YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1895.

An Independent Jamily Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

NO. 11.

CHICKAMAUGA.

A SEQUEL TO CHATTANOOGA,

sacred.

passed with her. She was a Charlotte Corday, knowing that the guillotine

awaited her, a martr in whose eyes gleamed the divine ight of a willing

sacrifice to a cause he believed to be

there, you will be more comfortable

we are awating the reply."

"As you like, coloner"
"Perhaps it would be better to use

"I can walk. I would prefer it."

"Will you accept my assistance?"
She took his offered arm, and the two

sitting room. Bowing to the prisoner,

accountable instinct to look once more

at the abole of his prisoner. She was

gazing out at him with a pair of eyes

melanchor, unresisting, full of resigna

What fend had suddenly thrown this

beautiful woman, this queen of mar-tyrs, in his keeping, with death star-

could for the victim have been a man,

"OGod!" he murmured, "suppose

not far away. For a few moments the

something of what Maynard suffered;

that her enemy was really her friend.

Se gave him a faint smile in recogni-

winning smile, and her position was so

and handed him another envelope.

did not see it."

"Why did you not give me this with

"I handed it to you, colonel, but you

the other?" asked Maynard, surprised.

dismissed the man who had brought

announce the capture of Miss Baggs

rode up to Colonel Maynard's headquar-

Looking at his prisoner.

ters and handed him a dispatch. It was

as Maynard feared. He was informed

that in the present exigency the matter

could not be given attention at general

headquarters, but it was deemed impor-

tant to deal summarily with spies, be

they male or female. He was therefore

ordered to convene a "drumbead"

court martial, try the prisoner, and if

When Colonel Maynard read this or-

der, every vestige of color left his face.

He could not believe the evidence of his

senses. Was it possible that he Mark

ed for a spy, was called upon to super-

intend the trial and the execution which

would doubtless follow of another for

the same offense, and that other a wom-

an? Yet there were the instructions

duly signed "By order," and only one

listlessly in his hand for awhile and

then handed it to his chief of staff.

"How about the witnesses?"

from which the prisoner came to us.'

"In that event I will fix the hour for

3 o'clock this afternoon. The judge ad-

vocate will require a little time to pre-

his boots for the shoulder straps of a

ed by guards

And so the comments went on while

CHAPTER XV.

TRIED.

When Corporal Ratigan left Miss

Baggs with the general, to whom he had unwillingly conducted her, he was

h such a condition of mind that he for-

go all about his horse and started to wal, toward his camp. When a cavalry-

man hows such evidence of absence of

mind, it is a sure sign that he is in a

pare the charges and specifications.

together, colonel?" .

"As you think best."

rects, doesn't it?"

found guilty execute the sentence, what

ever it might be, without delay.

Maynard, once condemned to be

It was noon before the courier sent to

them, and turning went into his tent.

suppose she were—Laura?"

feel equal to an interview.

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHEL, LATE U. S. A.

Copyrighted, 1894 by American Press Association.

SYNOPSIS OF CHATTANOOGA. | before him. The timefor deception had Private Mark Maynard is sent by General Thomas from the Union camps in central Tennessee scouting toward Chattanooga and barely escapes capture by Confederates through the cunning of a native girl—Souri Slack. He gets a suit of citizen's clothes at Slack's, and Jakey Slack, a lad of 13, goes with him to help disguise his character. Souri gives Mark a silk handkerchief as a memento.

Mark and the boy beg supper and lodg-

disguise his character. Some as the handkerchief as a memento.

Mark and the boy beg supper and lodging at the house of Mrs. Fain, a Southern woman married to a Northern man, who is absent in the Union lines. Captain Fitz Hugh, C. S. A., a suitor of Laura Fain's, drops in and suspects that the strangers may be Union spies; but Laura wards off investigation, and the travelers resume their journey undisturbed.

Mark reaches Chattanooga, is captured and condemned as a spy.

Jakey sends Souri's silk handkerchief home by friendly Negroes and Souri takes a hint, hastens to Chattanooga and helps Mark to escape jail.

a hint, nastens in Mark to escape jail.

Mark reaches the Fains' house and is

Mark reaches the Fains' house and is protected by Laura.

The remaining chapters show how Laura decides between Captain Fitz Hugh and Mark, compelling the Confederate to shield his Yankee rival. Mark travels toward the Union lines with Mrs. Fain and Laura, is recaptured and again spared by Captain Fitz Hugh, marries his fair protector, reaches the Union camp with valuable information about the enemy and is rewarded for his exploit by appointment as an officer on the staff of General Thomas.

SYNOPSIS OF CHICKAMAUGA. CHAPTER I.—At the time of the advance of the Army of the Cumberland, shortly before the battle of Chickamauga, Betsy Baggs starts to go through the Union lines to the Confederates.

CHAPTERS II, III and IV.—Corporal Retirem conducts her on her way. Sho

Ratigan conducts her on her way. She throws off a disguise she has worn. She carries an intercepted cipher dispatch to a Confederate general. She meets Farmer Slack, son and daughter, Souri and Jakey. The Slacks stay all night at the house of a guerrille.

guerrilla.
CHAPTERS V, VI and VII.—Slack sends Jakey to carry the news of the evacuation of Tullahoma and meets Colonel Maynard. Jakey meets Miss Baggs on the road. Colonel Maynard meets the Slacks. Colonel Maynard and Jakey go to visit Mrs. Maynard, and Jakey becomes Colonel Maynard, and Jakey becomes Colonel Maynard, and Jakey becomes Colonel

Maynard, and Jakey becomes Colonel Maynard's orderly.
CHAPTERS VIII, 'IX, X and XI.—Miss Baggs hides at the Fain plantation and works on cipher dispatches. Colonel Maynard departs for the field of Chickamauga. Miss Baggs attempting to intercept dispatches, is chased by Corporal Ratigan. Ratigan runs Miss Baggs down. Miss Baggs is turned in as a prisoner.

CHAPTER XIV. AN UNWELCOME PRISONER.

It was 8 o'clock in the morning. Colonel Maynard pushed back the tent flap, intending to step outside and go to the mess tent for breakfast. The brightness of the morning seemed reflected in his countenance. His step was firm, his bearing full of youthful, manly vigor. dence of his officers and was coming to be admired and beloved by his men. All desperate. She was so misgivings as to his fitness for his rey to sacrifice for her struggling people. misgivings as to his interess to his acrinee for her strugging peoples sponsible position had melted away. She bore her trial with such gentleness, Colonel Mark Maynard was the name were with such firmness.

