to foster infant industries at home.

> A. No. They are a hundred years Q. What date has congress fixed for A. When Gabriel blows his horn. One congressman did move to make the time later, but when reminded that asbestos was not protected, he said he would withdraw his motion, "as it would do no good after Gabe

blew." He sighed and sat down. O. What is the meaning of a protective tariff? A. Protection of the rich from getting poor, and of the poor from getting

Q. What is the difference between the tenants in Ireland and the farmers in America? A. None. In both cases the tax gatherer lives in the East and the sheriff is and next instant brought the heavy

after both.

the condition of Irish tenants and American farmers? A. Yes. The tenants are too poor to stay, and the farmers too poor to and showery, stormy weather, with

A. No. It improves their morals: keeps them contented; keeps down useless desires. Q. How does protection produce such happy results? A. The poor have to work so hard

and their desires are kept dormant. That brings content. BOYS AND GIRLS.

and mind. from a library to boys and girls, and wide districts of the country. As, a by way of experiment give a boy a precautionary measure, we urge all our girl's book, he will almost invariably readers to make all possible provisions sunstroke. Everyone should be famil-

ten, wishes she were a boy. mothers who insist on having their water alone. boys learn to do what is commonly Either sex can harness a horse, hoe in | fresh breath.

sew, without changing by so doing their essential natures.

In our schools and colleges for girls, are taught light and heavy gymnastics, rowing, swimming, and athletic exer- and when the tadpole is a complete cises without regard to sex, though re- | frog it has no tail at all, but swims by gard is had to the fitness of the indi- kicking. vidual scholar for the exercise given her. In mixed schools, where physical exercises form a part of the daily routine, no distinction is made between of fore-legs, so that it is really a very poys and girls, both take the same ex- funny looking object. ercises, and enjoy them with appa-

rently equal zest. and continue to be along into woman- wade in pools where it abounds hood, as free and untrammeling as that of boys and men, the time will have see so often on logs in a stagnant pool,

JOHN CALVIN.

John Calvin, the founder of what is known as "Calvinism," was a great lawyer, as well as a student of the-

While engaged in the prosecution of his legal studies, the learned men of swer to the question, whether or not goes under the mud for the winter, marry the widow of his brother. The at least another summer and someyoung lawyer, without hesitancy, gave times more before it has the full right to it as his opinion that such a marriage be called a frog. was illegal and ought to be declared null and void.

The life of Calvin has exercised a wonderful influence upon the world's Christianity. This noted man was a native of France and was born in the province of Picardy, on the 9th of

His father's name was Gerard, and John was the second of six children. He was reared in the faith of the Catholic church and his parents were distinguished for their deep piety. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, where he mastered the study of Latin. Here he remained for several years. His father designed him for priesthood, and his early education was bent in this direction, but giving up this purpose, he sent him to a famous law school. At this place his proficiency was such that he was frequently called upon to supply the va-

cancies in the professorship. He was destined, however, to remain but a short while in the practice of law. He was prevailed upon by his association with Martin Luther to enter the ministry. After the death of his father, in 1532, he went to Paris, where he applied himself with vigor to the study of theology.

In Paris a new rector, whose name is-not given, was to preach his first sermon. Feeling his inablity, he applied to Calvin for assistance. The atter wrote the entire sermon, and as Q. Then where did it find the pow- rector had to fly for his life. Calvin's alarms going and the pressing of nua result of the views expressed the share in the act was also discovered, and he was obliged to leave Paris. He clad himself in a vine dresser's frock and secretly made his escape. He found shelter at the residence of the queen of Navarre, who was known to favor the reformation, and there he completed the manuscript of his won-

the Christian Religion." He was then only twenty-four years old. Calvin next retired into Switzerland, finding that opposition to the reformation was too violent in France. Here, in 1535, he completed his "Manual." In the following years he visited Italy. Geneva, however, was des-Q. Explain how the tariff law estab- tined to become the final abode of the 1536 to 1564, he carried on his life's work. The friends of the reformacause this or that man is rich and pro- tion were beginning to lose hope on account of the passing away of their great leaders. The man of the hour was Calvin. He had the brain, the education and the courage which were needed to carry on the great work.

