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H. C. BURNS, M. W.
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Yamhill Lodge No. 10 D. of H. meets in Union hall second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

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A YANKEE IN GRAY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS "M. QUAD."

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"Uncle Ben, I have heard sorrowful news!" she answered as her tears began

"Uncle Ben, I have heard sorrowful news!"

to fall. "Captain Wyle told me he had heard that Mr. Kenton was dead—killed over at Harrisonburg a day or two ago."

"I shall nebber dun believe it!" he exclaimed. "Dat Mars Kenton he doan' write no mo', but dat hain't 'cause he was dead. It's 'cause de possoffis was all turned upside down."

"But they had a battle a day or two ago, Uncle Ben, and Mr. Kenton was killed then."

"Whar was dat battle?"

"Near Harrisonburg."

"Dat's a right smart step from yere, an we didn't heah de guns. Mebbe dey dun had a battle, but dat doan' disqualify dat Mars Kenton was killed. Shoo, now, honey, but doan' yo' believe any sich story!"

"But I'm—I'm afraid it's true!" she sobbed, breaking down at last.

"See yere, chile," said the old man after a bit, with tears in his own eyes, "yo' jiss keep quiet till we find out all about it. I'll hev dis shoe fixed in 'bout 10 minutes, an den I'll start fur Harrisonburg. When I git dar, I kin find out if Mars Kenton was killed."

"But it's almost dark now, Uncle Ben."

"Makes no difference, honey. I know de road an am feelin purty good. By dis time tomorrer I'll be back wid de news."

"But what if you should discover that—that"——

"Dat Mars Kenton was railly killed? Nobody can't diskiber what hain't so, kin dey? I'ze gwine ober dar jest to prove dat he wasn't dun killed."

"Uncle Ben," said Marian as she placed a hand on either shoulder and looked into his eyes, "if you can bring me news that Mr. Kenton is alive, I'll make you a free man before the week is out!"

"Hu! What I want to leave yo' an de missus an becum free nigger fur? Reckon I wants to go to de porehouse or jail? Hain't I allus bin like one o' de family? Could de family git along widout Uncle Ben? Whar would yo' be right now but fur me?"

"That's true, Uncle Ben. You were born on the place, and you know how much we all think of you. It would break our hearts to have you go, slave though you are and always have been in the eyes of the law. But you shall be rewarded, Uncle Ben. Only bring me good news, and your reward shall be great!"

"Hush up dat noise, honey!" he chided as he made ready to depart. "If yo'll let de ole man lib right on in de family, dat'll be reward 'nuff. I'll be back by foah o'clock tomorrer, and I'll bring yo' de news dat Mars Kenton am all right."

Marian watched him as he strode bravely down the frozen highway and vanished into the dusk of evening, and as she turned away fresh tears came to her eyes, and she murmured:

"Brave and unselfish old slave! God grant that he may bring a message to relieve my anxieties!"

CHAPTER XXII.

While Uncle Ben was slowly progressing along the frozen and slippery highway, and when he had reached a point about three miles from Rest Haven, he suddenly encountered about a dozen men, most of whom were mounted. All but one were in citizens' dress, and he at first supposed them to be farmers. They rushed upon the old man with a shout, and pistols and knives were flourished before his face as the gang cried out:

"Hang him up!"

"Slice off his ears!"

"Build a fire and roast him if he lies to us!"

"Fo' de Lawd, gem'len, but what's de matter?" asked the old man as soon as he could get in a word.

"We want them two Yankees!" shouted three or four men in chorus.

"W-what Yankees? I nebber dun seen a Yankee sence dat big army went by de house on hors'back!"

"Yo' lie, yo' old black faced devil!" said the leader as he got off his horse and seized Uncle Ben by the collar. "Now, then, tell us where they are hiding! Don't pretend to us that yo' have not seen 'em, for we know better! Out with it now, or yo' won't live two minutes!"

"What yo' mean?" asked the old man, who was badly upset over the sudden attack.

"We mean just this: We've been following two Yankee spies along the mountain nearly all day. One of them was wounded about an hour ago. They were headed this way, and yo' must have met them and know where they now are. Did they send yo' for a doctor?"

"Nebber, sah, nebber! I tole yo' de troof. I nebber did meet up wid nobody sence I started from de house!"

"From what house?"

"Dat house back dar which b'longs to Missus Percy. Mebbe yo' knowed de Percys of Winchester?"

"The Percys, eh? Are you a Percy nigger?"

"Yes, sah, an de only one dat's left."

