

TERMS FOR TRANSPORT ADVERTISING:
One square, one insertion.....\$1.00
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Eight lines or less constitute a square.

VOL. XLIX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1889.

NO. 422

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH!
Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

"SIMPLY GRAND!"
IS THE GENERAL EXCLAMATION
of all who visit the
Mammoth One-Price Cash Store.

It is my delight to announce to you a first class line of **FALL and WINTER GOODS.** It is truly a Variety Store. If I cannot save you from 25 to 40 per cent. over any concern south of Baltimore City, I will "throw up the sponge and say nothing more upon the subject."
I only can give a few in each department as it would fill every column of this valuable paper to give in detail all its innumerable contents, so will give you a faint idea in the following departments:

SHOE DEPARTMENT.
I call your attention to the **old-established** Tricker, Smith & Co's Shoes, which need no commendation from me. But suffice to say that you can count on them always.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| Men's fine shoes \$1.25 | worth \$1.50 |
| do " " " 1.00 | " 1.25 |
| do " " " .85 | " 1.00 |
| do " " " .75 | " .90 |
| do " " " .65 | " .80 |
| do " " " .55 | " .70 |
| do " " " .45 | " .60 |
| do " " " .35 | " .50 |
| do " " " .25 | " .40 |
| do " " " .15 | " .30 |
| do " " " .10 | " .25 |
| do " " " .05 | " .20 |
| do " " " .02 | " .10 |
| do " " " .01 | " .05 |
| do " " " .00 | " .00 |

Grocery Department. All Standard Goods
Portico Molasses, 25c worth 35
Cuba do 35 " 45
Golden Syrup, 40 " 50
Bright Drips, 50 " 60
Granulated Sugars, 9c Light C Sugars, 7c
Coffee, 15, 20 and 25 Teas, 25, 40, 50 & 90c
Flour—standard family, \$5.50 to \$6.25

Furniture Department.
I have the pleasure to call again your attention to Furniture. To young men as well as old who contemplate beautifying their dwellings in their homes, "HOME," I am right here to gladly serve you. How grand a thing it is for every well thinking young man to have a cosy, though humble little home wherein to rest from his toil. It is a joy to me to say that since my advent here I have been instrumental in making many cheerful homes. I shall be pleased to furnish you in this all important start, at prices "beyond the shadow of a doubt" 25 and 40 per cent. below Baltimore prices. This is a bold assertion, but rest assured they are solid facts or I will forfeit a suit.

- | | |
|--|------------|
| Chamber Suits, 7 pieces, \$18 | worth \$24 |
| do do do 10 do 25 | " 30 |
| do do do 12 do 35 | " 45 |
| Bureaus and Dressers, 6.80 | to 8.25 |
| Bedsteads, 2.75 | to 3.50 |
| Centre and leaf tables, 2.50 | to 3.00 |
| Wood spill chairs, \$2.75 per half dozen | do |
| do hove backs, 3.75 | " |
| Oak chairs, \$4.00 to 4.50 | " |
| Cane Seat " 4.75 to 5.50 | " |

Clothing Department.
I have positively the Finest, Cheapest line of Clothing ever shown in Leonardtown, and styles that all admire. To see them is to buy them.
Men's Suits from \$3.50 to \$17.50
Youths' do do 2.50 to 10.00
Children's do do 2.25 to 5.50

Notion Department.
Men's Suspenders, 8, 12, 14, 16, 17, 20, 24c
do Hosery, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10 to 35c
do Collars, all styles and sizes, 10, 12, 15
do Dress Shirts, made of N. Y. Mill
[muslin, 80c, worth \$1.25
do do standard goods, 50, 90 do 1.10
Boys' shirts, 25, 30, 35, 40
do under-shirts, 25, 35, 50
adies' Jerseys, 50, 75, to 1.00
do Hosery, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20
do Bustles, latest styles, 25 and 50c
do Collars, all do 5, 10, 12, 15
Prints, 4 1/2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10 to 14c
Spot cotton, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5c
Best paper, 24 envelopes, 24 sheets paper, 15, 8, 9, 18c
Ass. hair pins, 100 in box, 5c
do do, 10 cents, worth 35 cents