He thus became the acknowledged leader of the reformation. Calvin died in 1565, at the age of system of theology which has started into being all of the Protestant churches of the present day. No monument to the great reformer has ever been

HICKS'S FORECASTS FOR JUNE. Fair weather will prevail in most parts of the continent at the opening of June. A storm period, together with the new moon, is central on the 3d. The conjunction of Jupiter and Neptune with each other, as well as the earth and moon, all being on a line with the sun, brings to bear a combination of rare occurrence, and which no doubt will affect in a perceptible way the general meteorology our globe. A warm wave of much severity will pass over the country from about the 2d to 6th, the centre of dangerous storm disturbances being on the 3d. 4th, and 5th. There are marked indications of earthquake perturbations on and about these same dates. A wave of cooler air from polar regions will flow in after the disturbances and dominate the weather for several days. On and touching the 9th and 10th it will grow very warm again, and series of rains and Q. Is there any other similarity in storms will set in, with many prospects of continuing indefinitely. This is the entrance of the summer solstice,

unusual displays of lightning, may be expected until the solstice period is passed. A storm period is central on the 14th an equinox of Mercury is central on the 16th, and the full moon is on the 18th, all within a few days of the earth's turning point, on the 21st. Therefore, many startling electrical to support the rich they have no time storms will be natural from about the 14th, until after the reactionary disturbances due normally about the 20th and 21st. A peculiar and often surprising feature of the solstice storms. is the tendency of clouds to whirl into retrograde motion, storms appearing to arise from easterly directions, and drenching the earth with unlooked for downpours. This solstice period being well within the Jupiter period, many very heavy rains and local cloudbursts will be most natural. About the 22d expected, with a probable cessation of rains and storms. The last June storm period is from the 26th to the 29th, during which time a wave of intense warmth will pass over this country as well as other parts of the globe, and many atmospheric and electrical disoccupations, not because they are mas- turbances may be expected about the culine, but because the exercise they 26th to 29th. The Venus equinox, give is vigorous, and calls into exer- central on July 11th, promises rain for ous capabilities of the body the most of that month; but we believe the tendency will be to local If you have the giving out of books cloudburst, with dryness covering many

FROM TADPOLE TO FROG.

considered the work of girls, and who soon loses the outside part of its gills should be used. Ammonia and water do not find that it makes boys femiland breathes air, so that it has to may be given if necessary. nine any more than participation in come to the surface of the water every

the tadpole swims by sculling with a long tail. After awhile its legs begin to grow out, the hind-legs coming first. The tail gets to be shorter and shorter,

NO. 23.

When half frog and half tadpole it still has a good deal of tail, and in addition big hind-legs and mere sprouts

The tadpole cats water plants, but when it becomes a frog it feeds on ani-All this is in the right direction, mal life and has even been known to and when the clothing of girls shall be, nibble at the toes of small boys who

Tadpoles eat the green moss that we

gone by when physically women will and they have a good appetite for soft be to so great an extent the "weaker | decaying water-growths. As they thus devour a great amount of matter that would make it unhealthful to live near a stagnant pond, they are really

useful creatures. In captivity they will generally eat meat as well as bran, and, as a special relish will sometimes lunch on one

another's tails. The common frog gets its final shape Europe were called upon for an au- in the first season, but the bullfrog Henry VIII, of England, did right to when still a tadpole, and it takes He is some four years from the egg

come a bull frog until two years more. MELTING OLD JEWELRY. "Looks funny, doesn't it? All the

when in full growth, and does not be-

same there are a dozen of those machines going at least once a week in this city that the public never heard about before. When you understand it you will be able to tell your friends what becomes of the gold and silver they leave with their 'uncle' and never redeem. 'On the dead,' now; don't give me away and I will tell you some of the secrets of the pawnbrokers' trade." The remark was made in a little dark room in the rear of one of the big loan offices of Chicago to a reporter for The Tribune of that city. The proprictor went on to say the reports show that 10 to 15 per cent, of all the articles placed in "hock" are never called for. Then, often gold and silver are purchased outright by the pennyweight or ounce, and in one way or another, a large amount of the precious metals is accumulated. To turn old style goods into ready cash is the problem that confronts the loan broker. Bankrupt stocks of new designs and fresh goods fill the cases in the counters and show windows, and the old material goes into new golden eagles with Uncle

