

MON REVE.

She dwells in some realm of the spirit, She haunts me with fathomless eyes; With a beauty that earth may inherit, Yet a loveliness caught from the skies...

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTZ. By Jules Verne,

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

Doctor Antekirtz lived in what was known as the Stadthaus—not as their master, but as the first among them. This was one of those beautiful Moorish dwellings, with miradores and moucharabys, interior court, galleries, porticoes, fountains, saloons and rooms decorated by clever ornamentists from the provinces...

Outside the town on the neighboring hills were a few houses, a villa or two, a small hospital at the highest point, where the Doctor intended to send his patients—when he had them. On the hill-sides sloping to the sea there were groups of houses forming a bathing-station. Among the other houses one of the most comfortable—a low blockhouse-looking building near the entrance to the mole—was called "Villa Pescado and Matifou," and there the two inseparables had taken up their quarters with a servant of their own. Never had they dreamed of such affluence!

"This is good!" remarked Cape Matifou, over and over again. "Too good!" answered Point Pescado; "it is much too good for us! Look here, Cape Matifou, we must educate ourselves, go to college, get the grammar prize, obtain our certificates of proficiency."

"But you are educated, Point Pescado," replied the Hercules; "you know how to read, to write, to cipher—" "In fact, by the side of his comrade Point Pescado would have passed as a man of science! But he knew well how deficient he was. All the schooling he had had was at the "Lycee des Carpes de Fontainebleau," as he called it. And so he was an assiduous student in the library of Ardenak, and in his attempt to educate himself he read and worked, while Cape Matifou, with the Doctor's permission, cleared away the sand and rocks on the shore, so as to form a small fishing harbor.

Pierre gave Pescado every encouragement, for he had recognized his more than ordinary intelligence, which only required cultivation. He constituted himself his professor, and directed his student so as to give him very complete elementary instruction, and his pupil made rapid progress. There were other reasons why Pierre should interest himself in Point Pescado. Was he not acquainted with his past life? Had he not been entrusted with the task of watching Toronthal's house? Had he not been in the Stradone during the procession when Sava had swooned? More than once Point Pescado had had to tell the story of the sad events in which he had indirectly taken part. It was to him alone that Pierre could talk when his heart was too full for him to be silent. But the time was approaching when the Doctor could put his double plan into execution—first to reward, then to punish.

That which he could not do for Andrea Ferrato, who had died a few months after his sentence, he wished to do for his children. Unfortunately his agents had as yet been unable to discover what had become of them. After their father's death Luigi and his sister had left Rovigno and Istria, but where had they gone? No one knew, no one could say. The Doctor was much concerned at this, but he did not give up the hope of finding the children of the man who had sacrificed himself for him, and by his orders the search was continued. Pierre's wish was that his mother should be brought to Antekirtz, but the Doctor thinking of taking advantage of Pierre's pretended death, as he had of his own, made him understand the necessity of proceeding with extreme prudence. Besides, he wished to wait till the convalescent had regained sufficient strength to accompany him in his

campaign, and as he knew that Sava's marriage had been postponed by the death of Madame Toronthal, he had decided to do nothing until the wedding had taken place.

One of his agents at Ragusa kept him informed of all that took place, and watched Madame Bathory's house with as much care as he did Toronthal's. Such was the state of affairs, and the Doctor waited with impatience for the delay as to the wedding to come to an end. If he did not know what had become of Carpena, whose track he had lost after his departure from Rovigno, Toronthal and Sarcany at Ragusa, could not escape him. Suddenly, on the 20th of August, there arrived a telegram informing him of the disappearance of Silas Toronthal, Sava, and Sarcany, and also of Madame Bathory and Borik, who had just left Ragusa without giving any clue to their destination.

The Doctor could delay no longer. He told Pierre what had happened, and hid nothing from him. Another terrible blow for him! His mother disappeared, Sava dragged off, they knew not where, by Silas Toronthal, and there was no reason to doubt, still in Sarcany's hands.

"We shall start to-morrow," said the Doctor.

"To-day!" exclaimed Pierre; "but where shall we look for my mother? Where shall we look for—"

He did not finish the sentence. The Doctor interrupted him—

"I do not know if it is only a coincidence! Perhaps Toronthal and Sarcany have something to do with Madame Bathory's disappearance! We shall see! But we must be after the two scoundrels first!"