LADIES' CLOAK DEPARTMENT.
Your attention, Ladies, please to these goods, never before brought to Leonardtown in such quantities and styles. These goods are bought direct from the manufacturer, so they are 25 per cent. below anywhere else. All first-class goods and all of the very latest styles. I shall make this line one of my specialties.
Ladies' Cloaks, \$3.25 to \$12.00
Misses' Shool do, \$2.00 to \$3.90

Five Cent Counter.
It is a pleasure to say that the 5 and 10 Cent Counter is a perfect wonder in itself. The surprise of all, it contains thousands really worth 10 and 25 cents. Glassware worth 10 to 25 cents. Granite Ware, Stone Ware and one hundred other articles worth 10 and 25 cents. Come often to this novelty as they are swept off as fast as they come in. I shall have the them coming steady along.
Terms. Cash on Delivery.
By taking no risks I can serve you at very bottom figures.
Standing upon merit alone, fair and square to all, I ask you to command.
Your faithful servant,
J. W. JOHNSON,
Leonardtown.

ESTABLISHED 1827.
JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,
DEALER IN
Lumber, Shingles, Laths,
NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED
PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.
MANUFACTURER OF
FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS
FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,
BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF
WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Fac
tory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,
ALEXANDRIA, VA
Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept
under cover.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is
authorized to sell and collect. Orders left
with him will receive prompt attention.
March 18, 1886—7.

**FINE DIAMONDS,
WATCHES,
JEWELRY,**
SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
Wedding and Birthday Presents.
CHARLES A. ROUSH,
42 West Lexington St., NEAR LIBERTY,
Oct. 11—1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

UNDERTAKING.
COFFINS and CASKETS of latest
style finished at shortest notice and at prices
to suit the times.
TWO HEARSEES
always at hand.
HORSESHOEING, \$1.00 Cash.
(If booked, \$1.25.)
In conjunction with my BLACKSMITH and
WHEELWRIGHT department, I am prepared
to build
CARTS, WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c
at low prices,
REPAIRING, PAINTING
and TRIMMING
a specialty.

Having accepted an agency for J.
W. Delaplano's Marble Works, I am pre-
pared to furnish Monuments, etc. at rea-
sonable rates.
J. A. DILLOW,
April 21, 87—4f Leonardtown, Md.

LUMBER.
R. R. ABELL, agent for the large
lumber dealer, J. H. D. Smoot, of Alexan-
dria, will keep constantly on hand in Leon-
ardtown
Boards, Scantling,
Weather Boarding,
Flooring, Fallings,
Dressed Boards, Shingles,
Doors, Sash, &c.
Also, Laths, Lime and Hair, which he will
sell at city prices.
Orders for lumber from the yard in Al-
exandria will be promptly attended to.
Aug 16—4f.

CARROLL & ENEY,
DEALERS IN
FINE SHOES & HATS,
203 Hanover Street,
1 Door South of Pratt,
BALTIMORE, MD.
c 1—y

**What is
CASTORIA**
Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitche's old, harmless and quick cure for
Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil,
Fragorice or Narcotic Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Mil-
lions of Mothers bless Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation;
Four Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation;
Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion;
Without narcotic stupefaction.
"I recommend Castoria for children's
complaints, as superior to any preparation
known to me." H. A. Adams, M. D.,
111 St. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
THE CERTAIN COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,
Leonardtown, Md.,
UNDER CHARGE OF THE
Sisters of Charity
of
HAZARETH, KENTUCKY.
The course of Studies includes Christian
Doctrine, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic,
Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Eng-
lish Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetor-
ic, the Elements of Botany, Mental and
Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemis-
try, Literature, Plain and Ornamental
Needlework, Music on the Piano and Guit-
tar and French.
Boys from the age of 7 to 14 years are
received.
For terms or further information apply to
SISTER MARY HELENA,
Leonardtown, Md.

Harry Spalding,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
DRUGGIST,
Pure Drug, Pharmaceutical Preparations
and genuine Perfumes, Extracts,
Colognes, Soaps, Tooth
and Nail Brushes,
Brushes, Flesh
Brushes, Pomades, Cos-
metics and Hair Oils of the most
celebrated French, English and Domestic
Makers.
Physicians' orders promptly filled
and prescriptions carefully compounded.
All are invited to call and examine my
stock.
For the accommodation of my cus-
tomers, stamps, postal cards, etc will be
ways on hand.
March 1, 1888—4f

BEAN & BERRY,
General Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides, Live Stock,
FURS, EGGS, FRUIT, PRODUCE, &c.
No. 110 S. Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Orders solicited for Provisions, Seeds, Fer-
tilizers, &c.
Oct 4—1y.

