

A STRATAGEM.

Captain Levi Skullicarp sat on the gunwale of the Miriam, leaning forward so that his elbows rested on his knees.

"You know that young Mr. Archer the stay-in at the hotel?" The captain shifted his one eye inquiringly in my direction.

"I was about to remark that it was right off here that me an that sentimental Mr. Archer was one day last week when he says to me, 'Cap'n,' he says, 'do you s'pose a man could commit suicide here?'"

"Do you mean the quiet young man with a black beard who has the second table from mine at the hotel, Skullicarp?" I interrupted.

"Didn't he explain why he was so anxious to see her?" I asked after a silence of some minutes.

In reply the captain clambered into the cockpit and, bracing himself against the end of the tiller, fixed the long glass to his eye.

"I'll be blowed!" he cried. There was a pause, and then he muttered: "Small jib, white duck dress, spoony bow, white hull, black hair! I'm blowed!"

This exclamation was accompanied by a loud rattle as he closed the glass.

"Git to win'ward, quick!" he yelled. The boom swung around, allowing me just time to dodge it, and before I had fully recovered from my surprise we were moving through the water under the fast freshening breeze.

"Where are you going, captain?" I asked in a tone of remonstrance.

He gave the sheet a few turns about a cleat, tucked the tiller comfortably under one leg, filled and lighted his pipe, and when the smoke was rising in great volume from the bowl and trailing astern in clouds that must have made our boat at a distance present the appearance of a small steamship he exclaimed again, "I'll be blowed!"

Then I arose in my wrath and, supporting myself by grasping the centerboard and facing the obdurate mariner, cried, "See here, captain, I was under the impression I had hired this craft, and—"

"I'm goin for Mr. Archer. Yan's her," he said in a firm, solemn tone, then sighed an went on crabbin. The day was just like this here, only there was a dead cam, an over yander toward Fire islan the clouds was beginnin to rise.

"You might commit suicide here, Mr. Archer," I says, "continued he, 'providin you dove over head first an then doubled up, or else walked two miles out to the channel.'"

"He looks at me kind o' solemn, then sighed an went on crabbin. The day was just like this here, only there was a dead cam, an over yander toward Fire islan the clouds was beginnin to rise.

Levi was shaking his pipe vigorously, and I deemed it wise to assuage his anger by exclaiming with an ominous wag of the head, "Oh, you old barnacle!"

This had a soothing effect on the captain, for in a milder tone he continued: "We'd been that way 'bout four hour when I seen another boat edgin down our way. Her sail was hangin like clothes on a line, but she was a leetle furdur out an caught the tide. A man was sittin in the stern an lady on the gunwale. Mr. Archer, he seen 'em, too, an watched seaward, was Levi Skullicarp. The sentimental man at the catboat's helm waved a hand to imply that he saw the speck of a sail to which the captain was pointing and turned to the business of navigation. Away we went in pursuit.

When the Miriam had at length settled down to work and was with clocklike regularity sticking her nose into the solid green waves and then saucily throwing them up in the air again and sending the water skirting along the rail or flying over my new companion broke the silence by appearing for the first time to recognize that I was human.

"Mister-r-r!"

"Kemp," I answered, bowing stiffly.

"My name is Archer."

"I think I have seen you about the hotel."

"This must seem a strange proceeding to you," he said, laughing. Evidently the peculiarity had just dawned on him.

"Rather," I replied, thawing just enough to smile.

"And perhaps an explanation is due," said he.

"By an by he says, 'Cap'n, there's a breeze comin'."

"I've been a-watchin it, sir," says I, an I ups with me anchor an sail.

"It caught the other feller first, an of a sudden her canvas filled, an she begin to cut throo the water on a beat up the bay. I had the tiller ready, an it wasn't a minute till we was movin too. It was slow at first, but we soon had to reef an went tearin throo the water to beat a steam launch. The clouds had brought a reg'lar hurricane an was pilin up aloft an roarin full o' thunder. You utter 'a' seen Mr. Archer then. He kep' rummin from bow to stern an back, forever askin whether I thought we was gainin. Now I'm proud o' this here Miriam o' mine. I'll back her ag'in anything on the bay but that there strange boat. Why, that craft jist slipped throo the water like she was iled. We kep' up pretty well, though, an might o' caught her if the rain hadn't come. An us lot sight o' 'em. I wanted to put back, but Mr. Archer, he wouldn't have it, an kep' rummin up an down, pipin his eyes this way an that way an usin bad language till it come dark an the storm had passed. Then he throwed himself down in the cockpit an lit his pipe an says, 'Home, cap'n!' That was all—jist 'Home, cap'n!'"

