

WAR STORIES.

The Hero of the Hen Roost.

While we were campaigning in East Tennessee, during the winter of 1863-4, we stopped, for a short while, at a place where all the families in the neighborhood called upon us for guards to protect their homes and premises from the ravages of army foragers.

Several men of our company had already gone out to guard houses in the neighborhood, when a belated applicant, for a guard, presented himself one stormy afternoon, with bitter complaints of depredations by the soldiers, and asked for the protection of a guard.

We traveled on foot along an old narrow, unfrequented road, through a most cruel downpour of rain that was constantly dashed literally against us by violent gusts of wind, with such force as to drive the cold water through our garments and thoroughly drench our bodies.

There were only three of them in the family, the man, the wife and a fourteen-year-old daughter. The man was small and slender, his gate awkward and shuffling. He was slow and stammering in speech and had a dejected, hen-pecked appearance.

The daughter was shy and unapproachable, almost to wildness and she maintained her unsocial attitude toward me throughout my entire sojournment with the family.

The three small rooms, occupied by the family contained few articles of furniture and that of a very homely style, which suggested extreme poverty, yet they had abundant stores of all kinds of farm products, the farm was well stocked with handsome, well kept domestic animals and the little barn yard was literally overrun with poultry.

The night was dark and I was afraid that any promiscuous or reckless shooting might result injuriously to somebody, unseen in the darkness, and therefore I very carefully aimed my gun high above the range of probable danger and fired harmlessly into the murky air.

I heard the rapid footsteps and rustling through the bushes of two or three retreating foragers, who had been frightened away by the report of my gun. The mistress was very much disappointed over the escape of the robbers, probably unharmed. She had been hoping for the pleasure of exulting triumphantly over a dead or wounded robber and she expressed

her disapproval of the proceedings in very strong terms, insinuating her suspicions of my unfaithfulness. I excused my failure with the conventional plea of extreme darkness which disallowed accuracy of aim, and the speed of the frightened robbers that assisted them in their escape.

I felt assured that my shot, aimed as it had been so high in the air, had not harmed anybody, and that scream had resulted from fright or perhaps was merely a mischievous mockery. As the foragers started to run away one of them stumbled and fell, and when I returned to the house, after my outer garments, shoes, another charge of ammunition and a light preparatory to pursuing them, I reported that one of them had fallen and that news was received with exultant demonstrations of rejoicing.

Early the next morning we all went out to investigate the situation about the hen roost, and although we found no dead or wounded robbers, we found blood stains on the grass and leaves, plentiful, and after I had secretly concealed the three or four fresh plucked heads of decapitated hens I had found among the bloody leaves, there seemed to be no danger or suspicions among them that the blood before us might be the blood of anything else than that of human hen roost robbers.

From that time forth I was a most distinguished hero and my praises resounded throughout that entire neighborhood as the one faithful, conscientious house guard. Other guards had pretended to fire upon robbers, but I alone had brought forth blood.

During the war between the States, in a little town in the State of Alabama dwelt two families who were neighbors. So careful were they in their expressions of sympathy for either cause, both were in ignorance of the other's sentiments.

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increased for him as each day he declared his sympathy for the South. His courtesy and deportment were all one could expect of a gentleman. She decided to interest him with the secret of how she had been treated and disclose to him the secret of the hidden box. This she did and asked that her confidence be respected.

Moral: What more than two people know is never any secret—sometimes two is too many. The lieutenant being intimate with the family where he boarded, and being engaged to her daughter gave away the secret and the hostess moved her box. The narrator was a party to the incident, the one betrayed by the officer, and is now a resident of this place.—T. J. Howard in Atlanta Journal.

Anecdotes of Gen. Sidney Johnston.

Rev. Mr. Fontaine, now of Mississippi, formerly of Texas, relates the following anecdotes of this distinguished man:

I have said that he had at all times perfect self-control. I will mention some instances in which I saw his power of self-government severely tried; but his temper stood the test admirably.

I was once fishing with him in the Colorado river. A large bass seized his hook, and it required all his skill to reel him to the surface of the water with a small silk line.

After the patient labor of at least half an hour, he succeeded in righting his tackle, put on another hook and minnow, and "threw out" to tempt another bite. In the meantime I watched his motions, very much amused at the mishap, but said nothing. He made no exclamation of impatience, and exhibited no emotion.

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A Case of Petrification.

I cannot at this moment fix the exact date of an occurrence well known to old citizens of Henderson County, but am convinced the time was between 1835 and 1845. A Miss Byers, who lived within two miles of Fletcher, N. C., a station on the Southern Railway, married a man whose name I cannot recall, and they moved to Mississippi.

He had a great Newfoundland dog, which was a very great favorite to the family. He guarded little Sidney, McClung and Bettie, his three youngest children, in their rambles about his premises, and I think he sometimes pulled the little girl in a toy carriage. But the dog one day went into the lot of a mean neighbor, to play with a "cur of low degree," a proper dog for a master as mean and worthless as himself.

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be compelled to endure the outrage as there was no redress for it. The dog was dead and nothing could restore him to life, and he hoped that his family would bear their loss with fortitude.—Sunny South.

Crucial Test For Cowards.

"The Indian has a queer way of determining whether or not a man is game, judging from an experience I had some years ago out West," said a man who once made an educational tour of the West, to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and the same little experience convinced me that the Indian's system of reasoning along this line is by no means a bad one.

"Stories had been told which brought about a clash between the Indian and the white man. The two men originally had had nothing against each other. The Indian had a bad reputation—that is, he had the reputation of being a bad man, a desperate, dangerous fellow, who would fight a buzzsaw at the drop of a hat.

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He Saw Himself.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. The other day you were bustling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but am a very different man now."

"Preacher had hold of you?"

"No, sir, no one has ever said a word to me."

"Well, then, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling after a cocktail, as you call it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his effort to get more drink.

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CASTORIA advertisement featuring the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for second-hand organs, highlighting quality and price, with contact information for MASON & HAMLIN.

Advertisement for Vandiver Bros., General Merchants, located in Anderson, S. C., offering a variety of goods.

Advertisement for Georgia Home Made Harness Cheap, featuring a Mower and other equipment.

Advertisement for Red Cob Corn, emphasizing its nutritional value and perfect sound.

Advertisement for Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., offering long-term protection and financial security.