Sam's stamp upon them. On the floor of the back room, reached after setting half a dozen electric vance looking like a 6-inch tile stood pipes by its side. A copper pan, some iron tools, and some bowls that look like common flower pots, lay on the

"This copper barrel," said the proprictor, "is filled with naptha; these pipes lead to this tile or furnace; this andle here is for the forcing of air behind the naptha so that it will make a strong blast; these pots are crucibles. Into the furnace we place the crucible, into the crucible goes the gold. Hot isn't it? So hot that we are compelled to wear colored glasses to see what's going on. But that's nothing to the way the thing is done in Uncle Sam's furnaces. Now here goes to fill the

Into the stone jar went gold watches and chains with family histories crests and initials, souvenir spoons and breast pins of forgotten dates, rings that could have spoken of wedding bells and birthdays in the long ago, golden charms, scarf pins with the jewels removed, and odds and ends, collected in a week's trade. The estimated value of the hatful of stock was \$1,000 in pure gold. Into the melting collection went a handful of borax. That was to make the gold flow when sufficiently melted. There was no

smoke, nothing but the sickly smell of

naptha, the noise of the blast and the

To get a closer look at the melting

glittering whiteness of the crucible.

gold a pair of green glasses was furnished. As the broker stirred the contents of the crucible with an iron poker, black bubbles would come to the top, pieces of coarser metal would be seen struggling to the surface, only to sink into the yellow gold, now turned to fluid. The broker lifted the crucible out of the furnace and poured its contents into an iron mold and the borax turning black as it hit the water. stayed on top. In a few moments the borax was knocked off and out fell a bar of gold weighing several pounds, 8 inches long and probably 3 of an inch square. After cleaning, the bar was laid aside for shipment to the treasury. "We do this once a week," said the proprietor, as he shut off the valve to the naptha barrel. "From here the bars go to Washington by express. Before its value is returned we will pay out nearly \$4 on \$1,000. At Uncle Sam's works the bar will be remelted by a fiercer heat. Then the melted mass will be poured into water, where it will form into shots or pellets of gold and silver and copper. These pellets are then placed in acid and the different metals separated. No you can't fool the government for a minute. Science does the work in good shape. After this process the treasury ships gold eagles for the gold and silver contained in the bar. So you see the old battered watch case, the broken chain, or out of date ornament comes back in new coin of the realm. Over \$200,000 worth of gold bars is sent from Chicago brokers in just this way, and not one person in 10,000 ever sees how the melting is done. Of course many gold coins are made into jewelry, and in course of time are sent back through our crucibles once more. This is on account of change of style in gold ornaments of all kinds which is constantly going on. Any profit? Oh, yes, we figure on all such things. An article pawned means to us only its weight in the crucible with a profit deducted. This profit may be 6 or it may be 12 per cent. A chain weighing \$10 worth of gold we buy for \$8.50, or some less. The \$1.50 is for profit, handling and the risk. Yes, it's quite a business, and many a family history has been told in the golden heirlooms that have

FOR SUNSTROKE.-In view of the phia police department has issued the following directions for the course of treatment to be pursued in case of

fallen into a loan broker's crucible.

iar with these rules: Remove patient to a cool and shady upon the head and chest and wrists until consciousness returns. Apply ice to the head and rub the body with it; There is probably nothing in the an- but if the skin is cold no ice should be imal kingdom which meets with more applied. When practicable, the patient should be put into a bath at 70 degrees, to reduce the temperature. In heat exhaustion, stimulants should is below normal as shown by the skin In its early days, however, a tadpole being cold and clammy, the hot bath

boy's work makes girls masculine. few minutes, like a porpoise, to take a a second attack, and should do no



she asked as they fell to eating. answer in the negative and then asked

Yo' uns must hev bin powerful cute to git away." she gasped. Breakfast had been finished when there came a knock at the door, and next moment a man in the uniform of a Confederate cavalry sergeant entered the cabin. He had been sent back by Colonel Mosby, he said, to ask for the be brought to bear to further disgrace loan of a horse and equipments. He "Look yere, Yank, what's botherin used the term "loan," but it was pretty plain that he meant to take no refusal. The woman replied that her husband had set out for Woodstock the night be-