PURUKER.
DEALER AND MANUFACTURER
Fine Guns,
Rifles,
Pistols, &c.
POWDER, SHOT, SHELLS, &c.
constantly on hand and at the lowest
prices.
E. PRATT ST., near Light, BALTIMORE.
THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE
MECHANICVILLE, MD.
G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.
Good rooms, good table and everything
first class. Give me a call. Livery at-
tached, and travelers sent to all parts of
the country. Rates low. June 24—4f.

JO F. MORGAN,
Insurance Agent & Broker,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Represents the following First Class Com-
panies with combined assets of twelve mil-
lion dollars, and has facilities for placing
large lines of insurance on the most favor-
able terms in home or foreign companies.
Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
Waterloo Fire, of New York,
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire,
Mutual Endowment Assurance of Baltimore,
Life,
New York Mutual Life,
Connecticut Mutual Life.
Jan 12, 88—7f

MISS E. S. MILBURN,
719 NORTH BUTAW STREET,
[Old No. 107.]
BALTIMORE, MD.
Ladies' Underwear,
Children's Costumes,
Children's Dresses,
Children's Bonnets and Caps,
Infants' Wardrobes.
All orders promptly attended to—
Oct. 25, 1886—7y.

THE STORY OF CATHERINE.
Peter the Great, who was born in
Moscow, on June 10, 1672, and died in
St. Petersburg, on Feb. 8, 1725,
was the Emperor who in a few years
changed Russia from a country of
half savage tribes into a great Euro-
pean nation. He was once visiting
one of his officers, and saw in his
house a young girl, who attracted his
attention by her beauty and graceful
manners.
This girl was a prisoner, named
Martha, and she was living as a sort
of servant and housekeeper in the
family of the Russian officer. She
had been taken prisoner when the
town she lived in was captured. No-
body knows, even to this day, exact-
ly who she was, except that she was a
poor orphan girl, who had been brought
up by a village clergyman; but it is
believed that her father was a Livon-
ian peasant.
Martha's beauty and the bright-
ness of her mind pleased the Emperor so
much that after a while he made up
his mind to marry her, first of all, of her
humble origin. Peter was the habi-
tude of doing pretty much as he pleased,
whether his nobles liked it or not, but
even he dared not make a captive
peasant girl the Empress of Russia.
He therefore married her privately,
in the presence of a few of his nearest
friends, who were charged to keep
the secret. Before the marriage took
place, he had Martha baptized in the
Russian Church and changed her name
to Catherine.
Now, Peter had a bad habit of los-
ing his temper, and getting so angry
that he fell into fits. As he was an
absolute monarch, and could do what-
ever he liked, it was very dangerous
for anybody to go near him when he
was angry. He could have a head
chopped off as easily as he could or-
der his breakfast. But he was very
fond of Catherine, and she was the
only person who was not in the least
afraid of him. She soon learned how
to manage him, and even in his worst
fits she could soothe and quiet the old
bear.
Peter was nearly always at war,
and in spite of the hardships and dan-
gers of the battle-field, Catherine near-
ly always marched with him at the
head of the army. The soldiers won-
dered at her bravery, and learned to
like her more than anybody else. If
food was scarce, the roads rough, and
the marches long, they remembered
that Catherine was with them, and
were ashamed to grumble. If she
could stand the hardships and face
the dangers, they thought rough sol-
diers ought not to complain.
Catherine was a wise woman, as
well as a brave one. She soon learned
as much of the art of war as Peter
knew, and in every time of doubt or
difficulty her advice was asked, and
her opinion counted for as much as if
she had been one of the generals. Af-
ter she had thus shown how able a
friendship of everybody about her by
her good temper and her pleasant
ways, Peter publicly announced his
marriage and declared Catherine to
be his wife and Czarina. But still he
did not crown her.
This was in the year 1711, and im-
mediately afterward Peter marched
into the Turkish country at the head
of 40,000 men. This army was not
nearly large enough to meet the Turks,
but Peter had armies in different
places, and ordered all of them to
meet him on the march. For various
reasons all these armies failed to join
him, and he found himself in a Tur-

kish province with a very small num-
ber of troops. The danger was so
great that he ordered Catherine and
all the other women to go back to a
place of safety. But Catherine would
not go. She had made up her mind
to stay with Peter at the head of the
army, and was so obstinate about it
that at last Peter gave her leave to
remain. Then the wives of the Gener-
als, and finally of the lower officers,
wanted to stay also. She persuaded
Peter to let them do so, and the end
was that the women all staid with the
army.

