



CHAPTER III

Night comes, and the streets of the old town grow more quiet. Men have cheered themselves hoarse, and intense excitement has gripped everybody. An even 50 men have signed the roll, and more will come in tomorrow. The recruiting office has been closed by the removal of the table and the departure of the captain. With that officer we have little to do. With the man in citizen's clothes who assisted him we have more. Let me introduce to you as he sits on the veranda of the village inn Duke Wyle, 23 years of age, a bachelor, the only son of ex-Judge Wyle, the nabob of the village and county. The young man has been educated for a mining engineer. He has done nothing in particular since he left college.

"Duke? Oh, Duke's all right," was the reply to any half meant criticism. "The old man's got plenty of money, and Duke is his heir. Good boy, that Duke. Likes to hunt and fish and is a little wild, but he'll steady down after a bit. Don't you worry about Duke!"

And when the news of war came Duke found the excitement his nature craved. When the volunteer company was full, he was to be its first lieutenant. He and Royal Kenton were acquaintances, but not friends. In the beginning they had been attracted toward each other, and there was promise of close intimacy. But no two men can love the same woman and be friends anything less than enemies.

Both were frequent callers at the old mansion standing at the head of the long street, in which resided the widow and daughter of the late Hon. John Percy, one of Virginia's oldest and wisest statesmen. If Marian favored either one, if she was interested in any one of her numerous callers, no sign of encouragement had been given. Kenton and Wyle were only two out of twenty, and yet it seemed to be generally understood that she would ultimately favor one or the other.

"Hooray! Hooray! We uns will be in Washington in less'n 30 days!" It was the voice of Steve Brayton shouting as he drew near.

"You there, Steve," called Wyle as the patriot, who had been swinging his hat and making ready for another cheer.

"What's wanted, lieutenant?" "Come up here!"

"Doggone my hide, but I want to get down that and get my foot on the ground. I can't stand still!" growled Steve as he came along down the veranda. "What's up, lieutenant? Hain't dun gone and got word that them ar' Yankees is going to give up without a foot, he y?"

"No. There's no news this evening. Sit down."

"Whoop! I'm powerfully minded to get out by myself and git that befo' the fussin is all over!" exclaimed Steve as he hesitated to take the chair pushed at him by the other's foot.

"Sit down! You'll get there soon enough without any extra hurry! See, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee among us—a regular, first-class Yankee right here in th' town?"

"Lordy, no! Has he an cum down to capt' us?"

"He is here as a spy, Steve—as a spy to let 'em know up north what we are doing. You fellows are not very bright, or you'd have got onto him without my telling."

"Shoo! A Yankee spy right yere in this town? Hev yo' seen him with yo' own eyes?"

"I have."

"And yo' bin name him?"

"I can. Do you know Lawyer Williams?"

"I reckon."

"Do you know the man in the off-ice with him—fellow named Kenton?"

"I do, fur sush. He drawed up some papers for me awhile ago. Purty nice sort of a fellow, I take it."

"Didn't you know he was a Yankee?"

"No!"

"Well, he is. Any one will tell you that he came down from the north only about a year ago."

"Yes." "Good! Hand it over." "What do you want of it?" "I've dun got a plan. I'll take that paper along with me. I'll git Baxter, Bill Taylor, Tom Henderson and six or eight mo', and we'll find that Yankee. When we've found him, I'll be civil and do-vent and say: 'Folks is a-tellin that yo' un is a Yankee spy, and that yo' un is gwine to skip out fur the north purty quick. How does yo' un constand that?'"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Wyle.

"That means how does he un stand. Is he un for the south or north? If he un's for the south, let him put his name right down that to be one of us. If he un's for the north, we uns will cum back fur tar and feathers."

"Steve, yo've hit it—hit it plumb cent!" exclaimed Wyle as he rose up to shake hands. "You've got the idea exactly. Put that paper right at him! If he's for us, he'll sign; if he's agin us, he won't. Get your men together and start out right about it."

"We uns will find out all about it in an hour, lieutenant, and doggone my hide if I ain't so chock full of you that I've got to holler! Hip, hip, hooray! Aim low, boys, and giv' it to 'em heavy!"

CHAPTER IV

The average writer of fiction describes every southern man as wearing long, black hair, a wide brimmed hat and a fierce mustache. The southern woman is pictured as tall and stately, with black eyes and raven tresses. Marian Percy was a true child of the south, and yet she had hazel eyes, brown hair and was petite in figure. As she passed the ragged little dandies in the street they looked after her and called:

"Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sunshine agin!"

