A YANKEE IN GRAY.

By Charles B. Lewis (M. Quad.)

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Uncle Ben had started out bravely enough, but after he had traveled a mile or so he found himself growing faint and weak. He was not only an old man, but the exciting scenes through which he had passed in the last few hours, together with the physical pain he had endured, were quite sufficient to tax his strength to the utmost. He fought against the feeling until at length the rocks and trees seemed to be whirling round and round and the frozen highway to be sliding from under his feet, and then he dropped to the earth and gasped:

"O Lawd, doan' let it cum jest yit! Give de ole man strength 'nuff to reach dem Yankees, an den yo' kin take him away! I dun can't stop yere, O Lawd! I'ze got to keep trabblin till I finds Mars Custer an tells him dat Miss Sunshine wants him!"

After a rest of three or four minutes he rose up and moved on. He slipped and staggered as he advanced, but he shut his teeth hard and would not yield to the weakness seeking to pull him down. Two events happened to brace him up and restore a portion of his strength. He had gone a distance of about two miles and was just passing the cabin of a "poor white" which had been deserted for the last month when Mrs. Baxter suddenly appeared. She had traveled two miles toward the Yankee lines after leaving Rest Haven instead of going the other way, but it was to strike a pass leading over the range into the Shenandoah. She had been waiting there in hopes to hear from Ike, who had told her that he would return for his revenge. Uncle Ben was no doubt possessed of the information she longed for, and though realizing his feelings toward her she made bold to step out and accost him.

"What, yo' yere!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice as soon as he set eyes on her. "Fo' de Lawd, woman, but if I eber git hands on yo' I'll kill yo' fur shore!"

"Had Ike cum when yo' left the place?" she asked, pretending not to notice his outburst of anger, but at the same time preserving a respectful distance between them.

"Yo' ole cat! Yo' ole she debbil!" he exclaimed as he rushed at her. "Yo' am de one who brung all dis trubble to Miss Sunshine, an I'll broke ebery bone in yo'r body!"

She retreated before him and held up her hand as a caution to him to listen. The soldiers and guerrillas had begun firing on the camp. The distance was two miles or more, but the morning wind was blowing from the south, and the reports of the muskets came plainly to their ears. Both realized at once what was going on. The woman laughed as she observed:

"Ike's goin to git 'em fur shore! Ike will be an ossifer now and ride the best critter in the company. Reckon yo' must 'a' bin hidin out when Ike got thar, or yo' wouldn't be yere now. He was goin to burn yo' un alive."

The reports of the guns told Uncle Ben that the two men in camp had been attacked, and that he had not a moment to waste with the woman. All his strength and resolution had returned, and without heeding her words he started off at a stout pace. She felt certain of his mission, and she was determined to detain him if possible. Mrs. Baxter was not only a fearless woman under all circumstances, but in such a crisis as this she was desperate. If Uncle Ben brought help, all that had been gained would be lost, and Ike might be killed or captured with the rest of the gang. She stepped aside to let the old slave pass and then followed at his heels, threatening, taunting and commanding by turns and almost daring to lay hands on him. If she had been armed with knife or pistol, she would have attacked him at once. As she was not she continued to follow him in hopes of encountering some one on the highway. If a white man, and she cried out to him that the black had dared to raise his hand against her, Uncle Ben would be seized, if not shot down in his tracks.

Aggravated and annoyed by the pain of the blows inflicted by Ike Baxter, maddened by the woman's words and her continued presence and rendered desperate by the danger of the general situation, it was no wonder the old man suddenly turned at bay with the glare of a hunted wolf in his eyes. She was too close to him to escape. Springing forward, he seized her by the shoulders, lifted her from the ground, and with a mighty effort he flung her clear of the road. At that point the ground sloped sharply away toward a ravine, and as the woman struck the earth with stunning force she rolled over and over until she finally brought up against a bush 50 feet away.

"De Lawd furgive me, but I couldn't dun help it!" groaned Uncle Ben as he continued his way. "Dey's arter Miss Sunshine, an dey's arter me, an dey's arter Mars Kenton, an de good ole missus am lyin dead in de house, an what's gwine to becum of us all I dunno!"

