

Something About the "New Man."

HE BELIEVES IN PRAISING THOSE TO WHOM PRAISE IS DUE.

A Story from Tennessee which is the Equal of that of J. M. Foster Published in these Columns Some Weeks Ago.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tennessee.

Many and various are the discussions of the "new woman," but most of the women we've seen have no aspirations toward the emancipation of their sex from any yoke except the burdensome yoke of ill health. They all seem to think—and think rightly—that their proper field is their home, and to work faithfully in this field she must be strong and hearty. Care is peculiarly a woman's heritage. But it was not the "new woman" or any other kind of woman that we started out to talk about. It is a "man in the case" this time, and a man, too, that thinks he is the newest kind of a "new man."

From what he tells us, he has good cause to think so. There is no comparison between his present state of feeling and that of two years ago. But let the following speak for itself. We published a few weeks ago a statement of the miraculous cure of Mr. J. M. Foster, of Carter's Creek, now one of the Herald's men, from locomotor ataxia (a disease said to be incurable), by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The account was read by numbers of people who were eye-witnesses of his bodily ailing and who know what Mr. Foster stated to be true beyond a peradventure of a doubt; it was read by others, also, who believe it just the same as if they, too, had seen all, because Mr. Foster is well known over the country to be a man of unimpeachable veracity.

So strong is his belief in the Dr. Williams' Pills, he has instructed a number of other people to use them, and all have become as new persons.

One of the number is a young man of Southport, Maury County, Tennessee, Mr. S. F. Murphy. He is only twenty-one years old, and being of rather a delicate constitution, has been afflicted the greater part of his life.

Young Murphy says, he verily believes that very few people of any age or climate have been called upon to endure the bodily suffering which he has undergone.

In an interview with the Herald, he told us the following, which we give in his own words:

"Five years ago I was attacked with a severe spell of la grippe, which affected me very much. However, with the summer before me, I gradually grew better until I considered myself nearly well, when in September following I was prostrated by an attack of malarial fever.

"I took the medicine administered by our family physician and was soon on foot again, though with a large amount of malarial in my system. Being in a low state of health, I was troubled all winter with dreadful colds and coughs.

"The following spring I was again attacked with another severe case of malarial fever, and only rallied in part from this spell when, at the suggestion of some of my friends, I resorted to various patent medicines for relief, but without satisfactory results. The malarial continued, and there was no end to my tacking cold, which at last began to settle on my left lung, which was weak, inasmuch as it had undergone the terrible effects of an abscess when I was quite small. As a result expectoration began and grew worse until May, 1894.



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But Brant had been watching her varying expression, her kindling eye, her strange masculine grasp of military knowledge, her soldierly phraseology, all so new to her, that he scarcely heeded the feminine ending of her speech. It seemed to him no longer the Diana of his youthful fancy, but some Pallas Athene who now looked up at him from the pillow. He had never before fully believed in her unselfish devotion to the cause, until now, when it seemed to have almost unsexed her. In his wildest comprehension of her he had never dreamed her a Joan of Arc, and yet that was the face which might have confronted him, exalted and inspired, on the battlefield itself. He recalled himself with an effort.

"I thank you for your would-be warning," he said, more gently, if not tenderly, "and God knows I wish your fight had been successful. But even your warning is unnecessary. For the supports had already come up; they had followed only the second signal and diverged to engage our division on the left, leaving me alone. And their ruse of drawing our commander to assist me would not have been successful, as I had suspected it and sent a message to him that I wanted no help."

It was the truth—it was the sole purport of the note he had sent through Miss Faulkner. He might not have disclosed it, but so great was the strange domination of this woman still over him that he felt compelled to assert his superiority. She fixed her eyes upon him. "And Miss Faulkner took your message," she said, slowly. "Don't deny it! No one else could have passed through our lines, and you gave her a safe conduct through yours. Yes! I might have known it. And this is the creature they sent me for an ally and confidant!"

For an instant Brant felt the sting of this enforced contrast between the two women. But he only said: "You forget that I did not know you were the spy, nor do I believe that she suspected you were my wife."

"Why should she?" she said, almost fiercely. "I am known among these people only by the name of Benham—my maiden name. Yes! you can take me out and shoot me under that name, without disgracing yours. Nobody will know that the southern spy was the wife of the northern general. You see I have thought even of that!"

"And thinking that," said Brant, slowly, "you have put yourself—I will not say in my power—for you are in the power of any man in this camp, who may know you, or even hear you speak. Well—let us understand each other plainly. I do not know how great a sacrifice your devotion to your cause demands of you. I do not know what it seems to demand of me. Hear me, then! I will do my best to protect you and get you safely away from here; but, failing that, I tell you plainly that I shall blow out your brains and my own together."

She knew that he would do it. Yet her eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awakening light; she put back her hair again and half-raised herself upon the pillow to gaze at his dark, set face.

"And as I shall let no other life but ours be periled in this affair," he went on, quietly, "and will accompany you myself, in some disguise, beyond the lines, we will take the risks together—or the bullets of the sentries that may save us both all further trouble. An hour or two more will decide this. Until that time your condition will excuse you from any disturbance or intrusion here. The mulatto woman you have sometimes personated may be still in this house; I will appoint her to attend you. I suppose you can trust her, for you must personate her again, and escape in her clothes, while she takes your place in this room as my prisoner."

"Clarence!"

Her voice had changed suddenly; it was no longer bitter and strident, but low and thrilling, as he had heard her call to him that night in the patio of Robles. He turned quickly. She was leaning from her bed—her thin white hands stretched appealingly toward him.

"Let us go together, Clarence," she said, eagerly. "Let us leave this horrible place—those vulgar, cruel people, forever! Come with me! Come with me to my people, to my own faith, to my own house, which shall be yours! Come with me to defend it with your good sword, Clarence, against those vile invaders, with whom you have nothing in common and who are the dirt under your feet. Yes! Yes! I know you! I have done you wrong; I have lied to you when I spoke against your skill and power. You are a hero—a born leader of men! I know it! Have I not heard it from the men who have fought against you, and yet admired and understood you, and yet admired and understood you, and yet admired and understood you? Gallant men, Clarence! Soldiers bred, who did not know what you were to me, nor how proud I was of you, even while I hated you! Come with me! Think what we would do together, with one faith, one cause, one ambition! Think, Clarence, there is no limit you might not attain! We are no regards of our rewards and honors, we have no hirelings' votes to truckle to; we know our friends! Even I, Clarence, I—there was a strange pathos in the sudden humility that seemed to overtake her—"I have had my reward and have no more."

to the highest. Don't turn from me. I am offering you no bribe, Clarence, only your deserts. Come with me! Leave those curs behind and live the hero that you are!"

He turned his blazing eyes upon her. "If you were a man!" he began, passionately, then stopped.

"No! I am a woman and must fight in a woman's way," she interrupted, lightly. "I entreat, I implore, I creep where you stand upright, and pass through doors to which you would not bow. You wear the blazon of honor on your shoulder. I hide mine in a slave's gown. And yet I have worked and striven and suffered! Listen, Clarence—" her voice again sank to its appealing minor. "I know what you men call 'honor'—which makes you cling to a merely spoken word and an empty oath. Well, let that pass! I am weary; I have done my share of this work, you have done yours. Let us both fly; let us leave the fight to those who shall come after us and let us go together to some distant land where the sounds of these guns or the blood of our brothers no longer cry out to us for vengeance! There are those living there—I have met them, Clarence—"

she went on, hurriedly, "who think it wrong to lift up fratricidal hands in the struggle, yet who cannot live under the northern yoke. They are—" her voice hesitated, "good men and women—they are respected—they are—"

"Recrants and slaves, before whom you, spy, as you are, stand a queen!" broke in Brant, passionately. He stopped and turned back toward the window. After a pause he came back again toward the bed, paused again, and then said in a lower voice: "Four years ago, Alice, in the patio of our house at Robles, I might have listened to this proposal, and, I tremble to think, I might have accepted it. I loved you; I was as weak, as selfish, as unreflecting, my life as purposeless, but for you, as the creatures you speak of. But give me now at least the credit of a devotion to my cause equal to your own, which I have never denied you. For the night that you left me I awoke to a sense of my own worthlessness and degradation—perhaps I have even to thank you for this awakening—and I realize the bitter truth. But that night I found my true vocation, my purpose, my manhood—"

A bitter laugh came from the pillow on which she had languidly thrown herself. "I believe I left you with Mrs. Hooker—apart me the details."

The blood rushed to Brant's face, and then receded as suddenly.

"You left me with Capt. Pinkney, who had tempted you, and whom I killed!" he said, furiously.

They were both staring at each other. Suddenly he said: "Hush!" and sprang towards the door, as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed along the passage. But he was too late; it was brown open to the officer of the guard who appeared standing on the threshold.

"Two confederate officers arrested hovering around our pickets. They demand to see you."

Before Brant could interpose two men, in riding cloaks of confederate gray, stepped into the room with a jaunty and self-confident air.

"Not demand, general," said the foremost, a tall, distinguished-looking man, lifting his hand with a graceful deprecating air. "In fact, too sorry to bother you with an affair of no importance except to ourselves. A bit of after-dinner bravado brought us in contact with your pickets, and of course we had to take the consequences. Served us right, and we were lucky not to have got a bullet through us. God! I'm afraid my men would have been less discreet! I am Col. Lagrange, of the Fifth Tennessee; my young friend here is Capt. Faulkner, of the First Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none for me! I—"

He stopped, for his eyes suddenly fell upon the bed and its occupant. Both he and his companion started. But to the natural unaffected daintiness of gentleman who had unwittingly intruded upon a lady's bedchamber, Brant's quick eye saw a more disastrous concern superadded. Col. Lagrange was quick to recover himself, as they both removed their caps.

"A thousand pardons," he said, hurriedly, stepping backwards to the door. "But I hardly need say to a fellow-officer, general, that we had no idea of making so gross an intrusion! We heard some cock-and-bull story of your being occupied with an escaped or escaping nigger—or we should never have forced ourselves upon you."

Brant glanced quickly at his wife. Her face had apparently become rigid on the entrance of the two men; her eyes were coldly fixed upon the ceiling. He bowed formally, and with a wave of his hand toward the door, said: "I will hear your story below, gentlemen."

He followed them from the room, stopped to quietly turn the key in the lock, and then motioned them to precede him down the staircase.

CHAPTER VII.

Not a word was exchanged till they had reached the lower landing and Brant's private room. Dismissing his attendant and closing with a sign



There was no sound from within.

Brant turned toward his prisoners. The jaunty ease, but not the self-possession, had gone from Lagrange's face; the eyes of Capt. Faulkner were fixed on his older companion with a half-humorous look of perplexity.

"I am afraid I can only repeat, general, that our foolhardy freak has put us in collision with your sentries," said Lagrange with a slight hauteur that replaced his former jauntness; "and we were very properly made prisoners. If you will accept my parole I have no doubt our commander will proceed to exchange a couple of gallant fellows of yours, whom I have had the honor of meeting within our own lines, whom you must miss probably more than I fear our superiors miss us."

"Whatever brought you here, gentlemen," said Brant, dryly. "I am glad for your sake that you are in uniform, although it does not, unfortunately, relieve me of an unpleasant duty."

"I don't think I understand you," returned Lagrange, coldly.

"If you had not been in uniform you would probably have been shot down at once, without the trouble of capture," said Brant, quietly.

"Do you mean to imply, sir—" began Lagrange, sternly.

(To be continued.)

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On June 17, 1894, J. L. WARDEN, H. B. LOWMAN, Agent, Albany, Agent, Corvallis, EDW. STONE, Manager, Corvallis.

Hot Wave Amator

New York, Aug. 4.—There is every indication that the hot wave has passed. The thermometer has fallen to normal, and the humidity has been reported. The victims were: Felix Arndt, aged 32; Edward Capper, 28; William Wilson, 30; Edward Doll, 38; Margaret Roberts, 48; Agnes Eckel, 35; unknown Swede. The death record for this city has grown by 1130 to 41. The additional victims are: Charles D. Schmitt, 74; Arvin Ruppel, 2 months; George Burdick, 63; John Martin, 4. Four deaths have been reported in Brooklyn, as follows: Prosper Garcia, 70; John M. Ferraro, 67; Thomas Brady, 66; Phillip Ott, 62.

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