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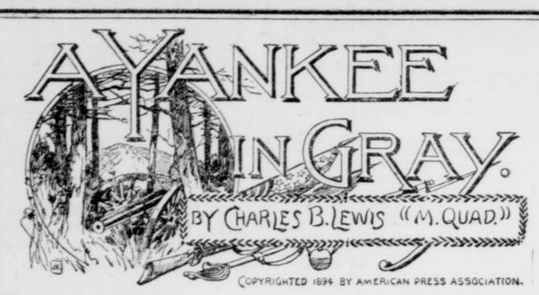

It must open its eyes. It must wink and blink and nap again. It must stretch and yawn and complain. It is as if a huge tortoise was trying to work loose from its shell.

Banks was getting ready for his move. Every report which Kenton received as he neared the front went to assure him of the fact. He was on foot, dodging from forest to forest and from field to field and betraying himself only to a few whom he knew could be trusted. After the first day out he became satisfied that he was being dogged by Reube Parker. The latter must also have been provided with a pass to take him through all Confederate lines, but though he hung to Kenton's trail he did not betray his presence except by accident. Everywhere along Banks' front were evidences that a forward move was on the tapis, and before Kenton's work was finished he had secured a pretty fair estimate of the Federal strength. Banks knew that Confederate scouts and spies would be seeking information, and he was guarding against them as much as possible by covering his front with scouting parties of cavalry.

Just before sundown on the second day of his scouting along the front Kenton came very near crossing a highway up which a Federal scouting party were quietly riding in hopes to come upon game of some sort. The rattle of a trooper's saber put him on his guard, and he had just time to sink down in the bushes to escape observation. Not

Just time to sink down in the bushes to escape observation.

so with the man who had been dogging him. He was aiming to cross the road lower down, and as he stepped out a dozen carbines were leveled at him, and he was a prisoner in an instant. Kenton was too far away to hear what was said, but we can relate it. Reube Parker no sooner found himself in the hands of the enemy than he asked for the captain in command and said:

"I don't deny bein a scout, and yo' see me yere in Confederate uniform with a pass signed by Gineral Jackson. Thar's two of us, and I reckon yo' might as well get the other one while yo'r about it."

"Do you mean that you were in the company of another Confederate scout?" asked the captain.

"That's what I mean."

"And where is he?"

"Round yere sumwhar, I reckon. If yo'll beat up the bushes purty lively, yo'll be apt to uncover him."

"I'll have the locality searched, of course," said the captain after a long, hard look at Reube, "but it strikes me you are a mighty mean man to give your comrade away."

"Yaas, I reckon it does," imprudently drawled Reube, "and mebbe I'd better tell yo' why. It's bekase he un's another of yo'—a reg'lar bo'n Yank who's mean 'nuff to sell out both sides if he could! Reckon he's got lots of news fur Gineral Jackson this time, and yo'll git a prize if yo' git hold o' him!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Ike Baxter's wife made her way to the Percy mansion to find everything in confusion. Every neighbor had fled, and such friends as remained were exaggerating the results of Jackson's defeat and retreat. Reports were brought in by this one and that one that Jackson himself intended to burn the town and leave only desolation behind him as he fell back. As a consequence, though brave enough during the early part of the day, night came to find Marian and her mother full of alarm. This was added to by Mrs. Baxter's appearance. Her errand appeared to be to give information of the servants who had fled in terror, and in this way she gained admission to the presence of the ladies, though as she left the kitchen Uncle Ben shook his head and muttered to himself:

"I nebber did like dem white trash folks 'tall, an I can't a-bear to hev 'em around. I know dat man ob hers, an de two ob'em together hain't worf shucks!"

The Percys had heard a rumor that several of the guards had been killed or captured at Kernstown, but had no reliable information. Mrs. Baxter gave the number and their names. The last name on her list was that of Royal Kenton, and she added the information that it was believed by all the surviving guards that Kenton was to be held responsible.

"I don't see how," quickly replied Marian as a look of pain and surprise came to her face. "He braved danger with the rest, and he was also made prisoner."

"I'm sure I dunno, but I'm tellin yo' what they all say," remarked the woman. "Didn't know but Captain Wyle had told yo' all how it happened."

"No. He has not been here."

"Everybody's cheerin and shakin hands with he un, 'cause he un was so brave. He un killed 10 Yankees with his sword in that fout. Gineral Jackson shook hands with him down at the tavern befo' all the people. Reckon he un will be made a grand ossifer fur bein so brave."