She was a woman, and she must die. He turned almost ficrcely and strode.

He had scarcely passed from his tent when, glancing down the road beside, which his camp was located, his atter tion was arrested by an ambulance coning slowly along driven by a man in soldier's blouse and smoking a shr clay pipe. On either side rode a car-alryman. The colonel paused to watch the coming vehicle and its attendme. Had it not been guarded he would have supposed it to contain a sick soldier joing to hospital. As if was, it musicither hold an officer of high rank or sick or wounded prisoner. Whatever ittontained, there came to the man wathing it an nucomfortable feeling that was in some way a link between himser and misfortune. The bright, happy bok of a moment before disappeared, to be replaced by a troubled expression though he could not have given a reson for foreboding. When the ambulace stopped opposite his tent, he mutteed with

knitted brow: "What does this mean?" One of the attendants dimounted, went to the door of the mbulance, opened it and handed out a soman, who descended to the ground was some difficulty, as though in a weakened condi-tion. The two then can directly to where Colonel Maynard we The woman was attired in a striped calico dress. Her head and face were bare. The colonel knew a glance that he had seen her before but could not tell where. She walke slowly, for she seemed scarcely able to drag herself along and he had the to study her drawing and the factor of the two stopped before him. The aldier saluted, and drawing an envelopfrom his belt handed to Colonel Manard. The solonel took it without lowing at it. He was still studying the features of the wom-

"A communication from General d him the paper As the man who hand-Colonel Marine recognized the woman he had met at Mrs. (a m/s. His hand frombled as he gras to the envelope rembled as he gras and tore it open.

Brigadier General. Colonel Maynard read the missive over wice, slowly, without looking up. e knew that he held in his possession one whose life was forfeited as his own life had been forfeited to the Confederates a year before. His keeping his eyes on the paper was to gain time, to avoid speaking when his utterance was choked with a strange emotion. His thoughts were far away. He stood on the bank of the Tennessee river below Chaftanooga. It was in the gray of the morning. He

Colonel Maynard turned and went saw a skiff tied to the shore. He jumpinto his tent. Hours passed, and he did ed down to seize it and found himself not come out. "The colonel is in trouamong a group of Confederate soldiers. ble," said one. "They say he was once Personating a taember of General in the secret service himself," said an-Bragg's staff, he commanded them to other. "Then he knows how it is to be row him across the river. They started to obey. As they left the shore suddenly in such a fix as the woman up in that house," "He's been there." "It was at a boat wang around Moccasin point. Chattanooga a year ago. They say he as full of armed men, He was takbrought the news of Bragg's advance n back to Chattanooga, tried and coninto Kentucky." "Well, if he has to demned to be hanged for a spy. . All this passed before his mind's eye execute a sentence of death on a spy,

as he stood prejending to study the com- | and that spy a woman, I wouldn't be in munication before him, not this bare statement of it, but each detail, each | major general." feeling of hope, fear, despair, as they rapidly succeeded each other from the the colonel kept his tent and Miss Baggs moment of his capture till his escape peered dreamily out of the window, Looking upat last with an expression

of commiseration which surprised the prisoner, he aid: "Madam, will you please accept my

heartfelt sympathies?"
Miss Bars, who had already recognized Color Maynard, simply bowed her head in acknowledgment without speaking, at fixing her large dark eyes upon his When placed in a similar position, Jaynard had met his enemy's aynard had he stony's a safe sign that he is in a condition bordering on insanity. Ratiception. Not so the woman

curred to him that he was pursuing an | Ratigan, steadying himself to impress unusual means of locomotion; then he the members with the probability of his turned back to get his horse. When he position, "if the person or whativer it arrived at the place from which he had departed, Miss Baggs had gone. Mounting, he rode to his own camp, and upon reaching there he first went directly to his tent; then, shunning his comrades, stole away to a wood and threw himself on his face in the shade of a large tree and gave himself up to grief.

"O Lord, O Lord," he mouned, "if they'd organized corps of lovely women to be attached to each division of the army and the enemy, there'd be no more fightin for either cause. Each would fight the other about the women and the cause would hev to take care of itself."

"Corporal Ratigan!" The corporal put his hands to his ears and groaned.

"Corporal Ratigan, I say." Stril the corporal would not hear. He The colonel spokeagain:
"Madam," he sid, "It is my duty
to report your caseto my commanding
officer for transmission to the headquarknew that some one was approaching, for whether he would or not he could not help hearing his name called, each time more distinctly. Presently a solters of this army. There is a little house across the road. If you are able to go dier stood looking down at him. "Corporal Ratigan," he said, "yer wanted at the headquarters of Colonel

Maynard, commanding the -th bri-"What's that for?" asked the corporal without changing his position. 'Witness for court martial."

Why will people ask questions explanatory of disagreeable events or miswalked slowly toward a farmhouse a fortunes, the answers to which they lew hundred yards distant. As the coloknow well enough already? And why, nel passed a senty he directed him to have the officer of the guard summoned when the information comes, will they deny its truth? and sent to hip. On reaching the house

"If ye say that again, Conover, Oi'll and mounting the few steps that led up to the door, hey were received by a farmer's wife and ushered into a small break every bone in yer body." "What's the mather wid ye, cor-

Ratigan by this time had got up from Colonel Mayard stepped outside to in-struct the gard. It was not essential that he should hasten, but he did not the ground, where he was lying, and approached his tormentor.
"Don't ask me, Conover, me boy." After seeing a sentinel posted on each side of thehouse Maynard turned to go to his tent, He was drawn by some un-

"Why, Rats, yer lookin as if ye were goin to be tried yerself." "Tried? Oi'm to suffer on the rack as one of me ancesters did once in the old Tower in Lunnon."

