



CHAPTER XXII

Mars Kenton was wasn't killed at Harrisonburg? "No. "And he dun got shot tryin to git ober yere today? "Yes, he like Baxter's wife at the house? "Her am, an she dun just hates Mars Kenton. "Then yo' must be keener. Try and see the gal alone. Tell her she must see the things tonight, but not to come herself till tomorrow. Go now as fast as yo' kin. I'll be waitin fur yo' right yere on this spot. Hold on a minit. Hev yo' got a gun at the house? "Yes, a double bar'l'd shotgun. "Then bring it back with yo', and powder and shot and caps. If we hev a fight yere, it will be at close range, and buckshot will be better'n bullets. "Fo' de Lawd! murthered the old man as he set off at his best pace. "Dat Cap'n Wyle he lie to miss Sunshine. Den Miss Sunshine wants me to go to Harrisonburg. Den I meet up wid some gorillas an' git murthered till I smart like pepper. Den I start fur home an meet dat Steve Brayton an find out dat Mars Kenton hasn't dead but hurted, an de Lawd only knows what's gwine to happen tomorrow!"

The invalid mother had fallen into a light sleep, and Marian sat thinking. She and Mrs. Baxter had taken turns at watching with the sick, and this was her night, while the other had gone to the help's quarters. Uncle Ben need not have been cautioned about Mrs. Baxter, for she felt that he thoroughly understood her disposition. He turned off the road to approach the house from another direction, and so softly did he draw near that the first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window pane. He pressed his old black

served to intensify the sectional hate of the "poor whites." Thus it was that like Baxter, picking up his crumbs of history and his bits of information on current events at the door of the livery stable or around the stove of the bar-room, was something of a local champion in the matter of Yankee hating. If Kenton had not stood between him and military glory, he would still have felt a bitterness toward him as a man born in the north. Uncle Ben's cautious approach to the house on this night had reference only to Mrs. Baxter. There was another man stealing through the darkness and making a noiseless approach at the same time—like Baxter. Neither Uncle Ben nor Marian Percy caught a sight of him, but he noticed their every movement and drew his own conclusions. The gun which the old man had been told to secure was in his room in the little house. He had departed from Heaven without being seen or his absence noted by the old man, but his return aroused her, and her sharp eyes were upon him as he carried away the firearm and loaded himself with the bundles Marian had prepared and brought to the door. She was dressing to go to bed when she discovered down the highway, having a dim suspicion of the state of affairs, when like a bolt he fell from the sky and was admitted. In less than a minute he had related what he saw outside, and she had told him of Uncle Ben taking the gun. "Whar's he un bound fur?" queried like.

"Dunno, but sunthin's happened sumwhar! Yo' must foller him!" "Has that Yankee bin yere?" "No, but the gal's hear news, fur shore! Reckon he un he may be lyin out to sell his gun, and the nigger's takin out stuff to him. Git right arter he un, like, and if yo' find the Yankee go'n tell Captain Wyle and hev him cum with his critter company!" "I'll do better'n that!" grimly replied the man as he stepped out into the night. "If I find that Yankee arter yere, I'll put a bullet into him fast and tell Captain Wyle next!" Uncle Ben had only a few hundred yards the start, and the man on his trail soon lessened the distance until he could hear the old man's footsteps and make out a shadowy form through the darkness. There seemed nothing more certain than that he would follow on and uncover the hiding place of the fugitives. For nearly three-quarters of a mile the slave messenger had but one idea—to return to Steve Brayton as fast as he could. He was hurrying along when a sudden thought flashed through his brain, and he instinctively stepped aside and halted to listen.

