

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

The house at Wake Forest stood quite three miles from the Tennessee river, yet the plantation ran down to the stream, and Major Hilliard had his own landing. In the third year of the civil war a village of white tents about it stretched far back from the waterside. There was another smaller village of them up around the house. The fences were all swept away. Horses fully accented stood champing and dancing all about the lawns. Men clattered up and down the broad veranda steps, some with swords clanking after them, more in undress uniform and a very few in the garb of civilians.

Not one of the original inhabitants remained. Major Hilliard and Morris were both in the Confederate army. Their hundreds of slaves had been sent farther south as soon as the fall of Fort Henry gave the whole river region into Federal control. Now the fortunes of war had made Wake Forest the camping ground and base of operations for a considerable Federal column. Its aim and object were secretly jealously guarded since it was known that Forrest's flying horse, the most dreaded among all the enemy, lay almost in full strength not so many miles away.

General Bruton, the ranking Federal officer, wisely made his headquarters upon the river bank within range of the gunboats, but his chief lieutenant, Colonel Flowtow, who was really the working soul of the column, had quartered himself in the plantation house and from it directed everything that went on. He was not a military sycophant, yet made himself very comfortable there, drinking the good wines in the cellar and smoking the best cigars in the major's own special locker. The camps were both full of black veterans, contractors in the plantations that time. Bruton gave them rations and listened sympathetically to their stories. He had so many of them for servants indeed they were in each other's way. Flowtow hated them, whole and several. Brought up a lieutenant in the German army, he had resigned, come to America, engaged in business, dropped it at the call to arms and gone into the fighting almost purely from love of fighting.

"They clutter us, these blacks," he said often, "they ruin discipline. Then how shall you keep army secrets when they go in and out like air?" But now even he had taken one into his service. It had happened in this wise. Three days earlier he had been reconnoitering when his detachment was charged upon by a single mounted man, riding at full speed and crouching low over the neck of the horse. The reason was plain. Behind came half a dozen men in gray, also mounted, spurring as for life and shooting as they rode. It seemed a miracle that some bullet did not touch the fugitive. The Federal cavalry parted to let him through as soon as they saw his face. He was a mulatto, evidently a camp servant, making a dash for liberty, since he wore over his jeans trousers a cast off gray overcoat.

"Shoot me, please! Don't send me back," he said, riding straight up to the colonel.

Flowtow eyed him a minute, then asked gruffly, "Why did you run away?" For answer the mulatto flung off his coat and bared his back. It was marked all over with cruel crimson welts. "Nobody ever dared to touch me before," he said. "I was a house nigger, and I don't belong to the man that done it."

"How came you in the army?" Flowtow asked suspiciously.

The negro looked full in his eyes and said: "I went to take keer of my master's son. He—he's dead now. I wanted to go, and they tried to make me stay."

"Humph! Who is your master?" Flowtow asked.

"Major Hilliard—that is, he used to be major. He's colonel now under Mr. Forrest. If he had been there, nobody would 'a' dared to touch me," the negro said. "That's how I come to know all this country so well. I used to live at Wake Forest."

"So?" The exclamation was one of pleasure. "Then you may be worth keeping, if you will be a true guide." Flowtow said, pursing his lips, then brutally, "This major—he is your father, too, eh?"

"I hears 'em say so," the negro said, looking down. "Please, sir, take me to wait on you. I can cook."

"I may have better use for you," Flowtow interrupted. "Ride you here beside me a little. If you serve me well, you shall have money and freedom. If with a stern look, you try to trap me, then I will cut you alive into little teeny bits."

"I don't want money, only to be free and to learn readin and writin," the negro said. "As to trapping you, no nigger can't do that. You are too smart for even our white folks."

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It was mid-May four years from the month when Colonel Hilliard had sent the Hinton away. Old Nat had come back very soon after the Federal victory. He claimed indeed to have a mysterious connection with those in authority and swaggered among the other fisher folk as to the vengeance he meant to take on the slaveholding aristocrats who had formerly oppressed him. A year of riotous living had wasted the Hilliard money. Lee and Prude now chose to go their own way, but Swan came with her father because her mother came perforce.