Levi throwed aside my lines, for Skullicarp's account of the sentimental man had awakened my interest, and when he had finished his recital I had turned my back on the water, my feet were dangling in the cockpit and my eyes were fixed on the bayman.

"Do you think we'll catch 'em?" I asked, with suddenly awakened interest.

"Thank you!" he replied. This simple acknowledgment of his gratitude for my now evident sympathy in his venture won me completely, and I scrambled forward to the mast with a recklessness that surprised me that I might get the bearings of the craft we were chasing.

"How far off do you make them?" he called to me.

"About two miles."

"They are beating along the bay," he cried, "and I think if we hold this course we'll just cross their bow."

The man's judgment was superb, for 15 minutes later we were so close to the other boat that I could see its two occupants plainly. One was a man, a regulation small boat man, attired in a combination of gold and yachting clothes. The second was the girl. I felt that, were she as interesting as she appeared as she sat there on the windward rail, fearless of danger, her face aglow with the excitement of what she evidently realized was a race, Archer was excusable for forgetting his other engagement. I was meditating on this when my companion, who had been hidden from her view by the rail, exclaimed, "Jove!"

"We're all right," said I. "We'll catch them, and you can go on board."

"That's just it," he growled. "I can't go on board. Why, she would cut me dead or toss me over."

As he was best posted as to the young woman's character, silence on my part seemed befitting. He did not speak again until we had drawn within hailing distance of the other boat, when he motioned me to him.

"We'll run right across their bow," he whispered. "Don't you mind me. I can see bottom here. Keep right on, and they will have to take me in. Now, look out!" We swept across the bow of the other craft, and by a seemingly clumsy maneuver, went about. The boom swung around, and an instant later Archer was floundering in the bay. I grasped the tiller, and the Miriam sudded away before the wind. Poor sailor as I am, had necessity demanded it I doubt if I could have navigated the boat back to where Archer was flopping about in the water, so it was an easy matter for me to obey his injunctions and sail away oblivious to his cries, which mingled with those of the girl in the tiny sloop.

Only twice did I look back. The first time was to see my erstwhile companion being dragged by main force into the other boat, the second to see two men and a girl gesticulating wildly to me to return, but I smiled grimly and pointed the Miriam toward home.

On the very next day I returned to town, and I heard no more of the sentimental man until late in November. I was walking up Thirty-ninth street one afternoon on my way home from the office when my attention was attracted to a well appointed brougham that swerved into the curb close by me. I heard a voice call, "Kemp!"

It was Archer, and as I took his outstretched hand he returned to the pretty young woman who had just emerged from the carriage and said:

"Kemp, my wife."—St. Louis Republic.

The Wage Question.

A young colored philosopher was employed in one of our stores at a salary of \$3.50 a week. He told his employer one morning that he was going to leave, having got a better place.

"A better place?" echoed his employer. "What wages are you to get?"

"Three dollars a week."

"But that is not as much as you get here."

"No," said the boy, "but then it's better to do less and not get so much than to do more and not get enough."—Boston Transcript.

Enough Said.

Old Gentleman (dictating indignant letter)—Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it, but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts.—Brooklyn Life.

"Not as long as you can sail," I answered.

On that score I confess I felt no uneasiness, for I soon saw that, sturdy fellow that he was, Archer was fully competent to handle the boat, for all the power there was in the breeze he got out of it, and though time and again the Miriam keeled over till her lee sail was wet aw, and my heart was in my mouth, she always swung back again without swerving an inch from her course.

"There is a girl in that boat that I am most anxious to see, Mr. Kemp," said Archer after a pause.

"So I should judge," said I. "I have spent nearly all my life in London," he went on. "I should be there now had I not met her. She sailed for home about two months ago, and ostensibly by accident, but really by intention, I came over on the same steamship. By the fourth day out from Queenstown we had fixed everything up nicely. Then I happened to remember another engagement—sort of a marriage of convenience—and, like a fool, I told her. She shut herself up in her stateroom for the rest of the voyage and cut me dead at the pier. I humbly followed her to her home in San Francisco. She fled back east. All trace of her was lost, and I came down here to seek."