"How's that?" "Oh, don't ask me, don't ask me. Oi can niver endure this trial. Oi'll doi,

"Come, brace yerself, me boy. Yer in no condition to be goin before a court. What is it all anyway?" ing her in the face, and he perhaps to inflict he penalty? Why, if he must "What is it all? A woman to be tried for her life. And I caught her. Oi'm suffer his turning of the tables by fate, to bear witness against her. O God, if they'd let me off by tyin me up by some coarse creature who would die like a rute? And why had it not come the thumbs, buckin and gaggin, car-ryin a log on me shoulders, drummed upon im before love had introduced out of camp with shaved head and feathhim to that instinctive delicacy, that ers behind me ears. O Lord, O Lord, gentless, those finer heart impulses of Oi'll doi, Oi'll doi!" The corporal mounted his horse and

was soon jogging along at a snail's pace toward Colonel Maynard's headquar-He could not bear to look and could ters. There he was directed to where the court was sitting.

twogared upon each other, while the "Corporal Ratigau, you're late," said wonan's natural feminine discernment the president sternly.

The corporal saluted, but said nothtold her that she was pitied; told her ing. He was directed to wait till some preliminaries had been disposed of, and he took position in a corner. It needed sessed to maintain himself on his legs, that was even harder for him to endure than had she sned a tear. Hers was a and he tried to keep his eyes from looking about the courtroom. He feared that if they rested on the prisoner, even for a moment, he would sink down on the floor, a heap of blue uniform and boots. Nevertheless the eyes will not always be controlled. Despite his efforts, Ratigan's gave involuntary glances here and there until suddenly they rested back to his tent. Reaching it, he found on the object they were expected to the man who had brought the prisoner waiting for him. The soldier saluted

avoid, sitting opposite, surrounded by guards, pale, but self possessed, and a pair of glorious eyes looking at him with such sympathy and encouragement that the poor man felt as if the win-dows of heaven had been opened and an angel was looking out to give him strength. Once his eyes were riveted on hers there was no getting them away

Maynard stared at the man without making any reply. He had been preoccupied, deprived of his ordinary faculuntil he was suddenly aroused by ties. Opening the envelope, he took out a small bundle of papers, on the back of which was indorsed, "Intercepted dispatches found on the person Mechanically he staggered to a place designated as a witness stand, and holdof Elizabeth Baggs, captured Sept. ing on to the back of a chair steadied Without looking at their contents he

nimself to give his testimony. "State how you first saw the prisoner tampering with the telegraph line on yesterday morning, Sept. -," said the judge advocate, an officer very tall, very slender and very serious looking. "Oi didn't see her at all."

"It was too dark to see anything." "Well, state what you did see." "I only thought I saw something." 'Come, come," said the president sternly, "we have no time to waste.

Tell the story of the capture." Thus commanded, the corporal braced himself to give the desired account. "Oi was ridin to camp-after havin posted the relief, and comin along the road-it was the road Oi was comin along. Oi-Oi-colonel, it was so dark none of yo could have seen yer hand before yer face." The corporal stopped and gave ovidence of sinking on the floor.

"Well, go on." "There was somethin black in the road or by the side of it. Oi stopped to listen. Then Oi thought some one might be tamperin with the linemind ye, Oi only thought it-and Oi called on whoiver it was to surrender. Then Oi heard a 'get up,' and whativer it was dashed off. Oi followed it as fast as iver Oi could, callin on 'em to stop and firin me Colt. Divil a bit did any one stop.

The corporal paused again. It looked as if he were not going to get any fur-

"Go on, my man." "Well, then we came to the camp of General -- 's division, and I was haltof by the guarde, while what Oi had seen got ahead. So Oi lost sight of it entirely." "Proceed."

"Well, wasn't it the fault of the guards stoppin me and lettin the other go on, and no fault of mine?" meaning could be attached. He held it "What's the use of goin on? Oi lost

sight of what was tamperin with the wires. "But you overtook it." "How can Oi swear it was the same?

"At what hour shall the court come "I presume at once. The order so di-There was a smile on the faces of those present. The questioner seemed puzzled at the corporal's device to avoid "You will have to send to the source estifying against the prisoner.

"Did you not ride on and overtake what you had seen?" "Divil a bit." "I know better. You went on and

found something in the road. What did you find?" "Oi didn't find what Oi'd seen." "What had you seen?"

"Didn't Oi tell ye it was so dark that Oi couldn't see anything?" "That won't do, corporal. You certainly followed something. Now, on coming up with it, what did you find it

"It wasn't what Oi followed. That. whativer it was, had gone out with the mornin light. Oi reckon it was something ghostly." "Nonsense. Did you not find the prisoner lying in the grass?"

"Oi did," replied the witness, as if his heart would break, and he again showed signs of collapse. 'And you had reason to believe it followed?' "Oi didn't see any buggy. It was so

"Well"-impatiently-"the person driving whatever it was you saw."
"How could Oi know that?" "It was natural to infer that, there being a horse and buggy near, the prisoner had been driving it.

dark"-

"There was no buggy." "Well, the pieces." "Now Oi would ask the court," said

moightent have turned off on another road and Oi suddenly lighted on this "That'll do, corporal. You may step out and give the next witness your

The next witness was an officer from the camp to which the prisoner had first been taken after her capture. He testified that upon a proposition to search her she had voluntarily produced the dispatches, which were shown to him in court, and he identified them as

was Oi saw tamperin with the wire

the same as those she had given up. A reading of these dispatches was called for, and they were read. In addition to those Miss Baggs deciphered when at the Fain plantation were

two others, which were as follows: Chawfish Sphings, Ga., Sept. 14, 1863.

Mobile Burton you when on has from other bob from re-enforced Quadroon count us that to wet applause will can your undoubtedly century points orange Benjamin and been coming we join telegraphs.