> without a word to our two friends, but after reaching his horse he returned "To Captain Wyle's cavalry com-

"None of yo'r bizness!" answered

pass, or I'll take yo' along to Kurnel Mosby! He'll mighty soon find out whar yo' belong!" 'You see," began Kenton, who, realized that it was foolish to arouse the man's anger and suspicion, "we were

the kurnel! "I should like to explain the case to said Kenton, motioning to Steve erate soldiers. We were captured at

The sergeant very quietly asked what he was going to do, and his manner be-

to sight by a turn in the road Kenton "Steve, you did a bad thing for us. "Don't holler befo' vo'r hit, Yank!" laughed Steve, "If we ups hadn't tooken

we'd got to hev something to shoot with. Now, then, let's be a-gettin straight up CHAPTER XXI. We have made no note of time. A than a month of peace. The minutes

Winter had fallen upon mountain and valley, upon the blackened ruins of once happy homes, upon blood spot and burial ground. While things had gone very quietly at Rest Haven they had not gone well. Now and then a detachment of Federals or Confederates had galloped past on the stony road, but they had left the family in peace. Letters no

longer came and went. The country was in the hands of the Federals, and many of the inhabitants had fled away. The Percys would have gone before winter set in but for the state of the mother's health. They were waiting and hoping that she would so mend that One autumn night a party of raiders had taken away the horses, and after that Uncle Ben had to make his trips on foot as he scoured the country in search of provisions to keep the family going. In spite of the high prices and general scarcity of all necessaries he managed so well that nearly every want was supplied in some way. On two occasions beyond the one mentioned Federal reconnoitering parties left supplies at the house, and once Captain Wyle sent a store of articles which could have only been gathered at considerable cost and trouble. Both sides pitied the unhappy and defenseless situation of the family, which was only one of hundreds. The sufferings of the southern women during the war have found no historian, and the heroism displayed by them in the face of peril and adversity has not gone down to their children on an we didn't heah de guns. Mebbe de printed pages. Who could write it? dunhad a battle, but dat doan' disquali-

she had heard no word from him. When looked into his eyes, "if you can bring

ven. His company was acting as a isout!' guard for a wagon train of forage gathforced himself to be content with gen- be right now but fur me?"

eralities. Incidentally, as if the matter

added was both false and cruel-viz, that it was rumored that Kenton was among the Confederate killed.

"You-you say it is so rumored?"

"I must say that I do. Mr. Kenton was, I believe, a friend of yours, and of course the news of his death will shock and grieve you. He and I would also have been friends but for his, to say the least, disloyal conduct toward the cause

feeling I hope you were—a feeling that he owed allegiance to Virginia first of

"Every one in my company firmly believes he joined us that the Yankees

am his promised wife!" While Captain Wyle felt pretty cer-

the presence of a man, but never in the Had all been well at Rest Haven, Marian Percy would have given way to her grief and mourned as women do. But

on the daughter. Uncle Ben suspected some calamity from the grief in Marian's face, and from the fact that Mrs. Baxter dodged out and had a word with Captain Wyle at the gate before he rode away. He must have repeated the canard about the death of Kenton, for the woman's face betrayed great satisfaction as she returned to the house. There was a smaller house to lodge the "help," but just then Uncle Ben had it all to himself. About an hour after the cap-

"Look yere, honey," he began as she "I knowed when I saw yo' at de doah an hour ago dat sunthin had dun hapdie, or did dat Captain Wyle say sun-

news!" she answered as her tears began

fist and whisper: git de chance!"

