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CHICKAMAUGA.

A SEQUEL TO CHATTANOOGA.

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHELL.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CHOICE OF A POST.

Caroline Fitz Hugh had watched over Corporal Ratigan every day since his wounding, and by careful nursing had doubtless saved his life. It was not for the corporal to fall in love with his nurse, for he had loved her ever since the day he first met her. When the visiting party had left the house, she went back to her charge, and after a few words of sympathy at the loss of his brother, putting out her hand frankly, and with a smile:

"Arise, Sir Hugh," she said. "You have been on your back long enough. You must get used to sitting up and prepare to go to Ireland and to administer your estate."

"Darlin," he said, looking up at her wistfully.

"It's time you were breaking yourself of calling me that. You must forget the Confederate 'telegraph worker,' go home and marry one of the daughters of the neighboring gentry and settle down to become a fine old Irish gentleman, one of the rare old stock."

"That's a fine picture ye're makin' for me, and what'll ye be doin' meantime?"

"Working for my country."

"And haven't ye promised ye would do no more telegraph workin'?"

"Oh, that duty has come to an abrupt termination! I shall never attempt it again. How could I after the sacrifice you and Colonel Maynard have made for me? Besides, if seen within the Federal lines, I should be recognized, and I would then deserve my fate."

"Ye'd better abandon the cause."

"Never, so long as it is a cause. So long as my brothers continue the struggle I will be with them."

"Then so long as the Union army is fightin' ye Oi'll be in its ranks."

"You'll do no such thing. You will go home, where your presence is more needed--to your mother, to your tenants. Ireland needs all her landowners such as you at home. That is your country. You have no interest here."

"And the United States is your country. You have no other."

"Rats!"

"Darlin!"

There was a silence between them for some moments. Ratigan laid his hand on hers while she was looking, with a pained expression, out of the window. In her eyes was a far look. Her com-

panion had strengthened certain doubts which had at times come to trouble her as to the ultimate success, the real motives which underlay her cause, and with her intense, devoted nature had led her to feel that all this vast effort put forth by her people might in the end avail nothing or would only, if successful, perpetuate a wrong. Her lover saw her troubled expression. He did not attempt to comfort her by recalling what he had said. He pushed on further.

"Darlin," he said, "ye're right when ye say Oi'm needed in Oireland. Go with me, darlin. Be me wife. Let all this intense effort, this sacrifice ye're puttin' into a cause, which Oi foresee is doomed, be given to me tenants. The estate is a large one, and there are hundreds of people for ye to befriend. There ye can work to a purpose. There ye're in behalf of a really downtrodden people will be for good."

"And leave my brothers in the midst of this horrid struggle? I will stay here till the last gun is fired, till the last blow of the hammer has riveted our chains."

Born and bred in the south, Miss Fitz Hugh had never seen except with southern eyes. Here was a man who was giving her views never before open to her. She had a mind capable of grasping them and saw the strength, the solid sense, beneath them when properly presented.

"Darlin," said the young baronet, "the world moves on quickly. If yer people succeed in this war, in less than a quarter of a century ye'll either free yer slaves or be a blot on the face of the earth."

"Oh, Rats," she exclaimed, "why did I ever meet you? You've sapped the strength I possessed for my work. I can never again do my duty as I have done it thus far."

"Darlin," he said, drawing her nearer to him, "Oi'll replace what Oi've taken. Oi'll give ye other duties, the duties that belong to the mistress of a fine estate, the duties of a woman of high degree in a country where birth is respected far more than here. With your vigor, your strong impulses--"

"Guided by your more steady light."

"Ye may become one of the most influential women in the three kingdoms."

In her eyes came that humorous twinkle he had once seen before when she stood in her buggy in the road up in Tennessee and tantalized him for his

stupidity in having been duped by her. "It would be nice to be"--

"To be what, darlin'?"

"Lady Rats," and she hid her blushes in the pillow on which his head rested.

The sun setting over Lookout mountain shone directly in the faces of Maynard and his party as returning from Ringold they rode into Chattanooga. It was a glorious October evening, and the heights towering them, covered by unseen Confederates, reposed about the town like huge lions watching a wounded animal, confident that at last it must fall into their power.