Pinned to this telegram was a paper bearing an attempt at explanation in the prisoner's handwriting:

on your coming
can we count
when can we count on your coming?
Applause (some person, probably the signer)
telegraphs
been re-enforced from

some one telegraphs that Quadroon (proba-bly Bragg) has been re-enforced from other Washington, Sept. -, 1833.

enemy closing we to. with this telegram. Either the prisoner had made no headway with it, or she had not sufficient time, probably both,

of them furnished, which was read to the court:

To Burnside:
Halleck telegraphs that you will join us When can we count on your coming? Bragg has undoubtedly been re-enforced from Virginia and other points. ROSECRANS. ginia and other points. ROSECRASS.
CRAWFISH SPRINGS, Ga., Sept. 16, 1823.
To the Secretary of War:
All goes well. We are badly separated, but closing up rapidly. If the enemy should attack us in our present scattered condition, I should dread the result. But by the present

20th we shall be concentrated and ready. The reading of these dispatches produced an impression on the court very unfavorable to the prisoner. She had held the very life of the army in her hands. Had she got through the lines with these two ciphers and their interpretations she would have supplied the

land before it could be concentrated or have resulted in its annihilation. the army was in so critical a situation

to the enemy, the fact that their deliv

ery would have given any general weakness an opportunity to destroy the Army of the Cumberland, acted seriously upon those who were disposed toward Some members of the court argued that the prisoner had acted as a man and must take the consequences, the same as if she were a man. was none but knew that in this view of the case she would be immediately hanged. The disputants soon ranged themselves on opposite sides, the one in favor of an extreme course, the other of a life imprisonment. But the critical position of the army and the enormity of the offense finally won over the latter, and the case was compromised by the convicted woman being sentenced to be shot at sunrise the next morning. The verdict and sentence were approved within two hours of the finding, and Colonel Mark Maynard was ordered to see that the sentence was duly carried

FOR THE CURE OF INSOMNIA. "My old friend, Hiram Gidblo, formerly of Statesville Center, Vt., but

After a lifetime of work, he thought he would try the pleasures of idleness. first thing he knew, he was troubled nights. He tried counting a million backwards, thinking about pleasant he couldn't sleep. Then he thought of boy he used to sleep under a roof, where he could hear the rain. He remembered well how he had gone to his bed in the snug, dry garret, and had fallen delightfully asleep listening

sleepy pattering of the raindrops on the roo

"Well, it worked beautifully the first night, as far as putting him to sleep was concerned; but some time in | dress Tom up and bundle him in his the night he kicked loose the con- master's carryall, nd everyday the ductor that carried off the rain water from the tank, and before he could get

while longer; but it never did him eral Bethune woul hire wandering produce death. any good after that, and he had it tak-en out. He tried other things, and and the prodigy wold almost go into finally he tried going back to work spasms of delight. Then he would be and restfully, and was grateful."-N.

Strike not only the iron when it hear one of them say: is hot, but strike until it is made hot.

boy play the piano." Out at home it was with great diffi-

The old friends, the old friends We loved when we were young, With sunshine on their faces, And music on their tongue! The bees are in the almond flower,

The old friends, the old friends Their brow is lined with care;
They've furrows in the faded cheek,
And silver in the hair;
But to me they are the old friends still,
In youth and bloom the same,
As when we drove the flying ball,
Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men,

But we, we are the old men now, Our blood is faint and chill;

laugh, Yet pass us with a smile. But the young men, the young men,
Their strength is fair to see;
The straight back, and the springy stride,
The eyes as falcon free;
The shout above the frolic wind,
As up the hill they go;
But, though so high above us now,
They soon shall be as low.

Oh, weary, weary drag the years As the draws hear the end;
And sadly, sadly fall the tears
For loss of love and friend.
But we'll not doubt there's good about
In all of humankind;
So here's a health before we go,
To those we leave behind!

HE OWNED BLIND TOM. The Late General Bethune and the

derful Pickaninny. The death of General James N. Bethune, which occurred in this city yesterday, removes a man who was a leading figure in Southern affairs for many years. A sketch of his remarkable career appeared in The Post, of January 20, and mention was incidentally made that he had been the owner "Blind Tom."

Public interest will now naturally recur to this phenomenon, and the question will arise as to his whereabouts. For years he was one of the most familiar figures before the public, and the source of continual amaze-ment to the thousands who went to see and hear him. About two years or more ago the telegraphic dispatches announced that he had been killed in a railroad accident near Pittsburg. There was an apparently authoritative deniel of this intelligence, and nothing any rate about the time Blind Tom disappeared to all purposes as if the earth had swallowed him up and has never been seen since. He was perhaps the most remarkable human contradic- that fringed the creek on whose bank tion that ever existed. He was the | we were located. I immediately guesschild of Charity and Tom, slaves be- ed our red neighbors were about to pay over the country. cogee county, Ga., and his brothers and sisters numbered no less than nineteen. As soon as he began to be able to take notice it became evident that he was an imbecile. Charity, his mother, was a type of the old-time Southern Negress, tender-hearted and sympathetic, and when she discovered that her child was mentally useless her grief was touching. Tom was nearly two years old when Chairty

miration.

The old chief laughed long and loud, making believe that he had hidden the shoulders and seating him. The next making believe that he had hidden the time he said, "Tom, sit down!" the rifle just for a joke. But as further search revealed the fact that every buck had a rifle hidden similarly beneath his saddle blanket, and a revolver in his shirt besides, there can be little doubt that an attack had been meditated, should the opportunity occur.

The Indian of today has discarded his primitive weapons of war, and adopted his instincts; trained, in a word, like a the white man's. An Indian can re-load an empty rifle or revolver shell as less mass of brain matter was a jewel of well as a white man. How he does it is a mystery, for the white man needs a special set of tools for the purpose. and the Indian has none that are not improvised. The fact remains, however, and was so well known to General Miles that, when campaigning after Geronimo in 1886, he published should turn over to their officers all empty shells, in order that they might

by the Apaches. ing; but it is the result of long and constant practice. The Indian boy's first lesson is to shoot with a small bow and blunt arrow. Finally he receives the strong bow, and with it fits himself

for war. These latter are powerful weapons. One that an Indian would, with the greatest case, draw to the arrows nead, could scarcely be bent four inches by a white man. They will send an arrow 500 yards, and put it through a board an inch thick.

found transfixed to a tree by an arrow, which had gone completely through the bones and imbedded itself so deeply in the wood as to sustain the weight of the head. He had probably been tied up to the tree and shot.

The Sioux make the best bows. The wood is carefully seasoned by beheard the piano. General Bethune | ing hung, sometimes for months, just out of reach of the flames of the tepee fires. The bow is 4 feet long, and an inch thick in the middle. A warrior, with a sharp knife and a file, will take would bring forth. He was practising a week to make a bow, which will sell for about \$3 in trade.

