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"OUR COMRADE IN BLUE."

A FRIEND OF THE SOUTH.

An Eloquent Address at the Confederate Reunion by a Gallant Federal Soldier.

One of the interesting features of the Charleston reunion was a well-timed address from Col. Henry L. Turner, of Chicago, on the last night of the assemblage of veterans in the Auditorium, when the closing exercises took place. Maj. Theodore G. Barker introduced the speaker and among other things said he would present a soldier who had been always at the front, and yet never wounded. "I want to introduce," he said, "our comrade in blue. A man who was brave enough and grand enough to fire salutes over the sleeping dead of the Confederacy, against the protest of his people. I present as my friend, as the friend of the Southern people, of charity and fraternity, Col. Henry M. Turner, of Chicago."

Mr. Turner came forward and was warmly cheered. After bowing his acknowledgments, he said:

"Friends of the United Confederate Veterans' Association of Charleston and the South: Do you remember that fair daughter of France, Joan of Arc, the daintiest, sweetest maiden martyr of all history? And do you remember how, with unfaltering faith, she communed with and drew inspiration from the mysterious voices which came to her out of the great unknown? I am no maiden martyr as you see, but to me also have come voices, imperative voices, mysterious voices, and I know not where. And it is through obedience to their admonitions that all my acquaintance and association with the South has come.

Years ago, when youth was just sweeping into manhood, a voice came to me out of the everywhere, saying: "Come, follow me," and it led me down into the smoke and roar of battle, into that hell of civil war, in which I came to realize what Southern fire and valor meant—in which I came to know, from investigation at the muzzle end of your rifles, how great, how fearless, how heroic my brothers of the South could be. Following that voice, I saw for the first time this banner of the Stars and Bars. Yesterday I was impressed beyond measure at the lining up of your old battle flags in this magnificent Auditorium. But yesterday's effect was colorless compared with that of years ago, when they came sweeping out of thickets, flashing over breastworks, blazing over battlefields. To you they were an inspiration. To us they signaled that there was rushing down to meet us one of the knightliest, most gallant foes that ever trod a flaming field.

And once again there came into my lonely life, out of Cupid's glittering realm of flowers and fancy, a voice which would not be denied, saying: "Come, follow me." And it led me into that sunny land, where Southern womanhood holds sway. And the voice said to me: "It is not well that man should live alone; saunter thou about; perchance some one of these rare creatures will have pity on thee." And then I came to know that the Southern gentlewoman is, of all women, womanly, gracious, merry hearted, pure, serene, undaunted, glorious in her power of self-sacrifice and noble in her devotion. One not too good for human nature's daily comradeship, yet delicate, refined and gentle, but with a bit of deviltry to give her spice and brilliancy, with aspirations towards the heights of life and yet with untilled longings towards profanity as she sweetly "darns" our socks in different languages; helpful in times of trouble, cool in danger and with nerve to follow where we lead,

O'er crested billow
Or o'er five-barred gate.

Cultured, revered, a trinity almost divine, friend, wife and mother, three in one, a perfect gentlewoman. And thus it came about that following the voice my wooing prospered, and at length

We rode into fairyland, Paula and I,
My Southern-bred Paula—fair Paula and I,

and, being wed, it was thus I came to know how fascinating Southern rule can be. And once more I listened, and out of the misty distance came a voice, this time in alien language, sounding the old-time summons, "Come, follow me." It was the voice of bleeding Cuba—a cry for help, for rescue. And with my great regiment I marched to the calling of the voice, but this time, thank God, the sons of the South, heirs to all your fiery dash and go, marched in cadenced step beside us. And so, following the voice, we found that in the Dance of War it is infinitely pleasanter to swing the South as partners "and 'sashay down the middle side by side," than it to have her prancing "forward all" against us.