Dismounting before his tent, Maynard entered it, and there found a letter from his wife. She begged him to come to her if it were possible, and if not to write to her. He read and reread the letter again and again, and then made an attempt at a reply. After writing half a dozen, all of which he tore up, he abandoned the task in despair. His position was too uncertain. The sentence of the court martial hung over him like a sullen cloud. What could he say to her to comfort her? He well knew that the only comforting she needed was to know that he was not miserable, and of that he could not assure her.

And so matters hung for a week. Having no duties to perform, the time passed all the more slowly. The Confederates were sending occasional shells from Lookout mountain, and as they were harmless the reports were something of a relief to Maynard, breaking the monotony of the silence. He spent much of the time thinking of what he would do in case the sentence of the court were approved and carried into effect. He formed many plans, which were all abandoned. At last he settled down to the resolve that he would go to the army in the east, enlist under an assumed name and await the coming of some missile to end his career, as he had intended at Chickamauga.

One morning an orderly rode up to him and handed him an order to report in person at General Thomas' headquarters. Calling for his horse and for his own orderly, Jakey, to follow, he mounted, and in a feverish mood darted away to obey the order.

What did the summons mean? Something definite in his affairs had come about; that he felt reasonably sure of. Perhaps the papers of the court in his case had been found. Perhaps they had been made out in duplicate. The latter supposition was the most likely. His offense could not be ignored. Indeed he could not afford to have it ignored. The sentence must be either set aside or carried into effect. Dismissal would be far more desirable than living in suspense.

All these matters rushed through his mind while he rode to respond to the summons. The nearer he drew to headquarters the less hopeful he became. After all, was it not absurd to expect anything except that new papers had been made, the sentence forwarded "approved," and he was now to be informed that he was no longer in the army? General Thomas could do much for him, but there was not a general in the army who had a higher sense of a soldier's obligations than he. How was it possible that so great a leader, so rigid a disciplinarian, one with such high conceptions, could do aught in his case but approve the sentence? And now he was sending for him to inform him of his degradation.

Following this reasoning, by the time he arrived at headquarters his expectations were at the lowest ebb. He dismounted, and so preoccupied was he that he left his horse standing without fastening her, but Jakey rode forward and would the rein. Maynard gave his name to an orderly and in a few minutes stood before the man whose very presence was quite sufficient to strike terror into the heart of a delinquent.

But the first face on which Maynard's eyes rested was not that of the general. Another was there to greet him, one who, he knew, whether he were honored or disgraced, would never love him the less. It was his wife. The thought flashed through his brain, "She is here to comfort me when the blow falls." He wanted to fly to her embrace. The impulse was checked. He saw that she burned to fly to him, but she, too, restrained herself, for there, between them, towered the figure of the general. Maynard gave him a quick glance, but could discover nothing in his countenance to indicate what his fate would be. These glances, these surmises, lasted but for a moment, for the general spoke:

"I have sent for you to inform you of your status in the army."

Maynard bowed his head and waited. "The offense for which you were tried," the general spoke slowly and impressively, "was too grievous to be overlooked. It would have pleased me in the case of so brave a man to set it aside, but such a course would have condoned that which, if it should go unpunished, would strike at the very foundation of military discipline. In liberating a spy intrusted to your care you violated a sacred trust and assumed an authority such as is not accorded to any one save the president of the United States."

Maynard did not raise his eyes from the ground. He knew what was coming, and a shiver passed over him.

"A new set of papers were prepared and sent to me. I forwarded them--"

Maynard's eyes were almost starting from their sockets.

"With my approval."

"Oh, general!" gasped the stricken man, catching at the tent pole for a support. Laura could with difficulty keep her seat, so eager was she to fly to him.

"They have also been approved by the president, and you have been dismissed

from the service of the United States, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments."

Maynard tried to speak. He wished to say that he could not complain of the sentence--that, considering the offense, it was merciful--but his tongue would not obey him.