> each bow requiring four pieces, nicely fitted to each other and spliced and wrapped together. When ornamented, carved and painted, these bows are \$50. It takes an Indian about three months to make one.

with the whites the Indians frequently | henhouse or yard would produce inused poisoned arrowheads. The Shos- teresting results. I need but mention hones made their poisons of ants, dried a few calls to illustrate the range of the position into which the shoulders the other side. and powdered, and mixed with the sounds in the domestic fowls. On a are thrust. Try it; grow a little tired spleen of some animal. The mixture warm day, when hens are released the pipe back into place the room was key from another, ad sheet music to was then placed in the sun and allow- from their coop, when their minds your shoulders are. You have gradu- went well content. the pipe back into pince the room was for rest. In the pipe back into pince the room was for rest. In the pipe back into pince the room was for rest. In the pipe back into pince the room was and tired him was like Sanskii to a Choctaw, but the child was abe to play any tune deadly poison that if the arrow ever bright and inviting, they sing as they that was played in is hearing. Gen- broke a person's skin it was sure to feed-a continuous repetition of kerr-

grooved, so as to allow the flow of

each others' arrows in the same way. hardly used at all. Their place has been taken by the knife, one or more being always carried by a wild Indian in a sheath attached to his belt. Used principally for skinning game, these ters, deadly weapons of attack or de- main near, but it is not a call. Note fense. They are also used for scalp-

Scalping is not a religious ceremony, as many have supposed. It is simply a proof of killing-evidence

but in itself it is not necessarily so. Numerous instances of survival, even addition are on record. One spring day in 1868, Thomas Cahone and Wiling in a small stream near Sidney, Neb. They were unarmed, feeling sure that the handfull of regular troops stationed at Sidney would keep off any prowl-

ing Indians. Suddenly a party of mounted Sioux swept down upon them. They put eight arrows into Cahone, one of which passed under the point of the right shoulder blade and came out an inch or two under the breast. Four arrows were fired into Edmonston.

The scalp proper of Cahone was taken by one Indian, while the second took a piece about 4 by 7 inches from the left side of the head. Edmonston was not scalped, for at this juncture the soldiers and citizens from Sidney hurried out and the Indians took to flight. The wounded men were taken to the town, where the arrows were member him shuffling to the piano, cut out. In 1883 I met Cahone, who trembling like a leaf, with lips moving was then a passenger conductor runwas then a passenger conductor run-ning east from Ogden, Utah. He said he was in excellent health, having never suffered from his wounds or the scalping. He wore a skull cap, as may well be imagined. Edmonston was at the same time a passenger con-

> Some of the postal regulations of our country are very odd. Alligators, dead or alive, cannot lawfully pass through the United States mails. However, if stuffed they are mailable,

Live bugs are excluded likewise. department of agriculture from all

Cocoons, representing insects in one of the stages of their development. though strictly speaking alive, are admitted to the mails. A special legislative provision allows

hees to be sent by post in wooden boxes constructed in a peculiar fashion, with a sliding lid and a bit of wire screen to prevent the occupants from escaping. In this way hopey bees are shipped all over the world, and even as far as from this country to Australia. They are admitted to the United States free of duty, as "animals imported for breeding purposes."

Dead bugs of all sorts are accepted by the government for mailing, if dry. For example, dried grasshoppers will pass. If the farmers of the West ever learn to utilize grasshoppers for food as is done elsewhere in the world, they may be shipped in parcels by Uncle Sam's post.

live or dead, are excluded. This is simply a name given to certain large trap door spiders in southern latitudes some of which make small birds their prey. Ordinarily spiders are permitted go through, if dry and properly

All kinds of lizards are unmailable whether alive or dead. If stuffed they are not refused however.

Eggs are absolutely unmailable. So are explosives, poisons and intoxica-ting liquors. A like prohibition applies to bad smelling things of whatever

description. The bacteria of cholera and other disease germs are not accepted for mailing. Nowadays doctors breed such germs in their laboratories, and send them about by express or otherwise. Doubtless bottled consumption, typhoid fever and diptheria travel over the world pretty extensively by post,

It is unlawful to split a postal card and write inside of it. That is to say, a card so treated is not permitted to pass for one cent. It is only mailable at letter rates. Two persons in the United States have the franking privilege for lifenamely, the widows of President Grant

require no stamps. Also parcels and letters sent to them go without pay-Uncle Sam makes big money by sending letters to foreign countries. The business costs him only about \$600,000 per annum, and \$1,700,000 for the postage. It is very likely that the tariff will be reduced to

however, does not permit this privilege, holding that when a person has

The ordinary domestic fowl affords

The sound says in the gallus language. wheel; your body is erect; you do not "An enemy is coming; run!" and run then get into the habit of swaying from comes, oft repeated from the hen- out putting either hand on the handles,

is a deep, monotonous cluck, cluck! that is a warning to others and a genthe difference when the mother or proud cock finds a worm. The cock ing, being merely a device to call the flock away from some rival. But in

discovered. but it exists in great variety, and is suggestive of tenderness, affection and solicitude. When the hen has her brood beneath her ample folds she often utters a sound like c-r-a-w-z-z-e of half warning and contentment. And when an intruder enters the coop after dark she utters a high, prolonged whistling not w-h-o-o-e, softly repeated, indicative of wonder and slight

If now the fox or covote or other enemy seize her how quickly comes an entirely different cry-a scream of terror and alarm, c-i-a-i-a-i-o-u, repeated again and again, and so full of swers the signal of distress.-Pittsburg

SHE WAS ALWAYS RIGHT. This is Merely Additional Evidence of the

One day as I was toiling up a rough the same way we jogged along together, and after some general talk he observed:

"Stranger, I want to ask yo' a question plumb-centre, and if you don't feel like answerin' it, I sha'n't be put "Well, go ahead."

"Kin yo' read print?" 'Yes, fairly well.' "Kin yo' read writin'?" "Kin yo' figger ?"

"Yes. next 40 rods, then he said: "Stranger I'm livin' two ther on. I'd like to hev yo' stop at my cabin an' settle a dispute.' "I shouldn't like to get mixed in

any quarrel, you know.' 'Oh, of co'se not. It's a dispute between me 'n my wife, and we've been a-lookin' fur somebody to settle it fur the last three months. Yo' won't git into trouble about it. We don't spell nor figger, nor pronounce words just alike, and I reckon yo' kin set us

straight." When we reached his cabin I was tendered a sip from the jug and introduced to his wife, who was a middleaged woman of great firmness of character. The husband explained that we had met accidentally, and he asked me to act as referee, and added:

"Now, stranger, how do yo' spell dawg? "There is no such word as dawg. It is dog."