And yet again, but a few days since, there came to me in my home by the waters of the blue Lake Michigan—came to me out of the spring-laden air—the sweetest voice of all—the voice of Southern friendship, bearing the same old message: "Come, follow me." And following it I have come across the blue grass meadows of Kentucky, over the hills of Tennessee; on past fields where cotton still is king; on past scenes where the seeds of battle have blossomed into immortality. I have hurried down from the blue of the lakes to the blue of the sea, and for this one purpose only—that I might come into full possession of my new inheritance; that I might begin to enjoy my share of all the glories of Confederate valor; my share of the thrilling memories of Confederate campaigns; that I might, with a world's approval, write into my list of heroes the names of all the great Confederate chieftains—the Lees, the Hills, the Johnstons, Stonewall Jackson, and all the shining roll; that I might give a soldierly salute to your grand old general, Wade Hampton; that I might fill my heart to the full of Southern sunshine, hospitality and brotherhood. I have come bringing with me for your acceptance the title deeds to an equal share with us of whatever of grandeur, grace and glory rests on the Northern slope of our great battlefields. I bring the "glad hand" of Northern brotherhood. Ah, friends, we have forgotten all the anger and unkindness of years ago, but we shall never forget that now we have felt shoulder and elbow touch each with the other. We shall not forget that we have been out under the Stars and Stripes together; that we have bivouacked and marched and suffered and fought together.

Oh, friends, as I have looked upon your gathering here and noted how universal is the silver thread in hair and beard; how the Confederate grey has stolen into face and mustache, I am reminded that in one respect at least age has an advantage over youth. It is in this that our memories are fuller, richer, longer. To every old campaigner life is full of reminiscences. In his idle hours some touch of sea or landscape; some color of the sunset; some fleeting odor; some ringing bugle call; some solitary rifle shot, will bring back with overpowering force scenes of camp and field long since passed away. And I am thinking, could we turn an X-ray on the hearts of these old Veterans, what revelations we should make; what startling contrasts we should find. For, while there may be snow upon the brow and frost upon the lip

"There is no snow upon the heart,
'Tis summer always there."

Lying stored away in each old soldier's inner sanctuary of life we should find pictures full of fire and action; pictures of the venturesome skirmish line with its creeping, stealthy, scattered line of fire and smoke; pictures of wild assaults, of desperate defences; of lonely picket posts, of slashing victories and stubborn defeats. I have no doubt that I should find hidden away in every heart before me sacred memories of the flag you loved—colors that went down before the iron hand of destiny, and that I should also find some one sweet woman's face, which has grown only more tender and beautiful with the lapse of years. And should I really find all these things shrined away in your inmost souls, I should have only thoughts of sympathy and approbation, and perhaps some thing of envy with it all. For a cause gained must run the gauntlet of hard experience, and is apt to lose something of its glamour through the srtiety of realization. A cause lost is a cause untried by the last measure of daily contact and, like the mirage, only gains beauty with growing distances. Victory lives in the garish sunlight of actuality. Defeat hovers in the twilight of the beautiful "might have been." Success must ever go marching on, through blunderings and darkness, to its final goal, failure rests under the drooping cypress in the shade of tender regret and dreams, radiant dreams, of the fallen favorite.

But, friends, I come to you to-day glad beyond measure at the final fruition of a generation's hope and effort for national Reunion. I rejoice inexpressibly over our re-established Americanism. I do not know how it may be with you, but I have no patience with the remnants of a paleozoic age in the North who rail at our new and solidified nationalism.

I am glad, I say, over this reconciliation and reunion. In many ways we are the necessary supplement and counterpart each of the other. Our Northern wheat needs Southern cotton. Our prairies need your piney woods. Our wedding bells would ring forsaken chimes without your orange blossoms. Our over strenuous life and the dolce far niente of your ideal existence each draws nearer to the ideal by infusion with each other. The angular ruggedness of the Puritan gains grace without weakening, and the imaginative chivalry of the Cavalier gains practicality without loss of manly courtesy from mental intercourse. The loosening tendency of Northern cosmopolitanism receives a wholesome check from contact with your purer Anglo-Saxon Americanism. And our over development of individual independence and liberty, which believes not only that all are born free and equal, but that each is born better than his neighbor, born to leadership, to kingship—must look for its corrective to the Southern lingering of the old Feudal days—to Southern respect and reverence for constituted authority.