"And where were you going?"

"Down to Harrisonburg, sah, to git news 'bout dat battle dey fout dar de odder day. I hain't seed a single pusson on de road, an if yo' was to kill me I dun couldn't tell yo' nuffin 'bout no Yankees!"

They had looked upon it as just a chance that Uncle Ben had encountered the men they were after, and their vigorous measures were intended to frighten the information out of him. While he was trembling and afraid, his tones satisfied the crowd that he was telling the truth. It wouldn't do to let him down too easily, however. The negroes of the country were breaking over all rules and regulations and traveling about at night to confer with each other and plan escapes to the Federal camps.

"Now, then," said the leader of the band, "yo' have had a powerful close call, and yo' want to remember it! Niggers have no business away from home after dark. Yo' were probably going to Harrisonburg to give yo'self up to the Yankees, but we'll spoil that little game! This will do yo' a heap of good!"

And thereupon, holding Uncle Ben with his left hand by a firm grip on his collar, he used a rawhide over the old man's back and legs with his right and administered the first whipping of his life. When his arm had grown weary, he stopped and said:

"Now, yo' make a beeline for home and don't stop to rest on the way! If any other prowling niggers ask yo' about that battle at Harrisonburg, yo' tell him yo' was in it and got licked! Gee-up!"

As the old man headed for Rest Haven the gang of men rode in the other direction. He stepped out at a lively pace until hidden by the darkness and then stopped and turned to shake his fist and whisper:

"White man, I'ze only a pore ole nigger, but somebody has got to bleed fur dis! Nobody ebber put a whip on Uncle Ben befo' sence he was a pickaninny, an I'll kill yo' fur dat as shore as I ebber git de chance!"

He at first thought of resuming his journey toward Harrisonburg, but a moment's reflection convinced him that if he fell into the hands of the same party again his life would be in peril. He realized how much disappointed Marian would be, but he would return and report and perhaps make a new start. He had covered two miles of the back track when at a turn in the road a man stepped out from the rocks at his left and ordered him to halt and added:

"Who are yo'?"

"Uncle Ben Percy."

"What, is that yo,' Uncle Ben?"

"Fur shore, but I hain't dun met up wid no Yankee spies, jess as I told yo' befo'."

"Uncle Ben, don't yo' un know me?" asked the man as he came nearer. "I've talked with yo' many a time in Winchester befo' the war. I'm Steve Brayton."

"Fo' de Lawd! Yes, I 'member yo'r voice! I dun reckoned yo' was some mo' of dat crowd what was gwine ter kill me!"

"Hev yo' met up with anybody?"

"De Lawd furgive me, but I has! Back dar 'bout two miles a gang o' white men stopped me an war gwine to shute me dead an cut my froat! Dey said I had sawn some Yankee spies, an bekase I dun hadn't seen nobody 'tall dey giv me de moas' powerful lickin on airth!"

"Yankee spies?" queried Steve. "Ah, I understand! And are yo' with the Percy fam'ly, Uncle Ben?"

"Fur shore."

"Do they uns live nigh yere?"

"'Bout a mile away, sah."

"And whar war yo' goin when yo' met up with that crowd?"

"I'd dun started fur Harrisonburg to git news 'bout dat big battle. Dat Cap'an Wyle he was long yere today an told Miss Sunshine dat Mars Kenton was killed ober dar!"

"He did?"

"Yes, sah, an den Miss Sunshine cum out to me wid her face as white as snow an tears in her eyes an a big lump in her throat, an when I seed how powerful she felt I dun said I would go an find out dat Mars Kenton was all right."

"See yere, Uncle Ben, I've got sunthin to tell yo'!" said Brayton as he drew him out of the road. "Mars Kenton is up yere among the rocks and bresh!"

"Fo' de Lawd!"

"That gang was after the two of us, though we are not Yankee spies. Mars Kenton was badly wounded jest befo' dark, and I had to carry he un on my back fur a couple of miles. Uncle Ben, yo' must go to the house and git blankets and bandages and sunthin fur us to eat. Yo' must also bring that gal yere, but not tonight. Tomorrer will do fur her, but we must hev the other things tonight."

"Fur de luv of heaben, but how yo' do talk!" gasped the old man. "Den Mars Kenton he wasn't killed at Harrisonburg?"

"No."

"And he dun got shot tryin to git ober yere today?"

"Yes. Is Ike Baxter's wife at the house?"

"Her am, an she dun jest hates Mars Kenton."

