Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

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Five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, love of adventure, hatred of slavery and the desire to help my friend, George Wesner, led me, Charles Bradley, a civil engineer, of Attakapas County, Louisiana, to become an agent of the underground railroad. Wesner had been nursed through the smallpox by a young slave, Lucy, belonging to the Coverley plantation. He discovered facts which proved that Lucy was white and of good family. A secret love match followed, which progressed well until Coverley proposed to sell Lucy to his son, and refused to sell her to anyone else. Wesner became desperate. I agreed to help him steal Lucy, and went to New York to arrange with the anti-slavery society for the care of any slave we could bring North. We arranged our end of the underground railway, with my woodyard, several miles up the river, as the main station and hiding-place. At home we set up a general merchandise store to avoid suspicion. Wesner makes the first venture, and starts North with 10 of Coverley's slaves, including Lucy. The venture is successful. Wesner delivers the slaves to the agents in New York, and places Lucy in school at Andover. I take charge of the second raid. Disguised as a peddler, I see and arrange with some of the Raymond negroes for their escape. Dave, their leader, gathers 75 slaves together, and after great trouble and many narrow escapes we ship them North by sea along with a cargo of cotton. Our total profits on the cargo are $5000. In the following Spring we plan a third venture, and the Lanman plantation is our first objective. We collect another lot at the rendezvous, and Wesner takes them north to Cairo over the old route. Lucy is recognized by a Southerner in Massachusetts, and is betrayed. Meantime Pierce, a friend of Wesner's, hears of the warrant for Lucy's arrest, and he starts out to warn her. Pierce and Lucy are overtaken, and the Sheriff, Gregg, starts back to Louisiana with Lucy by train. Pierce telegraphs the agent at Cairo. Wesner is there, and, aided by the Cromwells, he boards the train at a station a few miles north, and rescues Lucy. Wesner puts Lucy among friends, and then starts back to Attakapas. On the steamer he discovers two slave stealers, and later rescues a band of their victims. He takes the slaves to Canada. Meantime, I send eight slaves North by the old route. I go to Shreveport to do some surveying and detective work. Wesner comes to see me, and barely escapes detection by the Sheriff, Gregg. At the suggestion of Wesner, Pierce opens up negotiations for the purchase of Lucy. We make our last venture by taking the slaves who have collected at the rendezvous across the country, where we hope to put them safely on a steamer going north.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

We kept a sharp lookout and set forth, determined to make the distance in one day.

At noon we halted, made coffee, ate our dinner, rested and chatted awhile, and with renewed zeal resumed our journey, heading well toward the southwest. Wesner and myself were mounted, Wesner leading the pack horse. The prairie was spotted with cattle feeding singly and in groups, making it difficult to distinguish at a distance mounted men as such.

Mason, whose sharp eyes were ever on the alert, soon called to Wesner, that away toward the west and north of our course were mounted horsemen. Wesner brought his field-glass to bear and could plainly distinguish them riding diagonally toward us. Judging from their movements they had not yet seen us, but their course was nearly across ours, unless they should change. We were now upward of 75 miles from the Teche and had no fear from that direction. For emergencies we had provided chains and shackles. These, Wesner now produced and shackled together two of the ugliest looking darkies in the crowd.

This was to give a more realistic confirmation to our proposed story that we were slave traders.

"Now boys," said he, "keep cool and if one of you understands a word of Acadian, don't show it. It is not likely any questions will be asked you. Don't answer if they are."

Wesner and myself carried at our belts caliber 44 Colt's revolvers and slung at our saddles rifles of the same make. Obed had brought his rifle, but he had taken it to pieces. The barrel he carried over his shoulder, having ingeniously hollowed out and filled an oak limb over it. Upon this limb he had slung his bundle. Both he and Mason had pistols but they were hidden from view. The others had nothing but their bundles slung over their shoulders. An arsenal would have been of no use to them, for they had been slaves too long to raise their hands toward a white man. We were 27 all told—16 men, including Wesner and myself, with 11 women and girls. Negro women could usually endure as much hardship as the men, but this lot included mulattoes, and mulattoes are not as hardy as the ordinary negroes and do not thrive so well under exposure.

In the course of 15 minutes we could make out quite distinctly the forms of both men and horses. When first seen they were riding leisurely, but upon descrying our party had increased their speed and were fast nearing us. The nearer they came, the less we liked their looks. They were well mounted upon wiry Texas mustangs, and resembled Mexican rancheros, rather than natives of the states. At the pommel of each Mexican saddle was coiled a horse-hair lariat, but that was nothing uncommon for a Texas herder.

Wesner called to me: "Watch them. I think they are cattle thieves and will want the negroes."

They were now close by, and, slowing up, they walked their horses close to the negroes, scrutinizing them as they passed along, for we had cautioned them to keep moving. Wesner and myself halted. There were five men. The leader of the gang was apparently 40 years of age and of gentlemanly appearance. He spoke very pleasantly, inquiring where we were going. I replied that we had purchased these negroes in New Orleans and were on our way to Texas, and a market; that we lived about four miles from Houston, and that Shultz (a well-known negro trader there) was interested in them.

This story was straight enough, although this was not exactly the route a sane man with a lot of negroes for the Texas market would pursue, especially if he wished to market them in good condition, but it was the best story for the occasion, and really it was none of their business. Regarding themselves, they vouchsafed no information except that they were ranchmen looking for "mavericks," and eagerly inquired if there were many cattle to the north of us, how far it was to the nearest ranch, and if we had seen many herders. Those questions showing them to be strangers, I asked the leader if they were not from west of the Sabine. He replied that they were, turned his horse and followed by the rest rode off waving their hands in token of a good-by. In a few minutes Obed called to me and I rode along with him.

"Massa," said he, "that Janey (indicating one of the women) says she knows one of the men and has seen them before."

"Ask her," I inquired, "do you know who they were?"

"She says one of them, massa."

"Ask her which one, on the sorrel horse, that spoke to Massa Williams. I seen him in Texas."

"Who is it?"

"That feller, Massa Captain, is Bert Morrill for sure. I know him just the fust minit my eyes seed him. He color his'n whisker black, and him got on black wig to hide the red hair. I know his voice and his eyes."

"What does he do, Janey?"

"Him steal cattle, steal niggers, rob bank, burn cotton gin, murder, anything to get money. He awful devil, awful! Massa Capen, dey all be back after dark and kill the white men and steal de niggers."

"Well, Charlie, this is consoling information," was Wesner's comment. "We shall undoubtedly be obliged to fight these land pirates. This Morrill I know by reputation. He was a terror around Austin for four or five years, but I had no idea of seeing him and his gentry east of the Teches. They must have been hard pressed by the Sheriff and fled the state. Lucky for us, we know who they are. I don't like this open prairie. These devils are well mounted, and can ride around and pick you and me off at a long distance. The negroes they want alive, and won't kill more than is necessary to enable them to capture and hold the rest. There is $10,000 for them right here. Tell Obed to harness up his gun. She'll shoot a mile to kill. Meantime we will keep on toward the timber, and if we slight them coming, we will look for an old buffalo wallow and make our stand there."

These wallows were hollows supposed to have been made by buffaloes when they were plenty and pastured as far south as Louisiana. They usually had water in some spot, and, being below the surface of the surrounding prairie, made a very decent protection from shot if a person lay flat and under the high edge.

We were within three miles of the timber, and the afternoon was pretty well along when Wesner, with the aid of his glass, sighted the gang returning. We had just crossed a wallow, and were not a fourth of a mile beyond it. We turned back on the run, and as every negro knew his liberty was at stake, there was some smart hoisting of plantation shoes. One of them said they ran so fast "they stepped on their own heels."

We reached the shelter, and found it a very good protection from the bullets should they fire upon us.

Morrill and his men were yet some distance from us, but were approaching, coming at a hard gallop.

We placed those who were unarmed in the most secure place.

"Now, lay low," said Wesner, "and don't one of you show so much as a kink of wool, for I think lead will fly before these men are done with us. Obed, come here with your rifle, for I shall order those men to halt before they get near enough to ride us down. If they won't, we will kill every one of them. I know you are a good shot, for you were with me at White River. Morrill may ride toward me to talk. If he does, keep him covered with your rifle, and watch him. The minute he attempts to bring his piece to his face, do you fire. I am willing to take one chance, for I want them to fire first. Remember, I trust you."

Wesner took his rifle, and when the approaching party were within rifle-shot, stepped upon the edge of the wallow, advanced a step and ordered them to halt.

Their bridles were tightened, and with their powerful Mexican bits they brought their horses to a dead stop.

"Morrill," cried Wesner, "I know you, another foot and your a dead man. I don't propose to let you murder me, nor steal my negroes. Now go, for I have the drop on you, and shall use it!"

Morrill hesitated a moment, made no reply, but wheeled his mustang, and, followed by the gang, rode off at a swift trot. When about 500 yards from our position, they wheeled again, facing us. Instantly one of Morrill's men raised his rifle and fired. The report was answered by a shriek from the left of our line, followed by that most mournful of all human sounds, the wail of the negro for their dead. The lamentation of the Irish people has no comparison in intense pathos to this hopeless wail of the southern slave. The sound rose and fell like the sighing of the wind. Katie was killed. The dismal cry ran through the lines. Poor girl! She had given way to her curiosity and risen to watch the Morrill gang as they rode away, and was shot at sight. The sharp crack of Obed's rifle mingled with the cries of terror-stricken negroes. He fired the instant Katie fell.

His aim was upon Morrill, who reeled in his saddle. He was evidently hit hard, but instantly rallied.

I had been lying flat on my face, awaiting Wesner's orders, but at the first shot from the Morrill gang, I fired with an unsteady aim and missed my man. Morrill, still sitting erect in his saddle, turned and, followed by his men, rode back beyond the range of our fire. Our rifles were of considerably longer range than theirs, and this contributed to our success in a marked degree. Grouped together they consulted a few moments, separated, and at a long distance from each other, came toward us like the wind. Morrill leading and every man yelling, to distract our attention. When within four or five hundred yards, each man threw himself upon the opposite side of his horse, and, describing a circle about us, they commenced a rapid fire, shooting from under their horses' necks. The air was full of whistling lead. Obed was struck in the arm. Wesner received a slight wound in the head, which confused him for a moment. The negroes, except Obed and Mason, lay perfectly still.

"Shoot Morrill's horse," cried Wesner. "Don't let them narrow in upon us. You may miss the men."

The advice was good. A ball from my Colt's rifle pierced his breast and the beast fell dead upon the prairie, pinning Morrill beneath him. Upon Morrill's fall the gang rode toward us and opened with their pistols, but the range was too long for execution, and we had already taken a secure place in the wallow protected from their shots. Wesner now opened on them with his repeater and Katie's murderer fell by a shot from Obed's rifle.

The survivors perceived that it was perfect madness to continue the fight, and as another riderless horse rushed over the prairie the remaining horsemen fled. The horse ridden by Katie's murderer ran a few rods and then returned to his dead master's side.

During the few minutes that this affair lasted we were firing as fast as we could take aim, but as their horses were urged to a wild run, the time short and our aim necessarily hurried and faulty, we did not accomplish all we tried for.

But Morrill and three of his followers, fatally wounded, lay upon the ground and awaited our coming, and the two who escaped I do not think were scathless. We sent a few useless shots after them, as they rode toward the line where the blue sky cut the distant prairie.

Katie was dead. She was a bright, smart girl, perhaps 18 or 20 years of age, and could read and write. Her whole being was imbued with the idea of freedom. When sick in the swamp, she had no fear of death. Then she would be free.

"If I can only get north," she had once said to me, "I can earn enough in one year to buy mother—she is ailing, and all massa asks for her is $300."

With saddened hearts the colored people had gathered around the body of the dead girl. Their tears were falling fast.

"We must not stop here," I said. "Let us go and see how Morrill fares."

Before moving from our position, we loaded the empty chambers of our rifles, and then slowly approached the spot where the dead and wounded lay.

The man who shot Katie lay nearest us. Obed's bullet had gone through his neck. He was dead. Morrill was the next. He and his horse were dead, Morrill being crushed beneath. The last man who fell was alive when we came to him, but died in a few minutes.

He gave us the names of the others and his own, but for obvious reasons I will omit them. The other two we never heard from. This is the true version of the death of Bert Morrill, and the breaking up of his band, October 18, 1859. All other stories, some of which I have heard, are false, one in particular, that he became a Colonel in the Confederate service, and after performing deeds of valor, was killed at Shiloh. Another, that he escaped to Texas, with Kirby Smith, and was seen after the war at Chihuahua, Mexico, is sheer fabrication.

Morrill and Maxwell were both shot dead by the negro Obed, October 18, 1859, and the writer of this narrative helped to bury them, not 20 miles east of the Calcasieu River, County of Calcasieu, Louisiana.

We removed the men and buried them in the slough, leaving the horses where they fell. Morrill and the others were buried side by side in the same place. There was nothing to mark their graves, neither stick nor stone near.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Our journey from this spot to the Sabine was devoid of further incident, and we met only the usual hardships naturally connected with such a journey. Our passage was slow, and frequently we made long detours to find fording places on the different streams.

It was October 29, about noon, when we arrived at the timber-cutters' camp on the Sabine. Everything was as quiet as the grave. The woods at this season of the year were alive with birds, but they sang but little. Now and then the twitter of some small one would enliven the solitude of the deserted camp, but the majority hopped from twig to twig in silence.

We did not know how far distant the settlements were, or when some prowling hunters might stray in upon us, and, although we disliked to take the people to our swamp refuge, we dared not risk a long sojourn where we were. Therefore, after two days' rest, we moved down the stream toward our swamp home, arriving there about 4 o'clock, having made our way with incredible labor through four or five miles of almost impassable swamp. We were now about a mile from the river bank.

As our stock of provisions was fast disappearing, Wesner and myself concluded to strike out, and see what we could find in the way of eatables in the surrounding country. Starting from the hummock camp, one afternoon, we followed the trail we had cleared coming down, stopping at the timber camp that night. We had noticed on our first visit a trail leading up the river; this we determined to follow.

We had now four horses with us, as we had brought along one captured from Morrill's band. This we left behind to pick up his living in and around the timber, as, indeed, we did our own, except that we hobbled them to prevent them from straying too far away.

We easily found a pretty well-defined track, that had been used by the timber-cutters the year before and was originally wide enough for a dogcart, or as it is sometimes called, a jumper.

This road we followed for perhaps five miles, finally coming out upon a cart road, evidently not much traveled. This led us to a sort of a ranch or plantation, kept by one Kimberley, a veritable nomad, who had straggled here from Missouri. We had no difficulty in impressing the truth of our little story upon him, that we were after provisions for the timber cutters, who would be here again the coming Winter, and we were sent ahead to get supplies for a beginning, and for the men who were to take the timber already cut, down to Sabine Pass. We bought bacon, meal, and about 250 pounds of jerked beef. He also offered us a gallon of corn whisky.

George never tasted the article, therefore I sampled it and found it rather young, as the disposition of the people of Eastern Texas forbids corn whisky living to a great age. A dollar and fifty cents bought jug and whisky.

We had brought two of our own horses with us. Here we found the sledge that had been used the previous Winter; this we borrowed and improvised a temporary harness of cottontie rope and bagging, started on our return trip. Just before we left, Kimberley brought us a bag of sweet potatoes. This made a load of about 150 pounds upon our sledge, which, considering the road, was enough.

The next day without accident, barring a half-dozen upsets, we were back at the timber-camp. Here we left the horses and loads, and at noon of the fourth day we were at the hummock camp. The next morning, taking the men with us, we returned to the timber-cutters' camp after the provisions. These the men loaded on their backs, taking about one-half of what we brought from Kimberley's. Wesner and I remained to watch the horses and await the arrival of the brig, stipulating that one of the men from the camp should come every day to bring any news from there.

We did not look for the Cyrus Adams before November 15. If she got over the bar before that we should be agreeably surprised. To say this, we were anxious but half expressed our situation. At the croak of every raven in the woods, or the cracking of a twig, were we sound asleep, instantly we were awake and vigilant.

On the morning of November 13 I was sitting on a piece of ship timber that lay quite near the water. It was about 10 o'clock and we were as usual discussing the possibilities of a disaster to the brig and the appalling situation in which we would be placed should any misfortune overtake her.

"Hark," cried George, "was that the sound of ores or an echo from the woods?"

Straining every nerve, I listened. There was no mistake. It was the regular click of the rowlock, made as the practiced oarsman feathered his oars. I called to Wesner, who came running toward the bank:

"Listen, old boy, listen! Charlie, it is a boat. It must be ours, but let's look to our pistols and not be careless in our excitement."

From one of the little windows of the camp we could view a portion of the river. We ran quickly back, and, taking our positions inside, watched the stretch of water. In a few moments the boat appeared. There could be no mistake as to its character. It was no river craft, but plainly a vessel's yawl boat. There were four men at the oars, while a fifth handled the tiller, and, as she shot out from a bend upon the opposite bank, the steersman eyed our camp earnestly, ordering his men to rest on their oars.

George said, "That's a sailor."

As the boat glided slowly toward the bank we stepped from the door.

"Fend off," ordered the helmsman. The bowman obeyed, and held the boat steady until the others landed.

"Make fast," said the helmsman, briefly, and approached us.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this boat belongs to the brig Cyrus Adams, and we are after this timber—do you know anything regarding it?"

"Are you the captain of the Cyrus Adams?" Wesner asked.

"I am," he answered.

"Have you papers to show?"

"I have," he replied, and he handed Wesner a piece of patent leather with a ragged edge.

Wesner laughed and pulled out his piece. The two made a perfect square, the notches fitting exactly. We looked at each other a moment, burst into laughter, and shook hands all around.

"That finishes," said Captain Cheswick, "is long-headed. Now to business. The timber must be put into the water, floated down to the lake, kedged across and loaded on the brig. It will take a week or 10 days."

"Captain," I replied, "we have a half-dozen hands you can have to help."

"Bring them on, then."

"They are seven miles from here. Let two of your men get into the boat with me and I will get them," I replied.

"No; I am going back, but will leave you where you wish, and day after tomorrow will call and get the men."

The captain left two men at the camp, taking the others and ourselves down the river. In less than two hours we were opposite our hummock. I left the boat to carry the news. Wesner kept on with the captain of the brig. I floundered hurriedly along until I reached the camp, where the whole party gathered around me.

"The vessel has arrived."

"Bless God! Hallelujah! Glory! O, massa, am dat certain for sure fact?" were a few of the joyful expressions that were shouted at the excited refugees.

I explained the situation in as few words as possible, and remained with them the next day, but the morning after, taking all the able-bodied men with me, except Obed and Mason, I repaired to the river side, and impatiently awaited the coming of the boat. When she appeared we boarded her and returned to the timber camp. In a few days the timber was rafted ready to be floated to the brig. Four days after the last raft passed our landing, the boats returned for the refugees.

At early morning, we were on the banks of the Sabine. Obed and Mason were to bid good-bye forever to the South. Eight times they had been in sight of the promised land and returned to dare danger and death in their efforts to liberate their fellow-bondsmen. "Now," as Obed expressed it, "the jig was up, the underground railroad station at Turkey-paw was burnt, and the track dun busted." Never again under our lead would the flying fugitive turn his face toward the North. We felt that our mission was ended.

"Our course was run, our errand done—"

Two boats lay by the river bank. One by one the escaping fugitives entered, taking their assigned places. At last, none save Obed and Mason were left with us.

"Boys," said Wesner, "we must bid you good-bye. We shall never meet again west of the great river. Henceforth your home is in the North. Look well to these ignorant people, who are in your charge. Lemuel, Obed and yourself have money for all, and in case of accident, you know our friends' names and addresses in New York. Write when you arrive in Philadelphia, address George Williams, box 726, New Orleans, La. I shall get it."

"Massa Williams," Obed replied, as the tears coursed down his cheeks, "there are two white men in this world I shall never forget, men who were gentlemen in the days when gentlemen were scarce—you an' Massa Edwards. You is both Tucapaw man. I'se known it all along; so has Lemuel. You is so mixed with whiskers and things I never knew who you are for sure and never tried to."

"Come, boys," Captain Cheswick interrupted, "cut short your good-byes; we must be off."

Lemuel was silent, sitting with his head between his hands, his form heaving with suppressed emotion and sobbing like a child.

At the Captain's words he sprang to his feet, seized both my hands in his, wringing them in mute grief, and, turning to George Wesner, could hardly speak, but as Lemuel released my hand, George put out his. The poor fellow seized it for one moment, and then dropped it.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" and both were in the boat.

The sailors bent to the oars. A few strokes and they were out of our sight. We were alone upon the banks of the Sabine. The last exodus was at an end. George put his hand to his neck.

"Come, Charlie, let's be off. My neck is long enough without stretching, and from this time forth Bradley and Wesner are not agents for the Underground Railroad. Poor Katie will never see the 'Norf.' That is the only regret I shall have if I do hang."

"BOYS," SAID WESNER, "WE MUST BID YOU GOOD-BYE."

CHAPTER XXXV.

We had now only ourselves to care for, and with lighter hearts than had been ours for four years, we struggled through the tangled brush, on the way to the timber camp. The place had the homesick look of all deserted camps, and the very quiet was oppressive.

We built a fire in front of the camp, boiled our coffee and fried our bacon over the embers, had our customary smoke and lay down to sleep.

The next morning we set our faces toward the Teche, leaving behind us our packhorse and, the one captured from Morrill, ponies of but little value. Our own we rode, taking our route by way of Kimberly's place. Kimberly was not at home. We told his wife about the two ponies and rode along, keeping clear of plantations and traveled roads, as dwellers in these remote places have usually excellent memories, and withall cultivate the habit of observation more thoroughly than do people who live in thickly settled communities.

We crossed the big prairie very near where we encountered Morrill. At the woods beyond we stripped off every vestige of disguise we had and burned them to ashes, leaving not so much as one hair whereby a clew could be had.

Two days later, George Wesner and Charles J. Bradley rode through the town of Opelousas, taking the straight road for New Iberia.

Home again, Wesner went to the store. Fall trade was commencing, and as the goods we had purchased at the North had arrived our clerk was right glad to see us.

Wesner began to be uneasy about Lucy, as he had heard that Coverly was quite sick, his fever having been reinforced by a rheumatic supplement. I went to Franklin, and with unusually good fortune, met Selwyn a few steps from his office. The first thing he asked me was if I remembered the morning Coverly requested him to make out Lucy's free papers. I told him that I did.

"Well," said he, "the old fool backed down; but yesterday he wanted them made out, and brought for him to sign. He is sick and wants the money. How soon are you going back?"

"Oh," said I, "in 10 minutes. All I came for was to inquire for the mail, as we expected a letter from New York a week ago, and Wesner thought it might have been directed to Franklin by mistake."

"Hurry up then, and I will wait, for if it is not too much trouble I would like to have you ride over to Coverly's with me and witness these papers, as they should have one witness outside the family."

I accompanied Selwyn, saw Coverly sign Lucy's free papers, and never signed my name with so much pleasure as when I scrawled "Chas. J. Bradley" as a witness, and wondered how the old scoundrel would feel if he knew all.

Returning to the store, my road was separate from Selwyn's, and I drove the spurs into my horse's side.

Roland, who brought the news that alone could save Aix from her fate, made no better time than did I from there to Wesner's. With my horse flecked with foam and plastered with dust, I pulled up to the platform. George came out.

"What's up?"

"I have just witnessed Eben Coverly's signature to Lucy's free papers, that's all," I answered.

"Come in, Charles; come in; never mind the horse—let's hear about it!"

A few words and the story was told.

"O, my hunted one, free at last!" cried Wesner. "It has been a long four years."

In a few days Wesner left for Portland, Me. Knowing the man, I asked no questions, but looked forward to the denouement. It came as I expected.

The Christmas holidays were past and I had received no news from Wesner. Feeling uneasy, I took the steamer and went to New Orleans. Postoffice box 726 was ours. I had one key, Wesner the other. I unlocked the box and took out a letter. The cramped, schoolboy hand bore no resemblance to Wesner's, but I knew it well. It was a labored composition of Lemuel Mason. The Adams had arrived in Philadelphia. All hands were well and had found friends, most of them work. Obed and Mason were at work in a shipyard on Beach street. The rest were scattered, some one place, some another. As I found nothing from Wesner I returned home, where, awaiting me, was a long explanatory letter from him and a copy of the Eastern Argus, an intensely interesting Democratic paper, printed at Portland, Me. At least a score of people in the three parishes had received a copy of the same edition. It was not its politics that made it interesting to the Attakapas people, but this little notice:

"In this city, Christmas Day, by Rev. Mr. Libbey, George Wesner, of New Iberia, La., and Miss Lucy Lasalle, of Andover, Me."

The question was asked me until I was cross over it: "Where did Wesner find a Yankee girl, and was not Andover in Massachusetts?"

To this last, I answered, "Yes"; to the first, "I never was in Massachusetts."

George's letter was written to me with the usual caution, on the day after his marriage.

He said among other things: "Now when I come back to settle up my affairs I shall begin my researches into the fate of the family of my wife. I can pursue them by agents, once the matter is cautiously opened up, while I am living up here where I expect to establish myself." Those researches he did pursue for years, but he never got evidence of the kind that would have been necessary to give Lucy her rightful standing in the South, though it was enough to convince him of what he already believed, and indeed to bring me to his standpoint. It was a strange and sickening story much on the lines that he had guessed at when he knew so little, but with Lucy's biography, beyond the part that concerns her escape from slavery, we are not concerned here. She made Wesner the best of wives, and when I saw her in after years presiding over his home, she was one of the most perfect ladies in the land.

(THE END.)

WHAT TO DO WITH SNORERS

Their Isolation a Puzzling Problem for Hotel Clerks.

Among a group of newly arrived travelers who clustered about the desk of one of the large city hotels the other evening, was a big, jovial looking man, with a Roman nose and a collection of double chins leading down to his collar like a flight of stairs. He nodded to the head porter as he came in and before he registered he shook hands cordially with the clerk. It was evident that he had been there before.

"Well, my boy," he said, after he had inscribed and blotted his autograph, "what can you do for me tonight?" The clerk consulted the room chart. "I can give you steen-leven," he replied. "It's a very nice room at the end of the corridor; plenty of light and air and lots of privacy. Front! show the gentleman to 'steen-'leven!"

"But hold on," protested the large man. "I don't want that room. It's too far off. Why can't you give me my old room on the third floor?" "I'm very sorry, Colonel," replied the clerk, "but that on the corridor is the last on the chart. Honestly, I'm lucky to have anything for you with all the Mardi Gras rush." "Well, if it's Hobson's choice I guess I'll have to take it," said the big guest, and moved toward the elevator.

Later on the clerk made a confession in strict confidence to a curious bystander. "Yes, I admit I have a few other rooms," he said, "but they are all in the middle of the halls, and this gentleman is the champion snorer of West Virginia. Last time he was here, I couldn't keep anybody on either side of him, and the result was that we had two rooms tied up from which we were deriving no revenue. We can't afford such a waste of space so near Mardi Gras, so I put him in one of our special snorers' apartments, of which we have four, all isolated, at the ends of the corridors. The wall spaces are filled with nonconducting packing, the transom is nailed shut, and he can snore there until the cows come home without disturbing anybody.

"Oh, yes; we keep a record of snorers; also of folk who talk in their sleep and holler murder in nightmares. Have to do it to protect our other patrons."

Phrases From Paraphrases.

We were good Presbyterians, sitting round the church hall one evening, waiting for choir practice. Aleck Daniel was exhibiting one of those little darky china dolls, about an inch and a half long, which sell for a cent each, and it was not dressed, either. It transpired that it belonged to Isabel, and however Aleck came by it, Isabel wanted it back. Seeing that she was in earnest, he pathetically recited:

The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.

Some of us started an inquiry as to where he found that familiar-sounding quotation, and Annie, who always had her lesson when she was a Sunday School scholar, announced that it was in the Third Paraphrase.

"I am not sure which verse," she began. "Oh, Jim! there's a Bible in the seat before you. Turn to the Third Pharaphrase, won't you?" The slow youth of that name fumbled the leaves about for a while, and, finally, sent us into convulsions by reading the first lines of the Paraphrase, instead of the quotation. Here the tale ends.

For the benefit of those who are not Presbyterians, the first lines of Paraphrase III are appended:

Naked as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first.

M. C. C.

Bachelor Reflections.

After a woman has once kissed for love of a man she no longer kisses for love of a kiss.

When a girl can't get up any other excuse for loving a man she falls in love with him because she thinks he has been unfortunate.

When a woman goes to a restaurant it tekes her three times as long to decide what she thinks she wants to eat as it does to eat it.

There are a good many kinds of love that a man would rather have than to be rich, but there is only one kind he would rather have than good health.

Things are always blamed on us when we are little. Half the time babies don't cry because they are cutting their teeth, but because their teeth are cutting them.
—New oYrk Press.

It Has Happened

More than once that a child has been carried off by an eagle. When such a thing does happen the press rings with the story. There's not a line given by the press to the babies carried off daily by disease. It isn't the fact of the child being taken away that is startling or interesting, it's only when the method of taking off is novel that it excites interest. How many children die who might have been saved if the mother who bore them had been able to give them strength and vitality. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes healthy mothers and healthy mothers have healthy children, strong enough to resist disease if they are attacked.

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write to you. This is my fifth child and the only one who came to maturity; the others having died from lack of nourishment—so the doctor said. This time I just thought I would try your 'Prescription.' I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that everybody who sees him wonders at him."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy and regular.

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