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A TONGUE OF FLAME.

"Peace, peace," snorted the rose in her garden. And "peace" sang the bird on his tree. But a hale smoke shadowed the valleys. Where the rivers run to the sea, And the smell of battle was on the winds Of the summer of sixty-three.

In the lap of its mother mountain Virginia City lay, And, wet in a rolling raincloud Of glimmering gray and gray, Behind the Sierras slowly sank The sun of Liberty's day.

The mammoth flung on the summit In the tremulous rainbow glow Fluttered far like a scarlet ribbon To the eyes that watched below. But flashed in the sky of a nation The glory of long ago.

Then a frown on the cheek of the twilight Where the smile of the west was warm. And climbing in dusky billows Mount Davidson's awful form. A wonder of darkness swept the height Like the rush of a silent storm.

Through the mark of the muffled city, With its mystery unaid, While the people dizzily gazing Stood dumb in the streets, behold In the blackening west o'er the mountain's crest. A twinkle of fiery gold!

Every eye caught the heaven hazy vision; Every heart felt the wizard spell. It flared like an spirit candle. It streamed like a star that fell; It waved and glared like a signal hand; It swung like a white-faced bell.

Did they hear it? Voiceless listened: Wild thoughts guessed its meaning divine. 'Twas news of the war from the eastward: The palm tree has bowed to the pine. And the Lord of Hosts is upholding His torch on the hills for a sign."

'Twas a dream, but not all. On the shadow The light that quivered and curled Was the flag by patriot fingers That birthday morning fluttered, And it blazed in the unseen sunset Like a beam from another world.

Alone in its daylight of glory Above where the lightnings run, But the glad city read on the morrow Its token of deeds that were done. And the Lord of Hosts is upholding His torch on the hills for a sign."

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

A SOLDIER'S DOUBLE.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

About 30 days before Grant broke through Lee's lines at Petersburg and the beginning of the end came a portion of my regiment captured seven Confederates and brought them into camp. My own company was a part of the Federal force, but as I was on detached duty that week I was not with them. The first I knew of the capture was when I heard the story that I had deserted to the Confederates and been recaptured and would be shot.

I visited company headquarters to ascertain what the talk meant and there met with a strange reception. I was there, wearing a blue uniform, and yet I was in the guardhouse half a mile away wearing the butternut. I had been on duty at division headquarters, and yet I had been captured on the advance lines. I was at once placed under arrest, and it was an hour or more before the mystery was solved.

Then it was found that one of the Confederate prisoners was my double. As the case excited a good deal of comment at the time I will give you the full particulars. My double was a member of an Alabama regiment. When placed side by side, we were twin brothers. Each of us was 20 years old; each 5 feet 5 inches high; each weighed 137 pounds. Our eyes and hair were of the same color. Even our voices were the same, except that he spoke with the more of a drawl. The name of the young man was John Wakefield, and we were born 1,000 miles apart and were in no way related.

We were as much astonished as the officers and surgeons who were called in to gaze at us. No twin brothers ever bore a closer resemblance, and they declared that even our gait was the same.

I had not yet recovered from my astonishment when the suggestion was made that I go into the Confederate camp as a spy on the strength of the wonderful resemblance. I was given three days in which to pump Wakefield. He did not know my object, or I should credit him with having told me less, although he was tired of the war and rather glad to have been captured.

I first got his family history complete, then the town from which he hailed, the names of many people and the situation of streets and public buildings, then the names of his officers and comrades and incidents of campaigning. Having nothing else to do, and my aim being to acquire information, I got from him almost every incident of his life in those three days and nights.

As my life would depend upon my being thoroughly posted, we canvassed the most trivial incidents of his life at home and as a soldier. He was a ready talker and had a good memory, and of course these things helped me wonderfully. When I was quite ready, I took his suit of clothes complete, and he was given another.

Then I was taken down to the front and made a bolt for it. In other words, one of the Confederate prisoners escaped and dashed across the space which separated the opposing lines. Not half a dozen men were let into the secret, and as I ran I was fired upon by half a regiment.