"Then yo' must be keerful. Try and see the gal alone. Tell her she must send the things tonight, but not to come herself till tomorrer. Go now as fast as yo' kin. I'll be waitin fur yo' right yere on this spot. Hold on a minit. Hev yo' got a gun at the house?"

"Yes, a double bar'l'd shotgun."

"Then bring it back with yo', and powder and shot and caps. If we hev a fout yere, it will be at clus range, and buckshot will be better 'n bullets."

"Fo' de Lawd!" muttered the old man as he set off at his best pace. "Dat Cap'an Wyle he lie to Miss Sunshine. Den Miss Sunshine wants me to go to Harrisonburg. Den I meet up wid some gorillas an git switched till I smart like pepper. Den I start fur home an meet dat Steve Brayton an find out dat Mars Kenton hain't dead but hurted, an de Lawd only knows what's gwine to happen tomorrer!"

The invalid mother had fallen into a light sleep, and Marian sat thinking. She and Mrs. Baxter had taken turns at watching with the sick, and this was her night, while the other had gone to the help's quarters. Uncle Ben need not have been cautioned about Mrs. Baxter, as he felt that he thoroughly understood her disposition. He turned off the road to approach the house from another direction, and so softly did he draw near that the first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window pane. He pressed his old black face against the glass that she might know who was there, and a moment later she stood outside the door with a shawl thrown over her head.

"You are back, Uncle Ben—what's the matter?" she asked.

"Heaps de mattah, Miss Sunshine, heaps. I dun met up wid mo' dan fo'ty bushels o' trubble! I'ze news fur yo'!"

"You—you met some one who told you about Mr. Kenton?"

"Fur shore! Dat Cap'an Wyle lie to yo'! Mars Kenton he dun git away arter dat battle, 'long wid Steve Brayton."

"Thank God!" she whispered as she raised her clasped hands to the bright stars in the winter sky.

"But dar's trubble, Miss Sunshine—heaps o' trubble! Dey was tryin to git ober yere when some gorillas reckoned dey was Yankee spies an dun shotted Mars Kenton. He hain't dead, but he's bad hurt, an he's lyin in the bresh an rocks down yere 'bout a mile. I met dat Steve Brayton, an he dun tole me all 'bout it."

"Royal Kenton wounded—badly hurt and lying in the brush this winter's night!" moaned Marian as she grasped Uncle Ben by the arm.

"Hist dar!" he cautioned. "We mustn't woke up de missus or dat Baxter woman. Now, den, yo' be brave. Yo's got to be! Steve Brayton he dun said I was to bring back blankets an bandages an sunthin to eat. We must step around mighty softly an pick 'em up!"

"And I will go back with you! God grant that his life may be spared!"

The first warning Marian had of his presence was a tapping on the window.

"Hush, chile! Yo' can't go wid me tonight, but tomorrer. Dat's what Steve Brayton dun said. When I git back dar, I'll see Mars Kenton wid my own eyes, an I'll tell him all 'bout yo, an I'll stay right dar all night an nuss him."

"Oh, Uncle Ben, but I feel that I must go to him"——

"Hush! Yo' jess git all dem fings what I spoke of packed up fur me as quick as yo' kin an let me go back! If yo' want dem gorillas to finish Mars Kenton, yo' jest make a fuss so dat Mrs. Baxter will open dem big ears o' hern an find out de news!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

As was stated in a previous chapter, Captain Wyle's company, along with others, had been returned to the valley and placed under the orders of General Imboden. Ike Baxter and the others captured at Kernstown had rejoined the company when exchanged. Ike felt more than ever that Royal Kenton was an enemy he must get rid of, and Captain Wyle encouraged this feeling in various ways, though never openly and directly committing himself. On two occasions Ike had been granted leave of absence to visit his wife. Both times he had met her secretly.

The spirit which animated this humble twain will surprise only those who have never encountered the "poor whites" of the south. Nine out of ten of the bloody and long continued feuds we read of in southern communities begin among the poor and ignorant. The cause is generally of trifling character. The "poor white" may be humbled by the law, but outside of the courtroom he hates with an intensity hard to realize. He is persistent, cunning, merciless. Ike Baxter had never had an ambition in his life up to the hour he enlisted. He could barely read and write, was naturally lazy and indifferent and felt no pride in anything except the fact that he was "better than a nigger." When he found that corporals and sergeants were looked up to and respected, there came a queer feeling in his heart. He could not credit it at first, but Captain Wyle aided him in his mental struggle. The day came when Ike had an ambition and a burning desire. It was to be a corporal or sergeant. In his wild dreams of glory he did not stop there. He determined to go higher and become a lieutenant or captain. As soon as he was given to understand that Royal Kenton stood in his way it was but natural with one of his nature to determine to remove the obstacle by any means possible.