"But how do you spell it?" "Why, d-o-g, dog. How do you spell "I don't go fur to consider to reckon I'm much of a speller; but I git a 'd' and an 'o' and an 'r' and a 'g' in thar

sumwars.' "That would be spelling it 'd-o-r-g." "Yes." "And how do you spell it?" I quer-

ied of the wife. "I say it's a d-a-w-g," she replied, a surly manner. "You mean a dog—an animal?"
"Of co'se I do! I've spelled it that

way for twenty y'ars, and I know I'm "But that isn't according to the English language, ma'am." "I don't keer fur no English lan-

guage," she snapped, as she rose up and entered the house. I was about to say I hoped I hadn't offended her, when the husband arose and pulled the door to and got a grip on the handle, and whispered : "Stranger, I'll try to hold the door till yo' git outer shootin' distance, but yo' must hurry." "Why, what's the matter?"

"The matter is that my wife is rather sot in her ways, pertikerly on spellin', and I kin hear her pourin' shot and powder into the birdgun! Stranger, I'm sorry to hev yo' go this way, but dawg-gone my dorg if yo' and your dorg hain't got to hussle or go out of the spellin'-book biziness!" When I made the turn in the road he was still holding the door, but I saw something that looked like a woman climbing out of one of the side windows with a gun in her hand.

RIDING ON A WHEEL.

The proper position for a bicycle rider is, in the first place, an upright one. He should push nearly straight downward with his legs-not backward, as one must do who leans far forward. His arms should not be rigid and extended to their full length, but a little bent, and the handles can be easily adjusted to bring this about. The reason for the bent or slightly bent arm is evident after a moment's thought. If the full length, the "pull" which you give the handles on going up hill, or indeed, while running along a level road, is a dead pull. There is no life in it. mailed a letter, it must be considered | Each jar to the machine is a jar to your body, your head and neck, and consequently, a jar to your whole sys-On the other hand, if you ride with your arms a little bent, and acting as a kind of a buffer to all jarring influences, they will save you an injurious, though unnoticeable shaking-up the most positive evidence of the pos- each time you go out. The only way beautiful, and readily sell for \$25 or session of a language that is understood. There are many decidely dif- be after you have become accustomed ferent calls, which, if taken down to the bent arm method. Then you in a phonograph and repeated in a will find you can ride longer without becoming tired.

Another feature of this stiff arm is with a long ride, and then see where Both shoulders have been thrown far back ; your head and neck are stretch- observatory, says people make a great kerr-kerr, with various modula- ed far forward, and your chest has, so mistake in coming to the observatory at

your whole muscular movement is house, and other envious hens are in- and sitting erect. If you ride well you can easily keep your balance, and in an instant you will be in the correct posihands lightly on the handle-bars, and you will be in a healthy and proper situation to gain benefit from your

In riding 10 miles, for intance, I should never go the whole distance at one pace. Slow, steady riding has its

In fact, in bicycle riding, as ir about everything else, you should remember Harper's Young People.

covered and Got its Name.

odd-sounding name came to be applied to that common and important table garniture was, curiously enough, due to a blunder by a preserve-maker many Packers' association, at the Tremont yesterday. "It is only another illustration," he

said, "how mistakes sometimes lead to important discoveries. In connection with this story I may add that when I was a boy tomatoes, from which catsup trailroad in the Cumberland mountains is made-or Adam's apples, as they of Tennessee, I encountered a man on | were known in those days-were con horseback, just as he turned in from another trail, says a writer in the Deed upon only as beautiful and valuable troit Free Press. As we were going additions to the flower garden as an ornament. No one dreamed what a delicious article of food they were. "In the East many years ago a wellknown preserve-maker, now dead while boiling a huge caldron full of

of vegetables. He did not discover his error until sometime afterward when tasting the mixture to ascertain whether it had been boiled to the proper consistency, he saw something was wrong. Tomato preserves never tasted We jogged along in silence for the like that. He smacked his lips, puckered his mouth, and made a wry face as the bitter-sweet and now made itself felt.

a hurried investigation, quickly discovering that he had used articles strange to preserves and the result was that steaming but not unpleasantly flavored mess before him.

"Well, said he, with a rueful expression on his face, speaking to an attendant, 'the cat's up' meaning by that slang term that the tomatoe had been spoiled. "The whole mess was about to be

thrown out, but, fortunately for catsup-loving mankind, a happy thought suggested itself to the author of the trouble. The taste of the new mixture still lingered on his palate and he had to confess that it was very pleasant. 'I wonder how that will taste on a piece of roast meat,' he remarked, and the suggestion was immediately acted upon, with the result that the caldronful of boiled tomatoos was carefully bottled and it soon became a popula table adjunct and a source of great profit to the discoverer. The name ketchings' was first used to designate the new condiment, and it is yet to be occasionally met with, but the proper name is 'catsup,' from the angry expletive of the cook, when he exclaimed "The cat's up!' in discovering what

igines. Their roar, under favorable circumstances, may be heard at a dis-

tance of 15 miles. There are three distinct falls: The Horseshoe fall-so called from its crescent shape-is by far the largest, and is in the direct course of the river. It is 2,000 feet wide and 154 feet high

there is a gradual rise and fall, which is attributed to some undiscovered disturbance that affects Lake Erie. This wonderful cataract is 447 miles from New York, within a single day's journey, and is reached more directly by the New York Central and Hud-

size and strength once thought of an original fashion of avoiding toll. The incident is described in the "Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper:

road mounted on his donkey, which was a good sized animal, when he came to a turnpike gate. "How much do you charge for my

donkey to walk through?" the pikeman. "Twopence," was the reply.
"And how much do you charge for

lifted him off the ground, carried him through the gate and set him down on

"Gee, up, Neddy!" he cried getting on the donkey's back; and off they

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE OLD FRIENDS

The birds renew their strain; But the old friends, once lost to us, Can never come again.

How slow they creep along!
How slow they creep along!
How naughtily we scoffed at them
In days when we were young!
Their prozing and their dozing,
Their prate of times gone by,
Their shiver like an aspen leaf
If but a breath went by.