Everything went against Peter on
the march. The weather was very
dry. Swarms of locusts were in the
country, eating every green thing.
There was no food for the horses, and
many of them starved to death. It
was hard for the Russians to go for-
ward or to go backward, and the hard-
er still to stay where they were.
At last the soldiers in front reported
that the Turks were coming, and
Peter soon saw a great army of 200,
000 fierce Moslems in front of his lit-
tle force, which counted only 38,
000 men. Seeing the odds against
him, he gave the order to retreat, and
the army began its backward march.
As it neared the river Pruth a new
danger showed itself. The advance
guard brought word that a great force
of savage Crim Tartars held the other
bank of the river, completely cutting
off Peter's retreat.
The state of things seemed hopeless.
With 200,000 Turks on one side, and
a strong force of Crim Tartars hold-
ing a river on the other, Peter's little
army was completely hemmed in.
There was no water in the camp, and
when the soldiers went to the river for
it, the Tartars on the other shore kept
up a fierce fight with them. A great
hoard of Turkish cavalry tried
hard to cut off the supply entirely by
pushing themselves between Peter's
camp and the river, but the Russians
managed to repulse them by hard
fighting, and to keep a road open to
the river.

Peter knew now that unless help
should come to him in some shape, and
that very quickly, he must lose, not
only his army, but his empire also, for
if the Turks could take him prisoner,
it was certain that his many enemies
would soon conquer Russia, and divide
the country among themselves. He
saw no chance of help coming, but he
made up his mind to fight as long as
he could. He formed his men in a
hollow square, with the women in the
middle, and faced his enemies.
The Turks flung themselves in great
masses upon his lines, trying to crush
the little force of Russians by mere
numbers. But Peter's brave men re-
membered that Catherine was inside
that hollow square, and they stood
firmly at their posts, driving back the
Turks with frightful slaughter. Again
and again they fell upon his lines in
heavy masses, and again and again
they were driven back, leaving the
field black with their dead. This
could not go on forever, of course, and
both sides saw what the end must be.
As the Turks had many times more
men than Peter, it was plain that they
would win by destroying all the Rus-
sians.
For three days and nights the terri-
ble slaughter went on. Peter's men
beat back the Turks at every charge,
but every hour their line grew thin-
ner. At the end of the third day 16,
000 of their brave comrades lay dead
upon the field, and only 22,000 re-
mained to face the enemy.
Toward night on the third day, a
terrible rumor spread through their
camp. A whisper ran along the line
that the ammunition was giving out.
A few more shots from each soldier's
gun, and there would be nothing left
to fight with. Then Peter fell into
the snare. As long as he could fight
he had kept up his spirits, but now
that all was lost, and his great career
seemed near to its end, he grew angry
and went to his tent to have one of
his savage fits. He gave orders that
nobody should come near him, and
there was no officer or soldier in all
the army who would have dared enter
the tent where he lay in his danger-
ous mood.
But if Peter had given up in despair
Catherine had not. In spite of Peter's
order and his anger, she boldly went
into his tent and asked him to give
her leave to put an end to the war by
making a treaty of peace with the
Turks if she could. It seemed absurd
to talk of such a thing, or to expect