"Where shall we find them?"

"In Sicily—perhaps!"

It will be remembered that in the conversation between Sarcany and Zirona, that the Doctor overheard in the donjon of Pisino, Zirona had spoken of Sicily as the usual scene of his exploits, and proposed that his companion should join him there if circumstances required it. The Doctor had not forgotten this, nor had he forgotten the name of Zirona. It was a feasible clue perhaps, but in default of any other it might set them again on the trail of Sarcany and Toronthal.

The start was immediately decided on. Point Pescado and Cape Matifou were informed that they would be wanted to go with the Doctor. Point Pescado at the same time was told who Toronthal, Sarcany and Carpena were.

"Three scoundrels!" he said; "and no mistake!"

Then he told Cape Matifou:

"You will come on the scene soon."

"Now?"

"Yes, but you must wait for the cue."

CHAPTER VI

OFF MALTA.

They started that evening. The Ferrato, always ready for sea, with provisions on board, bunkers coaled, and compasses regulated, was ordered to sail at eight o'clock.

It is nine hundred and fifty miles from the Syrtis Major to the south of Sicily, near Portio di Palo. The swift steam yacht whose mean speed exceeded eighteen knots, would take about a day and a half to accomplish the distance. She was a wonderful vessel; she had been built at one of the best yards on the Loire. Her engines could develop nearly fifteen hundred horse-power effectively. Her boilers were of the Belleville system—in which the tubes contain the flame and not the water—and possessed the advantage of consuming little coal, producing rapid vaporization, and easily raising the tension of the steam to nearly thirty pounds without danger of explosion. The steam, used over again by the re-heaters, became a mechanical agent of prodigious power, and enabled the yacht, although she was not as long as the dispatch boats of the European squadrons, to more than equal them in speed.

It need scarcely be said that the Ferrato was fitted so as to ensure every possible comfort for her passengers. She carried four steel breech-loaders mounted on the barrette principle, two revolving Hotchkiss guns, two gatlings, and, in the bow, a long chaser which could send a five-inch conical shot a distance of four miles.

The captain was a Dalmatian named Kostrik, and he had under him a mate and second and third officers. For the machinery there was a chief engineer, a second engineer and six firemen; the crew consisted of thirty men, with a boatswain and two quartermasters; and there was a steward, a cook, and three native servants. During the first hour or two the passage out of the gulf was made under favorable conditions. Although the wind was contrary—a brisk breeze from the north-west—the captain took the Ferrato along with remarkable speed; but he did not set either of the headsails or the square sail on the foremast, or the lateen on the main and mizzen.

During the night the Doctor and Pierre in their rooms aft, and Point Pescado and Matifou in their cabin forward, could sleep without being inconvenienced by the movement of the vessel which rolled a little like all fast boats. But although sleep did not fail the two friends, the Doctor and Pierre had too much anxiety to take any rest. In the morning, when the passengers were on deck, more than a hundred and twenty miles had been run in the twelve hours since they had left Antekirtz. The wind was in the same direction with a tendency to freshen. The sun had risen on a stormy horizon, and everything betokened a roughish day.

Point Pescado and Cape Matifou wished the Doctor and Pierre good morning. "Thank you, my friends," said the Doctor; "did you sleep well in your bunks?"

"Like dormice with an easy conscience!" answered Point Pescado. "And has Cape Matifou had his first breakfast?"

"Yes, Doctor, a tureen of black coffee, and four pounds of sea biscuit."

"Hum! A little hard, that biscuit!" "Bah! For a man that used to chew pebbles—between his meals!" Cape Matifou slowly nodded his huge head in sign of approval of his friend's replies.

The Ferrato by the doctor's orders was now driving along at her utmost speed, and sending off from her prow two long paths of foam. To hurry on was only prudent. Already Captain Kostrik after consulting the Doctor had begun to think of putting for shelter into Malta, whose lights were sighted about eight o'clock in the evening. The state of the weather was most threatening. Notwithstanding the westerly breeze, which freshened as the sun went down, the clouds mounted higher and higher, and gradually overspread three-quarters of the sky. Along the sea-line was a band of livid grey, deepening in its density and becoming black as ink when the sun's rays shot from behind its jagged edges. Now and then the silent flashes tore under the cloud-bank whose upper edge rounded off into heavy volutes and joined on to the masses above. At the same time, as if they were struggling with the wind from the west and the wind from the east that they had not yet felt, but whose existence was shown by the disturbed state of the sea, the waves increased as they met, and breaking up confusedly began to come rolling on to the deck. About six o'clock the darkness had completely covered the cloudy vault, and the thunder growled, and the lightning vividly flashed in the gloom.