In Dumas's "Three Guardsmen" you remember how, when some heartless ruffian spat in the face of King Charles the First, on his way to the scaffold, the giant Porthos with his ponderous fist killed the scoundrel with a blow, and how the fiery D'Artagnan, his soul overflowing with sorrow and anger, cried out, "Respect for fallen majesty." In the flood of irreligion, Socialism, Anarchism and a thousand other isms, which have swept upon us in the North we have been tempted, knowing her steadfastness, to call upon the South to come up and help us. But I have faith to believe that all will yet come to see how great, how real, how worthy of all respect and reverence is the delegated majesty of a mighty people.

In his monument address in Chicago your grand old soldier, Gen. Hampton, said:

"A King once said of a prince struck down,
Taller he seems in death.
The saying is true to-day as then,
For 'tis after death we measure men."

Only a half truth, General! The world has measured your dead and named them heroes—but it has also measured your living men—those who out of defeat and sorrow—out of wreck and ruin, have builded a new South—stronger, greater, fairer, more enduring than ever. The world has measured these living men and named them great.

Friends, brothers, I have spoken to you a herald's message of friendship. I have tried to make your memories and your rejoicings my own. I see that South as well as North age is creeping on all the race of high-souled men who fought that old conflict to its close.

It is the irony of fate that we must believe our little calendars when they say we are growing old rather than our own hearts and spirits, which tell us we are as young as in those radiant days when we so gaily marched away.

Death will be calling soon, boys; but what care we? We have met and passed him many a time in tangle and in thicket, and said, "Good day" to him; we've met him on the fiery field and doffed our hats to him. When he calls he'll find us ready. Like your great leader, Jackson, we shall but "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Every burden, every trial, every disappointment will fall from us—

"And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arab,
And as silently steal away."

Col. Turner's remarks were very effective and forcible, and he was frequently applauded.

USE OF THE TELEPHONE.

Enormous Growth of the Business in America in Recent Years.

In spite of disappointments and dissatisfaction, America is the foremost country in the world in the art of telephony, and in many particulars it has so far surpassed European countries that no comparison is possible. This is especially true of the long-distance service, which affords connections between thirty-eight exchange companies having 410,000 subscribers, and includes in its equipment more than 10,000 miles of pole lines, carrying nearly 125,000 miles of wire and connecting 285 offices. It is possible for persons 2,000 miles apart to hold conversation over the lines of this company with as much clearness and distinctness as if they were separated by only 100 yards. In Europe the longest telephone connection thus far attempted is only 850 miles. The long-distance system in this country has been developed at an expenditure of $15,000,000 for line construction, equipment, franchises, and supplies. It is the main artery in the Bell structure, and is expected to prove the most important feature of the system in the impending struggle of the Bell interests to maintain their supremacy in the large cities of the country.

Last year the exchanges operated under the Bell patents employed 1,124,846 instruments, an increase of 205,725 over the previous year, and a gain of 992,154 telephones since the present organization was affected in 1880. In that year the American Bell Telephone Company began business with 132,692 instruments connected by 28,319 miles of wire in the several exchanges then established.

The most interesting statistics upon the telephone industry are those which mark its gradual development since 1884, when a systematic collection of data pertaining to the subject was begun. The company had 97,422 circuits and 123,625 stations established in 1884 and the business was divided among 906 exchanges, the entire force employed numbering 4,762 men, women and children. Today the payroll contains 19,668 names; there are 465,180 stations connected by 772,989 miles of wire and 1,126 exchanges and 1,008 branch offices included in the system. These figures convey some idea of the enormous growth of the business in the last fifteen years, but they fail entirely to show the importance of this method of communication in the daily commercial and social life of the nation. A better illustration is afforded by the fact that last year 1,231,000,000 were made through exchanges in this country, or 3,823,700 daily conversations as estimated from the actual count in many of the cities of the country. The use of the toll-line system, connecting city exchanges with suburban points has also greatly increased, the number of connections thus made during the last year being 30,600,000. This is entirely independent of the long distance service, and furnishes another proof of the growing importance of this method of communication as a social factor. The number of subscribers furnished last year was increased by nearly 81,000, which is certainly a remarkable showing when it is remembered that the Bell exchanges lost many thousands of patrons through competition.