"How do I know but what dat woman dun heard me git de gun an is follerin me?" he whispered to himself. "Sho' do it! She's powerful wicked, she am! An nebber some mo' de gorillas am waitin long yere to grab me an give me anoder whippin!" He was listening as well as whispering, and after a minute he heard the sounds of footsteps coming down the road. He drew back into the shadow of the high bank, dropped his bundles, and taking a firm grip of his gun he mentally resolved to make a fight for it if he was overhauled by the same crowd as before. A few seconds later he realized that only one person was approaching. The footfalls were too heavy for a woman. He had decided this point when a man loomed up in the darkness before him and halted almost within arm's length to mutter: "Dra't my hide, but has dat ole nigger left the road an give me the stuf? I heard he un only a minit ago, but him's dun gone now!" It was like Baxter of course. He stood peering and listening for half a minute and then growled: "I orter hev run he un right down an made him show me the way! Now the crowd is here, an may git yere from me! No, he won't thought! I'll hunt over every foot of this country! but what I'll find him an hev his scalp!" Uncle Ben did not recognize the man at all, as it had been many months since he had heard like Baxter's voice. It was instantly plain to him, however, that the man was a determined enemy and was seeking Royal Kenton's life. Like took three or four steps forward and stopped again to listen. Noiselessly and with such a feeling as he had never experienced before Uncle Ben clubbed his gun, took one silent step forward



The first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window.

face against the glass that she might know who was there, and a moment later she stood outside the door with a whistle thrown over her head.

"You are back, Uncle Ben—what's the matter?" she asked.

"Heaps de mattah, Miss Sunshine. I dun met up wid mo' dan fo' ty bushes 'o' trouble! I've news fur yo'!"

"You say some one who told you about Mr. Kenton?"

"Fur shore! Dat Cap'n Wyle lie to yo'! Mars Kenton he dun git away arter dat battle, 'long wid Steve Brayton."

"Thank God!" she whispered as she raised her clasped hands to the bright stars in the winter sky.

"But dar's trouble, Miss Sunshine—heaps 'o' trouble! Dey was tryin to git ober yere when some gorillas reckoned dey was Yankee spies an dun shotted Mars Kenton an' Mars Kenton he's had hurt, an he's lyin in the bresh an rocks down yere 'bout a mile. I met dat Steve Brayton, an he dun told me all 'bout it."

"Royal Kenton wounded—badly hurt and lying in the bresh this winter's night!" rejoined Marian as she grasped Uncle Ben by the arm.

"Hid dar!" he cautioned. "We mustn't woke up de missus or dat Baxter woman. Now, den, yo' be brave. Yo's got to be! Steve Brayton he dun said I was to bring back blankets an bandages an sunthin to eat. We must step around mighty softly an pick 'em up!"

"And I will go back with you! God grant that his life may be spared!"

"Hush, chile! Yo' can't go wid me tonight, but tomorrow. Dat's what Steve Brayton dun said. When I git back, dar, I'll tell him an' Mars Kenton, an I'll stay, an I'll tell him all 'bout yo, an I'll stay right dar all night an nuss him."

"Oh, Uncle Ben, but I feel that I must go to him!"

"Hush! Yo' jess git all dem fings whar I spoke of, an' yo' be quick as yo' kin an let me go back! If yo' want dem gorillas to finish Mars Kenton, yo' jess make a fuss so dat Mrs. Baxter will open dem big ears 'o' hers an find out de news!"

CHAPTER XXIII

As was stated in a previous chapter, Captain Wyle's company, along with others, had been returned to the valley and placed under the orders of General Imboden. Like Baxter and the others captured at Kernstown had rejoined the company when exchanged. Like felt more than ever that Royal Kenton was an enemy he must get rid of, and Captain Wyle encouraged this feeling in various ways, though never openly and directly committing himself. In two occasions like had been granted leave of absence to visit his wife. Both times he had met her secretly.

The spirit which animated this humble twin will surprise only those who have never encountered the "poor whites" of the south. He set out on ten days of the bloody and long continued fords we read of in southern countries. The cause is generally of trifling character. The "poor white" may be humbled by the law, but outside of the courtroom he hates with an intensity hard to realize. He is persistent, cunning, merciless. Like Baxter had never had an ambition in his life up to the hour he enlisted. He could barely read and write, was naturally lazy and indifferent and felt no pride in anything except the fact that he was "better than a nigger." When he found that corporals and sergeants were looked up to and respected, there came a queer feeling in his heart. He could not credit it at first, but Captain Wyle aided him in his mental struggle. The day came when he had an ambition and a burning desire. It was to be a corporal or sergeant. In his wild dreams of glory he did not stop there. He determined to go higher and become a lieutenant or captain. As soon as he was given to understand that Royal Kenton stood in his way it was but natural with one of his nature to determine to remove the obstacle by any means possible.