With eyes fastened on the pathway, with teeth hard shut, with words of prayer rising to his lips and a constant struggle against the feeling of despair seeking a lodgment in his heart, the faithful old slave pressed on, mile after mile, and suddenly found himself confronted by a party of horsemen in blue uniforms. The goal had been won, and as he realized it up went went his arms, and he sank down on the icy road.

"Runaway darky, but he isn't pursued that I can see," observed the captain of the troop as he ordered a halt. "Some of you men liven him up with a sip of whisky."

A sergeant dismounted and put a flask to Uncle Ben's lips and forced some of the contents down his throat. In a couple of minutes the old man sat up and looked around.

"Were you running away?" asked the captain as he rode closer.

"Whar—whar's Mars Custer?" gasped Uncle Ben in reply.

"General Custer? Oh, he's some miles away. Did you want to see him?"

"Miss Sunshine dun wants him, sah—wants him to cum quick! De gorrillas an de sojers am up dar tryin to burn de house an kill eberybody!"

Uncle Ben was so overcome that it took 10 minutes to get his story straight. The troopers numbered only about half a company and had been sent out to intercept a Confederate mail courier who was expected to enter that valley through Hempstead's gap, three miles away. The captain wrote a note and sent it off to the Federal lines by courier, but could do no more in the matter. Uncle Ben was given some rations to make a breakfast of, provided with a blanket by a kind hearted trooper and instructed to wait for the force which would be sure to come up within two or three hours.

Let us anticipate their coming. As the fusillade had drawn no reply from the fort, the enemy at length concluded that its defenders had been disabled. They also realized that the sounds of battle might reach Federal ears and bring up a force to the rescue, and it was therefore decided to advance upon the camp without further loss of time. As Brayton had predicted, they formed on the open ground to the south. The entire force formed in two lines for a charge, and as a movement or two showed that they were about ready to advance Steve quietly remarked:

"I dunno whar Jeff Davis bought this yere carbine, but it was a mighty cute trick in him. She's good for seven shots as fast as I kin pull trigger, and that means that sumbody's goin to git hurt. Yo' un hold yo'r buckshot till they git on this side of that bush. How yo' feelin, Yank?"

"All right."

"Of co'se yo' ar'. Yo' ar' lookin jest as natural as an ole hat! Yere they cum!"

With a chorus of yells that would have done credit to a war party of Pawnees, the enemy broke cover and advanced at a run. They were hardly in the open before Steve began blazing away. His fire was fast and deadly, but it did not check them. It was only when Kenton, who was coolly waiting for them to pass the bush, let fly both barrels into them at just the right range for buckshot to do its best that the charge was broken, and every man on his feet sought safety in precipitate retreat.

"That is awful!" whispered Kenton as the smoke blew away and gave them a clear sight of the ground.

"Lands, but we uns hev licked the hull southern confederacy!" answered Steve.

At first sight it seemed as if half the charging force had been wiped out, but after a moment some of those who had fallen began to creep away to the shelter of the rocks and bushes. They were allowed to do this without molestation. Five remained there in plain sight, however, and not one of them would ever stand on his feet again. There was no further movement for half an hour. The besiegers realized that they were not strong enough to carry that fort, even though it held only two

Holding the fort.

defenders, and they resorted to strategy. A flag of truce finally appeared, and the soldier who bore it was permitted to approach within 30 feet of the rocks. There he halted and said that 10 more men had come up; that Ike Baxter had been sent off to the Confederate lines for artillery and more soldiers; that the men then surrounding them had become so desperate that unless the twain surrendered within 10 minutes a squad would be detailed to go and burn Rest Haven and wreak revenge on Marian Percy.

It was a threat intended to strike Royal Kenton a heavy blow, and it succeeded. As he heard the words and realized their import his face grew white as snow, and he whispered to Steve that the terms must be complied with.

"Don't you believe it!" was the blunt reply. "It's simply a game to rattle us. Don't yo' remember that Uncle Ben was to start out the fust thing this mawnin to find the Yankees? He un's had time, and it's likely they are on the way. The gal is southern and loyal, and even though sum of these chaps ar' guerrillas they dasn't go that fur."

"But suppose they dared to?" pleaded Kenton.