It must be remembered, too, that the independent telephone movement which has been growing rapidly since the expiration of the fundamental Bell patents six years ago, has assumed important proportions and that its promotors and supporters have established in the neighborhood of 3,000 exchanges throughout the country. Naturally many of these are in small places where the Bell company's rates had proved an insurmountable barrier, but others are in towns where exchanges have been in operation. The low rates of the anti-Bell companies have greatly stimulated the business and placed the service within the reach of many who could not afford the Bell prices. In spite of the reduction in prices the character of the service has been improved, as competition has made it necessary for the Bell company to use inventions and improvements that otherwise would have been buried. This was the policy of the Bell management during the period when it enjoyed a monopoly, but this course had to be abandoned as soon as the independent movement got fairly under way.—New York Sun.

KENTUCKY'S CHAMPION DUELIST.—Joseph Bowman, who recently died in Jessamine County, Kentucky, at the ripe old age of eighty-four years, was the fighter of four desperate duels, in each of which he succeeded in killing his antagonist. In 1848, while living in Mississippi, he quarreled with a man named Snelling, and by agreement they were tied together, armed with bowie knives and put into a dark room. Although frightfully cut himself Bowman came out victor. His next duel was in 1854, when he had a dispute with a Spaniard named Domingo. Armed with knives, they made for each other, and Bowman severed the Spaniard's head from his body.

When the war broke out, Bowman enlisted on the Confederate side. After the war he fought a duel with a cousin, named Williams. The combat was with pistols at ten paces, and Bowman wounded his antagonist so badly that he died. Bowman's last encounter was only a few years ago, when in a hand to hand conflict with "Joe" Miller, who was known as the "Bad Man from Racine," he came out victorious, killing Miller without receiving as much as a scratch.

—The population of Jerusalem has been rapidly increasing of late, and is now about 45,000; of these 28,000 are Jews.

WORLD'S TALLEST SOLDIER.

A GALLANT EX-CONFEDERATE.

Lieut. Fickling, of Columbia is the Tallest Man of the World's Great Armies.

The Columbia State.

The Confederate army possessed the tallest soldier of which any authentic record can be found. That soldier was a native of Columbia and is still a resident, and it may be said just here that those who were the comrades of Lieut. Eldred S. Fickling will tell anyone that no truer, braver or cooler soldier ever drew a sword. Lieut. Fickling's courage has been tested on many occasions and his comrades' tales of his deeds are familiar to many. Columbians remember, too, the occasion not so many years ago when he, then chief of police, quelled a riot practically single-handed on Market square with the assistance of a baseball bat he picked up in front of a store. This man now quietly serves his city in the capacity of a patrolman, having some years ago left the railroad business in which he was engaged for a long period.

He is a son of the late eminent lawyer, F. W. Fickling. He went to the front with a lieutenant's commission and saw his first service with the South Carolina artillery in Charleston harbor.

The veteran soldier stands 6 feet 9 inches in height, and when he appeared at the reunion in Charleston, having gone from the desire to visit the scene of the glorious past and shake the hands of comrades, he attracted universal attention.

It happened that the New York Herald the Sunday before the reunion had published in its magazine supplement a carefully prepared article, attractively illustrated, on the subject of the tallest soldiers in the armies of the world, and giving all the facts and figures obtained after careful research.

The tallest soldier that could be accounted for either in the past or at the present time lacks one inch of coming up to the ex-Confederate lieutenant's height.

