A YANKEE IN GRAY.

By Charles B. Lewis "M. Quad."

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CHAPTER XI.

As before stated, Ike Baxter belonged to the class known at that time and still referred to as "poor whites." Through the efforts of his wife he had managed to hold onto a small farm just outside of Winchester, left him by his father, but it is doubtful if her arguments would have carried the day had any one made a cash offer for the few acres. While Ike always referred to himself as broken down by hard work, about five days out of every week had been spent tramping around the country with his gun or discussing "Yankees" and "niggers" in the village barrooms with others of his ilk. According to his own line of argument, he was a martyr. Ill luck had always followed him, even to the birth and death of triplets.

Mrs. Baxter also had a constitutional and ready made grievance. If she had been allowed to have her way about things, she always argued, they would long ago have been rich and owned niggers, "Yes, sah, real niggers and mo' or fewer $75 mewls."

Ike Baxter had also been granted a furlough, and according to the stories he told after reaching home the battle of Bull Run would not have been a victory without him. When anything was said about Kenton, he was prompt in replying:

"Durn the Yankee! But we uns has got our eyes open now, and he un can't play us no mo' tricks!"

He was so outspoken in his language, and his language was so bitter that Lawyer Williams and others were given an inkling of the true state of affairs. The lawyer found opportunity to inquire of Ike:

"Didn't my nephew enlist of his own accord, and is there a man in the company who has exhibited more bravery and won more of a reputation?"

"What did he un rush in and rally at Bull Run fur befo' Duke Wyle could git thar?" demanded Ike in reply. "He un just wanted to show off and make believe. And isn't he un givin us away to the Yanks all the time? And isn't he un talkin 'bout Gineral Jackson and holdin his head above us? And if he un gits the chance won't he un give up our hull army to Gineral McClellan? Oh, we uns has our eyes open fur him!"

Mrs. Baxter had got the idea from Ike's letters home that he had not only won a crown of fame under fire, but was holding the whole Federal army in check. She could read and write, but very poorly. She had picked up most of her information and all her military terms from others scarcely less ignorant. When Ike appeared in sight down the road, she ran to meet him and welcomed him with:

"Hurrah fur Gineral Ike Baxter, who fit and fit till the Yankees dun run away!"

"Don't yo' un know nothin?" angrily demanded Ike as he came nearer.

"Didn't yo' un fit and fit?"

"Of co'se I fit, but yo' needn't gab it all over Virginny and make other folks jealous!"

"Whar's yo'r stripes?" she asked.

"What stripes?"

"On yo'r arms—yo'r gineral stripes?"

"I hain't no gineral!"

"Yo' hain't? Why, I thought yo' was boss of the hull army! What's the matter yo' hain't no gineral?"

"What's the matter yo' hain't got no sense in yo'r head?"

"But yo' un's a corporal!"

"No."

"A major?"

"No."

"A leftenant?"

"No."

"Hain't yo' un nothin but jest common folks?" she persisted.

"No."

"Didn't I allus say yo' un had no speerit about yo', and that's why we was allus pore and low down?" she bitterly exclaimed as they passed into the house. "Ike Baxter, yo' hain't shucks! You un's low down, and yo' like to stay right thar! Everybody else is comin home with gineral's and corporal's and major's stripes on thar sleeves, but yo' has dun let 'em walk yo' inter the mud and hain't got no speerit to resent it! If I'd gone down thar, I'd 'a' come back as big as anybody! I've dun told everybody yo' un was a gineral, and now—now yo's only jest common!"

Mrs. Baxter sat down and wept and used her apron for a handkerchief. Ike had expected just such a reception, and he had a plan to develop at the proper time. While she continued to weep he helped himself to a bite to eat from the cupboard and maintained silence.

"And why didn't they make a gineral of yo'?" asked Mrs. Baxter after about 10 minutes.

"If yo' un dun had any sense in yo' head, I could tell yo'," he sullenly replied.

"Sense! Sense! If I hain't got sense, who has? If it hadn't bin fur my sense, we uns would hav bin right down to tater skins y'ars ago! It's my sense that has kept us outer the porehouse and let us hold our heads up with the best of 'em! Leastwise I've allus held my head up, even if yo' hain't!"

"It's this way," said Ike as he continued to eat and reflect. "It's corporal, sergeant, orderly sergeant, leftenant, captain, major, kurnel and gineral. Takes a heap o' time to git up thar! Everybody has got to begin way down."

"But yo's not even a corp—corporal yit!" she exclaimed as one eye filled with tears of disappointment.