She had given Kenton a shot and Wyle a lift, as she thought, and satisfied for the time being she asked if she could be of assistance during the absence of the servants, adding that nearly the entire colored population of the town had fled, and that most of them would probably be picked up by the Federals and sent north. Under the circumstances her offer was eagerly accepted, and she had gained the point she was seeking. While Marian and her mother were nervous and upset over the situation, they had no thought of flight. It was certain that Jackson would retreat up the valley, and that Shields would occupy Winchester, but they were too sensible to fear that the town would be given up to sack. They were preparing to retire when they were aroused by the call of a citizen acquaintance who had made all preparations for flight and felt it his duty to warn them of the perils of the situation. He repeated the story that the town was to be burned and the valley laid waste, and added that news had been received from the front to the effect that the advancing Federals were applying the torch and dealing out death as they advanced. He advised them to lose no time in retreating up the valley. This information added the climax.

In the Alleghany mountains to the west, 50 miles away, was a rough but comfortable house surrounded by a few acres of land which Senator Percy had owned for years before his death and occupied with his family for several weeks in summer. There he had found good shooting and fishing and rest. After receiving the latest "news" and sitting down to wonder what they should do, mother and daughter remembered the place and its quiet location and soon determined that if flight was necessary it should be in that direction. It was out of the track of the armies, and they would not be disturbed, and they might hope that after a few weeks the Confederates would either regain permanent possession of the valley or that war would be at an end. The faith of the south in its soldiery was sublime, and it never wavered until the last gun was fired at Appomattox.

To decide was to act. While the ladies set about packing whatever they might need, Uncle Ben was told to have a vehicle ready for a move at daylight. When Mrs. Baxter was informed of the contemplated move, she promptly volunteered to go along, and her offer was as promptly accepted. It was not only a part of her plan to maintain an espionage on Marian, but to be on hand when opportunity might offer to favor Captain Wyle's cause. Such a flight would bring mistress and servant closer together. There was a grim determination about the woman worthy of a far better cause. She hated Royal Kenton simply because she believed he stood in the way of Ike's advancement. She would be faithful to Captain Wyle simply because it would assist Ike. She had always fretted because Ike had no ambition to climb up. His excuse had always been:

"Dod rot my infernal hide, but how's a feller goin to start? Show me a way to climb, and I'll git thar or die tryin!"

The war had opened a way. No matter if Ike was regarded as the poorest soldier in his company and the last one who would deserve promotion, he had made her believe that he was on the road to military glory, and that on his "success depended her opportunity to become somebody." She was ambitious even if poor and ignorant. In some way which she could not yet determine Kenton was to disappear, Captain Wyle was to wed Marian, and Ike was to become "a great gineral and ride around on a critter."

There was no sleep for any of them during the remainder of the night. Uncle Ben got a wagon ready to carry provisions and clothing and a few articles of furniture and the family carriage in which the women were to ride, and as dawn was breaking a start was made up the valley. They had company on the road. Four or five farmers below Winchester had set fire to their own houses and barns and come into town, and during the night artillery firing had created a new panic among the residents of the city. Marian had been made anxious by the story told by Mrs. Baxter the evening before—not that she put any faith in the report, because she had become aware that Kenton's position was a painful one, but because she realized that the situation would become still more grave. She worried over his capture and feared he might have been wounded, and she couldn't help but feel that, no matter how brave and loyal he was, he would become a victim of conspiracy and circumstance. She was somewhat consoled, however, when she went to the carriage house in the gray of morning to notify Uncle Ben that all was ready. His life service in the family had given him certain privileges, and on certain occasions he did not hestitate to express his opinions.

"See yere, Miss Sunshine," he began, "what 'bout dat white woman in de kitchen?"

"She's to go with us," was the reply.

"Den let me tell yo' to look out for her. Nose too sharp. Face too sharp. Eyes jest like snaik's. Walks aroun jest like a cat!"

"Why, how can she hurt us?"

"Tellin lies."

"About what or whom?"

"Look yere," replied the old man, dropping his voice and looking around, "I'ze gettin purty ole, but I hain't dun blind or deaf. I knows all 'bout dat Yankee Kenton an dat Captain Wyle. I knows dey boaf wants to marry yo'! Dar now!"

"Why, Uncle Ben!" she reproachfully exclaimed.