Probably the tallest officer in service to-day, the Herald says, is the English guardsman Capt. Oswald Ames, of the Second Life Guards, who headed the Queen's jubilee processesion, and who measures 6 feet 8 inches. It was at the personal request of the Prince of Wales that Capt. Ames rode alone, the first in all that brilliant gathering. A giant Muscovite is the Grand Duke Dmitri Konstantinovitch, cousin of the czar, and colonel commanding the regiment of Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. The grand duke is 6 feet 7 inches, which is so immensely tall that no hotel bed has been found long enough to accommodate him comfortably. He is obliged to have one built in sections, which travels with him, and is put up by a special mechanic, told off for the purpose, under the superintendence of the royal valet. Another gigantic European officer is Col. Von Phiskow of the First regiment of Prussian Guards. He is over 6 feet 6 inches, and he headed the delegation of officers, all of them over 6 feet, lent by Emperor William to the funeral of the late President Faure. Von Phiskow is the tallest officer in Germany and his regiment, stationed at Potsdam, is the same, that was the plaything of that old soldier Frederick.

Capt. James M. Forsyth and Surgeon J. E. Gardner are the tallest officers in the United States navy, and both of them closely approach the six foot five inch mark. Capt. Forsyth comes of a tall family. His father was 6 feet 5 inches, one of his brother six feet seven inches, another six feet five inches, and his own son, who is 20 years old and a non-commissioned officer in the Pennsylvania Boy's brigade, is six feet six inches.

Another fine specimen of an army officer is Col. Hein, First cavalry, who is commandant of cadets at West Point, and who is six feet two and a half inches.

Col. "Dan" Appleton, of the Seventh New York regiment, needs no mention beyond the fact that he belongs to a family of tall men. The colonel is six feet two inches, and his father, the late Col. John A. Appleton, was the same height.

Another tall officer is Gen. Lawton, his height being 6 feet 4 inches.

Richard Wand Green Welling is decidedly a long name, but it fits the tall gentleman who carries it, for he is 6 feet 3 and a half inches without his boots.

The United States volunteers have also some tall and distinguished officers. John Jacob Astor, who was among the earliest to answer the president's first appeal for men and money is over 6 feet and a half inches.

The Rough Riders, celebrated in many other ways, had also a very tall man among them, in the person of William Taylor de Zychlinski, who is a trifle over 6 feet 3 inches.

Speaking of tall soldiers in general, the writer in The Herald says: "It would be hard to name a country or an age in which these fine fighting men have not been hymned and sought after. We read of them in the Homeric wars, and we cannot help admiring those among them who are described as outtopping their fellows by the head and shoulders. A tall man Hector must have been: otherwise how could he have handled his spear, which was so "ponderous, big and tough?" In the army of Hannibal, the astute Carthaginian, were many men of this dare-devil, picturesque type, just as there were at another time in the army of Brian Boru and in the battalions of free booters that made Europe their hunting ground during a great part of the Middle Ages.

"Dynamite and rapid-fire guns were unknown then, and hence, to a man unusually strong and tall the life of a soldier offered unusual attractions. And even after the invention of gunpowder the inducements to tall men to enter the army increased in some countries. Frederick the Great valued tall soldiers highly, and it is doubtful if finer specimens of men have ever worn uniform than those whom he gathered around him. Napoleon III, resembled him in this respect, and visitors to Paris while he was emperor must have been struck by the stately appearance of the many tall French soldiers who might have been seen on duty at Versailles and elsewhere.

"In this country men of great strength and height have played heroic parts in many wars. We read of them in legends and tales of Revolutionary times, just as we read today of the doughty deeds that our soldiers are doing in their fights against the Filipinos.

"The first Napoleon valued tall soldiers, but his main efforts were spent in securing first class generals, and these he is said to have selected not according to their stature, but according to the length and shape of their noses. Physical endurance in a soldier was what he prized, and if he could stand the strain and stress of a long campaign he cared little as to his stature. True, among his guards there were some notably tall men, and, indeed, it is safe to say that the stature of the men in the French army at that time compared favorably with that of the men in any other army.