"So much for your punishment," the general went on after a slight pause. "There are other matters, however, to be considered. These are your youth, the circumstances under which you were placed, the voluntary sacrifice of yourself made to save another and in obedience to your own interpretation of your duty in repaying a sacred obligation. While these considerations do not destroy the act or its pernicious effect as an example, they show conclusively that it did not spring from base motives, but rather in obedience to a strong sense of honor, which a soldier should hold in highest esteem."

When the general began to speak of these palliating circumstances, Maynard did not bear him. As he proceeded, however, his attention was arrested.

"Furthermore, there are your brilliant services, both as a scout and yet more recently in the battle through which we have just passed. I have taken pains to learn of your services in the ranks on the 19th of September and was myself a witness to your gallantry on the ridge on the 20th. I cannot find it in my heart to fail in my acknowledgments to any man, however he may have erred, who engaged in that desperate struggle, which was a turning point in our fortune and may be said to have saved us all from rout or capture."

"Besides for more than a year I have watched your career with interest. I am sure that you are possessed of undoubted military talents, perhaps of a high order. I believe it to be true wisdom on the part of the government to retain those talents for the country. Therefore, in the interest of the United States and for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga, I have suggested your name to the president for the appointment of brigadier general of volunteers. A batch of such appointments, including yours, was yesterday sent to the senate, and I have a telegram announcing that they were all confirmed."

Suddenly it seemed as if there had been a loosening of invisible cords that had been holding husband and wife apart. In the fraction of a second they were locked in each other's arms. Tears, the usual mode of expression of deep feeling in woman, did not come only to the wife. Yet in a measure the sexes were reversed. Laura was more smiles than tears. Maynard only wept.

Soon remembering in whose presence he stood, Maynard disengaged himself. Turning to General Thomas:

"General," he said in a broken voice, "I cannot--thanks are nothing--time must show how well I appreciate what you have done. Is there another man in the army who could afford to take so enlarged a view in such a case? Is there one with so farseeing an eye, so keen a sense of a soldier's duty, tempered with so kind a heart?"

Maynard paused for a moment. Then with a sudden burst of enthusiasm:

"But who shall reward the man who on that terrible day held together the Army of the Cumberland? Can the president bestow an adequate rank? Would the title of full 'general' avail? No! It is for the people to reward you with a title, not given by an individual, but by the common consent of vast masses--not only for a day, but so long as there shall be a history of this war--the Rock of Chickamauga."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SINGULAR CEREMONY.

Laura Maynard, after a long period of solicitude as to her husband--detained at home by a temporary illness of her child--had at last found it possible to go and seek him. She had arrived on the morning of the news of his appointment and at once sought General Thomas' headquarters. There she had been informed of the status, and a messenger was at once sent for her husband.

Leaving the tent where Maynard had first been plunged in despair only to be elevated to a condition of mind bordering on ecstasy, the two sought a hotel, where Laura could be made comfortable till the next day, and there passed the time in going over the period since they had parted and rejoicing at the outcome of the singular complications which fate had been pleased to bring down upon the husband.

But all meetings must have an end, and at last the husband, departing, rode to his tent. There he found a messenger waiting for him.

"Flag of truce" wants to see you on the picket line, sir."

Without dismounting, the newly created general rode in the direction of Mission ridge and met "the flag" at its base. There stood a mounted party of Confederates, one of them bearing a white flag, headed by an officer, a son of the south who spoke every word as though it were of momentous importance, never omitting the word "sir."

"Are you Colonel Maynard, sir?"

"I am, or at least I was. I hardly know what I am just now. I should not be surprised to be informed that I was to command all the armies of the United States."

The officer looked puzzled.

"I am the bearer, sir, of a message from Corporal Sir Hugh Ratigan. He is to be married at 7 o'clock this evening at General Bragg's headquarters on Mission ridge."

"The devil he is!"

"That is his intention, sir. He desires your presence."

"Whom does he marry?"

"Miss Caroline Fitz Hugh."

"I have been more surprised at other announcements, I confess. I don't wonder he invites me to his wedding, since I helped him to a wife."

"Shall I transmit your acceptance of the invitation, sir?"

"On one condition."