"Then they'd do it arter they had cut us to pieces, the same as befo'. Look at them dead folks out thar. D'ye reckon they'll spare us arter that? Hark! Whoopee! By the livin jingo, but the Yanks hev showed up at last!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The courier dispatched by the captain of the Federal troop reached the lines in due time and handed the message to General Custer, whose brigade was in winter quarters, but scouting and reconnoitering almost daily. An order had been issued by the general in command of the army in the valley outlawing all Confederate irregulars and directing special attention to Mosby's band.

Within half an hour after receiving the courier Custer dispatched two companies of the Sixth Michigan cavalry, with instructions to push forward at a gallop, and 30 minutes later he followed them with the First and Fifth regiments and a battery of artillery. The flying column found old Uncle Ben patiently waiting by the roadside and stopped long enough to hear his story. He gave them the lay of the camp occupied by Kenton and Brayton and was left behind to wait for the main column.

Perhaps the besieging force was in earnest in making the statement which fell from the lips of the flag of truce man as an alternative. They had suffered too severely to try another charge up the narrow way, and the fusillade maintained for hours had been lead thrown away. Ike Baxter had indeed been sent away for re-enforcements, and a piece of artillery, and the guerrilla portion of the force was thirsting for revenge and rife for the most desperate deed. The girl had defied them, and her lover had killed two or three of their number, and somebody must be made to suffer.

The sergeant in command of the squad of Confederate cavalry had no control over the guerrillas, but when, as they waited to hear from the men behind the rocks, he heard them planning to wreak their vengeance on Rest Haven, he did all in his power to dissuade them. They seemed to abandon the idea, but under pretense of "having a talk" four or five of them slipped away and started for the house. They were within 20 rods of it and had already divided up the wicked work to be swiftly accomplished when the flying squadron turned a bend in the highway and was upon them. They turned to flee, but half a dozen revolvers cracked, and they were dead men as the last set of fours jumped over their bodies lying on the highway. Not a trooper slackened his rein or a horse broke his gallop.

"Halt! Dismount! Fourth men hold horses! Deploy to the left! Forward and fire at will!"

It was a complete surprise to the Confederates, who had collected in a body to hear what answer might be made to the message sent in. They made a show of defense, but after a fight of five minutes, during which they lost 10 or 12 men, they threw down their arms and surrendered. This event was known in the camp almost as soon as outside of it, and the cheers which Steve Brayton uttered as he perched himself on the rocks were plainly heard as far as Rest Haven.

"Yank, old boy, we uns is on the top limb now," chuckled Steve as he leaped down and shook Kenton's hand. "Bein as I've got sorter used to the sight of Yankee uniforms, I reckon I'll drop over thar and tell 'em about yo' and see what's goin to be done."

"But tell them of Miss Percy first," replied Kenton, whose anxiety was far greater than he had dared betray to his comrade.

The prisoners were conducted to the highway and surrounded by a guard, and then the senior captain accompanied Brayton back to the camp. They were not long in deciding what should be done with Kenton. They would remove him to Rest Haven, temporarily at least, and the prisoners would be held there until the main column came up. A rude litter was soon constructed, and Kenton was placed thereon and borne away.

A feeling of dumb despair crept over Marian Percy as she entered the house after Uncle Ben's departure and looked upon her dead. The event was not entirely unexpected, and yet it was a great shock to her, surrounded as it was by such trying circumstances. The mother dead, Mrs. Baxter gone, her lover wounded and besieged by bloodthirsty men, Uncle Ben gone after help, an almost certain knowledge that the worst was yet to come—what wonder that the girl was stricken and helpless? The report of every musket reached her ears,

The report of every musket reached her ears.

and now and then as the firing died away a little her heart stood still at the thought that Kenton and his comrade had been captured by those who thirsted for their lives. She could only weep and pray as the hours dragged away. Hope came to her only when she heard the clatter of iron hoofs on the frozen road and looked out to behold the two companies of Federal cavalry sweeping up the highway to the rescue. Uncle Ben had been in time, and she murmured, "God bless him!" as she realized what it meant. The dead guerrillas lay in plain sight as the troopers pushed on, and she shuddered as she realized what might have been. The dead were forgotten for a moment in her anxiety for the living. There had been no firing for the last 10 minutes. Had the camp been captured? Had help come too late? She stood in the open door and held herself on her feet while she listened. A sudden crash of musketry told her what she was yearning to know. The Federal troopers had attacked, and they were strong enough to beat off or annihilate the besiegers. Half an hour later she was crying and sobbing and saying to the men who bore the litter:

"Carefully now! Bring him right in this way! I am so glad! I was afraid that he was dead!"