"And what's the reason I hain't? Do yo' un remember that Yankee lawyer who lived yere—feller named Kenton?"

"Seems like I did."

"He un's to blame. Tried to git us all captur'd at Bull Run. Tried to put all the officers down. Got in with Gineral Jackson and talked agin us, particklarly me. Reckon he un said a heap 'bout yo', too, while he un was at it. If it hadn't bin fur he un, I'd hev had stripes on my arms—heaps o' stripes—and yo'd bin proud o' me. It's jest he un that keeps me down. We all hate he un, but him's got Gineral Jackson on his side."

"The pesky varmint!" she gasped, with uplifted hands. "He un's all to blame then?"

"All to blame."

"Talked about me to Gineral Jackson! What could he un say?"

"Dunno, but I reckon he un went on 'bout yo'r gwine b'arfut to church and dippin snuff and gaddin 'bout and complainin. He un rubbed it in on both o' us powerful hard, most likely. Befo' that Gineral Jackson was as good as pie to me, but afterward he un wouldn't dun notice me 'tall!"

"Then—then it's the Yankee who dun keeps yo' all back?" she asked after taking a couple of minutes for reflection.

"Jest he un alone," answered Ike as he finished his snack.

"And yo' all hain't got spunk nuff to drive he un out! Ike Baxter, yo' un allus did dun let folks walk yo' inter the mud, but I didn't reckon it was as bad as this! Fur shame on yo'!"

"How's we all to drive he un when Gineral Jackson is in the way?" asked

"Shoo, how you talk!"

Ike. "If I never git to be a gineral it's he un's fault. If I git killed or captur'd, it's the same. Duke Wyle would make me sergeant tomorrer but fur that dod blasted Yank!"

"Then if yo' doan' pay him out I will!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter as she rose up with a look of determination on her face.

That's what Ike was waiting to hear. He was now ready to develop the little plan sketched out in Captain Wyle's tent before leaving camp.

"I reckon yo' kin do it better'n we all if yo' want to try," he finally said. "Yo' know them stuck up Percys in town, of co'se?"

"Of co'se."

"He un's in luv with the gal."

"I heard that yisterday."

"If we all could brek it up, it would flatten he un out. Jest think of a southern gal luvin a reg'lar Yankee spy, and probably goin to marry him, when she could hev Duke Wyle!"

"Shoo, how you talk!"

"And if we all could flatten him out I'd soon be a gineral and prance around on a hoss," continued Ike. "Drat him, but he talked about yo' to Gineral Jackson, and that's what hurts me mo' than t'other!"

"How kin I flatten him out?" she asked, ready to begin work at once.

Ike slowly lighted his pipe and sat down on the doorstep and made room for her beside him. He kept her waiting for another minute and then unfolded his plan. She listened patiently until he was through and then pointed out the obstacles here and there. He reviewed the case and explained how everything was to be overcome. Although an ignorant woman, she had a good deal of natural shrewdness in her composition, and after the plan had been gone over in detail for the third or fourth time she said:

"I'll try it anyhow. I hev allus dun hated Yanks like pizen, and that Percy gal is jest too stuck up fur anything! Might do her a heap o' good to come down a few pegs! If I flatten he un out, that will make yo' a gineral?"

"I reckon."

"And yo'll ride around on a critter and w'ar a cocked hat?"

"Yes."

"And buy me two new kaliker dresses, a bonnet, a pa'r of shoes, a—a"——

"Yo'll jest be richness and wealth and look like a queen!" said Ike as she hesitated.

"Then I'll do it if I hev to walk through fire, and p'raps I'll ride around on a critter too!"

CHAPTER XII.

Panic does not always follow defeat. Indeed it seldom does. A battle is a checkerboard wherein all the spots are marked with blood. The checkers are men—men lying in reserve, men on the battle lines, men charging on flanks or center.

The generals in command watch the board. If one makes a move on the right or left, the other seeks to take advantage of it. For the time being they shut their ears to the roar of battle, shut their eyes to the sight of dead and wounded. Beauregard halted at the threshold of victory at Shiloh. So with McClellan at Antietam. At Fredericksburg Lee permitted Burnside to retreat after defeat. At Gettysburg Meade did the same with Lee. Jackson had thrown himself against Shields at Kernstown on the right, on the left, on the center. He could not break the line anywhere. He left his dead along a front of a mile and a half, but the sacrifice was in vain. It was military tactics to retreat—to fall back to a strong position and oblige Shields to attack him or give over his march up the valley. There is sometimes more generalship in a retreat than in an advance or in fighting a battle. The trains must be saved, the broken and disorganized commands picked up and re-formed, the best troops sent to the rear to stand as a bulwark between the exhausted army and the enthusiastic enemy.