Our blood is faint and chill; We cannot leap the mighty brook, Or climb the breakneck hill. We manuder down the shortest cuts, We rest on stick, or stile, And the syoung men, half ashance To Burton (probably Burnside)

Potts ready we result condition us if separated goes Jack all badly rapidly attack scattered the twentieth and doodle D shall but I in the but well plaster Arabia are up should present dread the concentrated jet be by should our There was no attempted explanation

though it was more difficult to deci pher than any of the others. These telegrams had been sent to general headquarters and an interpretation

CRAWFISH SPRINGS, Ga., Sept. 14, 1803.

enemy with such information as would put an end to all uncertainty and insure | more was heard of the matter. But at an attack on the Army of the Cumber-

supported by other troops. This would There was really no defense to make, and the defending counsel simply placed his client on the mercy of the court, hoping that, being a woman, death might not be the penalty. The room The court were not long in convicting the accused of being a spy and amenable to the treatment of spies, but as to the punishment there was a great diversity of opinion. Some thought that imprisonment in a northern penitentiary would be a sufficient atonement. There were those who argued that this would not have any effect to deter others from similar acts at a time when Then the importance of the dispatches Miss Baggs was attempting to deliver

Ratigan addresses the court,

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

went into trade, got rich, and retired. "But somehow it didn't work; the with insomnia; he couldn't sleep things, and all that; but it was no use,

to the rain upon the roof. "Well, Mr. Gidblo had 'em to fix up over his bed in his city house a sheet iron tank not very deep, in the top of which there was fitted a shallow sheet iron pan with a perforated bottom. something like a great nutmeg grater. Mr. Gidblo's idea was to run water into from his plantation every morning. this upper pan, whence through the many perforations it was to fall musically into the tank below, like rain drops, reproducing the soothing, Tom's talents to benurtured upon the

"He tried the rain machin

made known her trouble to her master. "He kin tawk, Mass Tom," she moaned, "but he don't say nuffin cept whut you say fust. Den he say it arter "Bring him to me," said the general. "If I can teach my pointer dog to bring my gloves and whip and fetch a gave the chief some tobacco and sugar, and then proceeded to handle his Navdead bird, I can teach a Nigger to do Charity brought Tom up to the big

house from the quarters.
"Tom, sit down!" ordered the gen-"Tom, sit down," repeated the child, still standing erect. His master repeated the words, at the same time taking him by the boy did so, repeating, however, the words, a habit he kept up until he passed out of contemporary sight. This object lesson of General Bethune's was followed implicitly by Charity, and Tom was taught to make his wants known and to follow instructions given him, solely by the direction of

But hidden in the seemingly shapegenius that was to be uncovered to dazzle and astonish the world. Nature had been in her most fantastic mood when she fashioned him, and with an uncouth figure and an intellect only one degree removed from imbecility, she had joined her divine gift of music. He was still a baby, when he roamed away from his parents' cabin one day, and strayed up to the forbidden precincts of the big houseyard. One of General Bethune's daughters was playing upon a piano, which her father had just given her. The child, scarcely out of infancy, listened fas-cinated and thrilled. The sleeping

chords within him were touched. Trembling and writhing, he crawled up the steps and into the parlor and crept to the side of the player. It was not exactly proper, according to the high Southern ideas, for a half-naked pickaninny to come uninvited into the now of New York city," said Colonel mansion, and the event naturally Calliper, "was born and raised on a caused talk. General Bethune was mansion, and the event naturally of the occurrence. The child is music crazy, poor little thing," he said. "Let it enjoy itself. Perhaps it may learn to play one day and make its life bearable. Naturally, his daughters objected to such an object as a slave baby in the house; but Genera! Bethune prevailed upon them to let Tom touch the piano keys. Charity dressed him up something. He remembered that as a | and he was taker up to the house. His little fingers could hardly bear down the keys, yes his touch brought forth harmony-a aint echo of the air that was being played when he first

was a man of strong impulse and determination. He nade up his mind at once to cultivate the germs he had and to ascrtain what they law at the time and editing a paper in Columbus, Ga., and went into town He had ample mans to carry out any fancy that might seize him, so, as it was entirely out of the question for piano at home, he purchased another instrument for the boy, and had it placed in one of hisoflice rooms in Columbus. Every moning Charity would little fellow would pay the piano. Of course, he really dd not know one

ly on the instrument. The child's life indeed was based on harmony. When it rained he would lie down with his ear to the waterspout and listen to the music made by the patter of the falling drops. By the time the war broke out Tom was 10 years old, and his fame had spread all over Georgia. His mental cloud still remained, and he knew no sentiment. There was no gratitude

culty that Tom was kept under ob-

servation. Sound owned him abso-

lutely. He would follow the birds songs out into the woods, and frequent-

ly, when, he was lost in this way, he

flute, produced by one of General Be-

thune's sons, who performed excellent-

was brought back by the sounds of the

about him, and he was moved only by music. As stated, he repeated everything that was said to him, and he began to display the most inordinate vanity. But he hated women, and could not bear them in his presence. Pretty soon the news of the miraculous character of his performances attracted attention in the North, and it was not long before Charity, poor, trusting creature that she was, was approached by wily agents of far-seeing managers. Visions of great fortune were held out before her entranced eyes, and the upshot of it was that she applied to have General Bethune removed as Tom's guardian and another person appointed in his place. Judge Bond granted her request, and Blind Tom began that wonderful journey through the United Stated which is so well remembered by the theatregoers of a generation ago. Hundreds of readers will remember that big, black, powerfully muscular figure coming awkwardly on the stage with a silly smile illuminating his heavy features, and his kinky hair running almost to

rous translator of her heavenly lan-For years he was a central figure in the amusement world, and the despair at once of scientists and musicians .-Washington Post.

a point on the high dome that crowned

the back of his head. They will re-

rapidly and eyes moving as fast, and

then see him transformed into a medi-

um which music chose to be a wond-

WEAPONS USED BY THE INDIANS. The Modern Rifles and Revolvers are Now The writer was camped with a company of regular troops, some years ago, in the heart of the Indian country. There were plenty of redskins about as we knew by their signal fires, but as vet we had seen not one. Late one afternoon, however, the lookout, who was stationed on a high bluff near the camp announced that he saw objects approaching through the cottonwoods friendship it was impossible to tell. Wishing to be on the safe side and yet not appear afraid, I ordered each man to load his rifle and place it at the entrance of his tent, with a full belt of cartridges near by, so that both could

be seized at a moment's notice.