With the wreck and remnant of their sudden wealth Old Nat had chartered a trading boat, a miserable scowlike affair, which was towed up or down stream as occasion served. Ostensibly it was a sutler's boat. In reality it engaged in all manner of contraband trading. A cotton carzo once safe un-

der batches meant more profit than many weeks in camp. Old Nat was planned to smuggle such a cargo aboard before the Lucy tied up at Wake Forest landing. He had slipped outside the lines, spying where best to seize it, leaving his wife and Swan in charge of the boat.

"Soldier village" gossip ever more than ordinary villages. Everything at headquarters is soon the common property of the camp. Thus Swan came to know very soon all the particulars of Yellow Ned's arrival. She pondered what she had heard a day, then just at sunset started her mother by saying: "I'm goin over ter the outpost. Funny I never thought o' it before, but there is my chance ter see the inside o' Wake Forest."

There was no protest. Mrs. Hinton never wasted breath in trying to turn Swan from her purposes, but something, she knew not what, made her kiss her daughter once shyly, fearfully; once, as she felt Swan tremble at her touch, out of the fullness of her mother heart.

"I wish I could take yer, too, but that would spoil everything," Swan said, patting her cheek and almost running away. She had rummaged over her old fiddle and put on a short frock, much frilled and spangled, which she had worn in the days of the band. It was black and came low in the neck, so she threw over her shoulders a blue artilleryman's cape, disposing one end so the scarlet lining would show. At the very last she turned back and thrust something deep into her bosom, saying, with a lazy smile, "Yer don't never know what may come in handy when yer out on a possum hunt this time o' the year."

As she picked her way through the company streets there were halls from every hand—cries of admiration, invitations to supper, banter for a tune, just one—but she staid for none of them. Words she flung back in plenty. Her tongue had gained in license, in piquancy and point. A very young officer, riotously full of beer, ran out and tried to kiss her in the face of all, but was rapped smartly over the nose with the fiddle bow and ran back howling with pain.

As she came to the outpost the pickets made a feint of halting her. She stuck the fiddle under her chin, played three discordant bars and said, "Let me through or yer'll hear worse than that."

All the camp knew her. She had indeed the freedom of more than one army corps. She was kind in sickness or trouble, a good comrade in health, square—every man of them would have staked his life on that—and straight for all her freedom, both of speech and action. So she went easily to Colonel Flowtow's door. She would have passed the sentry there as she had passed the others but that Flowtow himself was just coming out, with Yellow Ned, as usual, at his heels.

"You! What do you do here?" he said roughly, catching her arm in a hard grip.

"Me? Oh, I just came ter find out if yer all were dead," Swan said jauntily. "I didn't know but Mr. Forrest's critter company had slipped in an made crows' meat o' the lot."

"What is that to you? Women are not for fighting," Flowtow said, still roughly. Swan laughed an airy, happy laugh.

"No! Women are fer kissin," she said. "I'll kiss yer, Colonel Flowtow, an play yer a tune inter the bargain if yer'll do just one little thing I want."

"Oh! I am to be bribed—in face of the articles of war!" Flowtow roared.

"Well, bribe me, Swannchen. I will hear what it is about—afterward."

"Yer shall take the tune first," Swan said, throwing off her cloak and setting the fiddle beneath her chin. Before Flowtow could protest she had struck up "Run, Nigger, Run" looking as she played straight at Flowtow's nose.

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cried. "First ter come here; then all these papers—I know what they are. So will old man Nat. He taught yer, remember, the Murrel clan elpher, so yer could write all sorts o' things ter me. Go away, I tell yer. Flowtow will hang yer at sun up as sure as he finds out how he's been fooled."

"If you will come with me," Morris said, springing into the saddle, and holding out his arms.

"Swan thought a minute, then waved him down. "I must ride an lead yer with a halter," she said, "or we shall never get away."