ordered him to halt and added:

talked with yo' many a time in Winchester befo' the war. I'm Steve Bray-

drew him out of the road. "Mars Kenton is up yere among the rocks and

sharp eyes were upon him as he carried away the firearm and loaded himself with the bundles Marian had prepared and brought to the door. She was dressing to follow him as he disappeared down the highway, having a dim suspicion of the state of affairs, when Ike knocked at her window and was admitted. In less than a minute he had related what he saw outside, and she had told him of Uncle Ben taking the gun. "Whar's he un bound fur?" queried "Dunno, but sunthin's happened sumwhar! Yo' must foller him!" "Has that Yankee bin yere?" "No, but the gal's hearn news, fur shore! Reckon he un may be lyin out around yere sumwhar, and the nigger's takin out stuff to him! Git right arter he un, Ike, and if yo' find the Yankee

go'n tell Captain Wyle and hev him

"I'll do better'n that!" grimly re-

plied the man as he stepped out into

cum with his critter company!"

history and his bits of information on

current events at the doors of the livery

a bitterness toward him as a man born

in the north. Uncle Ben's cantious ap-

reference only to Mrs. Baxter. There

was another man stealing through the

darkness and making a noiseless ap-

proach at the same time-Ike Baxter.

caught a sight of him, but he noticed

their every movement and drew his own

conclusions. The gun which the old

man had been told to secure was in his

room in the little house. He had de-

parted from Rest Haven without being

seen or his absence noted by the wom-

Neither Uncle Ben nor Marian Percy

preach to the house on this night had

the night. "If I find that Yankee around yere, I'll put a bullet into him fust and tell Captain Wyle next!" Uncle Ben had only a few hundred yards the start, and the man on his trail soon lessened the distance until he could hear the old man's footsteps and make out a shadowy form through the darkness. There seemed nothing more certain than that he would follow on and uncover the hiding place of the fugitives. For nearly three-quarters of a mile the slave messenger had but one idea-to return to Steve Brayton as fast as possible. He was hurrying along when a sudden thought flashed through his brain, and he instinctively stepped

aside and halted to listen.

"She'd do it! She's powerful wicked, she am! An mebbe some mo' of dem gorillas am waitin long yere to grab me an giv me anodder whippin!" He was listening as well as whispering, and after a minute he heard the sounds of footsteps coming down the shadow of the high bank, dropped his bundles, and taking a firm grip of his gun he mentally resolved to make a fight for it if he was overhauled by the same crowd as before. A few seconds later he realized that only one person was approaching. The footfalls were too heavy for a woman. He had just

"Drat my hide, but has that ole nigheard he un only a minit ago, but him's dun gone now! It was Ike Baxter of course. He stood peering and listening for half a minute government. and then growled:

decided this point when a man loomed

up in the darkness before him and halt-

me! No, he won't though! I'll hunt | money for so many pounds, or yards or over every foot of this country but what I'll find him an hev his scalp!" Uncle Ben did not recognize the man at all, as it had been many months since he had heard Ike Baxter's voice. It was instantly plain to him, however, that the man was a determined enemy and was seeking Royal Kenton's life. Ike took three or four steps forward and stopped again to listen. Noiselessly

and with such a feeling as he had never

his gun, took one silent step forward

him to the earth. The man sank down without a cry or groan, and after waiting half a minute the old man gasped "May de good Lawd dun furgive me, but I had to do it fur Miss Sunshine's He picked up his bundles and hastened on and 10 minutes later was telling Steve Brayton what had happened. 'Glad of it!" replied the latter. "Reckon I orter go up thar and make shore he's dead, fur I sorter think his name are Ike Baxter. Hain't got no

time, though-not jest now. This way,

stock down upon Ike's head and felled

They passed between two great bowlders which had fallen from the bank above, followed a ravine into the hills for about 200 feet, and after a climb up the right hand bank found the hiding place among the rocks. There was a small fire burning against a great bowlder, and on a bed of leaves and branches lay Royal Kenton with a bullet wound in the calf of the right leg. It was a bit of good luck for him in the midst of adversity that the bullet had passed clear through without touching the bone. It was a painful and temporarily disabling wound, and he had lost much of his strength before the bleeding could be checked, but he was inclined to make light of the situation as Brayton and Uncle Ben appeared. The old darky knew Kenton only by sight, but the sight of him lying there in that helpless condition was a call for "Fo' de Lawd an fo' de Lawd, but

do when she knows dat he has bin

shotted wid a dozen bombshells?"