the Turks to make peace on any such
terms when they had so good a chance
to conquer Peter, once for all, and to
make him their prisoner. Nobody
but Catherine, perhaps, would have
thought of such a thing, but Cather-
ine was a woman born for great af-
fairs, and she had no thought of giv-
ing up any chance there might be to
save Peter and the empire.
Her first difficulty was with Peter
himself. She could not offer terms of
peace to the Turks until Peter gave
his leave, and promised to fulfill
whatever bargains she might make
with them. She managed this part
of the matter, and then set to work at
the greater task of dealing with the
Turks.
She knew that the Turkish army
was under the command of the Grand
Vizier, and she knew something of the
ways of Grand Viziers. It was not
worth while to send any kind of mes-
senger to a Turkish commander with-
out sending him also a bribe in the
shape of a present, and Catherine was
sure that the bribe must be a very
large one to buy the peace she wanted.
But where was she to get the present?
There was no money in Peter's army
chest, and no way of getting any from
Russia. Catherine was not discourag-
ed by that fact.
She first got together all her own
jewels, and then went to all the offi-
cers' wives and asked each of them
for whatever she had that was valu-
able—money, jewels and plate. She
gave each of them a receipt for what
she took, and promised to pay them
the value of their goods when she
should get back to Moscow. She went
in this way throughout the camp, and
got together all the money, all the
jewels, and all the silver plate that
were to be found in the army. No
one person had much of course; but
when the things were collected, they
made a very rich present, or bribe,
for the Grand Vizier.
With this for a beginning, Cather-
ine soon convinced the Grand Vizier
that it was better to make peace with
Russia than to run the risk of having
to fight the great armies already
marching toward Turkey. After some
bargaining, she secured a treaty which
allowed Peter to go back Russia in
safety, and thus she saved the Czar
and the empire. A few years later,
Peter crowned her as Empress of Rus-
sia, and when he died he named her
as the fittest person to be his successor
on the throne.
Thus the peasant girl of Livonia,
who was made a captive in war, and a
servant, rose by her genius and cour-
age to be the sole ruler of a great
empire—the first woman who ever
reigned over Russia. It is a strange
but true story.—Harper's Young Peo-
ple.

A CONFEDERATE STORY.
General Cullen A. Battle relates
the following story:
During the winter of 1863-4 it was
my fortune to be president of one of
the court-martials of the Army of
Northern Virginia. One bleak De-
cember morning, while the snow cov-
ered the ground and the winds howled
around the camp, I left my bivouac
fire to attend the session of the court.
Winding along for miles uncertain
paths, I at length arrived at the court
ground at Round Oak Church.
Day after day it had been our duty
to try the gallant soldiers of that
army, charged with violations of mili-
tary law; but never had I on any
previous occasion been greeted by
such anxious spectators as on that
morning awaited the opening of the
court. Case after case was disposed
of, and at length the case of "The
Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper"
was called—charge, desertion.
A low murmur rose spontaneously
from the little scarred spectators, as
a young artilleryman rose from the
prisoner's bench, and in response to
the question, "Guilty or not guilty?"
answered "Not guilty."
The Judge Advocate was proceed-
ing to open the prosecution when the
court observing that the prisoner was
unattended by counsel, interposed and
inquired of the accused, "Who is your
counsel?" Supposing that it was his
purpose to represent himself before the
court, the Judge Advocate was in-
structed to proceed.
Every charge and specification
against the prisoner was sustained.
The prisoner was then told to intro-
duce his witnesses. He replied: "I
have no witnesses."