Before the war the "Yankee," both as a man and as the representative of a section of the republic, had few friends in the south. He was supposed to be hostile to all southern "institutions." The more ignorant the southerner the more heartily he hated and despised the citizen of the north. He believed what the fire eating politicians pretended to believe and often asserted. The John Brown raid upon slavery in Virginia and the events in "Bleeding Kansas" served to intensify the sectional hate of the "poor whites." Thus it was that Ike Baxter, picking up his crumbs of history and his bits of information on current events at the doors of the livery stable or around the stove of the barroom, was something of a local champion in the matter of Yankee hating. If Kenton had not stood between him and military glory, he would still have felt a bitterness toward him as a man born in the north. Uncle Ben's cautious approach to the house on this night had reference only to Mrs. Baxter. There was another man stealing through the darkness and making a noiseless approach at the same time—Ike Baxter. Neither Uncle Ben nor Marian Percy caught a sight of him, but he noticed their every movement and drew his own conclusions. The gun which the old man had been told to secure was in his room in the little house. He had departed from Rest Haven without being seen or his absence noted by the woman, but his return aroused her, and her sharp eyes were upon him as he carried away the firearm and loaded himself with the bundles Marian had prepared and brought to the door. She was dressing to follow him as he disappeared down the highway, having a dim suspicion of the state of affairs, when Ike knocked at her window and was admitted. In less than a minute he had related what he saw outside, and she had told him of Uncle Ben taking the gun.

"Whar's he un bound fur?" queried Ike.

"Dunno, but sunthin's happened sumwhar! Yo' must foller him!"

"Has that Yankee bin yere?"

"No, but the gal's hearn news, fur shore! Reckon he un may be lyin out around yere sumwhar, and the nigger's takin out stuff to him! Git right arter he un, Ike, and if yo' find the Yankee go'n tell Captain Wyle and hev him cum with his critter company!"

"I'll do better'n that!" grimly replied the man as he stepped out into the spot, but no man, living or dead, was to be found. He made a thorough hunt, but nothing could be discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncle Ben returned to the house at midnight and found Marian anxiously waiting for news. Royal Kenton had told him what to tell her, and while she was comforted in one direction she was frightened in another. If Kenton and Brayton had been followed over the mountains and blood had been shed, would the pursuit cease until they had been hunted down? If the man whom Uncle Ben had struck down in the darkness was Ike Baxter, wouldn't his information bring Captain Wyle and his company into the neighborhood at once? Provided it was not Ike Baxter at all, it certainly was an enemy of some sort, who would demand revenge. The outlook was indeed an anxious one, but they could only wait and hope.

It was well for the mother that she was too ill to realize that anything unusual was happening. The doctor had exercised his skill to no benefit, and though permitting Marian to hope that a favorable change might occur he realized that the chances of recovery were very remote. All that long night she lay as one sleeping heavily, and but for the many distractions the daughter would have noticed that the change was for the worse.

Neither Marian nor Uncle Ben had reason to suspect that Mrs. Baxter had seen or heard anything that night, but she must soon know all. The girl had determined that Kenton should be brought to the house and cared for. The thought of his rude shelter, wounded and suffering as he was on that cold winter's night, almost drove her wild. It was hardly 7 o'clock in the morning, and she had simply tasted breakfast, when she went out to Uncle Ben and said:

"I am ready to go and can't wait another minute. We will take some more provisions, but I shall have Mr. Kenton brought to the house."

"What about dat woman?" he asked.

"I don't care for her. If she doesn't like his being here, she can go."

"Jest look into her room, Miss Sunshine!"

The door was ajar, while the woman herself was at the other house. There was a bloody towel on a chair, bloody water in a washbowl, spots of blood on a chair and on the floor.

"It looks as if some one had sought to murder her!" exclaimed Marian as she looked about in astonishment.

To be Continued.

FORTUNE IN BLACK DIAMONDS.

Value of the Thousands of Tons of Coal at Perth and South Amboy.

Thousands of tons of coal are shipped from the ports of Perth and South Amboy, at the mouth of the Raritan river, every month. It is loaded in vessels for all points along the Atlantic seaboard and many European ports. The coal docks of the Lehigh Valley railroad at Perth Amboy are among the largest in the world. The docks of the Pennsylvania railroad at South Amboy are nearly as large in shipping capacity.