They had promised me differently, and I felt a bitter feeling against the man who had charge of the firing and of the men who overtook me. The heat of the earth at my feet was a burning torch at my back, and I was a good deal of a distance from the firing line.

I had pumped John Wakefield so thoroughly and so plainly remembered everything that I believe I passed the examination fully as well or better than he could. General

promptly that I supposed everything was all right. It wasn't, however. Federal spies had played the game before, and Confederate wit had become sharpened.

I was sent to the headquarters of General Mahone, who was subsequently celebrated in Virginia and national politics. He asked me the same questions which the colonel had put to me and many others in addition. I saw that he was suspicious, and, braving all at one stroke, I requested that my captain be sent for.

The Alabama regiment to which I was supposed to belong was stationed two miles away, and it was about 9 o'clock before the captain arrived. Previous to his appearance I had been asked his name, which I gave correctly, and had also described his person. When he reached headquarters, I was sent for, and as I stood before him and two or three headquarters officers General Mahone asked:

"Captain Thorn, this man claims to belong to your company. Is he a member or not?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "What's his name?"

"John Wakefield, sir."

"When was he captured?"

"Four days ago, along with several men."

"Are you positive that this is your man?"

"Certain, sir. I knew him before he enlisted, and he has been in my company for a year."

That settled it. We were dismissed, and I followed Captain Thorn to the regiment. On the way I related the particulars of my capture and escape, and he seemed considerably puzzled that General Mahone should have been so suspicious of me. There were about 40 men in Company D. They all gathered around me as I appeared and gave me welcome, and a young man named David Ganny, who had been Wakefield's tentmate, put his arms around me and shed tears in his gladness over my return.

I had learned my part so thoroughly that I was "at home" from the first. Next day I met every member of the company, officers included, and where I used names I made no mistake. I fell into the routine with the rest, and after three days the curiosity of all had been satisfied.

You may say it was a wonderful thing that I could thus pass myself off and escape all suspicion, but I am only telling you what was known to General Grant himself. My orders were to ascertain Lee's strength on a line about four miles long. How I was to accomplish this after entering the Confederate lines was left for me to decide. Wakefield told me that he had a cousin in the Seventh Virginia, a young soldier named John Winslow. He had visited him whenever opportunity offered, and this was a good excuse for me to get out of camp. I got permission from my captain to go, and in hunting up the Seventh Virginia I took care to miss it and cover the whole front and have a look at guns and fortifications. I found Winslow at last, but his greeting was far from cordial. The two had evidently quarreled about something on which I was not posted. He was so sulky and unfriendly that I was about to cut my visit short when he gave me a searching look and exclaimed:

"Why, you are not John Wakefield at all!"

"Then who am I?" I asked, with a laugh.

"I don't know, but you are certainly not my cousin John. You look like him, but you are not he."

It was queer that he alone should have suspected me, but something in my speech, walk or look warned him that I was a counterfeit. I laughed at him in a good natured way, hoped I would find him in a better humor when I called again and started for my regiment, but I had not gone a quarter of a mile when I was overtaken, put under arrest and an hour later was once more in the presence of General Mahone.

I am sure that the general had doubted me from the first. Indeed, after the war he told me as much and added that he was not quite satisfied even when my captain so thoroughly identified me. I was followed to his tent by Winslow, who boldly proclaimed that I was not John Wakefield.

Then all the officers and half a dozen men of the company, including my tentmate, were sent for, and the general heartily entered upon the work of trapping me. My life was the stake being played for, and, though I was terribly anxious as to the outcome, as you may believe, I believe I displayed all the coolness and nerve which my best friend could have hoped for.

Every officer and every man promptly identified me as John Wakefield, but to offset this Winslow said that his cousin had a scar on the neck which could not be found on me. I denied the scar, and then my captain was requested to ask me certain questions which the general suggested or wrote out. In reply I gave the Christian name of father, mother and sister as well as a number of uncles, aunts and cousins. I gave the names of many streets in Montgomery, Ala.; the names of many families, the situation of the statehouse, Exchange hotel, police station, etc. I told the part taken by my regiment in various battles and skirmishes and related a funny incident connected with my enlistment which Captain Thorn clearly remembered.