"England has long been famous for her stately fighting men, and it is said that Queen Victoria has always been unusually complaisant to any tall soldier who wears her uniform. Those who have seen the Life Guards in London know what an English soldier of this type is like. Some are too apt to look on these colosal officers and men as mere ornaments and appendages of an effete monarchy, which is absurd, since there is ample evidence that, when real fighting is to be done, there are no more dauntless warriors on the face of the earth. Such a man was the late Capt. Fred Burnaby, who achieved so much distinction some years ago by his admirable work describing his travels through Asia. When trouble broke out in Egypt he went with his men to the front, and when the moment of battle came he swept forward at once to that point where the fighting was fiercest. Round him his dusky opponents swarmed, striving to unseat from his horse the tall muscular Englishman, whose strong right arm was making havoc in their ranks, but not until he was wounded to death did he cease to fight for England, and England had the satisfaction of knowing that he had cut down half a dozen of her foemen before he himself went to join them."

SOUTHERN TEXTILE INTERESTS.

The Rapid Development of Textile Manufacturing Interests—A Railroad's Laudable Work.

The Textile Excelsior, a leading authority in textile interests, has the following to say of the Southern cotton mill development and of the work of the Southern Railway in connection with it:

"The rapid development of textile manufacturing interests in the Southern States has created a great deal of interest among writers for the daily and trade papers. That development has been so marked as to attract not only the attention of men actively connected with the industry, but of economic and industrial students throughout the entire country. There must, of course, be certain practical advantages for manufacturing, advantages of a most pronounced character, before such a development could be possible. The South has these advantages.

"The greater growth of the textile industry in the South has naturally been in the development of cotton manufacturing. And this development has been along the line of certain large railway systems, notably the Southern.

"In 1890, according to the returns made to the Census Bureau, there were in the States of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia 36,266 looms and 1,533,250 spindles. In these same States, on January 1, this year, there were 95,552 looms and 3,796,000 spindles. This shows an increase of 164 per cent. in the former and 147 per cent. in the latter. There in these States now 410 cotton mills, of which 241 are located on the Southern Railway.

"Judging from present indications the development of the textile industry in the South has just begun. Several new mills have been located along the line of the Southern Railway to be constructed within the next twelve months, and on some of them work has already begun. In addition to these new mills a great many of those now in operation are adding new machinery and in other ways making preparations to enlarge their output.

"A word of praise is due the Southern Railway for the work it has done in promoting cotton spinning and other textile manufacturing in the South. It is doing notable and laudable work in developing the rich section of the South that it traverses. The many new mills that are going up show that the people along its lines appreciate the railroad's efforts and are endeavoring to assist it in utilizing the advantages that nature has placed within their reach.

"The fact that the Southern has been able to equip and manage one of the best railway systems of the country shows conclusively that the South is prospering and under like conditions will continue to prosper."

—The State branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers met in Charleston last week and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, A. R. O'Donnell of Charleston; vice president, T. C. Long of Greenville; secretary and treasurer, H. E. Scott of Columbia. Spartanburg was named as the place of meeting for 1900, and the delegate to the National convention was instructed to vote for the equalization of salaries.

—A statistician has been doing some figuring on smoking in France, with this result: "In France there are 6,000,000 smokers and of every fifteen there are eight who smoke a pipe, five who smoke cigars, and only two who use cigarettes. Still they use 8,000,000 cigarettes a year, or enough to go around the world 500 times if they were placed end to end in a line."

—Both the United States senators from Alabama have reached a ripe old age. Morgan is 75 and Pettus 78.

—Better let your wife have a fit of hysterics than to run in debt for a silk dress or a piano.

A NOBLE AND UNSELFISH DEED

Gratitude of an Ex-Confederate to His Federal Preserver.