Before the war the "Yankee," both as a man and as the representative of a section of the republic, had few friends in the south. He was supposed to be hostile to all southern "institutions." The more ignorant the southerner the more heartily he hated and despised the citizen of the north. He believed what the fire eating politicians pretended to believe and often aspired. The John Brown raid upon slavery in Virginia and the events in "Bleeding Kansas" they may be stamped out.

Uncle Ben clubbed his gun, and next instant brought the heavy stock down upon like's head and felled him to the earth. The man sank down without a cry or groan, and after waiting half a minute the old man gasped out: "May de good Lawd dun fergive me, but I had to do it fur Miss Sunshine's sake!" (To be Continued.)

Electric Power in Africa. Attention was recently called in this country to the proposed use of the character of the Nile for the generation of electric power. At a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London a short time ago, Prof. Forbes reported that he had been consulted about another similar enterprise in the "dark continent." This was a proposition to employ the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi river in supplying electric power to the gold mines in Matabeleland and the Transvaal. He thought the scheme was not so chimerical as it was at first appeared to him. In his opinion the distance over which power might be profitably transmitted by electricity was not far short of 1,000 miles.

Specimens of a strange caterpillar discovered this spring on pear trees in Cambridge, Mass., are pronounced by Prof. Samuel Henshaw to be the "white" or euproctis chrysothorax, hitherto unknown as an inhabitant of this country, although it is found in England and is "abundant in Central and Southern Europe." When numerous, these caterpillars are very destructive, feeding on such trees and plants as the apple, pear, plum, hawthorn, bramble, elm, willow, beech, oak, hazel, and hornbeam. At present the invaders in Massachusetts are said to be confined to a limited area in Somerville and Cambridge. The first specimens seem to have made their appearance a year ago, and thus are of a singular nature. They are said to eat and live on apple trees. How they got across the ocean nobody apparently knows. It is suggested that by vigorous measures they may be stamped out.

Reverend Father Gurney. The gunners of the French navy are not to be congratulated on their marksmanship if the results of the target practice of three of the larger war vessels at Toulon are to be taken as a criterion. The guns of the three vessels blazed away at the old wooden dispatch-boat Petrel, utilized as the target, which was set about 4,000 yards (two miles) away, until 300 charges were expended, enough to have sunk a whole squadron of such vessels. The French are still about this is something like the target practice of the flagship Pensacola, the frigate Iroquois and the training ship Jamestown in San Francisco bay at the centennial celebration of 1876, when at a range of one mile they fired for over an hour at an old scow anchored in the stream of the Presidio, which was rigged as a monitor and filled with combustibles, without hitting it once. It was planned to drop a shell into it that would fire it and blow it up, but the defective gunnery of the fleet and of Fort Point, which joined in the bombardment, made it necessary to send one shell to it and apply the torch to it by hand. The excuse at the time for the poor marksmanship was that the ammunition used was old and worthless, being a part of the surplus on hand at the close of the war.

Elephants. Some elephants are said to be good climbers. They make their way up and down mountains and through a country of steep cliffs, where mules would not dare to venture, and where men find passage difficult. Their tracks have been found upon the very summit of mountains over seven thousand feet high. In these journeys an elephant is often compelled to descend hills and mountain sides which are almost precipitous. This is the way in which it is done. The elephant's manoeuvre is to kneel down close to the declivity. One foreleg is then cautiously passed over the edge and a short way down the slope, and if he finds there is no good spot for a firm foothold, he will specify forms one by stamping into it with his foot, or kicking out a footing if it is dry. If the elephant is now sure of a good foothold, the other foreleg is brought down in the same way. Then he performs the same work over again with his feet, bringing both forelegs a little in advance of the hind feet. This leaping proceeds all the way down zigzag, kneeling every time with the two hind legs while he makes footholds with his forefeet. Thus the center of gravity is preserved, and the huge beast prevented from toppling over on his nose.