when Ike had an ambition and a burn-Kenton soon made the situation plain ing desire. It was to be a corporal or to him, and then as the two talked about sergeant. In his wild dreams of glory affairs at the house Steve Brayton he did not stop there. He determined washed and bound up the wound afresh, to go higher and become a lieutenant or made up a comfortable bed, arranged captain. As soon as he was given to one of the blankets for a shelter and understand that Royal Kenton stood in saw that Kenton ato as well as talked. his way it was but natural with one of The adventure which Uncle Ben had on his nature to determine to remove the the road was felt to be another menace to be guarded against. After leaving Before the war the "Yankee," both the house where they had taken breakas a man and as the representative of a fast and encountered the Confederate section of the republic, had few friends sergeant, they had hastened up the side in the south. He was supposed to be of the mountain and headed direct for hostile to all southern "institutions." The more ignerant the southerner the Rest Haven. Within an hour they found that a number of men were on their more heartily he hated and despised the trail, and two or three times during the citizen of the north. He believed what day they were obliged to hide themthe fire eating politicians pretended to selves for an hour or two. No shots believe and often asserted. The John were exchanged until about 5 o'clock in Brown raid upon slavery in Virginia the evening, and then they were fired and the events in "Bleeding Kansas" upon by three men in ambush. Kenton

man down again, and he appealed to

Steve to leave him and make his own 'Couldn't think of it, Yank-couldn't possibly play any sich dirt on a man us, and I'm sartin shore thar hain't but

that the chap will turn out to be lke Baxter, and I shan't be overly sorry if sich ar' the case. I'll hev to mit the body outer the way anyhow, befo' any-

Miscellaneous Reading.

Curious Paper Found in the Possession of a Wealthy Man, Now Dead. The following short catechism was found among the papers of George Otis, a wealthy American recently deceased. It is published here to show what a queer way he had of looking at things. Still, that may have been because the

A. It is so-called because, hundreds of years ago, sea pirates at Tariffa, Spain, forced every passing vessel to pay for the privilege of going into and from the Mediterranean sea.

compelling the poor to support the

A. Matthew, xiii, 12: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be Q. Is such a law Republican in the derful book entitled "The Institutes of

ger left the road an giv me the slip? I | rule the many; where the many work lishes an aristocracy in a Democratic great reformer. At this place, from A. Congress says to the poor, "be-

> go naked and work without tools." Q. What reason does congress give for such tyrannical law? A. Congress says, the law is a "differentiation of industrial functions," which means that industry is the func- fifty-four. He gave to the world a tion of the poor, and the difference

Q. Are the iron, cotton and wool industries infants? those industries to become of age?

Q. Is that the only benefit the productive tariff confers upon the poor?

for mischief. Having no money to leave home or travel, they see nothing,

Until the ages of eight, nine or ten, boys and girls engage in nearly the same sports, if permitted so to do, and enjoy them equally. A girl can climb a fence or a tree as well as a boy. She can skate or coast or run as well as a to 25th much cooler weather may be boy. But when she is taught that all boyish sports are improper for girls, and is kept in the house and employed chiefly in sedentary occupations, she becomes weaker in mind and body than her brothers, who live boys' lives. Many girls enjoy boys' sports and

bring it back without reading it, and for retaining in ponds and cisterns all with some sort of contemptuous ex- the water possible during the rains in pression as to its contents. But if you June and the first half of July. In place, where there is plenty of fresh, give a girl a boy's book, she will not cases of late crops give your soil thor- pure air. Strip the clothing to the bring it back unread; she enjoys the ough and repeated plowing as soon as waist, and place the sufferer in a reoutdoor character of the book, and in possible after rains. Never let it bake, cumbent position. Pour cold water her secret heart, in nine cases out of especially in July. There are mothers, possibly those who think a mistake was made in the sex they assumed when they came into the world-who permit their girls remarkable changes in its natural life to share all the sports of their brothers than a frog. It begins as an egg and and enjoy the freedom and variety hatches out as a fish-that is a tadpole and vigor of the boy life. There are or polliwog-its gills at first breathing be given freely, and if the temperature