In connection with the handling of such immense quantities of coal one of the most troublesome problems for the railroad companies is to keep their rolling stock in constant motion. It is considered a loss of revenue for a car to remain several days at a given point, and everything is done to facilitate the rapid movement of the cars, both loaded and empty. For a number of years loaded cars were kept standing in the storage yards of the Pennsylvania railroad at South Amboy for weeks at a time. At times the company was embarrassed for want of cars to transport the coal from the mines. The difficulty was finally solved about three years ago. In place of the long string of loaded cars may now be seen immense piles of coal.

When a train arrives from the mines, the various kinds of coal are sorted out and the cars drilled to the proper side track for unloading. In close proximity to each side track stands a large derrick with a movable boom extending diagonally into the air about 80 feet. To this boom is attached a large traveling belt, on which are fastened large buckets. The belt is operated by a small steam engine in charge of the man who manipulates the elevator. As the coal drops from the outlet in the car it falls into the buckets on the elevator belt and is carried to the end of the swinging boom, where it is dropped in the center of the pile and distributed by gravity. The coal remains in these piles until it is required for shipment; then it is loaded in cars and transferred to the docks.

The immense piles of coal usually contain from 10,000 to 12,000 tons each, and are worth from $40,000 to $50,000, according to the market value of the coal. It is frequently the case that there are 12 of these piles of coal in the storage yard, representing a value of from $500,000 to $600,000. It was discovered recently that the coal rusted while in these piles. This did not detract from the burning qualities, but affected the selling value. To prevent this canvas covers were made at a cost of $1,000 each. When the piles of coal are all covered, the storage yard resembles a large circus. The sight of such an immense quantity of coal is viewed with astonishment by strangers, although the residents of South Amboy are so accustomed to it that they never give it a second thought.—New York Telegram.

AN ANCIENT BLOCKHOUSE.

The Bouquet Redoubt the Only One In Existence.

Here in Pennsylvania we find what is not in existence in the east or south—one of the original blockhouses built before the Revolution and still in a perfect state of preservation. All the others have disappeared. Forts Duquesne and Pitt are things of the past, but the redoubt of Colonel Bouquet stands today as it stood 130 years ago. To the Pittsburg chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution we are indebted for its restoration. It has been owned by them since 1888. Until that year the old redoubt of Bouquet, as it is called, was occupied as a tenant house, and within its walls was born Pittsburg's local historian, the late Neville B. Craige, Esq. Down on "the point," on a narrow, dirty little street called Fort street, surrounded by tumbledown buildings nearly as old as itself, is a little five sided building of stone and brick erected by Colonel Bouquet in 1764 as a defense against the Indians. The lower story is of stone and the upper of brick. In both are perforations or loopholes, through which the defenders could fire with comparative safety from the enemy.

Why this redoubt was erected has been a query to us, as but a short distance away stood Fort Pitt, a work of considerable magnitude and whose erection cost the colony of Virginia, or the English government, £60,000, but the redoubt was built, as a stone slab over the door with the legend, "1764 Coll. Bouquet," testifies.—Philadelphia Times.

In the Nature of a Warning.

Elderly Relative (with means)—Alfred, this young Miss Peduncle you want to marry—what kind of a girl is she?

Young Man (with expectations contingent on elderly relative's last will and testament)—Aunt Rachel, she is the best girl alive! She plays the piano beautifully, she can paint on china, speak French like a native and—

"Plays tennis, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; she's a capital tennis player."

"Rides a bicycle?"

"To perfection."

"H'm! Wears bloomers?"

"Er—sometimes."

(Grimly)—"You had better find out if she can cook."—Philadelphia Times.

A Marvel of Art.

The casket that Nasrulla Khan presented to the queen from his father, the ameer of Afghanistan, is a marvel of art. It is 18 inches long by 15 inches high. It is cut from a block of lapis lazuli, and is incrusted with large diamonds, rubies and emeralds. From the four top corners spring stars containing 612 brilliants. The value of the whole is $85,000. The queen in return sent a gold plate service and other presents of equal value.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Market Quotations.

"Sir," said the indignant alderman, "are you not aware that were I to vote for your measure I would be exposed to the condemnation of all the good citiens in my ward? And that sort of thing," he added, lowering his voice, "comes pretty high, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Modern Daughter.

"I wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter," said the old fashioned young man.

"All right," said the old gentleman. "If I can get her permission to give you my permission, go ahead."—Indianapolis Journal.

HOUSEKEEPERS

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