"Please name it, sir."

"I fear it will be unacceptable to Colonel Fitz Hugh, who will doubtless be the host or one of the hosts. He will not likely yield in a matter of etiquette which I must insist on."

"Colonel Fitz Hugh cannot be present, sir. He is now in your rear with our cavalry completing the starvation of your army in Chattanooga by destroying your lines of supply."

"H'm. I was not aware of any hunger in our ranks. Indeed my request is, knowing that your own larder in the Confederacy is not exactly abundant; that the horn of plenty is not burying you like Heracleum under the ashes of Vesuvius; that the blockade--"

"The blockade is not effective, sir," interrupted the officer stiffly.

"Has somewhat reduced your wine cellars, my condition is, I say, that I may be permitted to bring half a dozen cases of champagne for the wedding feast."

"I assure you, sir, that it is not necessary. We are getting cargoes of wine from Havre by a regular line of steamers. It is your own mess tables at Chattanooga that are doubtless bereft of beverages, owing to the fact that our General Wheeler is circus riding in Tennessee, leaving no road or railroad open to you."

"Do you consent that I shall bring the wine?"

"I do, sir, but shall claim for the host, a general officer related to the bride, the privilege of supplying an equal number of cases."

"Agreed. I will meet you here at 6 o'clock this evening, when you can conduct me and my party to the place where the ceremony is to take place. You may say, if you please, that I shall consider the invitation extended to my wife, whom I will bring with me."

"We shall feel highly honored, sir, at Mrs. Maynard's presence. Am I to infer, sir, that your wife has been able to reach you over the burned bridges and trestlework in your rear?"

"She has found no difficulty whatever in joining me."

Maynard failed to add that Laura had only come a few miles to meet him.

"Good day, sir," said the officer, raising his hat. "I shall expect you at 6."

"Good day. I will be on time."

And each rode away in the direction of their respective camps.

Maynard's offer of the wine had come about in this wise: Jakey, during the previous week, had been investigating such empty houses as he could find in Chattanooga and had loaded himself down with knickknacks, such as china ornaments, pictures, crockery, cutlery, including even daguerreotypes. On one occasion he thought he had discovered a box of muskets. This he reported to Colonel Maynard, whom he persuaded to go with him to a cellar near by and make a search for concealed arms. The muskets were found, besides half a dozen cases of champagne, which had doubtless been there since the beginning of the war.

Upon leaving the picket line Maynard rode to the house where he had seen the wine and secured it for the evening, placing a guard over it. Then he went to the hotel and bade Laura get ready to attend a wedding.

There was consternation in the Confederate camp when the officer returned with the information that the Yankee had tried to bluff him by claiming the privilege of bringing champagne with him, and that he had claimed the right for the hosts to furnish an equal amount. The telegraph was set in motion at once, directing search to be made in all the neighboring towns for the required beverage. Dalton, Cleveland and other points were ransacked without success. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as despair was settling on the Confederates, a telegram was received that some champagne had been found in Atlanta. The authorities there were directed to send it by special locomotive, marking it "Ammunition. Forward with dispatch."

At 7 o'clock Maynard, accompanied by Laura, and Jakey, who was always with him, besides a wagon containing the case of wine, were at the appointed place on the picket line, where they were met by the Confederate "flag," transferring the wine to the backs of pack mules, all started up the side of Mission ridge to General Bragg's headquarters.

As they approached the crest a body of Confederate officers, a gay cavalcade in gray and gold lace, rode out to meet them. They were received by the relative of the bride--an uncle--referred to by the officer who brought the invitation. He was an elderly man, of a dignified and serious mien. The party were conducted to a large marquee set up for the wedding feast. There they alighted, and the wine was unloaded and carried inside.