The prisoners were confined in the barn. Of the entire force not one had escaped except Ike Baxter, and that only because he was absent. There were a dozen or more dead men to bury, and after awhile a detail was sent back to perform the work. A dozen dead, but no wounded. If you were in the valley that winter, you will recall the bitterness existing between the "irregulars," who were practically bushwhackers and guerillas, and the Federal cavalry. No prisoners were taken on either side. If a Federal detachment was cut off, never a man returned to his lines. If a courier was captured, he was shot in his tracks or hung to the limb of a roadside tree. There was no more mercy shown on the other side. The capture of an armed man in citizen's dress or half uniform meant that he had only 15 minutes to live at the furthest. If he claimed to belong to Mosby's band, he courted death the sooner. Men who fell in a fight went down to be buried there.

Custer with his troopers found Uncle Ben eagerly awaiting them. The old man was given a seat in an ambulance, and, within a few minutes the general had heard his story. The order was given to push on at a faster pace, and the command reached Rest Haven just as the prisoners had been placed under guard. A surgeon accompanied the column, and while he was busy dressing Kenton's wounds General Custer was holding an interview with Marian Percy. The result of this was an order that the dead woman and the wounded man should be taken back to the Federal lines—the one for burial, the other for proper medical treatment. Whatever Marian wished to take away would be transported for her, and the place would be abandoned.

Steve Brayton had come out of the affair a greater hero than he had ever hoped to be. Although frankly acknowledging himself an escaped prisoner and now again captured by the enemies of his cause, every Federal who understood how he had fortified the camp and defended it to save a wounded and almost helpless fellow Confederate insisted on taking him by the hand and tendering him hearty congratulations. Even General Custer himself did not withhold a word of praise after learning from Marian and Kenton of Brayton's bravery and self sacrifice.

"Waal, gineral, I dunno about all this," replied Steve, with a good deal of embarrassmnet. "Reckon I was the means of gittin that Yank into the Confederate service, and now it looks as if I was the means of gittin him out and myself along with him. We uns hev been driv onter the southern army by that fout up at the camp, and if yo' uns don't take keer of us I reckon we uns will hev to hunt a cave sumwhar and hide away till the war is over."

The packing up had been accomplished, and the dead woman was about to be carried out of the house when the burial party was driven in by a strong force of Confederates. Ike Baxter had galloped into the Confederate lines, only five or six miles away, with information that speedily sent two companies of cavalry down the road as a re-enforcement.

One of these was Captain Wyle's, and he smiled grimly as he recalled the circumstances of his last ride over this highway.

Ike Baxter had come into camp on a previous occasion to report that Kenton and Brayton were hiding out near Rest Haven, and that he had been nearly killed by Uncle Ben while trying to follow him to the hiding place of the fugitives. Captain Wyle would wash his hands of the affair, but a detachment was sent away with orders to hunt down and bring in the prisoners. Steve Brayton might be brought in, but he very well knew that Kenton would not be, whether found wounded and helpless or not. After the detachment had accomplished its work he would seek a meeting with Marian Percy, but not before. She could not hold him responsible for the action of others.

As the Confederates came down the road in pursuit of the burial party Custer ordered forward three or four companies, and the pursuers became in turn the pursued. But not for long. A heavy force of troopers in gray were coming up, and even a child could have told what that look on General Custer's face portrayed. For long weeks he had tried to bring on a cavalry fight. The hour had come!

CHAPTER XI.

It is within an hour of sunset on a winter's day. An inch of snow covers the earth like a royal carpet, and dark and ragged clouds drive fast across a cold blue sky.

In front of Rest Haven, looking to the south, the hills recede and leave an almost level plain on which there is no greater obstruction than an occasional tree or bush. A creek which has its birthplace in the mountains meanders across this plain, but divides it about equally. The plain is large enough for 5,000 cavalry to maneuver on, and along its edges are a dozen spots on which field artillery can be posted advantageously.