Of sunny disposition, charitable in thought and deed, respected by all, she had dignity without haughtiness, was a queen among girls without arrogance. If every other girl of the south was arguing for and enthusiastically applauding the right of secession and wearing the toy Palmetto flag, Marian was the exception. Not that the momentous events were lightly passed over, but because she was weighing them and pondering deeply. Educated at the north, she had formed strong friendships and found hosts of friends. She had seen the Yankee at home, at his worst and at his best, and she rather liked him. That a general election, such as had been held so often before, should result in turmoil, bloodshed and separation she could not understand. Politicians defended the secession of South Caro-

lina as follows: "Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sunshine agin!"

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Brayton was reaching out to ring the bell. Behind him were a dozen or more men.

"Well, what is wanted?" quietly asked Marian as Steve pulled off his hat and shifted about in a nervous way.

"N-nuthin, ma'am, nuthin 'tall," he replied as he backed off. "That is, we jest considered that we'd better call and see."

"Did you want to see any one here?"

"Why don't you un tell her?" exclaimed Ike Baxter as he pushed himself forward.

"Waal, ma'am, we uns cum yere to see somebody," continued Steve.

"Yes, we cum to see that Yankee!" added Ike.

"You mean Mr. Kenton?" queried Marian.

"That's it! They say he's a Yankee spy, and it's our dooty to hev a little talk with him!"

"Who says he's a Yankee spy?"

"I reckon it was Duke Wyle, ma'am, and he arter to know. He's goin to be first lieutenant of our company, yo' know."

"And Mr. Wyle told you that Mr. Kenton was a Yankee spy, did he?" demanded Marian as her eyes flashed and her breath came quickly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Steve Brayton, yo' un's a fool!" called a voice from the crowd—the voice of one who knew that Wyle was a caller at the house.

"He dun told me so, and it's left for yo' un to find out," continued Steve, who wanted to square himself.

"And you want to question him?" asked Marian.

"As a dooty, ma'am, as a dooty to Virginia. Can't he no Yankee spy?"

"No, he ain't no Yankee spy. We hain't got nuthin agin him as a man, but if he un's spy in on us that's different. Will yo' please call him out?"

"No! Three of you can come in and question him!"

Steve Brayton, Ike Baxter and Tom Henderson followed her into the house, while the others crowded up the veranda to wait for what might happen.

"Mr. Kenton, some callers to see you," said Marian as they entered the parlor, and she rose up, with a puzzled look on his face.

Steve Brayton had broken the ice and recovered from his embarrassment. He did not propose to do any talking. Kenton was either for or against. The quickest way to ascertain was to present the enrollment paper. He took it from his pocket, extended it to the young lawyer and said:

"Mr. Kenton, some folks around yere ar' talkin that yo' un's a Yankee spy. Will yo' put yo' name down on this paper?"

"I will, and I'll go with your company whenever it is ready to go," was the prompt answer as he drew a pencil from his pocket and wrote his name, which was the fifty-third on the roll.

Twenty minutes later Steve Brayton and his companions appeared at the hotel, where Duke Wyle was impatiently waiting for news.

"Well, Steve, is it tar and feathers?" he asked as the crowd came up the steps.

"Does that look like tar and feathers?" replied Steve as he handed on the paper and pointed to the name of Royal Kenton.

"What, he volunteered in this company?"

"Exactly."

"Did you threaten him?"

"Not a threat! Reckon we'd better make him second lieutenant, eh?" But Duke Wyle did not answer. He sat and stared at the name and was dumb with amazement.

WHY THEY DIDN'T LAUGH.

One of Mason's stories spoiled in the "Suff" the action to the word, the word to the action," says Hamlet, instructing the players, and his advice should be heeded by all public speakers. Once upon a time a stump orator, who is now a United States Senator, told a story and it fell flat, because his action suited not his word. The Hon. W. E. Mason, of Chicago, describes the warning incident in the "Times-Herald":

Another of the stories that have made an occasional hit, said Mr. Mason, was one about my friend Scharlau, who was running for office in one of the North Side districts. We arranged a meeting for him in the Fourteenth ward.

There was a decorated dry goods box for Scharlau to stand upon in front of the wigwam. The building itself was festooned from door to rafters with bunting and flags. Love of his adopted country and enthusiasm for the stars and stripes bubbled in Scharlau's soul, and found effervescent expression in his speech.