"Morris, get away, fer God's sake!"

never past the pickets. I will say I'm drivin yer out o' camp, back yer yer own side, unless I hate yer. Then when we are outside—"

"You will have to keep on," Morris said doggedly. Swan shivered faintly.

"We will settle that as happens," she said.

"Yer are my wife still. I will never let you go back," Morris said when the last picket was 200 yards behind. Swan had slipped from the saddle and was unbuttoning his hands. She had given him an unceremonious flourish, a silver mounted derrick, above his head. The pickets had laughed at her, but had not tried to stop her. It was only one of Swan's tricks, and Swan in their eyes could do no wrong.

The two halted in a broad clear road. The moon shone so bright it was nearly as light as day. As the last knot came loose there was a stir in the bushes at the roadside. Old Nat's ambling mule sprang through them, and old Nat himself cried: "Swan yer been er sayin—oh, Morris—an yer wife's helpin yer out? Mightn't I see that?"

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JUST ONE BOY'S WAY

THE DRAMA THAT WAS ENACTED ON A STREET CAR.

A Pocket Exploration That Held the Passengers Breathless and Proved Eminently Satisfactory to the Perseverant Youngster.

When this small boy on the Ninth street car went into his clothing after his car fare, the other passengers betrayed little or no interest in him. He was an ordinary, sun-browned, freckle-faced boy of nine or ten, and seemed pretty safe to assume that he had the nickel necessary for a ride or he would not have swung aboard, and so the passengers paid little or no attention to him.

The boy plored around in the lining of the right hand pocket of his shabby little overcoat, screwing himself into any possible attitude as he stood and wriggled in the aisle, and finally, after terrific exertion, he brought forth a penny, half buried in a lot of woolly stuff from the coat. Then he turned his attention to the lining of the left hand pocket of his overcoat. After almost superhuman difficulties, in the process of which it looked as if the boy might get himself wrapped around an invisible axis several times in such a manner that he could never get right again, he produced another penny, also, apparently wadded in woolen lint belonging to the overcoat.

A couple of elderly men who were reading papers side by side at the end of the car began to get nervous. They pushed back their spectacles and studied the boy's movements anxiously.

"Fare, there, son!" said the conductor. The boy gazed reproachfully at the conductor, stuck the two found pennies in his mouth and continued his weird exertions to assemble his fare.

He unbuttoned his overcoat by the simple process of giving it a yank from bottom to top, and then he dug into the right hand pocket of his jacket. That pocket, too, seemed to be liningless, and the boy had to grope through it like a cat clawing for the exit of a bag. At length he got to the end of it, and an expression of acute relief crossed his freckled features. The hand was wedged in so tightly that he had about as much trouble in getting it out as he had had in getting it in, but it clutched another cent when it finally made its appearance. This went into his mouth to join the other two. At this point the two elderly men coughed violently and scowled at the boy as if to say that they would infernal business were done with, but the others who were watching the boy's moves looked sympathetic.

The boy next began a laborious exploration of his right hand knickerbocker pocket, from which he produced and bestowed in his overcoat pocket many articles peculiar to boys—nipples, a piece of wax, a rusty looking knife, two or three printed celluloid buttons, and so on—and at the very bottom of this salvage was yet another penny. All the other passengers except the two elderly men breathed sighs of relief, but they wanted to read their papers, and yet they couldn't while this boy was engaged in his eventful search, with the chances about even whether he'd win out or not.

"Fare now, kid!" said the conductor, once more tackling the boy. The boy handed him the four pennies from his mouth after very politely rubbing them off on his overcoat sleeve, and he said, with a very boyish grin: "I got the other one somewhere. Wait a minute, mister."

Then the boy gazed up at the ceiling of the car and studied for a moment, while the other passengers except the two elderly men, who looked ferocious, rooted for him with all their might.