On Memorial day in 1895 Mrs. Sarah Bowen, of Hoboken, paid her annual visit to Cypress Hills cemetery to decorate her husband's grave. Mrs. Bowen was in such poor, almost indigent circumstances, that even the trip to Brooklyn, not reckoning the money for flowers, was a strain on her slender resources. She was a veteran's widow, and the $8 a month pension allowed her on that account by the national government was all she had to support herself and an invalid daughter. Nevertheless she had performed her obligations to the memory of the brave for thirteen consecutive years with religious devotion.

When she arrived on the ground on this occasion, her nervous system received such a shock that she was obliged to lean against a railing adjacent to save herself from falling.

"What the meaning of this?" she murmured, closing her eyes and opening them again in the expectation that she was laboring under an optical delusion.

The cause of the widow's astonishment was a change that had taken place in the grave since her last visit. It was covered with flowers, it was bordered with evergreen plants, and a handsome granite column rose at its head, with the subjoined inscription engraved in deep black letters:

"Sacred to the Memory of Edward C. Bowen, a brave Solder and a Loyal Friend."

The widow glanced wonderingly to the right and the left. She looked up and down, but there was no mistake. The grave was that of her husband, but what a metamorphosis had been effected.

While deliberating as to what she would do in the premises a tall, military looking gentleman of aristocratic bearing and with an empty sleeve alighted from a carriage near by, and taking a wreath from under its seat, approached the grave. He hesitated when he saw the widow, and their eyes met. Hers had a question look in them; his one of deprecation, as if he were a trespasser.

"Madam," he said, placing the wreath on the grave and lifting his hat as he would to a duchess, "have I the honor—"

"This is my husband's grave," she replied, with an almost imperceptible strain of jealousy in her voice.

"Then I must offer an apology and an explanation. I should have consulted you before effecting alterations here, and so, in fact, I would, only I could not find you, though I tried hard."

"It was very kind in you, sir," said Mrs Bowen. "You would find it hard, for no one in Brooklyn knew that I had moved to Hoboken."

"This is my explanation," said the gentleman after a pause. "My name is Chas. J. Gray—Judge Gray, I am called—and I am an ex-Confederate soldier. I belonged to the Montgomery Guards, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia the last two years of the war. You must know—though perhaps you don't—that sometimes Federals and Confederate soldiers in the field were excellent friends, especially when doing outpost duty together, if I may use the words. It often occurred that nothing but a fence separated our sentinels, and that, instead of firing at each other we chatted socially and exchanged views on the situation. Our superiors did not sanction this, but they connived at it. On the night of the fourth day's battle of the Wilderness I was posted as sentinel on the extreme front of our lines. On the other side of a picket fence was a young man of the One Hundred and Forty-Fourth New York regiment, his name—well, there it is engraved on that stone. We entered into conversation. I gave him a plug of tobacco, he gave me some coffee, and we became quite friendly. I was utterly exhausted, and would have given the whole world for one hour's sleep."

"Poor fellow," said the widow, commiserating not the elegant gentleman in front of her, but the ragged, war-worn soldier of one and thirty years ago; "it was terrible."

"It was, madam. I told my Yankee enemy that I was ready to drop and begged him not to take advantage of me. He laughed."

"'Sit down on that stone,' he said, 'lean way back against the fence and sleep. I will wake you up when your relief comes along.'"

"It may seem incredible, but I took his advice, thus placing my life in the hands of a foe and and a stranger. I slept, oh, such a sweet sleep. I thought I had been in slumber for a few minutes, while in reality I had slept an hour, when Ned Bowen roused me by throwing some water from his canteen down my back.

"'Jump up, Johnny,' he said, 'my relief is coming. You are all right, for I received your officer of the guard going his rounds, and he gave me the countersign without supicion. I guess all the poor fellows like you are half asleep or they would have discovered the trick. Now, don't go to sleep again, old man. Goodby.'