Attention, now, for you are going to witness one of the grandest sights in war—a cavalry fight! Only a few of the Confederates have appeared in sight, but Custer has guessed the situation and is preparing for it. While he is issuing orders and the squadrons are moving and the artillery galloping into position, one of his aids is hurrying up the move to abandon the house. Wrapped in her bedding instead of a shroud, the dead woman is borne to an ambulance by troopers with uncovered heads and reverent mien—troopers who will be shouting like devils and wear the looks of madmen half an hour hence. Marian goes with her dead, Royal Kenton into an ambulance by himself. The vehicles take the road for the Federal lines.

"You are a noncombatant and had better go with him," the officer said to Steve Brayton as Kenton was ready to go.

"Scuse me fur differin with yo'," replied Steve, "but if it won't do no pertick'ler harm I'll stay and see this fuss over with. It's goin to be a right smart scrimmage, I take it, and as it'll probably be the last fout I'll see I'll sorter hang around. Thar's that ole nigger, though—don't leave him."

Uncle Ben stood in the midst of the bustle with bundles and packages in his arms and at his feet. He was told to get into the vehicle with Kenton, and next moment six horses were galloping a gun over the spot where he had stood.

Look to the south. The Confederates are debouching from the highway and deploying on the plain. Their hearts are filled with rejoicing as they behold the force of Federals opposed. They, too, have longed for a battle in which the infantry should have no part, and the oft expressed wish is about to be gratified.

There is no advantage of position. Two thousand Federals, 2,000 Confederates, and each has a battery number-

The artillery galloping into position.

ing six pieces. Custer's guns could reach the gray horsemen as they deploy, but every piece is silent. A charge by half his command across that snow covered plain would have swept the field at first and crushed the Confederates back into the narrow highway to become a panic stricken mob. No charge was ordered. The man whose name was to become a household word before the end of the war and whose life was to be spared on 20 fields of battle that it might go out with the shouts of Indian demons ringing in his ears sat his horse and watched and waited. He had come to the brigade of stalwart Michiganders a few months previously fresh from West Point. He had been called a boy, and men and officers had taken no pains to conceal their sarcasm and distrust. Two or three times he had led them in a dash there, but little fighting resulted. He would test them now, and they should weigh him in the balance.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The Confederate battery is the first to open fire, and it is promptly responded to. The very first missile is a percussion shell, and it drives its way into the house so lately occupied by the living and the dead, and in its explosion brings wreck and ruin. Twelve guns are belching their death missiles across the open space when a sudden cry rises to the lips of a thousand men. From the western edge of the plain, where the pines grow thick, a woman suddenly appears to view. She is bare headed, and her hair is flying about her shoulders. She has neither shawl nor cloak, and her dress is ragged and torn. She has a stick in her hand, and she waves it as if it were a sword in the hand of a man and starts at a wild run for the eastern edge of the plain, right across the front of the lines drawn up in battle array. The cry of astonishment which greeted her appearance becomes a shout of warning, but she does not heed it. Enveloped by the smoke of their guns, the artillerists do not see her. Their hearing deadened by the loud reports, they do not catch the shouts uttered by Federal and Confederate alike. Round shot and shell go whizzing and shrieking over the snow, and men waiting for battle shudder at the woman's danger.

"Who's that? Halt! Halt! He can never do it! He's sure to be killed!"

So cried 500 Federals as Steve Brayton, mounted on the horse of a trooper he had been asked to hold for a moment, dashed straight out into the plain to head the woman off. He knew her the moment she stepped out of the woods. Uncle Ben had told him of the meeting with Mrs. Baxter on the highway. He had flung her down the bank with tremendous force, and as he came back over the road with Custer's men he expected to find her lying there dead. Nothing was to be seen of her, however, and his mind was greatly relieved. In her fall, as was afterward known, the woman's head struck a stone, and the skull was fractured. When she struggled up she was no longer sane. She had been wandering through the forest for hours before she appeared on the battlefield, but she encountered no one and found no shelter.

(To be Continued.)

Beyond Even Zola.

Zola has found one piece of realism beyond his powers. He was asked why he did not describe London and answered that the channel was a gulf that separated France and England morally as well as materially. "No," he says, "I really think that I can do nothing deep with England."

QUIEN SABE?