A few minutes before 7 o'clock the guests were conducted to a knoll, on the summit of which had been erected a canopy of flowers, and where stood a group of Confederates of high rank. On the eastern horizon stood the full moon. Below to the east was the battlefield of Chickamauga. To the west, the Army of the Cumberland, besieged in Chattanooga, on half rations. As the guests approached, the groom, still in his uniform of a corporal, attended by his best man--a Confederate non-commissioned officer of good family, detailed for the occasion--was seen moving from the north toward the knoll. At the same moment the bride, attired in a

dress made of a coarse white stuff, manufactured in the Confederacy, and attended by several bridesmaids, who had come from a distance to officiate, approached from the south. The two met on the knoll under the canopy. An officer of high rank, who was also a bishop in the church, stepped forward, and Corporal Sir Hugh Ratigan and Caroline Fitz Hugh were made one. The only lamp to light the nuptials was the round moon in the east. The only canopy, save that composed of flowers, was the broad heavens above, in which the stars had only just appeared for the night. The only wedding bells were occasional booms from guns on Lookout mountain.

The ceremony over, the bride and groom repaired to the marquee, lighted with candles, where they took position to receive the congratulations of the company. All gave way to Colonel and Mrs. Maynard, who offered theirs first.

"We must give you up, I suppose," said Laura to the bride, "just as we would like to know you better. You go abroad, I suppose."

"No, I remain here."

"But Sir Hugh will go?"

"Yes, as soon as he can get his discharge. He goes to Virginia from here, where he will pass through the lines to Washington and will put his case in the hands of the British minister. He anticipates no trouble in getting a discharge from the Federal army and hopes to sail within a month for Ireland."

"And you?" asked Laura, in some surprise that the bride could bear to part so soon with her husband.

"I remain with my people till the last gun has been fired. We have argued that question, and such is my decision."

"Moi decisions," observed the groom, "are a thing of the past."

Leaving the newly married pair, Colonel Maynard approached the master of ceremonies, the bride's uncle.

"General," he said, "I esteem it a privilege that you have waived your right to furnish all the viands for the wedding feast and have permitted me to contribute. There," pointing to the boxes of wine he had brought, "are six cases of champagne, which I beg you to accept as a contribution from the Army of Chattanooga."

At a signal from the officer addressed a negro removed a blanket covering a dozen boxes in a corner of the tent, which had come a hundred miles and had not been in position ten minutes.

"I see your six cases, general, and go you six cases better."

"Having no further resources at hand," said Maynard, bowing, "I retire from the game."

"Hannibal," said the Confederate, "you may advance the force in the first box to a position in line on the table."

"Yes, sah," said the person addressed. And seizing a saber standing in the corner he unsheathed it with a flourish and pried open a box of the wine. In a moment a dozen bottles were standing on the table like a platoon of soldiers.

"Now, Hannibal, you may fire the opening shot."

Hannibal broke the wires, and a "pop," a far more welcome sound than those that had been so recently and frequently heard by all present, announced that the feast was not only set, but begun.

"I must apologize for our glassware," said the master of ceremonies. "Our champagne glasses were all shattered by the concussion at Chickamauga."

And well he might. The array consisted of tin cups, wooden cups, glass cups and tumblers, all either cracked, broken or dented. And as a circle was formed to pledge the bride and groom one Confederate screened himself behind his comrades to avoid being seen drinking from a gourd. When the contents of 18 cases--a regiment of "dead soldiers"--lay on the table, the guests prepared to depart. The last words had been spoken by General and Mrs. Maynard and by Sir Hugh and Lady Ratigan. Jakey, who had thus far wandered about unobserved, though not unobserving, stepped up to the bride and groom. Though he had not tasted the wine, his eyes glistened with intoxication at the union of his two friends, whose attachment he had noticed from the first.

"Miss Baggs, air you uns'n Sir Rats goin' ter ride roun Tennessee some more in the chicken coop?"

There was a burst of laughter from the party, and Lady Ratigan, with a blush, informed Jakey that the chicken coop was broken in pieces.

"I didn't know nuthin' 'bout that. Reckon Sir Rats'd find it handy in Ireland. It's kind o' funny you uns startin' out way up by th' mountings 'n fetchin' up down hyar, nigh outer th' Georgy line." And Jakey surprised the company by giving the only "ha, ha" that had to this moment ever been heard to issue from his serious lips.

As the guests descended the side of the mountain a cheer was heard in the direction of Chattanooga. They stopped and listened. A man rode out from the Union picket line to meet them.