Jackson left nothing behind him—artillery, wagons or muskets—worth gathering up and reporting. Most of his wounded were carried up the valley as he fell back. Shields followed slowly, and the rear guard had no fighting to do. The panic of an army, of an army corps even, is a terrible sight, but the panic of a town is something which no one can fitly describe. The news of Jackson's defeat preceded him, and when he reached Winchester it was to find a town wild with fear and crazed by terror. War was young then. In after years the old town changed hands without a tremor, gathered up the dead off its streets and buried them as part of the regular programme.

"The Yankees are coming! The town will be given up to sack! Winchester is to be burned, and women and children must flee!"

So rose the cry from house to house. Some locked their doors and rode away on horseback or in their carriages. Others left their doors wide open and took the turnpike to the south on foot, carrying whatever they had at first laid hands on as a burden. Furniture was brought out and piled in the streets and set fire to, and had not Jackson's advance arrived as it did the people of the town would have applied the torch to their own rooftrees. The Yankee soldier was popularly supposed to be without honor or pity—a ruffian who stopped at no crime. Jackson paused to refresh his men and allay the excitement. Those who had not fled decided to remain, though fearful of consequences, but the general excitement scarcely abated.

The Percys were among the first to hear of Jackson's defeat and the news that the Federal army was following him up and would soon be in Winchester. They were excited, but not terrified.

"We will remain right here, and we shall not be disturbed," said Marian to her mother. "The Federals have not burned towns elsewhere nor made war on women and children, and they will not do so here. We have no cause to be afraid."

Neither had they, but circumstances which could not be foreseen soon caused a change in the programme. Among Jackson's troops was the remnant of the Shenandoah guards. All the house servants about the Percy mansion were colored people and slaves. Like others of their color, the general excitement had made them half crazy. They had left the house for the street to see and hear and were ready to catch up and believe the most absurd tales. There were two men and four women. Buck, who was a young man of 25, joined a party of the fleeing inhabitants hurrying up the valley. Uncle Ben, as he was called, was a man of 50, born and reared in the Percy family, and though sharing to some extent in the general excitement he would not leave his post of duty. He had said to the female servants:

"I nebber dun did see no Yankees in all my life, but I hain't gwine to be afraid an run away. I didn't bring on dis wah. I hain't killed nobody. What dem Yankees want to hurt me fur? Miss Marian hain't skeered. Her mudder hain't skeered. If dey hain't skeered, what yo' all want to be skeered fur?"

The four women were on a street corner in a group when Captain Wyle passed by and recognized them as belonging to the Percy family. He had heard from the gossips of the town long ago that Kenton was to carry off the prize. He had written to Marian with considerable fervor and without mentioning the news, and she had replied in a very brief and formal manner. To revenge himself on a woman was quite foreign to his nature, but as he saw the four servants and noted their state of alarm he remembered that he and Ike Baxter had a plan to carry out. Ten minutes later one of his company was saying to the colored women:

"The Yankees are only a couple of miles away! If you all don't hurry, you will be taken prisoners, and that means that every one of you will be burned at the stake! They shoot down white folks and burn niggers!"

That was sufficient to start them off to join the fleeing throng. Not one of them returned to the house. Jackson sent out couriers to advise the panic stricken people to return, but hundreds had gone too far to be overtaken. Among them were the four women. Shields entered Winchester without opposition. Within an hour the excitement had subsided. The Yankee soldiers had neither horns nor hoofs. No one was molested nor made afraid. Where timid women requested it guards were placed at their doors, and instead of the merchants being robbed and ruined, as most of them had fully expected, their properties were safely cared for.

"Didn't I dun told you all so!" exclaimed Uncle Ben on the street that evening as he was out looking for the missing servants. "Yankees am jist de same folks as anybody. I'ze bin lookin at heaps of 'em, an I can't see no difference. All dem folks who got skeered an run'd away was fools! Yankees hain't gwine ter hurt nobody onless yo' unbehave yo'self fust!"

Captain Wyle knew where to find Ike Baxter's wife. She had moved into town two weeks before, leaving the farm to take care of itself. That was one of the points in the plan presented by Ike and accepted by her. She knew that Jackson had been beaten and was on the retreat, but she did not know of the fate of Ike and many of his comrades. Some of those who escaped both death and capture had seen Ike go down, and it was certain he had fallen into Federal hands. Mrs. Baxter fell to sobbing as she heard the news from the captain, but her sorrow did not last long.