"Better keep outside!" said the Doctor to the captain.

"Yes!" answered Captain Kostrik. "In the Mediterranean it is either one thing or the other! East and west strive which shall have us, and the storm coming in to help, I am afraid the first will get the worst of it. The sea will become very rough off Gozo or Malta, and it may hinder us a good deal. I don't propose to run in to Valletta, but to find a shelter till daylight under the western coast of either of the islands."

"Do as you think best," was the reply.

The yacht was then about thirty miles to the westward of Malta. On the island of Gozo a little to the northwest of Malta, and separated from it only by two narrow channels formed by a central islet, there is a large lighthouse with a range of twenty-seven miles.

In less than an hour, notwithstanding the roughness of the sea, the Ferrato was within range of the light. After carefully taking its bearings and running towards the land for some time, the captain considered he was sufficiently near to remain in shelter for a few hours. He therefore reduced his speed so as to avoid all chance of accident to the hull or machinery. About half an hour afterwards, however, the Gozo light suddenly vanished.

The storm was then at its height; a warm rain fell in sheets; the mass of cloud on the horizon, now driven into ribbons by the wind, flew overhead at a terrible pace. Between the rifts the stars peeped forth for a second or two, and then as suddenly disappeared, and the ends of the tatters dragging in the sea swept over its surface like streamers of erape. The tripple flashes struck the waves at their three points, sometimes completely enveloping the yacht, and the claps of thunder ceaselessly shook the air. The state of affairs had been dangerous; it rapidly became alarming.

Captain Kostrik, knowing that he ought to be at least twenty miles within the range of the Gozo light, dared not approach the land. He even feared that it was the height of the cliffs which had shut out the light, and if so he was extremely near. To run aground on the isolated rocks at the foot of the cliffs was to risk immediate destruction.

About half past nine the captain resolved to lay to and keep the screw at half speed. He did not stop entirely, for he wanted to keep the ship under the control of her rudder.

For three hours she lay head to wind. About midnight things grew worse. As often happens in storms, the strife between the opposing winds from the east and west suddenly ceased; the wind went round to the point from which it had been blowing during the day.

"A light on the starboard bow!" shouted one of the quartermasters, who was on the look-out by the bowsprit. "Put the helm hard down!" shouted Captain Kostrik, who wished to keep off the shore.

He also had seen the light. Its intermittent flashes showed him it was Gozo. There was only just time for him to come round in the opposite direction, the wind sweeping down with intense fury. The Ferrato was not ten miles from the point on which the light had so suddenly appeared.

Orders to go full speed were telegraphed to the engineer; but suddenly the engine slowed, and then ceased to work.

The Doctor, Pierre, and all those on deck feared some serious complication. An accident had in fact happened. The valve of the air pump ceased to act, the condenser failed, and after two or three loud reports, as if an explosion had taken place in the stern, the screw stopped dead.

Under such circumstances the accident was irreparable. The pump would have to be dismantled, and that would take many hours. In less than twenty minutes the yacht driven to leeward by the squalls would be on shore.

"Up with the fore-staysail! Up with the jib! Set the mizzen!" Such were the orders of Captain Kostrik, whose only chance was to get under sail at once. The orders were rapidly executed. That Point Pescado with his agility and Cape Matifou with his prodigious strength rendered efficient services we need hardly say to.

The halliards would have soon broken if they had not yielded to the weight of Cape Matifou.

But the position of the Ferrato was still very serious. A steamer with her long hull, her water of beam, her slight draught, and her insufficient canvas is not made for working against the wind. If she is laid too near and the sea is

rough, she is driven back in frowns; or she is blown off altogether. That is what happened to the Ferrato. She found it impossible to beat off the lee shore. Slowly she drifted towards the foot of the cliffs, and it seemed as though all that could be done was to select a suitable place to beach her. Unfortunately the night was so dark that the captain, could not make out the coast. He knew that the two channels separated Gozo from Malta on each side of the central islet—one the North Comino, the other the South Comino. But how was it possible for him to find the entrances in the pitch darkness, or to take his ship across the angry sea to seek shelter on the eastern coast of the island, and perhaps get into Valletta

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUM AND OIL.