"What's that cheerin'?" asked General Maynard.

"Ole Pap's in command of the Army of the Cumberland."

THE END.

Mrs. Fogg always tries to say the proper thing, but does not invariably succeed in saying it. Her husband had been very ill all the winter, and her pastor had visited her several times. As spring approached the sick man grew better and on one occasion, while the reverend gentleman was in the house, he took occasion to congratulate the woman on the condition of her husband. "Yes, John has been pretty sick," said the wife mournfully, "and I was afraid he wouldn't see no more hot weather this side of eternity."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say, as the manner in which you say it; it is not so much the language you use, as the tones in which you convey it. "Come here!" I sharply said, "And the baby covered and wept; "Come here!" I cooed and he looked and smiled.

And straight to my lap he crept. The words may be mild and fair, And the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as a summer air, And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind, And grow by study and art; But the tones leap forth from the inner self.

And reveal the state of the heart. Whether you know it or not, Whether you mean or care, Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate, Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid And in peace and love rejoice, Keep anger not only out of your words, But keep it out of your voice.

DO WE EVER REALLY FORGET ANYTHING?--The brain of mankind has been defined as a kind of phonographic cylinder, which retains impressions made upon it through the medium of the senses, particularly through the eyes and ears. If this be true, memory must depend for its intensity or retentive qualities upon the degree of observation with which the record is made. Nor is this all. If memory's record is kept in the shape of indentations upon the folds of brain matter, are they ever entirely effaced? In other words, do we ever really forget anything? May it not be that in the inner depths of the brain memory has stored up recollections of things which are never again purposefully returned to, perhaps, but which instantly sprang into being and flash through the mind whenever we hear or see something which recalls them? There are several well-known mental phenomena which strengthen the theory. We know that memory often brightens during the last moments of life, and there are cases on record where Germans, French, Spaniards and others, who, upon falling sick in this country, scores of years after having entirely forgotten their native languages, recovered and used them upon their death-beds. There is a theory that in all such cases the brain folds have relaxed, just as do the muscles and cords of the limbs and body, and that by so doing they expose to the mind's monitor indentations (recollections) which were long since folded up and put away as material that could not be of any particular use. Think of these things.

FLAG OF TRUCE.--It would be hard to find a more amusing instance of the beggarly condition in which soldiers of the field are sometimes found than that given years ago by General Gordon, in an account of the various scenes connected with the surrender of Lee's army.

When General Gordon determined to send a flag of truce to General Sheridan, he summoned Major Hunter of his staff, and ordered him to carry a flag of truce forward.

"General, I have no flag of truce," replied Major Hunter.

"Get one," said the general, curtly.

"General," he replied again, "we have no flag of truce in our command."

"Take your handkerchief and put it on a stick and go forward."

"I have no handkerchief, general."

"Borrow one, and go forward with it."

"General, there is no handkerchief in the staff."

"Then, major, use your shirt."

"You see, general, that we all have on flannel shirts."

At last one man was found who still had a white shirt; a part of it was torn off, and with this remarkable emblem tied to a stick, the major went forward toward the enemy's line.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?--A preacher came at a newspaper man in this way: "You editors dare not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspapers would be a failure." The editor replied, "You are right. And the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about the members of his church, alive or dead, will not occupy the pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with the whitewash brushes and pleasant words magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen and the gravestone are the great saint-making triumvirate." And the minister went away, very thoughtful, while the editor turned to his work, and told about the surpassing beauty of the bride, while, in fact, she was as homely as a hedge fence.

FATHER--Now, see here! if you marry that young pauper, how on earth are you going to live? Sweet Girl--O, we have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me? "Yes." "Well, I've been reading a poultry circular, and I find that a good hen will raise 20 chicks in a season. Well, the next season that will be 21 hens, and as each will raise 20 more chicks, that will be 420. The next year the number will be 8,400, the following year 168,000, and the next 3,360,000! Just think! At only 50 cents apiece we will then have \$1,680,000. Then, you dear old papa, we'll lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."--New York Weekly.



"Darlin," he said.