"Drat that Ike fur a fool!" she suddenly exclaimed as grief gave place to indignation. "Didn't he un promise me last thing befo' him went back that if him ever got into another fout he un would scrouch down so the bullets would fly over him! It's all in him—allus wantin and hevin his own way spite of all I kin do!"

"Ike and the others would have been all right if they had not been betrayed," observed the captain.

"Shoo, that's what Ike was afraid of! Was it that Yankee agin—that Lawyer Kenton?"

The captain nodded his head.

"Ike hates him. So do I. If he un hadn't stood in Ike's way, Ike would hev bin a gineral befo' this. The onery skunk, to betray his own comrades! If I could git hands on he un, I'd kill him! I'll never rest till I hev his life, even if Ike lets up!"

"Have you seen the—the Percys lately?" asked the captain as Mrs. Baxter got ready for another wave of sorrow.

"Did Ike tell yo'?" she whispered.

"Partly."

"I've bin tryin to do as we planned, but couldn't fetch it. Ike thought as I might get a place in the house, but they uns hev got too many niggers fuh that."

"All their women have cut and run—not one left. If you should happen to offer your services there now, I think they'd be accepted."

"Shoo, nigger women all gone?"

"I know it for a fact."

(To be Continued.)

Debt to Dolly Madison.

The capture, invasion and burning of our National Capitol by British forces under Admiral Cockburn are graphically recalled by Clifford Howard in the Ladies' Home Journal in its notable "Great Personal Events" series. Mr. Howard lucidly tells of the incidents leading up to the invasion, and pictures the terror and excitement of the people of Washington, who fled shouting, screaming, jostling one another under foot, into Virginia as the enemy approached. President Madison had gone to the front, and his wife was anxiously awaiting his return, in fear for his safety. The White House attaches had nearly all deserted their posts, but Mrs. Madison had packed all her husband's papers and records, and as she was about to abandon the house, bethought herself of General Washington's portrait. The heavy frame inclosing it was broken by a servant with an axe, and she removed the canvas with her own hands, keeping it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

"It was then," writes Mr. Howard, "just as she was in the act of hurrying away, that Dolly Madison was seized with an inspiration that will ever cause her name to live in the heart of every true American. She stopped to think. What if the White House should be burned? Did it contain anything of value to the Government that she had neglected? The Declaration of Independence? In a flash she called to mind this most precious of all documents. Carefully treasured in a case apart from the other papers it had been overlooked in the worriment and confusion. It must be saved at all hazards! Without a moment's hesitation she turned and rushed back into the house. 'Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop!' cried her friends, vainly endeavoring to intercept her. Regardless of their commands, regardless of her danger, the brave woman sped to the room containing the treasure for which she was willing to sacrifice her life. Without attempting to open the glazed door of the case she shattered the glass with her clenched hand, snatched the priceless parchment, and, waving it exultantly above her head, hurried to the door, where she entered her carriage and was rapidly driven away in the direction of Georgetown."

A man hears and reads a great deal more about love in the course of a day than he sees.

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A New Sicilian Necropolis.

At Catania, in Sicily, the discovery has been made of a small necropolis, which belongs to the latest Roman times, and contains several rows of tombs, disposed in almost the same manner as the loculi in the Christian catacombs. The objects brought to light resemble very much those previously found in the Syracusan necropolis of Grotticelli. Of peculiar importance are two inscriptions: A Christian one, written in Greek, and another written in Latin, and relating to a soldier from Gallia Narbonensis belonging to the Letgio Septima Gemina. It was known that this legion, created by the Emperor Galba, was recruited chiefly in Spain, and in the province of Narbonne, but no memory of it existed to the present day in Sicilian inscriptions.

Oxygen in the Spectrum.

Following up the researches of two German physicians, who were recently led to conclude that three lines of oxygen in the solar spectrum were not atmospheric. Lewis Jewell considers that he has proven conclusively that the lines are produced by water vapor in the earth's atmosphere, and that, therefore, the spectroscope does not indicate oxygen in the sun.

Art and Literature in Paris.

Somebody with a fondness for figures has been giving attention to the subject of the women artists and writers in Paris, and finds that there are 700 artists and 1,450 writers. Of the 700 female artists 107 are sculptors, while the rest are painters, which count does not, of course, include the hundreds of fan painters, decorators, etc.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell is now busily engaged in perfecting an instrument which carries words on the rays of light. He has already succeeded in telephoning by this means for a single mile.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This to a great degree moulds man.