The boy felt tentatively at his left hand knickerbocker pocket, but it was plain to see that he knew that was no go. For about half a minute he looked worried, and the sympathetic passengers worried along with him, as could be seen by the tense expression on their faces as they regarded every movement of the boy with strained, almost feverish attention. Then the boy reached into a back pocket of his knickerbockers, brought forth one of those celluloid traveling soap boxes, somewhat battered, took off the lid, and there, buried in a lot of junk, was the other cent.

The sigh of relief that ran around that car was distinctly audible. The sympathetic passengers, men and women, settled themselves back in their seats and smiled at the boy, and two or three of them looked as if they wanted to jump up and suggest cheers. The two elderly men coughed violently again, readjusted their spectacles and began again on their newspapers.

Then the small boy sat down, took a neat looking change purse from the inside pocket of his overcoat, dumped the contents—about \$2 in quarters, nickels and dimes—into his hands and began counting it, whereupon the passengers who had been rooting for him but a moment before instantly froze and looked at him as if they considered him a bad lot and a boy bound straight for state's prison or worse—Washington Star.

Her Pet Pig. A young woman in London took a pig in infancy and brought it up, as she says, "like a Christian." Complaint was made to the authorities the other day, and the sanitary officers who went to investigate found the pig in bed between two white sheets, with its head on a pillow and its body covered with a white lace counterpane.

Should Keep Something. New Woman—Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name. Old Bachelor—Just so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he can call his own.

By the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great deal more.—Saturday Evening Post.

No man can be brave who considers pain the greatest evil of life or temperate who regards pleasure as the highest good.—Cicero.

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SAMOAN COSTUMES.

Made With a Hatchet, a Club and a Pot of Paint.

In the south seas dresses are made with a hatchet, a club and a pot of paint. Every housewife is her own fob and habit maker. When she feels the need of a new gown, she goes and chops down a tree. When her husband gets a new suit, she chops down another tree. That is exactly, for men and women are clad exactly alike—a plain lot of cloth caught about the waist and hanging loosely to the knee or shin. The races inhabiting the islands of the tropical Pacific are almost alone in having no idea of the loom and the various arts of the spinner and weaver. This lack is undoubtedly due to the natural provision of material which renders a woven cloth unnecessary to this primitive people. The only fabric used in that part of the world is a crude, tough paper made of bast.

The tree from which the material is derived is the paper mulberry, or Broussonetia papyrifera, which is grown in plantations under the sole charge of women and is also found wild in all parts of the islands. In archipelagoes so highly advanced as Samoa and Tonga, where women have none of the coarser work to do, the entire care of the mulberry plantations rests with the women of each village.

The trees are planted closely to insure a spreading growth without lateral branches. The plant will grow from seed. In such a climate there is no difficulty about getting things to grow, but experience has shown that better results follow the planting of twigs from the sturdier wild trees. In about three years from planting the tree will be in the best condition for the clothmaker. In that time it will attain a height of twelve feet or more, and the trunk will have a uniform diameter of rather less than two inches. About four feet of the trunk is waste and not available for the particular purpose for which the tree is grown; the first two feet from the base is too tough to work well, and the two feet at the top is too soft. If the tree is properly grown and left to mature, there will be available for the clothmaker a stick of eight feet in the clear and as straight as a measuring rod, without knots or branches and of uniform girth throughout.—New York Tribune.

Snow From a Clear Sky. The most wonderful snowstorm of all that has been seen every winter in the Adirondacks are those that prevail when the sky is clear. Of these there are several varieties. Every week or two we would see what looked like a fog from about the distant hills and then come drifting across the creek valley. Doubtless it was a real snowfall cloud that had been drifting along until it struck our level (1,300 feet above the sea) in the Adirondacks, when the conditions became favorable for the release of its feathery burden.

It was by these clouds that the air with flakes that were driven along almost horizontally by a strong gale, although the tops of our old hemlocks and spruces rose into the clear air and unobstructed sunlight above the highest level of the snow producing air stratum. We even saw the snow so thick in the air about us that the trunks of trees six feet above the earth were not visible, although the tree-tops could be seen, and the sun shone down through the shallow storm with strength enough to cast distinct shadows.

We have stood on a quiet, sunlit hill-top and looked down into a valley less than 100 feet below us, where a snow-storm was raging with violence and the temperature was frigid.—Scribner's.

A Man in the House. There is a young criminal lawyer in Memphis, Tenn., who on the occasion of his becoming of age began the celebration of his birthday in a way that caused his household a great deal of consternation.

On the eve of the fete, shortly after midnight, the young man's family were suddenly startled from their slumbers by a loud voice in the house calling: "There's a man in the house! There's a man in the house!"

The valiant pater familias rushed from his room, bearing in his hands a heavy billet of firewood, to learn the cause of the disturbance and to capture the intruder. His son was standing in the hall, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Where's the man?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Here, sir; here!" proudly replied the young man. "This is he. At last I'm twenty-one!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Piper Legends. The Winds, who, we believe, are the ancestors of the modern Prussians, are the center of many legends. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was a Wind; so also was the piper of the Harz mountains, who appeared so many days a year and played unearthly tunes and whosoever heard at once fell into a frenzy, from which there was no escape. All these piers and weird pipers assembled once a year at the Brocken, where there was a general carnival, the arch fiend leading the concert on a violin, witches rolling around and fiddling on the skulls of horses and the pipers adding the concert of their unholly instruments.—Chambers' Journal.

Irving as a Tipster. Sir Henry Irving's prodigality toward servants was well illustrated some years ago when he was at Bluff Point, Lake Champlain. He gave the driver of the break which daily ran to Au Sable Chasm \$50 in two weeks and sent the other servants with like recklessness. The guests of the hotel grew very indignant, because there was no getting along with the employes who almost literally fought among themselves to minister to the needs of the English aristocrat and sadly neglected the rest of the guests.

Different Methods. "Whatever became of Lamb?" "Oh, he played the markets and went broke."

"And Wolff, what became of him?" "Oh, he worked the markets and got rich."—Puck.

None Too Liberal. "Mr. Linger spends a great deal of time with you, Molly," said Mr. Kitzling to Miss Frocks.

"Yes, but that's all he does spend."

Kingly Superstitions. Kingship has been kin to superstition always. James I. of England was superstitious about dates, and there were remarkable coincidences in his life with certain dates of the calendar. The day of the month on which he was born was strangely interwoven with the days of birth and marriage of his wife and some of his children and their wives. But James was an old fool who made love to your Buckingham, who laughed in his face and robbed him of his jewels.

Napoleon was superstitious about the way he put on his stockings. Frederick the Great and the great Peter of Russia were superstitious about dozens of things. Marlborough, both as Jack Churchill and the duke, was superstitious as well as a thief and a traitor. Nearly all the Stuarts were superstitious and double dealers in religion. Henry of Navarre was superstitious, but that never kept him from a thousand infidelities. All the children of Catherine of Medici were scared to death by their superstitions, but they could lie, cheat and murder just as well. If Cromwell was a victim of superstition, he kept it to himself.—New York Press.

No Cause For Care. A Welsh editor had misapprehended the name of a famous poet of Wales.

"Why do you spell Liwyrach Hen's name Liwyrach?" asked a friend of the editor.

"Why? Does he object?" asked the editor.

"Object?" echoed the other. "Why, he has been dead 1,200 years."

"Oh, then, I don't care a toss," said the editor.

Studied Indifference. "Why did we arrive late and leave before the opera was over?" asked the youngest daughter. "It was very enjoyable."

"Of course it was," answered Mrs. Cumrox; "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not?"—Exchange.

Satisfactorily Explained. "John, when you came home last night you talked and acted very queerly. You were lifting your feet endeavoring to step over imaginary obstacles."

"Oh, yes, my dear. All the evening I felt as if I were walking on clouds. You remember we had angel cake for supper."—Chelsea Gazette.

The Turkish secret police agents who were expelled from Paris during the recent suspension of diplomatic relations between France and Turkey will not be allowed to return to France.

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The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock \$112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific Bright's Disease and Diabetes, heretofore incurable disease.