I had pumped John Wakefield so thoroughly and so plainly remembered everything that I believe I passed the examination fully as well or better than he could. General

manone had only one peg to hang a hope on after putting me through my paces for a full two hours. My tentmate was sure I was John Wakefield, and yet was a bit strange since my return to the company. I did not use tobacco any longer, and he had not heard me swear, though I had been addicted to both vices before my capture. I claimed that I had resolved to let tobacco alone, as it was affecting my health, and I had quit swearing in gratitude over my escape.

The general was satisfied, and yet unsatisfied. He acknowledged that my officers and comrades ought to know me after being together for a year, but added that there was no great hurry to dispose of the case and sent me to the guardhouse. At the end of two days I was escorted back to his headquarters, and he played his last card. In his tent was a soldier dressed in Federal uniform, whom I took to be a deserter. There were also two men dressed as civilians, but I believe they were Confederate soldiers temporarily disguised. The general had two letters and a telegram before him, and as I stood at attention he looked up and said:

"Well, my Yankee lad, you are pretty sharp and have stuck by your story, but you might as well make a clean breast of it now. You see this deserter from your lines, these citizens from Montgomery, these written proofs that you are not John Wakefield?"

"Who do you want me to be?" I asked.

"I want your right name and the story of how you got into our lines. You are a spy, and hanging is the penalty, but, owing to your youth, we may decide to treat you as a prisoner of war."

I declared that I was John Wakefield, asked him to remember that all my company had fully identified me and expressed my willingness to face any new proofs he might have to the contrary. He leaned back in his chair and looked me straight in the eyes for a moment, and I knew he was a beaten man. He did not call up the men or read the letters, as they had been "prepared" for the occasion and could not have helped him out. After what seemed fully ten minutes to me he quietly said:

"Well, perhaps a mistake has been made. You can return to your regiment."

My two arraignments before General Mahone made me an object of curiosity and gossip in my company, and when I returned it was to find all the men anxious to quiz me and two or three of them seemingly suspicious. The captain called me into his tent and questioned and cross questioned me until he declared that nobody but a fool could have taken me for any one else. I put the men off by pretending to be angry, and three nights later, as we held a breastwork at the front, I slipped away in the darkness and re-entered the Federal lines. Acting on the information I brought, Grant was hammering away on that portion of the Confederate line at daybreak. Ten years after the war, as I smoked the pipe of peace with General Mahone at a hotel in Richmond, I put the inquiry:

"General, suppose you had secured proofs that I was not John Wakefield. What would have happened?"

"Can't you guess?" he replied.

"Would you have had me shot?"

"No, sir. I'd have hung you by the neck and made a good job of it!"

Didn't Call Names.

Officer—How is this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you call him names.

Private Murphy—Plaze, surr, I never called him any names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."—London Fun.

The Number of Languages.

The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Baldi enumerated 860 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects.

Adulgers, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large.

It is said there are little islands lying close together in the south seas the inhabitants of which do not understand each other.

Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Baldi 89 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 123 to Asia, 417 to America and 117 to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindustan and South America.

A Big Book.

Dr. Parr is credited with having answered a "cheeky" youth in most effective fashion. The latter, wishing to "take a rise" out of Parr, who was a man of much dignity of aspect, before some frivolous acquaintances, observed that if the doctor and himself were to collaborate they could write a very big book. "An enormous one," said Parr dryly, "if we put in all that I know and all that you do not."—San Francisco Argonaut.

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administrators of the Estate of Margaret McCullough deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 26th day of February, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

A. W. McCULLOUGH, Adm'r. Jan 26, 1898.



TO ATLANTA, CHARLOTTE, WILMINGTON, NEW ORLEANS AND NEW YORK, BOSTON, RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 7, 1898.

SOUTHBOUND. No. 403. No. 41. Lv New York, via Penn R. R. 11:00 am 9:45 pm

Lv Philadelphia, " " 12:12 pm 10:56 pm

Lv Baltimore, " " 3:15 pm 2:59 pm

Lv Washington, " " 4:40 pm 4:23 am

Lv Richmond, A. C. L. 12:56 am 1:29 am

Lv Norfolk, via S. A. L. 8:30 pm 9:25 am

Lv Portsmouth, " " 8:45 pm 9:40 am

Lv Weldon, " " 11:28 pm 11:38 am

Lv Henderson, " " 12:56 am 1:38 pm