A long file of Indians entered camp in a few moments, and each one, as he halted his pony, put on a broad grin and grunted "How!" which is the universal Indian greeting. I saw that there was not a squaw among them, which was a suspicious sign. But on the other hand, they had no weapons, except a few bows and arrows. I made no comment one way or the other, but

ajo saddle blanket with apparent ad-Feeling it gently as if to test the closeness of the weaving, I noticed a hard body, which could not be the pony's back, In an instant the edge of the blanket was thrown upward and a repeating rifle of the latest pattern

an order directing that his soldiers not be left on the ground and utilized The bow is used in war when a stealthy attack is meditated, and quite generally in hunting, for there it answers as well and is more economical. The degree of skill attained by the Indian in archery is truly astonish-

The Crows make bows of elk horn

Before they came much in contact

Arrows are made very carefully, for tions. The rooster never utters it, nor to speak, sagged forward out of its nat- night to see the stars, for they can be upon their construction depends the bowman's success. Three or four are happy-go-lucky of hen creation. Now long the mother hen; it is the song of the happy-go-lucky of hen creation. Now long to speak, sagged to the daytime. People happy-go-lucky of hen creation. Now long to speak, sagged to the long is seen far better in the daytime. People enough, and you will be a fine looking flock there, too, to see the moon when again; and in work he found, as many another man has found, relief from many ills. He slept again nights, well when Alexander HStephens, Robert with the limit of a day's work, even disturbing element; an entirely different sound is heard. The branches from which they when the rough material is at deal more when it is only half full, for When Alexander HStephens, Robert Toombs, Lamars, and the other great legal giants of Georia would come to Columbus court itwas common to Columbus court itwas common to in bundles, so they will not warp, hear one of them say.

They are then hung up in the tepec, "Come on, let's gdlown to Jim Be-"

They are then hung up in the tepec, in a similar manner to the bow wood.

And if the enemy still comes on it is measure allows some of your weight to repeated, and every bird in the vicinic come on the pedals. In this position like a blur, or at best a map."

thune's office and hear his little Nigger | The shaft is usually channeled, or | ty lowers its head and runs to cover. | your hands are free to guide your blood from the wound. Arrows per-taining to different tribes may be dis-tinguished by the expert after examination of the feathering, painting or carving. Indeed, it is said that individuals of the same tribe can tell The tomahawk and war club are

beyond a doubt.

It would seem that scalping is fatal; when the victim had been wounded in | tion, to find, in many instances, nothlis Edmonston, freight conductors of the case of the mother the little ones ferent kind of play.

the Union Pacific railway, were fish- always find some tidbit which she has In fact, in bicycle

ductor running west from Ogden .-New York Herald.

UNCLE SAM'S MAIL.

Horned toads and other kinds of toads, as well as frogs, are in no case accepted by Uncle Sam for transporta-At the same time, all sorts of insects are constantly sent through the mail by entomologists, usually in tin boxes, living. Many are forwarded to the

For reasons unexplained, an exception is made against tarantulas, which

packed.

undetected by officials.

and President Garfield. Letters and packages sent by them are free and ment and need no stamps.

two cents an ounce before long; it is al postal system is that registered letters may be recalled by the senders at any time before they are actually delivered. Not long ago a German bank On one occasion a man's skull was sent securities representing a large sum of money to a firm in New York Soon afterwards the bank learned that the New York firm was insolvent and on the point of bankruptcy, the news being received by cable. A cable message was sent without delay to intercept the securities on their Cedar and hickory are favorite woods. arrival at New York, and the register- arm is stiff, rigid and extended to the ed letter containing them was returned unopened to the bank. Great Britain,

> LANGUAGE OF THE HEN. Calls to Dinner and Other Methods of Com-

the property of the addressee.

formed beyond any question or mistake

that Mrs. Gallus has laid an egg. Now, when the eggs are hatched we tion. Once in this position, place the have other and maternal notes. There knives are nevertheless, at close quar- | eral admonition of the chicks to re- | riding. appears to be greatly excited, and he | merits; so has sprinting for short dis pretends to peck at it, make the guile- tances. When a good, clear road less hens believe that he is about to de- looms up ahead, have a brush for two your the bonne bouche himself; all the or three hundred yards with the boy time he is saying cut, cut, cut-come, who is with you. These little races come, come—rapidly, which causes the hens to run pell mell in his direction movements, and they keep you from

forming bad habits, or letting your body sag into set, immovable positions They also bring the muscles into a dif I will not attempt to produce the | that there is a right and a wrong way; baby talk of the old hen to her chick's that you need not only endurance, but speed, and that changing from one to another, keeping up variety, is one good way of avoiding bad habits.—

CATSUP.

How this Delicious Condiment Was Discov-"The discovery of catsup and how the years ago, when the canning industry meaning that the owner, some distance | was in its 'swaddling clothes.' " This away, reaches for his shotgun and an- statement was made by a veteran member of the Western Canners' and

tomatoes for preserves one day acci-dentally put the wrong spices and other ingredients into the boiling mass

miliar pungent flavor of the mixture "Shoving the caldron off the fire to prevent a possible scorching, he made

he had done."-Chicago Times. THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,-The Niagara river extends from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, a distance of 30 miles. It receives the waters of all the upper lakes-Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, Superior, and a number of smaller ones. From source to outfall it has a total descent of 334 feet; but a greater part of the fall occurs within a distance of seven or eight miles, beginning with the rapids, two miles above the great falls, which received their name—Niagara, meaning the "thunder of waters"—from the abor-

The American fall is 660 feet wide. and the Central fall is 243 feet, each having a fall of 163 feet. The water flows on perpetually the same, full and clear; neither the snows of winter nor the evaporation of summer, neither rains nor drought materially affect it-excepting that about once in every seven years

son River railway, of which it forms the western terminus.-Dr. A. N. Bell QUITE LEGAL .- A certain English laborer who was noted for his great

The laborer was going along the

carrying a parcel through the gate?" "Whoa!" whoa!" cried Joslin; and quietly dismounting, he deliberately slipped his head under the donkey, seized its forelegs with his hands

Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick