

"RIDE OF THE THREE THOUSAND"

Story of Morgan's Famous Raid Through Three States During the War of the Rebellion, and Final Capture of the Confederate Raider and His Men.

This extract from Henry Scott Clark's "The Legionnaires" is printed by permission of the Bowen-Merrill Company. It is a single incident in the novel, and is fully protected by copyright.

The advance of Morgan's cavalry felt its way toward Corydon that first morning in Indiana, and well in front were his own men, contrary to what I had planned for them. But that they were ignorant. A few hundred legionnaires, with a courage far greater than their strength, sought to check this audacious rebel host. From their rode, hastily constructed breastworks they sent forth a very gallant fire. But it was snuffed out like a match in a tempest, and the men who pulled the triggers were first enveloped in the cloud of gray, then dispersed as castles.

passing the Indiana border and thundering upon the highways of Ohio. And some 30 miles in a day and a night he went, while on his right two Unionist forces, each in the darkness believing the other to be the invader, fell into furious conflict and drenched the soil they were there to defend with their own blood.

On Sweeps the Fox. On and on he swept, brushing aside one foe and eluding another, defying the telegraph, steam cars, the dozen Generals, the swarming thousands—night and day, day and night. His men were of iron, but iron will break when eaten by rust, and into these men was eating the rust of tremendous exertion without rest. There was no time for recuperation, no time to replace the vitality that was being constantly expended.

A MODERN SAMSON



Onward! Through the town clattered the rebel hoofs and rumbled the rebel cannon, and the great game of "fox and geese" was under way. What a fluttering of wings there was, what a commotion, and yet what a determination arose to run this gray fox to earth!

The next morning, Salem, 50 miles inland, and 300 removed from any hope of help! Already thousands had hurried to arms, and other thousands were concentrating for hasty equipment. Behind, the roads shook with the tread of the cavalry that had followed from the south. Against this one, a dozen Generals were laying plans, organizing and transporting forces. Half-frantic telegrams were passing over the hot wires between Louisville, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, and countless lesser places. Alarm bells were ringing in every town and village and hamlet.

The enemy must be cornered. But the gray fox knew how to turn and to wind in and out, never wounding a finger. And he also knew how to show his teeth. Reports of his movements conflicted and put him first here and then there, and the bewildered foe knew not where to strike. They were ready at many places and moved according to their information. Country people and townsmen along the invader's track were in a state of alarm bordering on panic. No one looked forward to beholding any considerable body of soldiers, and none that were hostile, they vastly overrated the numbers of my General's men. Besides, they were expecting to have their foe, and an expectation of this character is not conducive to a calm judgment of things and events.

Running a Race. On and on, under the blazing Summer sun, with little sleep and little rest! As by magic, the whole population knew that 300 horsemen were running a race—the most astounding race in history—with death or captivity the penalty for losing; a race with the telegraph and steam cars, and the unnumbered foes that growled about them and behind them and forced them on. And far ahead other hosts were gathering to harry them and to drive them this way and that.

The atmosphere was charged with excitement and fear, and danger lurked everywhere. Unharvested wheat stood over-ripe and neglected in the fields. Husbandmen had suddenly become soldiers, and in masses were being rushed here and there along the invader's track. Never did pioneers work with such desperate energy clearing the primeval forests as did men now wading to the top of trees the roads they had taken such pains to make. The sound of the ax, the crash of falling trees, mingled with the shouts of men, the clatter of sled hoofs and the crack of guns. Far aloft against the smoke of burning bridges destroyed by the General to hinder his enemies.

The fox must be hunted in. But not yet was it to be. He did not fear the legionnaires or raw recruits, numberless as they were. It was the foe behind, and those other well-trained soldiers hastening up from the war region and rising like a cloud far in front, for whom he was on the lookout.

Enemies Everywhere. The broad river was on his right hand, and it was now alive with armed craft ready to pounce upon him if he should attempt to recross. On his left, for hundreds of miles to the northward, was a country filled with enemies desiring his destruction. In opposition to these conditions was the fertile brain and daring spirit of one man and the strong arms of his faithful followers.

North Vernon, Versailles and Sunman Stations! It was now Monday morning and four days since the river was crossed—days of hard riding and strategy, with scant time for rest. The beginning of a new week; what would the end of it be? The air was filled now with murmurs of rapidly concentrating foes pouring forward from the middle North in excited streams like the rising tides of the sea. The alarm bells had awoken the people. From shop and store and field, from office and counting-room, they came, eager, untried, and with nerves tremulous with tension.

Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy fire that was now being directed against them, against him, and those about him, against those others now nearing the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hall of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end. Only 500 were now left to him of the

MYSTERY OF THE CABIN

EXPERIENCES OF TWO HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Queer Things That Happened During Their Occupancy of a Murdered Man's Quarters.

The afternoon was far advanced, as we toiled up the rough mountain road. "We must be nearly to Peterson's place by this time," said Sam, wiping his brow. "Yes, I think we are," I replied. "Our directions were to go beyond Peterson's to the end of the road, where we would find a good place to camp; but, don't you know? I fancied I saw a smile on the face of the last fellow we talked to, when we told him where we were going. I wonder if there is anything wrong about our directions?"

Before Sam could answer we took a sharp turn and found ourselves in a little clearing, in the center of which was a rough-boarded little house. Some seven or eight top-headed little figures stood staring at us in amazement and then scampered off like a lot of brownies, in every direction. A little black dog set up a fierce barking and rushed furiously down towards us; then the door opened and a man stuck his head out and called away the dog.

"Is this Peterson's place?" I called. "Yes, that's my name," said he. "Where you fellows go?"

Seeing that no harm befell their father, the brownies now returned, and soon were clambering all over our wagon. I explained to the man that we were out on a deer hunt and asked him how far it was to the end of the road. "I think it's about four miles, but you'll find it purty rough. When you get there, you can unitch your horses an' lead 'em lower a little trail to the right, about a hundred yards, an' you'll find a shed to put 'em in, an' a spring close by. There's a good place down there to camp, too, but I wouldn't advise you to sleep in the shed, for it's alive with bees."

"But we were told," said Sam, "that there is a deserted cabin there that we might use." Peterson scratched a match and applied it to an old black pipe before replying, and then said, with a peculiar smile: "Eckhardt's Cabin."

"Well, there is a cabin there, sure enough, but it's the one old Bill Eckhardt was murdered in, an' I don't think you'd want to sleep in it more than once; you can try it though, if you want to. You'd better put up here till morrow, fer it will be dark before you get there tonight."

We thanked him for the invitation, but said that we would go our way, for we did not want to lose another day's time. "Well, good luck to you, boys. Let me know how you come out, as you go back."

We promised to stop on our return and, bidding him good-by, drove on. Four miles of mountain road seemed to us like ten, and long before we had reached the end of our journey, night had settled down and the glow of the tall fir fell over us like a pall. At last, the weary horses came to a dead halt and Sam jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was.

"We are at the cabin," he cried, and, sure enough, the horses' heads were right up against it. I fumbled about for the latch and, having found it, while Sam hitched the team, and we had no difficulty in finding our way down to the shed, where we tied our horses; then we returned to the wagon.

After leaving Peterson's, Sam and I had had some conversation about the subject of ghosts, and he had declared that he believed there was such a thing; that when a person was dead, he was

other clouds of dust rose to mark the path of the hunters. It is in these moments of exhaustion from which their officers could arouse them with difficulty. But on once in the saddle again, they pressed on with mocking laughter for their foes and hearts beating high with courage. Their chief was in the van, and what he could endure they would endure, and where he led they would follow as long as they could keep their leaden feet in the stirrups.

On, for six days more, through storm and shine they rode. It was the first day of a new week, Sunday. They had drawn toward the River Ohio, now in unseasonable flood, a yellow, rushing, foaming barrier between them and the more friendly Kentucky. It seemed that God was against them. Here was Buffington Island, where the General had thought to cross, but here also his enemies lay in wait to thwart him, to drive him back. And here they fought, these weary men—these men almost dead in their saddles—with these others, fought and died. On again, but there were hundreds of their fellows who could not follow.

Twelve Hundred Yaw. Only 120 were left of the 300. But the foe followed, that foe which crossed at Brandenburg, as determined and hardy as the quarry he was pursuing. And other opposers poured forth from every town and village and Middle West Army Post, on foot and horseback and railway train. They patrolled the highways; they watched from hill and tree-top and they waited in wood and field the coming of the presumptuous rebel.

A great roar filled the Midsummer air, the morning lower day by day. The shock under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the raider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was proclaimed to failure and disaster, but he was winning the future admiration of the world, and the present respect of those who were straining every nerve and muscle and brain cell to bring about his overthrow. But not yet was it accomplished.

The same day, 30 miles above Buffington Island, he came again to the margin of the broad river. Here he resolved to breast its sweeping flood. Orders were given, and the men rode in as they would ride upon the green sward or upon the dusty road, reckless of risk and danger. Those in advance were far out toward the southern shore when the gunboats of the Federals suddenly appeared. The General himself was in midstream, his powerful horse swimming gallantly.

Returns to His Men. Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy fire that was now being directed against them, against him, and those about him, against those others now nearing the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hall of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end. Only 500 were now left to him of the

One He Couldn't Smash. A baggage man out in Podunk, Who made of new baggage old junk. Shipped an elephant through To Kalamazoo, But he didn't smash upon his trunk. —Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF THE CABIN

EXPERIENCES OF TWO HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Queer Things That Happened During Their Occupancy of a Murdered Man's Quarters.

The afternoon was far advanced, as we toiled up the rough mountain road. "We must be nearly to Peterson's place by this time," said Sam, wiping his brow. "Yes, I think we are," I replied. "Our directions were to go beyond Peterson's to the end of the road, where we would find a good place to camp; but, don't you know? I fancied I saw a smile on the face of the last fellow we talked to, when we told him where we were going. I wonder if there is anything wrong about our directions?"

Before Sam could answer we took a sharp turn and found ourselves in a little clearing, in the center of which was a rough-boarded little house. Some seven or eight top-headed little figures stood staring at us in amazement and then scampered off like a lot of brownies, in every direction. A little black dog set up a fierce barking and rushed furiously down towards us; then the door opened and a man stuck his head out and called away the dog.

"Is this Peterson's place?" I called. "Yes, that's my name," said he. "Where you fellows go?"

Seeing that no harm befell their father, the brownies now returned, and soon were clambering all over our wagon. I explained to the man that we were out on a deer hunt and asked him how far it was to the end of the road. "I think it's about four miles, but you'll find it purty rough. When you get there, you can unitch your horses an' lead 'em lower a little trail to the right, about a hundred yards, an' you'll find a shed to put 'em in, an' a spring close by. There's a good place down there to camp, too, but I wouldn't advise you to sleep in the shed, for it's alive with bees."

"But we were told," said Sam, "that there is a deserted cabin there that we might use." Peterson scratched a match and applied it to an old black pipe before replying, and then said, with a peculiar smile: "Eckhardt's Cabin."

"Well, there is a cabin there, sure enough, but it's the one old Bill Eckhardt was murdered in, an' I don't think you'd want to sleep in it more than once; you can try it though, if you want to. You'd better put up here till morrow, fer it will be dark before you get there tonight."

We thanked him for the invitation, but said that we would go our way, for we did not want to lose another day's time. "Well, good luck to you, boys. Let me know how you come out, as you go back."

We promised to stop on our return and, bidding him good-by, drove on. Four miles of mountain road seemed to us like ten, and long before we had reached the end of our journey, night had settled down and the glow of the tall fir fell over us like a pall. At last, the weary horses came to a dead halt and Sam jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was.

"We are at the cabin," he cried, and, sure enough, the horses' heads were right up against it. I fumbled about for the latch and, having found it, while Sam hitched the team, and we had no difficulty in finding our way down to the shed, where we tied our horses; then we returned to the wagon.

After leaving Peterson's, Sam and I had had some conversation about the subject of ghosts, and he had declared that he believed there was such a thing; that when a person was dead, he was

other clouds of dust rose to mark the path of the hunters. It is in these moments of exhaustion from which their officers could arouse them with difficulty. But on once in the saddle again, they pressed on with mocking laughter for their foes and hearts beating high with courage. Their chief was in the van, and what he could endure they would endure, and where he led they would follow as long as they could keep their leaden feet in the stirrups.

On, for six days more, through storm and shine they rode. It was the first day of a new week, Sunday. They had drawn toward the River Ohio, now in unseasonable flood, a yellow, rushing, foaming barrier between them and the more friendly Kentucky. It seemed that God was against them. Here was Buffington Island, where the General had thought to cross, but here also his enemies lay in wait to thwart him, to drive him back. And here they fought, these weary men—these men almost dead in their saddles—with these others, fought and died. On again, but there were hundreds of their fellows who could not follow.

Twelve Hundred Yaw. Only 120 were left of the 300. But the foe followed, that foe which crossed at Brandenburg, as determined and hardy as the quarry he was pursuing. And other opposers poured forth from every town and village and Middle West Army Post, on foot and horseback and railway train. They patrolled the highways; they watched from hill and tree-top and they waited in wood and field the coming of the presumptuous rebel.

A great roar filled the Midsummer air, the morning lower day by day. The shock under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the raider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was proclaimed to failure and disaster, but he was winning the future admiration of the world, and the present respect of those who were straining every nerve and muscle and brain cell to bring about his overthrow. But not yet was it accomplished.

The same day, 30 miles above Buffington Island, he came again to the margin of the broad river. Here he resolved to breast its sweeping flood. Orders were given, and the men rode in as they would ride upon the green sward or upon the dusty road, reckless of risk and danger. Those in advance were far out toward the southern shore when the gunboats of the Federals suddenly appeared. The General himself was in midstream, his powerful horse swimming gallantly.

Returns to His Men. Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy fire that was now being directed against them, against him, and those about him, against those others now nearing the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hall of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end. Only 500 were now left to him of the

One He Couldn't Smash. A baggage man out in Podunk, Who made of new baggage old junk. Shipped an elephant through To Kalamazoo, But he didn't smash upon his trunk. —Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF THE CABIN

EXPERIENCES OF TWO HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Queer Things That Happened During Their Occupancy of a Murdered Man's Quarters.

The afternoon was far advanced, as we toiled up the rough mountain road. "We must be nearly to Peterson's place by this time," said Sam, wiping his brow. "Yes, I think we are," I replied. "Our directions were to go beyond Peterson's to the end of the road, where we would find a good place to camp; but, don't you know? I fancied I saw a smile on the face of the last fellow we talked to, when we told him where we were going. I wonder if there is anything wrong about our directions?"

Before Sam could answer we took a sharp turn and found ourselves in a little clearing, in the center of which was a rough-boarded little house. Some seven or eight top-headed little figures stood staring at us in amazement and then scampered off like a lot of brownies, in every direction. A little black dog set up a fierce barking and rushed furiously down towards us; then the door opened and a man stuck his head out and called away the dog.

"Is this Peterson's place?" I called. "Yes, that's my name," said he. "Where you fellows go?"

Seeing that no harm befell their father, the brownies now returned, and soon were clambering all over our wagon. I explained to the man that we were out on a deer hunt and asked him how far it was to the end of the road. "I think it's about four miles, but you'll find it purty rough. When you get there, you can unitch your horses an' lead 'em lower a little trail to the right, about a hundred yards, an' you'll find a shed to put 'em in, an' a spring close by. There's a good place down there to camp, too, but I wouldn't advise you to sleep in the shed, for it's alive with bees."

"But we were told," said Sam, "that there is a deserted cabin there that we might use." Peterson scratched a match and applied it to an old black pipe before replying, and then said, with a peculiar smile: "Eckhardt's Cabin."

"Well, there is a cabin there, sure enough, but it's the one old Bill Eckhardt was murdered in, an' I don't think you'd want to sleep in it more than once; you can try it though, if you want to. You'd better put up here till morrow, fer it will be dark before you get there tonight."

We thanked him for the invitation, but said that we would go our way, for we did not want to lose another day's time. "Well, good luck to you, boys. Let me know how you come out, as you go back."

We promised to stop on our return and, bidding him good-by, drove on. Four miles of mountain road seemed to us like ten, and long before we had reached the end of our journey, night had settled down and the glow of the tall fir fell over us like a pall. At last, the weary horses came to a dead halt and Sam jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was.

"We are at the cabin," he cried, and, sure enough, the horses' heads were right up against it. I fumbled about for the latch and, having found it, while Sam hitched the team, and we had no difficulty in finding our way down to the shed, where we tied our horses; then we returned to the wagon.

After leaving Peterson's, Sam and I had had some conversation about the subject of ghosts, and he had declared that he believed there was such a thing; that when a person was dead, he was

other clouds of dust rose to mark the path of the hunters. It is in these moments of exhaustion from which their officers could arouse them with difficulty. But on once in the saddle again, they pressed on with mocking laughter for their foes and hearts beating high with courage. Their chief was in the van, and what he could endure they would endure, and where he led they would follow as long as they could keep their leaden feet in the stirrups.

On, for six days more, through storm and shine they rode. It was the first day of a new week, Sunday. They had drawn toward the River Ohio, now in unseasonable flood, a yellow, rushing, foaming barrier between them and the more friendly Kentucky. It seemed that God was against them. Here was Buffington Island, where the General had thought to cross, but here also his enemies lay in wait to thwart him, to drive him back. And here they fought, these weary men—these men almost dead in their saddles—with these others, fought and died. On again, but there were hundreds of their fellows who could not follow.

Twelve Hundred Yaw. Only 120 were left of the 300. But the foe followed, that foe which crossed at Brandenburg, as determined and hardy as the quarry he was pursuing. And other opposers poured forth from every town and village and Middle West Army Post, on foot and horseback and railway train. They patrolled the highways; they watched from hill and tree-top and they waited in wood and field the coming of the presumptuous rebel.

A great roar filled the Midsummer air, the morning lower day by day. The shock under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the raider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was proclaimed to failure and disaster, but he was winning the future admiration of the world, and the present respect of those who were straining every nerve and muscle and brain cell to bring about his overthrow. But not yet was it accomplished.

The same day, 30 miles above Buffington Island, he came again to the margin of the broad river. Here he resolved to breast its sweeping flood. Orders were given, and the men rode in as they would ride upon the green sward or upon the dusty road, reckless of risk and danger. Those in advance were far out toward the southern shore when the gunboats of the Federals suddenly appeared. The General himself was in midstream, his powerful horse swimming gallantly.

Returns to His Men. Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy fire that was now being directed against them, against him, and those about him, against those others now nearing the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hall of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end. Only 500 were now left to him of the

One He Couldn't Smash. A baggage man out in Podunk, Who made of new baggage old junk. Shipped an elephant through To Kalamazoo, But he didn't smash upon his trunk. —Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF THE CABIN

EXPERIENCES OF TWO HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Queer Things That Happened During Their Occupancy of a Murdered Man's Quarters.

The afternoon was far advanced, as we toiled up the rough mountain road. "We must be nearly to Peterson's place by this time," said Sam, wiping his brow. "Yes, I think we are," I replied. "Our directions were to go beyond Peterson's to the end of the road, where we would find a good place to camp; but, don't you know? I fancied I saw a smile on the face of the last fellow we talked to, when we told him where we were going. I wonder if there is anything wrong about our directions?"

Before Sam could answer we took a sharp turn and found ourselves in a little clearing, in the center of which was a rough-boarded little house. Some seven or eight top-headed little figures stood staring at us in amazement and then scampered off like a lot of brownies, in every direction. A little black dog set up a fierce barking and rushed furiously down towards us; then the door opened and a man stuck his head out and called away the dog.

"Is this Peterson's place?" I called. "Yes, that's my name," said he. "Where you fellows go?"

Seeing that no harm befell their father, the brownies now returned, and soon were clambering all over our wagon. I explained to the man that we were out on a deer hunt and asked him how far it was to the end of the road. "I think it's about four miles, but you'll find it purty rough. When you get there, you can unitch your horses an' lead 'em lower a little trail to the right, about a hundred yards, an' you'll find a shed to put 'em in, an' a spring close by. There's a good place down there to camp, too, but I wouldn't advise you to sleep in the shed, for it's alive with bees."

"But we were told," said Sam, "that there is a deserted cabin there that we might use." Peterson scratched a match and applied it to an old black pipe before replying, and then said, with a peculiar smile: "Eckhardt's Cabin."

"Well, there is a cabin there, sure enough, but it's the one old Bill Eckhardt was murdered in, an' I don't think you'd want to sleep in it more than once; you can try it though, if you want to. You'd better put up here till morrow, fer it will be dark before you get there tonight."

We thanked him for the invitation, but said that we would go our way, for we did not want to lose another day's time. "Well, good luck to you, boys. Let me know how you come out, as you go back."

We promised to stop on our return and, bidding him good-by, drove on. Four miles of mountain road seemed to us like ten, and long before we had reached the end of our journey, night had settled down and the glow of the tall fir fell over us like a pall. At last, the weary horses came to a dead halt and Sam jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was.

"We are at the cabin," he cried, and, sure enough, the horses' heads were right up against it. I fumbled about for the latch and, having found it, while Sam hitched the team, and we had no difficulty in finding our way down to the shed, where we tied our horses; then we returned to the wagon.

After leaving Peterson's, Sam and I had had some conversation about the subject of ghosts, and he had declared that he believed there was such a thing; that when a person was dead, he was

other clouds of dust rose to mark the path of the hunters. It is in these moments of exhaustion from which their officers could arouse them with difficulty. But on once in the saddle again, they pressed on with mocking laughter for their foes and hearts beating high with courage. Their chief was in the van, and what he could endure they would endure, and where he led they would follow as long as they could keep their leaden feet in the stirrups.

On, for six days more, through storm and shine they rode. It was the first day of a new week, Sunday. They had drawn toward the River Ohio, now in unseasonable flood, a yellow, rushing, foaming barrier between them and the more friendly Kentucky. It seemed that God was against them. Here was Buffington Island, where the General had thought to cross, but here also his enemies lay in wait to thwart him, to drive him back. And here they fought, these weary men—these men almost dead in their saddles—with these others, fought and died. On again, but there were hundreds of their fellows who could not follow.

Twelve Hundred Yaw. Only 120 were left of the 300. But the foe followed, that foe which crossed at Brandenburg, as determined and hardy as the quarry he was pursuing. And other opposers poured forth from every town and village and Middle West Army Post, on foot and horseback and railway train. They patrolled the highways; they watched from hill and tree-top and they waited in wood and field the coming of the presumptuous rebel.

A great roar filled the Midsummer air, the morning lower day by day. The shock under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the raider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was proclaimed to failure and disaster, but he was winning the future admiration of the world, and the present respect of those who were straining every nerve and muscle and brain cell to bring about his overthrow. But not yet was it accomplished.

The same day, 30 miles above Buffington Island, he came again to the margin of the broad river. Here he resolved to breast its sweeping flood. Orders were given, and the men rode in as they would ride upon the green sward or upon the dusty road, reckless of risk and danger. Those in advance were far out toward the southern shore when the gunboats of the Federals suddenly appeared. The General himself was in midstream, his powerful horse swimming gallantly.

Returns to His Men. Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy fire that was now being directed against them, against him, and those about him, against those others now nearing the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hall of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end. Only 500 were now left to him of the

One He Couldn't Smash. A baggage man out in Podunk, Who made of new baggage old junk. Shipped an elephant through To Kalamazoo, But he didn't smash upon his trunk. —Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERY OF THE CABIN

EXPERIENCES OF TWO HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Queer Things That Happened During Their Occupancy of a Murdered Man's Quarters.

The afternoon was far advanced, as we toiled up the rough mountain road. "We must be nearly to Peterson's place by this time," said Sam, wiping his brow. "Yes, I think we are," I replied. "Our directions were to go beyond Peterson's to the end of the road, where we would find a good place to camp; but, don't you know? I fancied I saw a smile on the face of the last fellow we talked to, when we told him where we were going. I wonder if there is anything wrong about our directions?"

Before Sam could answer we took a sharp turn and found ourselves in a little clearing, in the center of which was a rough-boarded little house. Some seven or eight top-headed little figures stood staring at us in amazement and then scampered off like a lot of brownies, in every direction. A little black dog set up a fierce barking and rushed furiously down towards us; then the door opened and a man stuck his head out and called away the dog.

"Is this Peterson's place?" I called. "Yes, that's my name," said he. "Where you fellows go?"

Seeing that no harm befell their father, the brownies now returned, and soon were clambering all over our wagon. I explained to the man that we were out on a deer hunt and asked him how far it was to the end of the road. "I think it's about four miles, but you'll find it purty rough. When you get there, you can unitch your horses an' lead 'em lower a little trail to the right, about a hundred yards, an' you'll find a shed to put 'em in, an' a spring close by. There's a good place down there to camp, too, but I wouldn't advise you to sleep in the shed, for it's alive with bees."

"But we were told," said Sam, "that there is a deserted cabin there that we might use." Peterson scratched a match and applied it to an old black pipe before replying, and then said, with a peculiar smile: "Eckhardt's Cabin."

"Well, there is a cabin there, sure enough, but it's the one old Bill Eckhardt was murdered in, an' I don't think you'd want to sleep in it more than once; you can try it though, if you want to. You'd better put up here till morrow, fer it will be dark before you get there tonight."

We thanked him for the invitation, but said that we would go our way, for we did not want to lose another day's time. "Well, good luck to you, boys. Let me know how you come out, as you go back."

We promised to stop on our return and, bidding him good-by, drove on. Four miles of mountain road seemed to us like ten, and long before we had reached the end of our journey, night had settled down and the glow of the tall fir fell over us like a pall. At last, the weary horses came to a dead halt and Sam jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was.

"We are at the cabin," he cried, and, sure enough, the horses' heads were right up against it. I fumbled about for the latch and, having found it, while Sam hitched the team, and we had no difficulty in finding our way down to the shed, where we tied our horses; then we returned to the wagon.

After leaving Peterson's, Sam and I had had some conversation about the subject of ghosts, and he had declared that he believed there was such a thing; that when a person was dead, he was

other clouds of dust rose to mark the path of the hunters. It is in these moments of exhaustion from which their officers could arouse them with difficulty. But on once in the saddle again, they pressed on with mocking laughter for their foes and hearts beating high with courage. Their chief was in the van, and what he could endure they would endure, and where he led they would follow as long as they could keep their leaden feet in the stirrups.

On, for six days more, through storm and shine they rode. It was the first day of a new week, Sunday. They had drawn toward the River Ohio, now in unseasonable flood, a yellow, rushing, foaming barrier between them and the more friendly Kentucky. It seemed that God was against them. Here was Buffington Island, where the General had thought to cross, but here also his enemies lay in wait to thwart him, to drive him back. And here they fought, these weary men—these men almost dead in their saddles—with these others, fought and died. On again, but there were hundreds of their fellows who could not follow.

Twelve Hundred Yaw. Only 120 were left of the 300. But the foe followed, that foe which crossed at Brandenburg, as determined and hardy as the quarry he was pursuing. And other opposers poured forth from every town and village and Middle West Army Post, on foot and horseback and railway train. They patrolled the highways; they watched from hill and tree-top and they waited in wood and field the coming of the presumptuous rebel.

A great roar filled the Midsummer air, the morning lower day by day. The shock under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the raider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was proclaimed to failure and disaster, but he was winning the future admiration of the world, and the present respect of those who