Quien Sabe—who know—is a phrase in very common use among the Spaniards, and helps over many, many difficulties. It is expressive. What the weather may be the coming winter, who knows? It may be snowy, wet, stormy, cold, freezing, and full of sickness and pain, who knows? Some of us today, hale and hearty, may lie on beds of torture, or hobble about on crutches, who knows? Before the autumn merges into winter many may have symptoms of approaching trouble, of the old rheumatism coming on, or of first attacks begun; who knows? That's a conundrum. But there is one thing everybody knows, the best thing to do is to be ready for the weather coming and to take hold of what is. Everbody knows what is best. With St. Jacobs Oil in the house, everybody knows they have a sure cure for rheumatism, acute or chronic. It is likewise known that in any stage of it, the great remedy does its work of cure perfectly. If we suffer, we need not ask who knows, when it is so well known what is best.

Great Gifts to Education.

M. Eulogious Georgieff, the founder of the Sofia University, who died recently, bequeathed 2,0000,000 francs to the Bulgarian government to be applied to the country's needs; 6,000,000 francs for a technical school to be established at Sofia and large sums for other public institutions.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine "*Tea Garden Drips*" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

A Fair Inference.

When the continual and unreasonable attacks upon the courts are considered, orderly people are apt to take a liberty with the poet and make his couplet read: "No rouge e'er saw the halter draw with good opinion of the law."—Stockton Independent.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Omnibusses were introduced in New York city in 1830.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven, Conn., in 1687.

Plants grow more between 4 and 6 a. m. than at any other time of day.

Of 73 historic kings of Scotland 61 are said to have died in battle or to have been murdered.

The German emperor declared in a recent speech that his grandfather was a chosen instrument of heaven.

An outlaw, three moonshiners and two other men were arrested at the Sannelton camp meeting at Kingwood, W. Va.

It is estimated that the lumber cut of the Miramichi and tributaries, Canada, will this season amount to 112,000,000 feet.

An ostrich lives about 30 years, and the average annual yield of a bird in captivity is from one to four pounds of plumes.

Caesar did not say "Et tu, Brute." Eye witnesses of the assissnation deposed that he died fighting, but silent like a wolf.

Nearly every man, woman and child in Egypt is a smoker of cigarettes, and a pipe is hardly ever seen in the mouth of a native.

The largest winged insect in the world is the Atlas moth of Central Brazil. Its wings extend 14 inches from tip to tip.

One of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were in ancient times condemned was to be deprived of the use of salt.

A strong microscope shows the single hairs of the head to be like coarse, round rasps, but with teeth extremely irregular and jagged.

Great Britain and Ireland contain 380 banks, the most important being the Bank of Enlgand, which has a capital of $73,000,000.

The Coliseum at Rome was built by Vespasian to accommodate 100,000 spectators. It covers five and a half acres and was 120 feet high.

The oyster is one of the strongest creatures on earth. The force required to open an oyster is more than nine hundred times its weight.

While asleep in the woods, a sawyer of Evansville, Ind., was bitten on the chin by a spider. He died of the effects of the bite some days later.

After forty years of hard, dangerous, and expensive missionary work there are in Japan today about 110,000 native Christians, in a population of 42,000,000.

Attempts have been made to produce spider silk, but have failed, the ferocious nature of these insects not permitting them to live together in communities.

It is computed that all of the houses in London and New York could be built of the lava thrown out by Vesuvius since the first recorded eruption in A. D. 79.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

Paper Underwear Tested.

During the war between Japan and China the Chinese soldiers wore underclothing made of paper. Experiments made with these goods in the Prussian army proved unsatisfactory, as they were found to last only two or three days.

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman's organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: MISS CELIA VAN HORN, 1912 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; MISS GRACE COLLORD, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; MRS. NEWELL, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; MRS. ISABEL OBERG, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass.; MRS. A. H. COLE, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private ills to a man

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

HIS EMPTY SLEEVE.

How Col. Bradford Lost His Arm—An Unusual Occurrence.

If Sir Edward Bradford had given no other service to his country than those which during the past few years he has so brilliantly performed as head of the metropolitan police force, he would have well earned the honor that his sovereign has just bestowed upon him, and which may be regarded as her personal testimony to the extraordinary sagacity with which the arrangements for the safety of the public during the Queen's day were conceived, and the literally perfect manner in which they were carried out.

Colonel Sir Edward Ridley Colborne Bradford is 61 years of age, and had a very distinguished career in the army before he was appointed to the office he now fills so worthily. So far back as 1853, when "John Company" still swayed the destinies of the Indian peninsula, he joined the Madras army. He became lieutenant two years later. In 1857 he served with the Fourteenth Light Dragoons during the Persian campaigns, receiving the medal. Later on, in 1858 and 1859, he took part, as an officer of Mayne's Horse, in the operations conducted by General Michel against the celebrated Chief Tantia Topee, and shared the perils and glories of many a hard-fought battle. He became a major in 1873, lieutenant colonel in 1879 and colonel in 1888. At the time of the last jubilee he was secretary in the political and secret department of the Indian office.

When, in 1890, the post of commissioner of metropolitan police fell vacant, and was offered to Sir Edward Bradford, who in 1885 had been promoted from C. S. I. to K. C. S. I., there were many who expressed dissent from the policy of again placing the civil guardians of law and order under a military man. But that no better choice could have been made is evidenced by Sir Edward's career in his present post.

Many of those who saw him on Queen's day doubtless wondered how his left sleeve came to be empty. Years ago, while still an officer in India, Sir Edward Bradford was a very keen sportsman, with a strong liking for that most dangerous of all pastimes—tiger shooting. One day, while engaged in this hazardous diversion, he fired at a tiger, which, only wounded, charged upon him, and bore him to the ground.

Never losing his presence of mind for a moment, the intrepid hunter, with a view to preventing the infuriated animal from attacking his head thrust within his jaws his left arm. The tiger simply gnawed it off, but the life of the cool nimrod was saved by his comrades, who arrived in time to shoot the creature before it had time to inflict any more serious injury upon Sir Edward. When the late Duke of Clarence visited India Sir Edward Bradford was among those specially selected to accompany him. From 1880 to 1893 he was an aide-de-camp to the Queen.—London Telegraph.

Lamps and Their Value.

Even young eyes suffer by the use, for reading or working, of flickering gas, says the Woman's Home Companion. The lampflame is steady, soft in color and grateful to the eyes. Formerly the clumsy student lamp was the only really reliable one for reading, but the "lamp craze" has evolved a multitude of patent burners, all of them reasonable in price. For a couple of dollars one can buy an excellent lamp, complete with green porcelain shade; for three or four dollars a really handsome one may be had. Whatever the quality, in shape the reading lamp should be low, with a good, broad base, so that it stands securely.

There is no one article in the house, excepting, perhaps, good beds, that can give as much solid comfort as lamps for reading and working by. Every grown member of the family should possess one. There should be one of extra lighting power on the children's study table, the library and sitting-room tables.

We all do without many things that would add to our comfort in life, not because we are obliged to do so, but from lack of knowledge or thought. It is not wise to coddle oneself, to search for new wants, to make new necessities which anchor us to one place because we cannot be comfortable elsewhere. But a personal lamp is a sensible luxury or indulgence, and the sooner it becomes a necessity the better is our prospect of continued good eyesight, not to mention the splendid revenue of comfort enjoyed through all the evenings of our life.

Another Chainless.

One of the latest chainless gears differs from all previous inventions of the same type in the respect that it is not driven by a rotating rod and beveled gear, but the power is transmitted to the driving gear by two eccentrics, being worked by a gear contained in a small case above the bottom bracket. The pedal motion is rotary, similar to that of an ordinary chain driven machine. The necessary cogs composing the gear are all run on ball-bearings, and are protected from dust and dirt by being inclosed in a small case, which is easily removable. The frame is elliptical in shape, two elliptical tubes running from the top and bottom of the head, and is thus minus the top bar, and suitable for riders of both sexes. The width of the bottom bracket is three and one half inches, and the driving wheel is easily detached by loosening the screwed sleeve on the eccentric and the nuts on the wheel spindle.

A Won't-Slip Tire.

A tire has been placed upon the market for which it is claimed that it will not slip under any condition of surface, such as wet car rails, asphalt, concrete, plank or macadam road. The makers even guarantee that it will not slip when ridden on ice. In addition comes the claim that it can be ridden with much ease on rough roads, and that the teeth, or projections, which appear on the thread of the tire, form a cushion for the tire. It is also claimed that the tire is very fast over smooth surfaces, it gives an air space between the surface and the tire and obviates suction, that it is 90 per cent. puncture proof, on account of having rubber teeth that it throws but little mud, as the teeth have a tendency to release the mud, when the tire leaves the surface over which it passes.

Blind Rat Led by Comrades.

A man employed at the sewage farm at Batchworth in Hertfordshire asserts that quite recently, when working on his farm, he has often seen an old blind rat carrying a piece of stick in its mouth, with two other younger rats leading it about with one end of the stick also in their mouths.

One thing in favor of the 12-year-old boy: he is easier to suppress than his spoiled sister.

If a busy and bothered man laughs at a joke, it is the supreme test that it is a good one.

No man likes to be told that he is looking old, but it is a popular joke.

Important Recent Discovery.

The Smithsonian Institution has received a collection which is of importance to the archaeologist. It is known as the Seton-Karr contribution, having been discovered by this Englishman in Somaliland, on the eastern coast of Africa. The implements were purchased from the discoverer by the Smithsonian Institution. There are about 50 pieces in the collection, made of flint, of quartide, and ranging in size from an inch or so in length to half a foot, some weighing several pounds. The objects are supposed to be spear heads, battle axes and wedges, truncheons, bludgeons or whatever they may be termed.

The discoverer had this to say on the subject of his find and the locality where the objects were unearthed:

"Certain landmarks as to the four rivers mentioned in Genesis led me think that the Garden of Eden, if it ever existed, may have been here, and that these very tools had been made and used by Adam and his numerous descendants. At any rate, my discoveries in Egypt and Somaliland lead me to the idea that man's original home, or the place where he was gradually evolved, must have been in Africa, or at least, in a tropical land, where clothes were unnecessary and food plentiful to hand."

WAKE UP.

Yes, wake up to the danger which threatens you if your kidneys and bladder are inactive or weak. Don't you know that if you fail to impel them to action, Brights disease or diabetes awaits you? Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters without delay. It has a most beneficial effect upon the kidneys when sluggish, and upon the bowels, liver, stomach and nervous system.

One of the visitors to the Tennessee Centennial was a Rutherford county man, 84 years old, who, until his trip to the Nashville exposition, had never been on a railroad train.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

The relatives of Joe Sullivan, who died in Oakland, Cal., and was seven feet eight inches in height, have put a guard over his grave, fearing that a showman will steal his body.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One of the most curious results of the investigations made by doctors in the Russian jails is the statement that each group of criminals has its own peculiar color of the eye.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

Diamonds have been discovered, in rare instances, in the meteoric stones which have fallen to the earth.

Quick!

The sooner you begin to use *Schilling's Best* tea and baking powder, the better your opportunity to get some of that $2000.00.

And the more you will enjoy your cake and eating.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco 2008

A Confederate Roll of Honor.

An effort is being made to compile "a roll of honor" for the Confederate Museum, in Richmond, Va., of all the soldiers and sailors who served the Confederate cause, with a verified report of the various commands to which they were attached during the four years of the war. Survivors and friends of those living or dead are appealed to to make up the record.

A floral curiosity is on exhibition in the Temple Gardens, London. It is a $5,000 orchid from Venezuela. It has a white flower which in shape resembles a sea-gull with outspread wings.

Cardinal Richelieu hated children and loved cats; when he died his favorite Angora pet refused to eat and soon perished.

Handel, the composer, used, when traveling, to order dinner for three, or if hungry, for five, in either London or Paris.

Electricity Is Life

The cause of all disease is the waste of energy—the organs of the body have not sufficient vitality to keep up their natural action. They require aid. Electricity gives it through the proper use of

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

This belt fills the nerves with electrical energy which quickly goes to the assistance of the weaker functions, renews the life in them, and they are enabled to throw off disease. It is a simple cure and never fails. Dr. A. T. Sanden, famous as a physician and student of science and medicine for thirty years, has published a book, "Three Clases of Men," upon the cause of weakness and disease and its cure by electricity. It is worth $1,000 to any man, and is sent free, closely sealed, to any address or can be had at the office. Call or address

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N. P. N. U. No. 44. '97.

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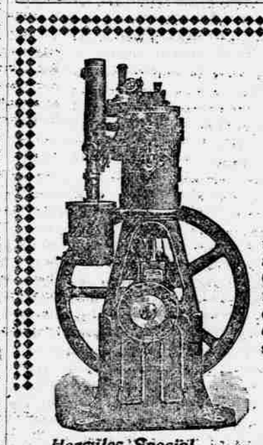

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