Rarity of Congenital Teeth. The fact that congenital teeth are so rarely met with is one of the most interesting in physiology. It is recorded that one of 17,578 new-born infants at the Paris Maternity, in the year 1892, had Paris, only three had teeth, or not much more than one in 6,000. Out of 5,000 cases collected by Magitit, in which the time of eruption of the first tooth was noted, in only one were there teeth at birth. After a close study of cases of this sort by Dr. Baumgarten of Edinburgh, the presence of such teeth, he remarks, is likely to have an ill effect upon lactation, partly on account of the imperfect closure of the infant's mouth, and partly by the wounding of the mother's nipple; they have probably little or no prognostic significance as regards the bodily or mental vigor of the infant carrying them, and, as usually met with, are lower incisors, though sometimes upper incisors are seen, but very rarely molars of either the upper or lower jaw. Such teeth are caused by the premature occurrence of the processes which normally attend the cutting of milk teeth; and, as they are usually incomplete and ill developed, and likely to be more of an inconvenience than advantage to the infant, they are best removed soon after birth.

Fox a Queer Character. Henry Stephen Fox, one of the earliest English ministers at Washington, was so eccentric as to rake himself the laughing stock of the whole town. He generally did not arise until other people were almost ready to go to bed. When duty compelled him to rise early, he was like an owl in the daytime. "How strange," said he to Mme. Caldon, one morning at a state "function"—"how strange we look to each other by daylight!" His debts compelled him to economy, and he rarely gave dinners. He once invited a large party to his house—Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster and all the giants—and when they were all assembled, he said: "Gentlemen, now be good enough to put on your hats and follow me." And then he led them to a neighboring eating-house—Ohio State Journal.

Curing the Hens. Editor Terry, of the Minden Herald, wants to know how to get his neighbors' hens out of the works. Well, Charley, take a lot of small stiff cards about 1 by 2 inches, write on them, "Please keep your darned old hens at home," tie a short string to each card with a grain of corn at the other end of the string and scatter these where the hens congregate. When they pick up the biddy gobbles up the grain that draws the prize, she follows up the string, stowing it away until she comes to the card, then you will see her pull out for home, carrying in her mouth your polite request. Try it, brother, and let us know how it works.—Brown City (Mich.) Standard.

Blind Statistics. It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1,500 inhabitants, says a report of change. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of less than five years, 100 for each billion; between five and fifteen, 288; between fifteen and twenty-five, 422; between twenty-five and sixty, 1,025; and above sixty-five years, 7,000 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of total population.

Another Thing. Wife—You saw Mrs. Browner last evening? Husband—Yes, but not to speak to her. Wife—What a story! I heard you were sitting with her for more than two hours. Husband—That's so; but it was she who did the talking.—Up-to-Date.

There are no courts in the Klondike region, but perhaps they are not necessary where everyone observes the golden rule.

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How She Cured Him. "I thought I was going to see a coffin to one of my neighbors a few days ago," said the undertaker. "A certain young man who had been dissipated considerably of late, and had got into debt, became desperate and threatened on several occasions to end his life. If his widowed mother did not give him some of the money she had borrowed on their little home. Not long ago he went home with a desperate look on his face, and calling his mother into the drawing room, said, as he pulled out a revolver from his pocket: 'I will have the money, or I will end my miserable existence.' 'Wait! Wait!' screamed his mother, as she rushed from the room. A look of satisfaction overspread the young man's face as he mumbled to himself about knowing he would get it. In a moment his mother would have carried a large rug. Quietly she spread it down on the carpet, and then, straightening up, said: 'Now, George, go ahead. I was afraid you would spoil my carpet with blood stains. Any choice about coffee?' The young man almost sank to the floor in astonishment and disappointment. He was sure if he were, or I will end my miserable existence! 'Wait! Wait!' screamed his mother, as she rushed from the room. A look of satisfaction overspread the young man's face as he mumbled to himself about knowing he would get it. In a moment his mother would have carried a large rug. Quietly she spread it down on the carpet, and then, straightening up, said: 'Now, George, go ahead. I was afraid you would spoil my carpet with blood stains. Any choice about coffee?' The young man almost sank to the floor in astonishment and disappointment. He was sure if he were, or I will end my miserable existence! 'Wait! Wait!' screamed his mother, as she rushed from the room. A look of satisfaction overspread the young man's face as he mumbled to himself about knowing he would get it. In a moment his mother would have carried a large rug. 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