"It's jest like I tole yo', leetle Sunshine. 'Member when dat Ike Baxter dun cum home on a furbelow 'bout six weeks ago?"

"I believe I did hear he was home."

"An all de time he was home he dun 'bused Mars Kenton up hill an down. What fur? What he got to say 'bout

"It's jest like I tole yo', leetle Sunshine."

his betters? What his wife 'buse Mars Kenton fur? Why she mad at him? Yo' know whar she libs?"

"No."

"In dat house jest beyan de cooper shop. Yo' know who I dun saw go in dar yesterday?"

"No."

"Dat Captain Wyle! What he want dar, hey? I know! He want her to cum yere an tell yo' whoppin big lies 'bout de Yankee lawyer an praise hisself up at de same time! I jest tell yo' to look out fur dat woman!"

Uncle Ben had taken a dislike to Mrs. Baxter at first sight and didn't want her to go along. He had not devoted a minute to wondering if she had a plan or seeking to discover what it was. He had fathomed it by that sense of intuition which is often strongest in the most ignorant minds. More to quiet him than for any other reason Marian promised to be on her guard, but during the day she decided in her own mind that there might be more in it than appeared on the surface. On two or three occasions when Kenton's name was mentioned she noticed the hard look which came into Mrs. Baxter's face and the tinge of bitterness in her tones, and these things had much to do with her decision.

CHAPTER XV.

We follow Jackson up and down the valley because his movements are threads of our story, and he must be driven away to introduce new characters. Shields had scarcely ceased pursuit when a Federal army under Banks was sent into the valley. No one supposed Jackson had recovered from his defeat when he suddenly moved an army of 12,000 men down to New Market, crossed the Shenandoah river and the mountain range to the east and was in the Luray valley before an alarm was raised. There was a Federal force stationed at Front Royal, and he was moving to attack it.

An army in the march is a monster serpent on the move. Far in advance are cavalry scouts. Then follows a body of troopers. After that comes the advance guard of infantry. Then artillery, more infantry, more artillery, and finally the wagon train. The highway is packed with a living, moving mass for miles and miles. Infantry and cavalry overflow into the adjacent fields on the right and left. Where there is a bend in the road they cut across it. Horses fall lame or sick and are abandoned. Wagons break down and are unloaded and set on fire. Guns and caissons get mixed or upset in the ditches, and a hundred men lend their aid. Sore footed men stagger and limp and finally throw themselves down and declare they can go no farther. Here and there a musket is accidentally discharged, followed by a shriek and a fall, and half an hour later the victim fills a grave by the roadside. The mass advances a quarter of a mile and halts. Another quarter of a mile and another halt. Only in the case of a single regiment is there freedom to step out and march at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

The trail of a marching army, even in a country of friends, is a trail of ruin and desolation. Every soldier is an engine of destruction. He has a feeling that he must desolate and destroy. Trees are felled and fences pulled down to repair the roads, gardens are despoiled, crops are trampled under foot, fruit trees denuded of their branches, stacks and barns fired by accident or design. It is as if a fierce cyclone had passed over the country, followed by a plague.

So Jackson's army swept forward to Front Royal. His command outnumbered the Federal force four to one, and his presence was not suspected until his artillery began to thunder. The Federal commander soon discovered the situation, but he did not retreat without a fight. He gathered his handful of men, posted them to cover the town, and for an hour they held Jackson at bay. It was only when they were almost surrounded that they gave way and sought shelter in the passes of the mountain. Jackson paused only long enough to burn such Federal stores as he could not handily carry away and then swept down the Luray, bent to the left, and next day was before Winchester. He attacked and recaptured the town and drove every Federal to the Potomac and across it before he halted again.

Then the Federal government grasped the situation, and three different armies were dispatched to close in on Jackson and destroy him. The battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic followed, and Jackson fell back to join Lee and take part in the battle which was to sweep McClellan from the peninsula. The Shenandoah and the Luray were now in possession of the Federals, to be held till the close of the war, but only with desperate fighting at intervals.

And now the gallant Custer, with his command, reached the Shenandoah with the army of occupation—a young man, fresh from West Point, on whom the volunteer officers looked with distrust, but only waiting to prove his worth. Custer belonged to Michigan. His first command was the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh cavalry regiments of that state, known as the Michigan cavalry brigade. While his fame was national, while his sad death years after the war in that terrible massacre touched the heart of every American, it is in Michigan more than anywhere else that his memory is reverenced. It will live there until every soldier and soldier's son and grandson sleeps beneath the sod. The plains of northern Virginia were given up to fierce battles between infantry, the valleys to desperate charges and bloody conflicts between the opposing cavalry forces.

Jackson had looked his last upon the Shenandoah. He was to become Lee's right arm and fight elsewhere until his fall in the darkness on the bush lined highway at Chancellorsville. Another took his place, and the dead Ashby was replaced by Stuart to lead the cavalry.

Let us go back to Royal Kenton. We left him just as Reube Parker had been made prisoner by a Federal scouting party. Reube basely sought to betray him, but he failed of his purpose. The Federal captain beat up the neighborhood as thoroughly as possible, but Kenton slipped through his fingers and returned to Jackson to make his report. It was his information, seconded no doubt by that of others, which decided Jackson's move to Front Royal. While the general seemed pleased at Kenton's success, the latter could not fail to perceive that something was yet amiss. In his own mind he felt sure that he was mistrusted, and it was easy to conclude why. Not that he had failed in any one particular to do his duty, but that the officers and men of his own company, for reasons already given, were seeking his downfall. When he had finished his report, he was ordered to his company, and again he found only one man to give him greeting. Steve Brayton chuckled with satisfaction as he extended his hand and asked for particulars. The others only gave him looks of distrust. When Kenton was asked regarding Reube Parker and had made his explanations, Steve grew thoughtful and serious and finally replied:

"It's a good joke on the captain, but I'm troubled as to how it will end up. I jest reckon they ar' mean 'nuff to charge yo' with killin Reube. They can't prove it, but it will get the gineral down on yo' and make things wuss. Dod blast the fules anyway! Why can't they give yo' a fa'r show even if yo' be a Yank?"

The crisis came next day. Reube Parker had been carried into the Federal camps as a prisoner, but owing to the confusion and excitement was not strictly guarded and managed to make his escape and arrive at Confederate headquarters less than 24 hours after Kenton. After a brief interview with Captain Wyle the pair proceeded to General Jackson's headquarters, and when they left it Royal Kenton was sent for. General Jackson was a plain, blunt spoken man. Even while planning the great campaign on which he was to enter within three or four days he had determined to give this matter attention. Reube Parker had charged Kenton with bringing about his capture for revenge. Captain Wyle had stated that he and all his company distrusted his loyalty. The general asked the scout for a statement of facts, and Kenton gave it to him, concealing no occurrence from the date of his enlistment. The general listened attentively and without interruption. Then Reube Parker, who had been sent for and was in waiting, was ushered in to confront Kenton. He was a bad man, but not a nervy one. In five minutes it was apparent that he had lied, and he was dismissed. Then Kenton was asked to step out, and Steve Brayton, whom he had several times referred to, was ushered in. He told a straight story, and it was greatly to the discredit of Captain Wyle. When Kenton again returned to the general's presence, the latter kindly said:

"It is a matter I very much regret, and I do not see how I can mend it just yet. I will, however, do what I think is best for all."

That "best" resulted in both Kenton and Brayton being detailed temporarily to the quartermaster's department. When Jackson moved away for the Luray valley, all the guards were mounted, having been transferred to the cavalry, but the pair were left behind in disgrace. So they considered it, and they were further humiliated by the jeers and flings from comrades as they filed past.

"Dod rot 'em!" growled Steve.

"Dod rot 'em, but this 'ere laughin match hain't over yit!" growled Steve as he shook his fist at the backs of his comrades. "Yo' ar' doin the grinnin jest now, but it'll be our turn bimeby! Befo' this fuss is over with the southern confederacy will be powerful glad of every man it kin rake and scrape into the ranks!"

Kenton had nothing to say. He was even secretly glad that the machinations of his enemies had resulted in nothing worse. In his pocket at that very hour he had a letter from Marian detailing the family flight from Winchester, informing him of their destination and counseling him to do his duty as a soldier and not be disturbed over the plots of his enemies. She knew that he was being maligned and vilified for her sake, so she wrote, but she hoped to be worthy of all the sacrifices he might be compelled to make.

"Say, Kenton," exclaimed Steve as he suddenly turned on him, "why don't yo' rip and cuss and tear an show yo'r feelin's?"

"We have both been wronged," slowly replied Kenton, "but time will make all things right if we do our duty loyally and faithfully."

"I reckon so," said Steve as he turned away, "but yo' Yanks is a durned cur'us lot o' critters jest the same!"

CHAPTER XVI.

While Jackson was pressing on to join Lee most of his cavalry was detached and left in the valley. The Shenandoah guards, which had dropped the title when transferred to the cavalry, were a portion of Imboden's command. The Federals poured into the Shenandoah and Luray from the north and recaptured everything and pressed the Confederates slowly back to Staunton. Neither side was strong enough to possess and hold the valley. The Confederate occupation defended one of the roads to Richmond. The Federal occupation defended one of the roads to Washington. There were scouting and raiding and clashing of sabers, but nothing like a general battle resulted. Both commanders had been instructed to avoid this and watch the mighty movements developing elsewhere.

What is a battle like—a battle in which 10,000 men fall in their tracks to die with the roar of the guns still sounding in their ears and as many more lie there for hours cursing and groaning and praying with the pain of their wounds? McClellan was on both sides of the Chickahominy, with the spires of Richmond in view. His front was miles long and defended by rifle pits, earthworks, felled trees and natural obstructions. More than 100,000 Federals faced Lee along this line. Behind them were camps and wagon trains and field hospitals and supplies cumbering the ground for miles and miles.

McClellan was about to attack. He was even writing his order when Lee fell upon his wing at Mechanicsville. That was a feint. The fight at Meadow Bridge, directly in front of his center, was a piece of strategy. The assault upon his wing at Cold Harbor was meant to annihilate him. The battle ground was made up of swamps, cleared fields, patches of forest, timber covered hills and old fields grown up to bushes and briers. McClellan had two and three lines of earthworks here, and here his guns were planted as thickly as men could work them. Longstreet and Hill attacked here. They knew the strength of the position; they had counted the odds. There was no skirmishing, no waiting. On a front three miles long the Confederates suddenly appeared and rushed forward to the attack. Had they numbered five times as many they would have been beaten back. They were repulsed again and again by the fire which seemed to burn them off the face of the earth, but those who lived came back again more desperate than before. Only their leaders knew why this terrible sacrifice was being offered up to the god of war. Lee had planned with Jackson. Jackson had left the valley by way of Brown's gap to fall upon McClellan's flank at Cold Harbor. The sacrifice in front was to give Jackson time and to mask his movement.

And so Longstreet and Hill advanced again and again to the sacrifice until their dead and wounded outnumbered the living. The afternoon sun was sinking lower and lower. By and by it was only an hour high. Then the roar of battle along the front suddenly ceased. Had the remnants of regiments and brigades become panic stricken at the awful waste of life and fled from the field? Had they sullenly refused to obey orders to advance again? Had Lee given up all hope of success and withdrawn from that front? For five minutes scarcely a musket was discharged. Then from the heavy forest directly on the flank of the position Jackson appeared. The flank of an army is its weak spot. Even if attacked in the rear it can face about and fight with hope of success, but if the flank gives way disaster follows. Jackson's coming was a surprise. His attack was as sudden as the stroke of a bell. It dumfounded and dismayed the Federal flank, but only for a few minutes. McClellan was not far away. He had fathomed Lee's plans and discovered his true object. The flank gave back until it had a front of a mile long, and then it halted and battled to save that great army. What was to be done must be done right there. Re-enforcements were ordered up, guns advanced, and for an hour there was such fighting as war had never witnessed before.

To be Continued.

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A man of ingenious mind and apparently ample leisure has gone to the trouble of figuring out the number of lawsuits brought in each country in a year, and he has reached the conclusion that the United States is a better country for attorneys and counselors than any other civilzed land under the sun. He figures as lawsuits civil actions only, taking into no account proceedings of a criminal character brought by the public authorities against individuals. He has ascertained that, taking the figures for the last ten years as a fair average, there are 1,250,000 lawsuits brought in England every year, 750,000 in France, 1,400,000 in Italy, 3,300,000 in Germany and 5,500,000 in the United States.

It is not to be inferred from this that the people of one country are much more prone to litigation than are the people of another, but the explanation is to be found in the fact that the conditions of litigation vary exceedingly. Going to law in England is very expensive business, for it entails outlays in the form of costs and expenses so large that many of the courts are practically closed to persons of modest means, and a long litigation unsuccessfully pursued ends often in bankruptcy. In France the number of lawsuits is kept down through the general practice of "arbitration," as many as 100,000 cases in a year, especially those arising from disputes over wages, being settled by this agency without onerous cost to either party. In Germany a great majority of cases are petty ones, involving a small amount of money and due, many of them, to customs or usages which are not sufficiently defined to be, in all cases, similarly understood by both parties to an agreement. This is especially the case in the farming districts of Germany, and there are many legal disputes in the manufacturing districts too.

The number of cases credited to the United States seems enormous, but it is probably accurate. There are, for example, 11 district courts for the disposal of civil cases in New York city. In one of these courts, by recent report, the number of actions brought in a year was shown to be 9,100. These courts have before them each year, on the average, 75,000 cases. The cases brought in the state courts of New York amount in a year to about 150,000, and of those brought in the federal courts New York furnishes a very large number. Taking the whole country through, it is seen that the average number of cases per thousand of population is in the neighborhood of 75 to 85. The number of lawyers in the United States is materially larger than in any other country in the world, and the amounts in dispute here are much greater than elsewhere.—New York Sun.

BUENOS AYRES.

Argentine's Capital Is the Queen of the Southern Hemisphere.

The omniscient Whitaker, under the heading "British Possessions In Australasia," states that Melbourne, with its suburbs, contained on Dec. 31, 1894, an estimated population of 444,832 inhabitants, "being the most populous city in the southern hemisphere." We have always understood Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres to be also in the southern hemisphere, and, oddly enough, Whitaker himself gives larger figures for both of these cities than for Melbourne. The remark is probably one that has been at some time true and has been carried on from year to year.

In any case, the results of the census establish incontestably the claim of Buenos Ayres to be the greatest city of South America and of the southern hemisphere. With allowance for imperfections in the execution of the census, inseparable from the way in which it was carried out, the figure 655,688 may be taken as practically correct, and no other city in this half of the world can lay claim to possessing within 100,000 of this number of inhabitants.

The population of Buenos Ayres is thus larger than that of any city of the United Kingdom, except London and Glasgow. It is considerably larger than that of Liverpool or Birmingham, and it is only about 50,000 less than the combined populations of Manchester and Salford. Of the great cities of Europe only Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Constantinople and Moscow surpass Buenos Ayres, and in North America only New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and Philadelphia. Our city is the second city of the Latin world, surpassing Madrid, Naples and Rome in Europe and Rio Janeiro, Santiago, Lima and Mexico in the new world. The rate of growth is no less remarkable than the actual size, for in the last eight years Buenos Ayres has increased about 50 per cent.—Buenos Ayres Review.

New York's River Tunnel.

There is a big hole under North river. Some day it will be a tunnel connecting this city and Hoboken. No work has been done for four years, but the owners of the hole are now trying to raise money in London to complete their tunnel before a bridge can be built over North river. Only 1,230 feet remain to connect the two holes bored from either shore, each of which is now full of water. This water has simply soaked through since work was abandoned on the death of the principal backer. So far $3,000,000 has been poured into the hole, and only $500,000 will be required to complete it.—New York Letter.

Make Clothing For Dogs.

It is well known that there are dentists in London and in Paris whose specialty it is to fit lapdogs with a set of false teeth. It now appears from a Parisian monthly magazine of fashions that there are tailors and fashion plates for dogs. The list of garments includes mackintoshes, Jaeger vests, comforters and respirators, side pockets with a lace handkerchief inside, fur collars, small silk umbrellas, which dogs are taught to carry over the head.—Chicago Tribune.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,200 feet in the water can be heard only 456 feet in the air.

CHINESE JUGGLERS.

Some of the Strange and Startling Feats That They Perform.

Chinese jugglers and Indian fakirs have pretty much the same "stock in trade." Here is an account of some tricks performed by a Chinese:

When the conjurer asked the spectators what they wanted to see, some one called for a pumpkin.

"A pumpkin," answered the conjurer; "that is impossible. Pumpkins are out of season."

However, he was only talking, for presently he took a pumpkin seed and planted it in the earth. Then, having made his little son, 4 or 5 years old, lie down, he thrust a knife into his throat. The blood poured out into a vessel, and with it the man moistened the spot where the seed had been planted.

Next he covered the corpse with a cloth and placed a wooden bell over the seed. In a few moments a sprout was seen rising from the soil. It grew and grew and burst into flower. The flower fell, the pumpkin showed itself and increased in size with extraordinary rapidity.

As soon as it was ripe the man picked it from the stalk, showed it to the public and took up a collection, after which, of course, he lifted the cloth and found the boy perfectly unharmed.

The second feat, by a different performer, was even more startling. A peach was called for by one of the spectators.

"It is March," said the magician. "The land is still icebound. Peaches are not to be obtained now except in paradise."

"Oh, well," answered the spectators, "you are a sorcerer and ought to be able to bring a peach down from heaven."

The conjurer grumbled, but finally consented to see what he could do. He began by weaving a roll of ribbon, which he cast into the air. It took at once the shape of a ladder, which went up to a tremendous height. On it he placed a child, and the little fellow ran up the rungs like a monkey. Up, up he went till he vanished in the clouds.

Some moments passed, then a peach dropped from the sky. The magician picked it up, cut it into slices and offered it to the bystanders. It was a real peach.

Then a horrible thing happened. The head of the child dropped out of the sky and was followed by the trunk and then the legs. With tears in his eyes the man picked them up and placed them in a box. But after much show of grief and after the sympathetic spectators had taken up a collection for his benefit he opened the box and said, "Come forth, my child, and thank these kind gentlemen." At the word out leaped the child, alive and well.—Philadelphia Times.

A POINTER FOR THE CARELESS.

How Unused Railway Tickets May Be Redeemed at Slight Cost.

Some men with valuable unused railway tickets on their hands sell them to scalpers, while others go to the railway company that issued them and obtain their value in money. Most men, however, do neither, and accept the loss when the ticket is worth less than a dollar. Indeed, many men do not realize that railway companies stand ready to redeem unused tickets even of small value, so that the companies must be richer by many thousands of dollars per year by reason of this neglect or ignorance.

Every railway ticket bears the name of the general passenger agent of the road issuing the same. It is a simple matter to inclose the ticket with a letter directed to the general passenger agent asking him to refund the money paid and explaining the reason why the ticket is left unused in the hands of the purchaser. It is courteous to inclose a stamped envelope in which the money may be returned.

When all these things have been done the company usually acknowledges the receipt of the ticket holder's communication and promises to investigate the matter. The investigation consists in the proper identification of the ticket and a little bookkeeping to set all right in the accounts. Then the purchaser receives from the company a check for the amount due, along with a letter requesting acknowledgment on the part of the recipient. That closes the transaction and there is no material loss on either side.—New York Sun.

A City Built In a Cherry Seed.

At the time of the French Crystal Palace exposition a Nuremberg toymaker exhibited a cherry stone within the cavity of which he had built a perfect plan of the city of Sevastopol, streets, railway approaches, bridges, etc.

A powerful microscope was used in exhibiting this wonderful miniature city, and it is estimated that not less than 500,000 people took a peep at the results of the toymaker's toil. Each of these 500,000 sightseers deposited a franc piece in the hands of the ingenious workman, the total of the cash thus taken in netting him a snug little fortune.—St. Louis Republic.

Homemade Mucilage.

A very convenient mucilage, says Invention, can be made out of onion juice by any one who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled for a short time, will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used extensively in various trades for pasting paper on to tin or zinc or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise any one on making the first attempt. It is a cheap and good mucilage and answers as well as the more costly cements.

She Knew What That Meant.

Sally—An after we are married will you keep on lovin me?

Rube—I'll love you till—till the cows come home, as the feller says.

Sally—Yaas, an then go down to the grocery an let me do all the milkin.—Indianapolis Journal.

Beat the Law.

Up at Hampden Park, in Springfield, when the Massachusetts antipool law was rigidly enforced a few years ago, Uncle Ed Morse and other pool sellers cleverly evaded it by putting up for sale at "auction" cards having printed on them the picture of a horse. "How much am I offered for this picture of Prince Wilkes?" was the query. "Sold for $100 to Mr. X. Prince Wilkes sold for $100, what do I hear for this picture of Patron?" It was easy enough. All the change was that the auctioneer had to say a few more words.—Hartford Times.

Waived Responsibility.

Wiggles—If anybody inquires for me within ten minutes, will you tell them that I'll be right back?

Waggles—No; I'll tell 'em you said you would.—Somerville Journal.

The man who does not overcome ennui by occupying himself soon tries to fly from it by intemperance. The idle man is almost necessarily vicious.

Some one says that, although it is sad to see family relics sold at auction, the most painful thing under the hammer is generally one's thumb nail.

Thos. F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne, Henry C. Rouse, Receivers.

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