Before he began his address a large American flag was swung over his head. It was held by ropes passed through pulleys. The crowd was so enormous that there was insufficient room in the house, and the speech-making took place in the open air.

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Electric Heating.

The extension in progress in the various applications of electric heat is hardly realized by the general public. A great number of electric heating apparatus are being supplied by the manufacturers for shoe-making machinery, heating silk-finishing rolls and leather-working machinery, and during the past year and a half alone 14,000 electric heat heaters have been installed. A blackbook manufacturer has had in use since 1894 from 35 to 40 electric glue pots, and starch-makers are now employing electric-heat apparatus extensively. In one piano manufacturing in Baltimore 20 electric heaters were recently placed and nearly all the large clothing houses of the country now do most of their work in certain departments by electric iron. Such ironing has also been supplied to state asylums in Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, Massachusetts, Maine and Maryland. Electric radiators are found very convenient where it is desired to heat a room, or a corner of it, for a limited period, as the heat can be instantly turned off or on. One of the most popular uses of electric heating today is for curling-iron sets. Three hundred and eighty-seven of these were ordered for the dressing rooms of two combined New York hotels, 72 sets for a Boston hotel and a large number for the American line of steamers across the Atlantic.

River and canal improvement is an important subject in France. One of the latest propositions is to improve the Rhone and Garonne. The Rhone and Garonne have already been improved and the heavy expenditure is justified by results.

Professor Forbes calculates that the first catarrh of the Nile at High Nile represents 500,000 horse-power, and at low Nile 35,000 horse-power.

USE GENTLENESS.

Be gentle in stimulating the kidneys, otherwise you will excite the system. The happiest results follow the use of Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Cure. Avoid the unadvised, fiery stimulants of commerce. The kidneys have a delicate membrane easily irritated, and upon this action of such stimulants is pernicious. Malarial conditions, rheumatism, neuralgia, and biliousness succumb to the corrective influence of the Bitters.

For use in recording instruments where a pencil is not desirable, a new device has a small reservoir for ink, with a conical bottom, in the end of which is a small opening with a pin point running through it to act as a feeder and marker.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvellous one, which makes the inebriate lose all self-control. It is a disease which can be cured. It is not a vice, it is a disease, and it can be cured. It is not a vice, it is a disease, and it can be cured. It is not a vice, it is a disease, and it can be cured.

Jupiter is five times as far from the sun as we are and the years on that planet are each as long as twelve of ours.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, know F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Warranted Pure. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous membrane of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Some naturalists are of the opinion that the whale was once a land animal, and that it was forced to take to water as a means of protection.

Birth Rate Statistics.

It is a cause of great anxiety in France that the birth rate is less than the death rate, but the state of affairs in some portions of the United States is even more serious. While in France the birth rate is 23 per 1,000, in Nevada it is 16.30 per 1,000; in Maine, 17.99 per 1,000; New Hampshire, 18.4 per 1,000; Vermont, 18.5; California, 19.4; Connecticut, 21.5; Massachusetts, 21.5; Rhode Island, 21.8 per 1,000, a little more than France, Wyoming has 21.8 per 1,000, and Oregon 22.5. If it were not for immigration the population would be gradually falling off, and according to statistics the inhabitants of New England and the Pacific coast will be replaced by another race within a period varying from 16 to 300 years.

HOIT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Will commence its seventh year August 10th. We, the undersigned, know F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

When a person falls into the water a common fall but may be fatal as a life preserver, and by placing the hat upon the water rim downwards, with the arm around it, pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption. Anna M. Williams, Pa., Nov. 12, 1893.

Queen Victoria rules 11,475,054 square miles of territory, and 378,725,857 of population.

Prosecutions are expected to begin soon under the new Massachusetts law which forbids the wearing of the body or feathers of any undomesticated bird. Every offender will be fined \$10 and the prosecuting witness will be paid a reward of \$5.

ABOUT IRREGULARITY.

A Chat With Miss Marie Johnson. The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. Irregularity lays the foundation of many diseases, and is in itself a symptom of disease. It is of the greatest importance that regularity be accomplished as soon as possible after the flow is an established fact.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest regularizer known to medicine.

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back and head. I was also troubled with irregularity of my menses, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed."

"My mother, who from experience is a firm believer in the Pinkham remedies, thought perhaps they might benefit me. I followed the advice Mrs. Pinkham gave me, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Liver Pills, and am now as well as ever."

"Mrs. Marie F. Johnson, Central, Pa."

If you don't attract enough attention this summer, try wearing a fur coat.



The Otis of Erin. Wid all condolence. I'd call your attention. To what I'd now mention of Erin's green; And without hesitation, I'll tell you that Belkin's creation the gim and the nation.

It happened when mornin' without any warnin' That Yarnus was born in the beautiful sea; An' by that same token—'an' sure, 'twas providin' Her plinkus was throopin', and wouldn't give play.

Thin Nipture, who knew her, in order to woo her Yarnus, the wicked old Jew! Began to pursue her, the wicked old Jew! An' yere high caught her on top o' the wether.

Great Jupiter's daughter, who roared "Phiblool!" Thin Jupiter, that jaynius, looked down and seen Yarnus. An' Nipture the haynius person' her wild. An' he roared out like thunder (an' sure, 'twas no wonder) L-e-d' her him asunder for taysin his child.

Thin, a sun-star espyin' that round him was bin' He sayed without sight' an' hurried it below; Which went out like winkin', but as it was sinkin' Struck Nipture, I'm thinkin', a broth of a blow.

Now, this sun-star made dry land, both lowland and highland, And formed that sweet island, the place of me birth; Hence, strange is the story, the Erin so hearty. Was sint down from glory, a heaven upon earth.

This Yarnus stipped nately on Erin so hearty. An' because she so lately was bothered and prest. It did her much bewilder, but ere it had killed her. E'er father distilled her a drop of the best.

This glass so victorious, it made her feel glorious, A little uproarious I fear it did prove. So, bow can ye blame us that, Erin's so famous. For whiskey an' fightin' an' murder an' love?—Indianapolis News.

When Peter sang. When Peter sang the rafters rang. He made the great church reel; His voice it rang a clarion clang, Or like a cannon's peal. Yere, Peter made the rafters ring. And never curbed his tongue; Albert Peter could not sing. Yet Peter always sung.

Ab, widdy did he his wild voice fling. Promiscuous and free; Despite the fact he could not sing. Why, all the more sang he. With clamorous clang. And resonant bang. His thunders round he flung; He could not sing. One single thing; Yet Peter always sung.

The choir sang loud and all the crowd. Took up the holy strain; But Peter's bawl rose over all. Tempestuously plain. The organ roared and maddly poured Its music floods around. But Peter drowned its anthem loud In catarrhs of sound. The people hushed, the choir grew still. Still grew the organ's tone; Then Peter's voice rose loud and shrill. For Peter sang alone.

His clamorous shout. Had drowned them out. And silenced every tongue; He could not sing. One single thing; Yet Peter always sung.

When Peter died the people cried. For Peter he was good. Although his voice produced a noise Not easily withstood. Though many cried when Peter died And gained his golden reed, They nursed a heartfelt sympathy For heaven's angelic sound. They knew where'er his soul might be. Loud would his accents ring. He'd sing through all eternity. The songs he could not sing. The heavenly choir. He'd make perpire. And heavenly arches ring; Though he could not sing. Forevermore he'll sing. —New York Sun.

A Devoted Royal Couple. The devotion of the venerable king and queen of Denmark is described as positively touching. During the time of the Queen's illness, which lasted something like three months, no one about the court was allowed to see her save her husband, his wife, and the physician in ordinary. The King was ceaseless in his devotion. He rarely went out, save when duty compelled him, abandoned his customary exercise, and passed hours every day reading to his wife or playing cards and chess with her, and telling her what was going on in the world outside. The long abstention from his walks and rides, his constant attendance upon the invalid—wo, happily, recovered in spring—old rather heavily on the King, and in turn affected his health.

The Queen seldom appears in public. Ceremonies to her, as to the Princess of Wales, have always been ceremonies from which she preferred to escape unless duty absolutely obliged her. Of a bright and most youthful disposition, she likes to have gay and happy folk about her.

"I can't bear to see long faces near me," she will declare. Of their numerous grandchildren both King and Queen are immensely fond, and are seen walking about with them hand in hand at Copenhagen.

The Cruelest Cut of All. During the winter months the farmers' boys and girls have lots of fun with their parties, taffy pulls, and such enjoyments, and considerable humor can be found in their happy repartee. At one of these candy parties a guest not altogether liked by some of the girls unfortunately sat in a saucer of maple sugar left on a chair to cool off, and his unceremonious departure was the wonder of the evening.