Professor Aarperath, of the Cordoba Observatory, asserts that the moon is not a satellite of the earth but a primary planet.

A fulgurite has been found in Rome, N. Y., which extends to a vertical height of 45 feet. A fulgurite is a vitrified tube caused by striking sand.

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CONFINEMENT AND HARD WORK

indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They too often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and agreeably than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

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Literary Note.

Howard, Ainsle & Company, New York, announce in their sterling little magazine, issue of August, a change of name from The Yellow Kid to The Yellow Book. This departure is made in view of the improved and more general character of the contents of the periodcal, which will hereafter appear but once a month. The Book will be as large and spicy as ever, stocked from cover to cover with pictures, jokes, sketches, verses and short stories. For variety and excellence of material, in view of the price, 5 cents, The Yellow Book is unique.

A Famous Group in Bronze.

Dalou's colossal group, "The Triumph of the Republic," which was set up in plaster during the 1889 exhibition in the Palace de la Republique in Paris, is to be cast in bronze at the expense of the city. The group will be very costly, as an attempt made to cast it by the cire perdue process proved unsuccessful, and some parts had to be made over again. It will be cast now by the usual sand process.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

England is trying submerged cannon. Oaken beams 21 inches thick and the hull of a ship protected by three inches of boiler plate were pierced by a solid shot from one.

A medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

When the electric railway in South London was constructed, the delicate compasses in Greenwich observatory, 18 miles off, were affected, and had to be adjusted.

Sociologists have been paying an unusual amount of attention of late to the questions of prison reform, reduction of the criminal classes and the like.

It is said that an establishment for the manufacture of calcium carbide will be established at the new hydraulic power plant at Rhinefelen, Switzerland.

The island of Malta has a language of its own, derived from the Carthaginian and Arabian tongues. The noblity of the island speak Italian.

Iron has for ages been a favorite medicine. Nearly 100 different preparations of iron are now known to the medical chemists.

Norway is the only country in the world which is not increasing its annual yield of cereals. The reason is found in climatic conditions.

German agricultural papers say the imports of American apples into Germany last year were 20 times as large as in any previous season.

Cost of Bad Roads.

According to statistics collected by the office of road inquiry of the Department of Agriculture, the amount of loss each year by bad roads of the country is almost beyond belief.

Some 10,000 letters of inquiry were sent to intelligent and reliable farmers throughout the country, and returns were obtained from about 1,200 counties, giving the average length of haul in miles from farms to markets and shipping points, the average weight of load hauled and the average length per ton for the whole length of the haul.

Summarized, it appears that the general average length of haul is twelve miles; the weight of load for two horses 2,000 pounds, and the average cost per ton per mile 25 cents, or $3 for the entire load.

Allowing conservative estimates for tonnage of all kinds carried over public roads, the aggregate expense of this transportation is figured at $946,414,600 per annum. Those in a position to judge, calculate that two-thirds, or nearly $631,000,000, could be saved if the roads were in reasonably good condition. At $4,000 per mile a very good road can be constructed, and if an amount equaling the savings of one year were applied to improving highways, 157,000 miles of road in this country could be put in condition.

The effect of this would be a permanent improvement, and an exchange says not only would the farmer be astonished in the sudden reduction in his road tax, but he would also wonder at the remarkable falling off in the cost of transportation. He would also find that he required fewer horses and less feed for them. He could make two trips to market a day instead of one, when ability to get his goods there at a time when high prices are ruling is a matter of great consequence.

Farmers are beginning to apply a little simple arithmetic to some of these matters, and it is not too much to expect that in the near future we shall see a decided revolution in the condition of our rural highways.

Dorner's Plan for Good Roads.

At the Rock River Chautauqua at Dixon, Ill., Mr. Otto Dorner of Milwaukee, chairman of the improvement committee of the National League of American Wheelmen, delivered an address on "How Shall We Obtain Better Roads?" He said, in part:

"Road building in the United States has been left entirely in the hands of the farmers and in charge of the local town authorities. These local authorities, as a rule, have no knowledge of road building, and fifty years of experience has shown a great deal of labor wasted, and our roads to-day are no better than they were twenty and thirty years ago. A radical improvement in the system itself must be made.