"It appears that while the Confederate night officer was approaching, Ned Bowen, heaven rest him, jumped over the fence and, falling to wake me up, took my rifle and challenged thus placing his life in peril. When half an hour later I got back to the guard tent I learned that two other sentinels had been found asleep on their posts. They were shot next morning, and now, madam, you will, I trust, be no longer surprised as this monument I have erected to my preserver.

The widow extended her hand while the tears of pride and emotion rolled down her face.

"God bless you," she said, "you have a noble heart."

Next day Mr. Bowen received a letter enclosing a treasury note for $1,000, and since then on the first day of every month she gets a check on the First National bank of Atlanta for $50.

Half the battle in curing or relieving Rheumatic and Neralgic and all other pain is to get a liniment that penetrates down to the cause and roots it out. Alligator Liniment is the most penetrating liniment known to the trade. Sold everywhere.

THE NEW STORE.

Draws Like A Magne!

This store is undoubtedly an attraction; New Goods, Good Goods, Stylish Goods at the prices we name will never fail to attract the attention of the public. Not one special article thrown out as a "catcher," but every item in the store marked at a price that defies underselling for like qualities. The chain is never stronger than its weakest link, and the business success of any store can be measured by the confidence the public has in that business.

Summer is Here!

In dead earnest. You feel like getting into strictly summer apparel. Our assortment of those pretty, dainty, sheer qualities of Organdies, Dimities, Lawns, Ginghams, etc., is unmatchable—every pattern a new one. Big values in all classes of White Goods, Lawns, Organdies, Dimities, P'K and Swisses, French Nainsook, &c.

Our Hosiery Department, also Underwear is very strong.

Our Shoe Department.

You will find the trustworthy kind—every pair new. Prices entirely economical. In buying for our jobbing as well as our retail department we are enable to buy cheaper than any shoe man in Greenville.

Remember we are agents for the celebrated McCall Bazar Patterns, price 10 and 15 cents.

Make it a point to visit the New Store at the first opportunity, at J. H. Morgan & Brother's old stand.

MAHON & ARNOLD,

211 Upper Main St. GREENVILLE.

DEWEY'S FAMOUS BREAKFAST.

Sailors From the Olympia Say it Was A Fake—Ammunition Was Running Low and Dewey Was Doubtful.

CHARLESTON, May 13.—Many jolly tars, veterans of the Manila fight, are now plain citizens again. Their terms expired today, and they received their discharges. Some proceeded to paint the town a glorious May 1st red, but others took the first train for distant homes. A number of these fellows were on the Olympia, Dewey's flagship. They were sent home on the Raleigh so that they might leave the service when their time was out. Only enough are left on the Raleigh to man it, and soon the famous vessel will herself go out of commission for repairs.

The Olympia's men give a different version of the breakfast incident. Two of them were asked particularly about that little matter and they were much amused. They said that the reason Dewey gave the order to cease firing and draw out of range at breakfast time was a more serious matter than the mere securing of refreshments. The breakfast was, in fact, served, but it didn't amount to much after all.

Dewey had become aware of the fact that his fleet was fast using up the ammunition, and he wished to ascertain if it would be safe to continue the fight. When the firing ceased, each ship's captain reported the amount of ammunition left, and it was found to be sufficient for a fight which must not last long, and just about this time signs of fire were seen on the Spanish vessels. Then Dewey seized the opportunity and sailed into the fight again and won. He missed by a hair's-breadth losing the fame which he now possesses. The men behind the guns were told not to waste the ammunition. They made every shot tell and saved the day. And the men behind the guns now tell the tale.

These sailor lads are capital good fellows, and when one gets acquainted with them it is not surprising that the United States navy can sink hostile fleets so easily. They are quick intellectually as well as physically, and know what they have to do. The navy loses some good men by the discharge of these tars, most of whom say they have had enough of life upon the bounding main.

JAS. A. HOYT, JR.

—Lots of men would never be recognized as fools if they didn't fall in love and give themselves away.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher