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meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m.  
E. R. F. Pastor.  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every  
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uers 7:30. Services once a month.  
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Yanhill Lodge No. 10, D. of H. meets in Union  
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month.  
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Saturdays of each month at 8 o'clock a. m. at  
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on 4th Saturday. All members of the order are  
cordially invited to attend our meetings.  
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day at 3 p. m. in reading room, Union  
block. CLARA G. EASON, Pres.  
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**Oregon Central & Eastern**  
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# YANKEE

## IN GRAY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. QUAD")

"We uns is gone up this time for  
ash," observed Steve as Custer posted  
his brigade and then opened fire with a  
battery, "but I reckon we might sorter  
was hit, these Yanks couldn't 'a' got us  
all day."

"That's so! That's so!" shouted a  
hundred men. And the entire lot began  
cheering for Steve Bratton.

"And who are you, sir?" demanded  
the major, now pale with passion.

"Private Steve Bratton, sir, of Cap-  
tain Wyle's critter company, and I was  
left behind here because I was a friend  
of Kenton's."

"Oh, I see! Well, I'll see to your  
case at the same time as the others."

"Yes, and tell 'em that's 15 dead and  
wounded men to show what we uns did  
befo' we surrendered," replied Steve.

"Rush him! Rush him!" shouted  
the major, overjoyed by excitement and  
forgetting the respect due an officer.

The major backed away, but in an  
instant he was carried off his feet and  
rushed to the sentry line, and when he  
picked himself up off the grass he was  
bruised and battered and lay in a  
very dilapidated condition. Groans  
and hisses followed him as he walked  
away, and the laughter of the Federal  
troopers was in no sense a balm for his  
ruined pride.

It was noon before the stores were  
destroyed and the list of prisoners com-  
pleted. Then came an alarm. Colonel  
Mosby, who has been dubbed "The  
Bandit of the Potomac," and who was  
as regularly commissioned an officer  
in the Confederate army, appeared in  
the neighborhood with about 300 men,  
and before he was driven off and the  
prisoners were ready to start down the  
valley under guard it was midafter-  
noon.

"Yank, I've been thinkin this thing  
over," said Steve Bratton to Kenton as  
they moved off, "and I just tell you we  
uns did it. We wasn't neither Federals  
nor Confederates any more."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if we uns stay here, we'll be  
held prisoners for goodness knows how  
long, and if we get back to the Confed-  
erates we'll be held prisoners for good-  
ness knows how long. Say, yo' want to  
quit, and I don't know what yo' want  
to do with 'em. Hang me if I want to  
quit, and I don't know what yo' want  
to do with 'em. Go ahead."

"No."

"Well, then, don't yo' come party  
nigh been soft in the head? We uns  
don't want yo' on our side, and the Yanks  
don't want yo' on their side. Yo' want  
to shoot at yo' yo' yo' show they  
uns. If we uns don't, yo' want to  
yo' want to stay here? Yo' want to  
fight again, us, why don't yo' sorter  
drop out of the hull business and let  
go like a coon fallin from a limb?"

**CHAPTER XX.**  
Kenton made no reply to Steve Bratton's  
inquiry, but the latter noticed a  
look on the young man's face he had  
never seen before. The Virginian  
by adoption had pursued the course he  
thought was right. He had done his  
duty under all circumstances and had  
been thoroughly loyal to the cause  
which he espoused. Those beside him  
had been made every attempt to  
degrade and disgrace him and drive  
him out of the service. If he had not  
enlisted, he would have been called a  
traitor and driven away from his home  
with bodily injury. He had joined the  
cause and accepted it as brave men should.  
As the case now stood he could not leave  
the southern cause without being re-  
turned on the rolls as a deserter. If ex-  
changed, he would be put on trial, and  
he realized that enough influence could  
be brought to bear to further disgrace  
him.

"Look yere, Yank, what's botherin  
yo' head?" asked Steve after a few min-  
utes of silence.

"A good many things," was the re-  
ply.

"I've been figgerin a bit. Both Cap-  
tain Wyle and the major are now down  
on yo'. If yo' ever gets back to the  
Confederates, yo' they'll be up on  
yo' shoot yo'. Can't yo see it?"

"It looks that way to me."

"The Yanks may keep us six months,  
and deorn that time that's goin to be  
a long 'n' I'm afraid yo' 'll be gal.  
She'll be told that yo' deserted or  
be that yo' are dead. Yo' kin bet Cap-  
tain Wyle won't let no grass grow un-  
der his feet. I've heard that she was  
over in the mountains."

"And I was told that Captain Wyle  
and his critter company had bin sent  
back yere to help hold the Yanks.  
Can't yo see?"

"Yes, I can't see it."

"Why not? It's comin on dark, and  
it's goin to rain. See how the line has  
straggled! Them bluecoats hain't got  
more'n one eye open. Tell yo' what  
I'll do. I'll make a dash for it. I'll  
rain's over 30 miles to what yo' gal is.  
Go a head. See her powerful legs  
seen, and I reckon she may give yo'  
some good advice. Yo' 'll have a show to  
explain things anyway, and that will  
make dough of the captain's case."

"And what about yo'?" asked Kenton.

"Wasl, I'd just as lief run up there  
with yo'. I ain't just exactly satisfied  
with the way things are goin. I'll  
render to the Yanks again, and maybe  
I'll go back to the company and let  
the major pite it on and be hagged to  
him! I want a day or two to think it  
over. What do yo' say?"

"I'm agreed," replied Kenton after  
a moment's thought.

"That's bizness! Jest about 40 rods  
down yere I'll give yo' the word. We  
uns will break for them woods to the  
right. We'll be fired at and maybe  
killed, but we've got to take chances.  
Once we reach the woods we are safe."

The afternoon was rapidly fading into  
dusk, and a fine rain had begun to fall.  
The cavalrymen were strung out so that  
there was a gap of several feet between  
horses, and as the prisoners were sing-  
ing songs and seemed in good spirits the  
vigilance of the captors was naturally  
relaxed. The wall which inclosed the  
field on the right suddenly ended, and  
then came a field which was open be-  
cause the fencing had been used by sol-  
diers from one side or the other for their  
campfires. It was a distance of about  
80 rods to the edge of the woods, and  
it was likely they would not only be  
fired on, but pursued by some of the  
troopers. Bratton stepped into the road  
ahead of Kenton, increased his pace to  
reach the center of a gap between the  
troopers and suddenly threw up his  
hand as a signal.

Both men were well into the field and  
running at the top of their speed before  
an alarm was raised. Three or four of  
the troopers on that side opened fire  
with their carbines, but parents was  
prevented by a dozen other prisoners  
evinced a disposition to also make a  
bolt. Some of the half dozen bullets

came unpleasantly near, but not one  
struck the fugitives, and in two or three  
minutes they were safe in the woods.  
With darkness already at hand, there  
was no fear of pursuit.

"Yank, we uns did that as neat as a  
b'ar backin down a bee tree!" said  
Steve as they stopped to recover their  
breath and shake hands.

"And now what?" asked Kenton.

"Now for the mountains. Reckon  
we'd best put on steam and git out o'  
this locality as soon as possible. I know  
this ground and will lead the way."

Stopping to rest for a few minutes  
every hour or so, the pair held their  
course for the Alleghenies and about 3  
o'clock in the morning turned into a  
thicket among the foothills to rest and  
sleep. It was still raining, and the  
night was raw and cold, but they crept  
into the thick bushes and were soon fast  
asleep. It was 8 o'clock before they  
opened their eyes and then only because  
disturbed by a great clatter on the high-  
way only a few yards west of them.  
The first to move forward and make  
an investigation. He returned in four  
or five minutes to say:

"I can't jest make 'em out. There's  
about a hundred men, and all on crit-  
ters, and the hull heap are southerners,  
but only a few are in uniform. They  
can't be recruits goin to the army, be-  
cause they are goin the wrong way."

It may be a Confederate raiding or  
scouting party," suggested Kenton.

"Maybe so, but we uns don't want  
nuthin to do with 'em. Hang me if  
they hain't a bilious lookin lot!"

The fugitives waited for a quarter of  
an hour, but no more came, and they  
died away and then stole out into the  
highway. The rain had ceased, but it

was hit, these Yanks couldn't 'a' got us  
all day."

"That's so! That's so!" shouted a  
hundred men. And the entire lot began  
cheering for Steve Bratton.

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the major, now pale with passion.

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speed before an alarm was raised.

That whole crowd will be after us in-  
side or about.

"Don't holler befo' yo' hit, Yank!"  
laughed Steve. "If we uns hadn't took  
him, he'd hev taken us, and besides  
that it suddenly occurred to me that  
we'd got to be gettin straight up the  
mountain."

### CHAPTER XXI.

We have made no note of time. A  
year ago the fly was in the air, and  
by then a month of peace. The minutes  
of war are made up of its dead, its hours  
of campaigns which move a nation, its  
months of black figures relating the  
number of widows and orphans and hun-  
dreds of millions of dollars expended, its  
years of despair and desolation crying  
to heaven.

Winter had fallen upon mountain and  
valley, upon the blackened ruins of once  
happy homes, upon blood spot and bur-  
ial mound. While things had gone very  
quietly at Rest Haven they had not  
gone well. Now and then a detachment  
of Federals or Confederates had galloped  
past on the same road, but they had  
left the family in peace. Letters no  
longer came and went. The country  
was in the hands of the Federals, and  
many of the inhabitants had fled away.  
The Percys would have gone before if  
not for the state of the mother's  
health. They were waiting and  
hoping that she would so mend that  
she could be moved, but she did not.

On a rainy night a party of raiders  
had taken the place, and when they  
found that Uncle Ben had made his  
trips on foot as he scoured the country  
in search of provisions to keep the family  
going. In spite of the high prices and  
scarcity of all necessities, they had  
managed so well that nearly every week  
was supplied in some way. On two oc-  
casions beyond the one mentioned Fed-  
eral reconnoitering parties left supplies  
for the family. Captain Wyle sent a  
store of articles which could have been  
only gathered at considerable cost and  
trouble. Both sides pitied the  
unhappy and defenseless situation of the  
family, which was only one of hun-  
dreds of the sufferings of the southern  
women during the war have found no  
historian, and the heroism displayed by  
them in the face of peril and adversity  
has not gone down to their children on  
the pages of history. Where could writing it  
Where would be begin or end? In no  
epoch of history were mothers, wives  
and daughters called upon for greater  
sacrifices, nor were sacrifices ever so  
cheerfully made as brave patriots dur-  
ing, and yet no state or community  
has reared a marble shaft on which is  
engraved the words of praise and com-  
mendation so justly their due.

Ben Marian became convinced that  
if Mrs. Marian had any plan ahead of  
it was to play the spy and forward the  
cause of Captain Wyle, she did not let  
the matter worry her. A sort of truce  
was declared between the woman and  
the man, and the latter did not seem to  
suspect and to watch her. He found  
out that Ike had been exchanged and  
had rejoined his company, and on two  
occasions he had good reasons to believe  
that the man secretly met her in the  
neighborhood. When he was before the  
interuption of the mails, it was only  
at long intervals that Marian heard from  
Royal Kenton. For a month previous  
to the battle in which he was captured  
she had heard nothing from him. When  
news came, it was from Captain Wyle  
himself on his second visit to the Ha-  
ven. His company was acting as a  
guard for a wagon train of forage gath-  
ered in the valley, and his stay was  
brief. While he was with them he was  
cordial, he realized that circumstances  
were not propitious for any approach to  
the subject nearest his heart, and he  
forced himself to be content with gen-  
eralities. Incidentally, as if the matter  
was of little or no moment to her, he  
mentioned the fact of General Jackson  
having been suspicious of Kenton  
and suggesting the detail which was  
made out of his company. When he  
descended on the post and captured the  
entire Confederate command. What he  
added was both false and cruel—viz.  
that it was rumored that Kenton was  
among the Confederates killed.

If the captain hoped that Marian  
would betray her real feeling, he was  
not disappointed. As she received his  
information every vestige of color fled  
from her face, and she seemed about to  
faint.

"You—you say it is so rumored?"  
she gasped.

"But you believe the rumor will be  
confirmed?"

"I must say that I do. Mr. Kenton  
was, I believe, a friend of yours, and of  
course the news of his death will shock  
and grieve you. He and I would also  
have been friends but for his, say the  
least, disloyal conduct toward the cause  
he for some reason best known to him-  
self espoused."

"Captain Wyle, you wrong him, liv-  
ing or dead!" exclaimed Marian as she  
sprang toward the door, and then, re-  
ported by report of the rumors. "He enlisted  
because he was imbued with the same  
feeling I hope you were—a feeling that  
he owed allegiance to Virginia first of  
all."

"How strangely?" she demanded as  
the color began to return to her cheeks  
and her eyes to flash with indignation.  
"Every one in my company firmly  
believes he joined us that the Yanks  
might have a spy within our lines."

"And who made them believe it?"  
Marian asked, and then, after a moment's  
pause, she said: "I have often heard  
cause often than any man in your  
company or regiment! Tell me in a  
single instance where an honest, un-  
biased man could have questioned his  
loyalty."

"Why was he left behind, detailed  
to guard stores, and that at General  
Jackson's suggestion?" asked the cap-  
tain.

"You are already possessed of that  
knowledge," she replied.

"There has been a conspiracy against  
him from the very outset, and it is not  
the fault of the conspirators that he was  
not assassinated before a battle had been  
fought."

Private Kenton, if alive, should feel  
grateful for such championship!

"It is my duty to champion him! I  
am his promised wife!"

While Captain Wyle felt pretty cer-  
tain that there was more than friendship  
between them he had hoped that things  
had not gone that far. As she stood be-  
fore him and looked into his eyes and  
spoke the words which made his heart  
beat like a drum he was dumb for a mo-  
ment. Her face was set and hard, and  
he realized that his fate was sealed, and  
there was but one thing for him to do,  
and he did it. Though rage and  
revenge filled his heart, he did not forget  
the fact that he was a born southerner.  
It required all his nerve to take his  
leave gracefully, but he accomplished  
the feat, and it was only when he was  
in the saddle that curses passed his lips  
and his smiles were replaced by wicked  
frowns.

"Southern chivalry" has been held up  
to ridicule and scorn, but only by the  
ignorant or by those who had a purpose

to accomplish. Chivalry was born in  
the heart of the true southerner; it came  
down to him legitimately in the blood.  
Now and then he may forget himself in  
the presence of a man, but never in the  
presence of a woman.

Had all been well at Rest Haven, Ma-  
rian Percy would have given way to her  
grief and mourned as women do. But  
the mother's condition was still regard-  
ed as dangerous, and she must not even  
suspect the sad blow which had fallen  
on the daughter. Uncle Ben, who had  
some calamity from the grief in Ma-  
rian's face, and from the fact that Mrs.  
Baxter dodged out and had a word with  
Captain Wyle at the gate before he rode  
away. He must have repeated the can-  
dard about the death of Kenton, for the  
woman's face betrayed great satisfac-  
tion as she returned to the house. There  
was a smaller house to lodge the "help,"  
but just then Uncle Ben had it all to  
himself. About an hour after the cap-  
tain's departure Marian appeared in the  
old man's quarters to find him coddling  
one of his brogans.

"Look yere, honey," he began as she  
entered and before she could say a word,  
"I knowed when I saw yo' at de doah  
an hour ago dat sunn had dun hap-  
pened. An de good missus gwine to  
de do, or did dat Captain Wyle say sun-  
thin to make yo' feel bad?"

To be continued.

### HARD WOOD FLOORS.

#### INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND CARE.

##### Quartered White Oak Said to Be the Very Best Material—How to Wax and Polish. How to Do These Things Better in England Than We Do in America.

It is only a few years since advocates  
of the house beautiful began to preach  
in favor of hard floors, and there is now  
hardly a village in the country where this  
doctrine of health and beauty has not  
been penetrated. Yet every one who has  
discarded carpets and adopted hard wood  
floors has found some drawback in the  
way. In nine cases out of ten the floor  
is simply shakled, often without pre-  
vious filling, and every scratch of the  
bootle shows on its surface. The wood  
is said to be hard and permanently  
stained, or perhaps the wood is oiled  
with clear oil which has not been prop-  
erly rubbed in. The residue gums on  
the surface and collects dust and debris,  
and altogether the hard wood floor,  
which has been well laid by the carpenter,  
is a source of discomfort and disap-  
pointment.

European housekeepers suffer from  
none of these disadvantages because  
they try none of these experiments. The  
European floor is a floor of parquetry.  
It is made by gluing together thick-  
nesses of hard wood on a pine backing,  
a method by which they obtain a  
stronger and more durable floor than  
when a thick floor of hard wood alone is  
used, for every builder knows that the  
best floor is not one of solid hard wood,  
but one of two thicknesses of hard wood  
over a pine core. These doors are natu-  
rally more expensive, because they are  
more trouble to make. So the veneered  
floor is more durable, though a very ex-  
cellent floor may be laid in hard wood  
seven-eighths thick over a rough floor  
of pine, providing the wood has been  
properly seasoned. Or a thinner floor  
may be laid over a perfectly level floor  
of pine.

Builders recommend quartered white  
oak as the very best material for floors.  
This is a western wood and costs about  
\$100 a 1,000 feet in this state. Maple  
and birch, which are much cheaper  
woods, also make excellent floors. Na-  
tive birch, which may be bought in this  
state as low as \$40 a 1,000 feet, is a  
very hard, smooth wood and makes a  
very durable kitchen floor which does  
not silver up like Georgia pine. Narrow  
boards, measuring about two inches or  
less laid, make a most desirable floor.  
The skillful carpenter matches his joints  
with faultless precision, planes and  
scrapes his floor and polishes it down  
with hard wood shavings after it is laid,  
as well as finishing it before. When this  
is properly done, hardly a joint is vis-  
ible, and it is then ready to be used.

It is this process that is so often neg-  
lected and upon which so much depends.  
It should be a thoroughly trustworthy  
wood filler, purchased from a dealer  
whose name is a guarantee for his goods.  
These fillers usually come by the pound,  
often in paste form, and may be thinned  
to a proper consistency with turpentine.  
It is applied to the wood with a brush,  
and all that remains on the surface is  
polished off with hard wood shavings or  
excelsior. This filler is allowed to dry  
about 12 hours, when a coat of wax is  
applied, or of prepared oil if you prefer

While in England marriage with a  
deceased wife's sister is prohibited,  
Canada it has been made legal with the  
consent of the queen.

**Mexican Mustang Liniment**  
for  
**Burns, Caked & Inflamed Udders, Piles, Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores, Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harness & Saddle Sores, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Blisters, Insect Bites, All Cattle Ailments, All Horse Ailments, All Sheep Ailments,**

**Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy. Rub in Vigorously.**  
Mustang Liniment conquers Pain. Makes Man or Beast well again.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2,  
Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of The New York  
Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

Should be Looked Into.  
THOROUGH INVESTIGATION REQUESTED.  
A BOLD ASSERTION.

Ever since Prof. Koch startled the world  
by promising to cure consumption with the  
Koch lymph and his complete failure to do  
so, the people have been looking for some  
discovery which would prove an absolute  
cure for that dread disease. Over a  
quarter of a century ago Dr. R. V. Pierce,  
chief consulting physician to the "Invalids"  
Hotel and Surgical Institute, put in a claim  
for a medicine, which he had discovered  
and used, in his extensive practice, that  
would cure ninety-eight per cent. of all cases  
of consumption. Time has proved that his as-  
sertion was based on facts gained from experience.  
His "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured  
many thousands of people in all parts of the  
world, and Dr. Pierce invites all interested  
to send him for a free book which gives  
the names, addresses and photographs of  
many prominent people who have willingly  
testified to the marvelous curative prop-  
erties of his "Golden Medical Discovery." He  
has also written a book of 100 pages on  
"Diseases of the Respiratory Organs," which  
contains a full description of the lungs, and  
diseases, also Asthma and Catarrh, that will  
be mailed by the World's Dispensary Medi-  
cal Association of Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt  
of six cents in stamps, to pay postage.

Consumption, as most everybody knows,  
is first manifested by a feeble vitality, loss  
of strength, emaciation; then local sym-  
ptoms soon develop, as cough, difficult  
breathing, or bleeding from lungs, when  
investigation proves that tubercular de-  
posit have formed in the lungs. It is  
earnestly advised that the "Discovery" be  
taken early and the latter stages of the  
disease can thereby be easily avoided.

To build up solid flesh and strength after  
the grip, pneumonia, "lung fever," ex-  
hausting fever, or other lung troubles, it  
has no equal. It does not make  
the cod liver oil and its nasty com-  
pounds, but, solid, wholesome flesh.

It is a rapid age," said the big po-  
lice man thoughtfully. "A terribly rapid  
age. Everybody's in a hurry."  
"What's the matter now?" inquired  
the man who was waiting for a street  
car.

"Why, we've got the trolley car,  
haven't we?"

"Yes."

"And the cable car fender?"

"And the cigarettes?"

"Quite so."

"And yet you read in the papers ev-  
ery day about people so blamed im-  
patient that they go and commit suicide."  
—Washington Star.

**Munich Street Lamps.**  
The method adopted in Munich for  
lighting streets with lamps from the  
without opening the lamp has proved  
quite satisfactory, the results, as enu-  
merated, being to economize in flashlight  
gas, to enable the lamps to be lit in a  
storm, to shut off the main stopcock, to  
enable gas to be supplied to the  
kinding pipe and burner, and then to  
the burner alone. The lighting is done  
with the ordinary rod lamp, provided  
with an aperture at its end which re-  
ceives the lower end of the kindling  
tube. When the lamplighter's pole is  
slipped into position, wind has no effect  
on the kindling operation.—New York  
Sun.

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