"The League of American Wheelmen has been the subject of much criticism on account of its agitation for better highways. We have been accused of selfishness in the matter. It is believed by many that we wheelmen expect farmers to load themselves up with taxes to build roads for the convenience of bicycle riders. No greater mistake could be made. We of the League of American Wheelmen who are engaged in this agitation for better roads feel that the farmer to-day bears his full share of public taxation. We feel that a mistake has been made in the past in expecting farmers alone to pay for building roads and in leaving the entire responsibility for our roads in their hands. It is claimed that in the State of New York every farmer is obliged to build roads for eight persons out of the State population. Why should not the other seven contribute to their cost? While good roads would save the farmers immense amounts in hauling products, this saving would indirectly benefit the whole population. Neither is the farmer the only one who travels the country highways. Country merchants, doctors and professional men, peddlers, pleasure-seekers and, last but not least, the wheelmen, would be directly benefited by good roads. It is unjust, therefore, that the farmers should pay for building these roads. I am glad of an opportunity to say to a gathering of farmers that the League of American Wheelmen proposes to help them in bringing about a proper division of the cost of good roads.

"The League of American Wheelmen believes that many of our country roads should be built by State aid; that a part of the cost of good roads should be paid out of the State tax, which would be levied upon all property and all classes of people alike, so that every taxpayer should contribute a proportionate amount, according to the amount of property he owns. We propose that the States shall help to build roads and divide their total cost between the people of the locality who are most directly benefited, the adjoining property-owners whose land rises in value as a result of the improvement, and the State as representing the entire population. This has been adopted in practice with great success in New Jersey, in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, in Pennsylvania, and, in a modified form, in Massachusetts. New Jersey has become famous for the fine roads she has built. These were constructed by a State-aid system, and the towns and counties are glad to pay their share of the cost of these roads so long as the State pays its part. The country districts in New Jersey are overwhelming the State authorities with petitions to assist in the improvement of local roads, and the Legislature cannot appropriate funds for the purpose sufficient to meet the demands from the farmers."

A Favorite Abiding Place.

In a little English village there is a baker's shop over the door of which is the following inscription: "One piece of bread, to be eaten on the premises, given to any one passing through Broughton direct until 10 p. m." This extraordinary sign-board was affixed to the shop some years ago by Sawrey Cookson, of Broughton Tower, who recoups the baker for the bread which he disposes of in this singular way. As may be expected, the shop is a favorite halting place for tramps and artisans out of work, who are making their way to the busy town twelve miles from the village.

Modern Gossip.

Miss Quizzer—Do you believe all the disagreeable things you read in the newspapers?

Miss Buzbuz—I do if they're about people I know.—Boston Traveler.

When a woman wants thirty or forty dollars, she asks her husband for a "little change."

Remarkable Will Power.

The late William S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, never took another law case after his defense of President Andrew Johnson. "The brilliant speech which won that case," says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, "proved the man's remarkable will and intellectual powers. He had been so ill as to be confined to his bed, still on the day of the trial, while lying in bed, he jotted down on a sheet of foolscap paper the main points of his defense. He was driven to the tribunal in a carriage, unable to walk, and spoke extempore for four hours and a half. At the close article XI was voted upon, and the president acquitted of the other articles. Since that time Mr. Groesbeck has lived a life of quiet and retirement. In 1872 he built Elmhurst, a noble house of superb proportions, commanding a river view of unsurpassed beauty.

A bulletin (No. 7) of the division of entomology of the United States department of agriculture says that in France and Pennsylvania an industry has recently sprung up, which consists of the farming of spiders for the purpose of stocking wine cellars, and thus securing almost an immediate coating of cobwebs to new wine bottles, giving them the appearance of great age. This industry is carried on in a little French village in the department of Loire and near Philadelphia, where "Epeira vulgaris" and "Nephila flumipes" are raised in large quantities and sold to the wine merchants at the rate of $10 per 100. This application of entomology to industry is one which will not be highly commended.

MOTHERHOOD.

Mrs. Pinkham Declares No Woman Need Despair.

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Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children. MRS. LUCY LYTLE, 255 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J., certainly thinks so. She says: "I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhœa and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Belvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had It has stopped my pains, and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I heartily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."

N. P. N. U. No. 35, '97.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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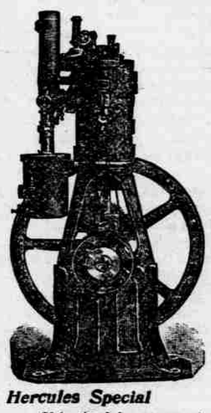

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