How to Go to Bed Sober and Wake Up Tight.

"Let me have a little butter, please," said a stout, elderly gentleman, who stood in front of the Morton house bar the other evening, with a glass of steaming hot rum before him.

The white-aproned bar-tender bent down, and from a shelf underneath the polished mahogany brought up a dish of butter, in which was stuck a silver knife. With this the man took off a lump of butter and dropped into his glass and stirred it about until it was melted. Then he drank the concoction slowly, with an oily smile overspreading his features.

"Yes, it is rather a curious drink," said the bartender to the reporter standing by, "but it is a very pleasant one, and a great favorite with some gentlemen. Those who don't know of its effects, however, had better leave it alone, for the effects are apt to be queer. The man who drinks a number of these hot rums would be quite sober when he went home, but in the morning when he woke up he would be as drunk as a lord. That's odd, isn't it? But it is easy enough to explain. It is because there is so much oil in the butter."

"Let me explain, and you can try it yourself. Take a bottle of sweet-oil with you when you go out with the boys the next time. Order any kind of liquor you like, though I wouldn't bother much with beer if I were you. Pour into the glass a few drops of sweet oil every time you take a drink. No matter how much you drink you will keep sober, while your friends, if they keep up with you, will be in a very 'how-come-you-so' condition. You go home and go to bed feeling all right, and in the morning when you wake up you will be dead drunk. The reason is simple. Oil, as you know, rises to the surface."

"Consequently, when you drink these oil-covered concoctions, the oil will remain on the surface in your stomach, keeping the fumes of the liquor down. That prevents you from getting drunk. When you have stopped drinking and gone to sleep, thus giving your interior arrangements a chance to go about their ordinary duties, the oil will gradually evaporate itself through the system, allowing the fumes of the liquor to rise to your head. The consequence is that you awake in the morning 'full.' It's the funniest thing in the world when a man has this experience for the first time. He can't understand it at all, neither can his wife, who has seen him go to bed sober the night before, and can't be persuaded that he has not got up during the early hours to take on the load he apparently has with him. But her has the same effect as sweet oil because it contains a large percentage of that fluid in its composition, so I'd advise you to leave hot rum and butter severely alone if you're a married man. But if you're going on a trip, and want to take along a load that won't operate until the next day, you can try what oil will do for you."

Memory of Faces.

We must say to begin with that a large proportion of mankind, as any great portrait painter will testify, never see faces actually at all. Some are short-sighted and see no definite edges to anything, and consequently, though unconsciously, rely for identification on evidence which is not that of sight and is frequently all wrong. They see the type, but not the true face, and, as a considerable portion of mankind possess type faces, distinguished from others of a like kind by differences as minute as those of leaves, the short-sighted are constantly liable to error. So are the inattentive. They fail sometimes, after many interviews, to catch the expression of the face; cannot state, except in the vaguest way, the color of eyes or hair, and will mis-describe features—perhaps prominent features—as if they were paid to do it. They have never attended to the face at all, but have been content with a general expression; they have never observed with any true observation, and are as little to be trusted in their accounts as women believe most men to be when describing women's dress. They will even confuse dark persons with light, and declare that a long face struck them as a short one, or hesitate, as a witness did in a bigamy case, about the presence or absence of a mustache. Indeed, it is probable that a large section of mankind cannot observe, for of all who land for the first time in India or China, at least half declare that all Indians or Chinese are precisely alike. Yet, though Chinamen have certain broad points of resemblance in color, shape of brows and absence of hair, they are in details as different as Europeans; while Indians, owing to their wide difference in color, the use or disuse of hair on lip or chin, and the existence among them of features due to varieties of original race, are more different than white men. Inattention is, however, the main cause of error, and is sometimes carried to extraordinary lengths. We have known brothers unable to state the color of each other's eyes, and fellow collegians who could not remember whether acquaintances wore the mustache or not.—London Standard.

The Longfellow association has only \$13,000 of the \$50,000 needed to place a seated statue of the poet upon suitably decorated grounds in Cambridge.

ASHAM NAVAL BATTLE.

The Brooklyn, Swatara and Yantic Attacked by the Tennessee and Galena. Pensacola Special to New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The announcement of the sham battle [at Pensacola] by the fleet brought out a large crowd and the excursion steamers were well crowded with guests. It was 11 o'clock when the squadron was reached, and some six miles to the eastward of Fort Pickens. All the vessels were under steam. A few minutes after the arrival of the harbor boats the squadron divided, the Tennessee and Galena standing out to sea, heading to the southwest and the Brooklyn, Yantic and Swatara remaining near shore in echelon, as if guarding the coast. After steaming some distance the Tennessee and Galena rounded and headed for their opponents.

The sky was cloudless, and a light southeast wind barely rippled the surface of the gulf. It was a perfect day for evolutions. As the two vessels came on it was seen that great activity was going on, for their decks were black with men and the ports were all open. They bore down about a mile outside the defending line, and when opposite the Brooklyn the Tennessee fired a gun, and then another. This was the signal for the opening of the battle. In a moment the Galena poured forth from her broadside a heavy fire, and at once the Brooklyn and Yantic responded. The Swatara was not in position at first to use her broadside guns, but she soon swung and let loose her rifles.

The atmosphere was vibrant with sound, and even the decks of the excursion steamers trembled with the heavy reports. The scene was a grand one, and was as exciting a picture of natural warfare as could be imagined. Long darts of flame would shoot out from the vessels' sides, followed by dense, curling clouds of smoke, and then came the deep bellow of the guns.

It was not long before each ship was enveloped in a mass of smoke, through which could be barely discerned her black hull and tall masts. The two lines were like banks of clouds, out of which came sharp lightning and roars of thunder. As the Tennessee and Galena moved along by their opponents the fire was continuous, but in 25 minutes they had drawn past and were out of range. The flagship now swung around and headed in the opposite direction, followed by the Galena, while the Brooklyn and her support also turned and prepared for another encounter. They came opposite again, and the excited scenes of a few minutes before were repeated. The Swatara, which was astern of the Yantic and Brooklyn, had worked too far out and was in dangerous proximity to the Tennessee, which vessel bore down upon her, delivering a raking fire into her. The Swatara saw her danger and drew off to her place. For the second time the fight became general, and nothing could be heard but the reverberations of the great guns, in the intervals of which sounded the rattle of the Galena's machine guns.

The scene was grander than any paintings of naval battles, and even the spectators became excited. In less than an hour it was all over, but it left a deep impression over all who saw it.

A Body Petrified.

The workmen engaged in removing the bodies from the burying ground at Twelfth and Lombard streets discovered a body that had been petrified. The corpse was that of Thomas Mercer, who died in August, 1848, at the age of 62 years. Five bodies were in the grave appropriated to the Mercer family, and when the four upper coffins were removed, it was found their contents had returned to dust. When the workmen tried to remove the lowest one, however, it was found to be very heavy. By widening the grave the workmen were able to get at the coffin, and six strong men pulled it to the top.

The coffin was taken to the establishment of Undertaker Graham near by, and with the consent of a daughter of the deceased was opened. Mr. Graham says the preservation was perfect. The corpse looked natural, except that it had become slightly yellow. The hair was on the head in good condition. The body, however, was as hard as stone, and no impression could be made upon it. The shroud was well preserved, as was also the coffin. The weight of the body was about 1,000 pounds. By direction of the daughter it was taken to West Laurel Hill Cemetery and there reinterred.

A Bride Cheats the Parson.

Some rather odd stories could be told by the man who ties the knot, did he choose to give his thoughts tongue. If the fee is \$50 or more, the groom takes great pleasure in personally transacting the business, but is equally anxious in securing a substitute when a smaller price is to be paid for the union. In case he has no brother of his own, the bride's relative is pressed into service, in which instance that lady is more or less officious. At a rather stylish party which occurred on Monroe-st., about two months ago, the groom put a \$20 gold piece in the kidded hand of his small brother-in-law, with directions for its transfer to the parson, and hurriedly left the room. The bride, hearing the conversation, succeeded in detaining the juvenile, and hunted up one of the \$5 coins her mother had given her for "traveling trifle," swapped gold pieces and called herself "a husband and \$15 ahead." She changed her mind very shortly as to the monetary gain, for the first thing she heard as she emerged from her room in her traveling suit was, "Taint as big as the one he gave me first. Sister kept it and said this will do well enough." Even the groom marvelled at the blishes of his pretty wife as the urbane minister wished her good-by and godspeed.

FLUSH TIMES IN THE SOUTH.

How the Speculators Flourished There During the War. From the Atlanta Constitution.

"The war made us rich," said a Boston tourist the other day, "but the condition of business in the confederacy must have been unfavorable from the first to last, as the currency was all the time depreciating." From his standpoint the Boston man was right, but our unstable currency did not prevent many of our people from making fortunes. During the four years of the war business was on a boom all over the south. Our merchants caught the speculative fever very early.

Secession came just in time to keep the dry-goods men from laying in their spring stocks, but they did the best that could be done. They sent their agents all through Tennessee and Kentucky, and bought out the entire stocks of hundreds of country stores. Many Tennessee merchants refunded with their goods during the first year of the war to the interior Southern cities, so that the blockade found us pretty well supplied.

A depreciated currency does not hurt trade. It is offset by the continual rise in the price of merchandise. In those days it was out of the question to have any selling mark affixed to goods. Prices rose too rapidly for that. Clerks were instructed to raise their figures once a week, sometimes jumping up 10 per cent., and sometimes as high as 50 per cent. Customers living in the cities and towns took all this as a matter of course. They found Confederate money easy to get, and spent it liberally. Country people, however, were emphatic in their protests. Money was scarce with them, and as many of their bread-winners were in the army they had a bad time.

In the cities active young men who had been clerking on \$30 or \$40 a month set up in business for themselves as soon as they saw the dawn of flush times. They made money. It was not necessary to buy with judgment. All they had to do was to buy something, in fact anything, and it soon turned to gold; that is, to Confederate money. This sudden prosperity ruined many a good fellow. I recollect one clerk, a model young man, a straight-faced chap, who threw up his job in the summer of 1861 and plunged into speculation. In two years he was a bloated bondholder. His carriage and coachman fairly glittered. One of his speculative investments was a wife, and she exhibited his diamonds to splendid advantage. He was too sharp to be caught napping, and when the war ended he had money enough to satisfy any reasonable man. Then came bad luck. His wife died. His diamonds and equipage disappeared. He lost at every turn, and a few years ago when I saw him for the last time, he was a slovenly bar-keeper in a third rate saloon.

More than one man in Atlanta made millions out of Government contracts. Speculators, tradesmen and manufacturers struck it rich. What did they do with their money? Some spent it in extravagant living. Some purchased slaves, and others bought Confederate bonds. Others, still, looked ahead and prepared for the final crash. They turned their money into greenbacks, gold, town property, tobacco, cotton, diamonds, etc. One man owned 100 dwelling houses in Atlanta. After Sherman's visit he had about twenty left. Another successful business man purchased thirty plantations, besides all the Atlanta property he could get.

Of the men who accumulated wealth so rapidly and invested it so wisely how many held their grip on their fortunes? Not one! It is a startling thing to put in cold type, but as I look back over a long list of men who rose from comparative poverty to affluence during the war I cannot think of a single one who is in comfortable circumstances to-day.

My Boston friend was under the impression that conscription broke up our business men. Nothing of the kind. Even at the very last the Confederacy had a surplus of speculators and storekeepers. Some were exempt on account of age or physical disability; some conducted a manufacturing business and were detailed to attend to it, and some, it must be said, were so wealthy and influential that they were above the law.

It will be surmised that the south was almost stripped of the luxuries of life toward the close of the struggle. This is a mistake. Adventures were all the time running the blockade. There was nothing that our society ladies could not buy if they were willing to pay the price. We had no dudes in those days, but young men who wanted a stylish rig had no difficulty in getting it. No doubt many of the articles smuggled through came from Yankeeedom instead of from England and France. Some of the wide-awake brethren on the other side of the line opened a double-shedule. They took federal contracts, and on the sly supplied the confederates for a heavy cash consideration. We even had the time and inclination to smuggle books through the lines. "Les Miserables" for instance, came through, and Vice President Stephens and other leading men read the New York or Philadelphia edition long before the Richmond publishers issued it in five little brown paper covered volumes. If literature could run the blockade, it goes without saying that anything could.

Of course there is another side to the picture. The country districts were drained of their men, horses, mules and produce. The farmers and the women were not speculators. They felt the evils of war long before the contending armies were in their neighborhood. This state of affairs reacted upon the army in the field. Our soldiers and farmers had to stand or fall together, and both were involved in the general wreck. The speculators had their turn later.