At length at the calmness with
which he seemed to be submitting to
what he regarded as inevitable fate,
I said to him: "Have you no defence?
Is it possible that you abandoned your
comrades and deserted your colors in
the presence of the enemy without any
reason?"
He replied: "There was a reason,
but it will not avail me before a mili-
tary court."
I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken;
you are charged with the highest crime
known to military law, and it is your
duty to make known the cause that
influenced your actions."
For the first time his manly form
trembled, and his blue eyes swam in
tears. Approaching the president of
the court he presented a letter, saying
as he did so: "There, General, is what
did it."
I opened the letter, and in a mo-
ment my eyes filled with tears. It
was passed from one to another of the
court until all had seen it, and those
stern warriors who had passed with
Stonewall Jackson through a hundred
battles wept like little children. Soon
as I sufficiently recovered my self-
possession, I read the letter as the de-
fence of the prisoner. It was in these
words:
My Dear Edward:—I have always
been proud of you, and since your con-
nection with the Confederate Army I
have been prouder of you than ever
before. I would not have you do any-
thing wrong for the world; but before
God, Edward, unless you come home
we must die. Last night I was aroused
by little Eddie's crying, I called and
said: "What's the matter, Eddie?"
and he said, "Oh, mamma, I am so
hungry." And Lucy, Edward, your
darling Lucy, she never complains,
but is growing thinner and thinner
every day. And before God, Edward,
unless you come home we must die.
YOUR MARY.
Turning to the prisoner I asked,
"What did you do when you received
this letter?"
He replied, "I made application
for a furlough and it was rejected;
again I made application and it was
rejected; a third time I made applica-
tion and it was rejected, and that
night as I wandered backward and
forward in the camp, thinking of my
home with the mild eyes of Lucy
looking up to me, and the burning
words of Mary sinking in my brain, I
was no longer a Confederate soldier,
but I was the father of Lucy and the
husband of Mary, and I would have
passed those lines if every gun in the
battery had fired at me. I went to
my home. Mary ran out to me, her
angel arms embraced me, and she
whispered: "Oh! Edward, I am so
happy! I am so glad you got your
furlough!" She must have felt me
shudder, for she turned pale as death,
and catching her breath at every
word, she said: "Have you come with-
out your furlough? Oh, Edward!
Edward, go back! go back! Let me
and my children go down together to
the grave, but oh, for heaven's sake
save the honor of our name!" And
here I am, gentlemen, not brought
here by military power, but in obedi-
ence to the command of Mary, to
abide the sentence of your court."
Every officer of that court-martial
felt the force of the prisoner's words.
Before them stood in beatific vision
the eloquent pleader for a husband's
and a father's wrong; but they had
been trained by their great leader,
Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of
duty, though the lightning's flash
scorched the ground beneath their
feet, and each in his turn pronounced
the verdict—guilty. Fortunately for
humanity, fortunately for the Confed-
eracy, the proceedings of the court
were reviewed by the Commanding
General, and upon the record was
written:
HEADQUARTERS A. N. V.
The finding of the court is approv-
ed. The prisoner is pardoned and
will report to his company.
R. E. LEE, General.
During the second battle of Cold
Harbour, when shot and shell were
falling "like torrents from the moun-
tain cloud," my attention was directed
to the fact that one of our batte-
ries was being silenced by the con-
centrated fire of the enemy. When I
reached the battery every gun but one
had been dismantled and by it stood
a solitary Confederate soldier, with
the blood streaming from his side. As
he recognized me he elevated his voice
above the roar of battle and said:
"General, I have one shell left.
Tell me, have I saved the honor of
Mary and Lucy?"
I raised my hat. Once more a Con-
federate shell went crashing through
the ranks of the enemy and the hero
sank upon his gun to rise no more.

high province with a very small num-
ber of troops. The danger was so
great that he ordered Catherine and
all the other women to go back to a
place of safety. But Catherine would
not go. She had made up her mind
to stay with Peter at the head of the
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remain. Then the wives of the Gener-
als, and finally of the lower officers,
wanted to stay also. She persuaded
Peter to let them do so, and the end
was that the women all staid with the
army.

Everything went against Peter on
the march. The weather was very
dry. Swarms of locusts were in the
country, eating every green thing.
There was no food for the horses, and
many of them starved to death. It
was hard for the Russians to go for-
ward or to go backward, and the hard-
er still to stay where they were.
At last the soldiers in front reported
that the Turks were coming, and
Peter soon saw a great army of 200,
000 fierce Moslems in front of his lit-
tle force, which counted only 38,
000 men. Seeing the odds against
him, he gave the order to retreat, and
the army began its backward march.
As it neared the river Pruth a new
danger showed itself. The advance
guard brought word that a great force
of savage Crim Tartars held the other
bank of the river, completely cutting
off Peter's retreat.
The state of things seemed hopeless.
With 200,000 Turks on one side, and
a strong force of Crim Tartars hold-
ing a river on the other, Peter's little
army was completely hemmed in.
There was no water in the camp, and
when the soldiers went to the river for
it, the Tartars on the other shore kept
up a fierce fight with them. A great
hoard of Turkish cavalry tried
hard to cut off the supply entirely by
pushing themselves between Peter's
camp and the river, but the Russians
managed to repulse them by hard
fighting, and to keep a road open to
the river.

Peter knew now that unless help
should come to him in some shape, and
that very quickly, he must lose, not
only his army, but his empire also, for
if the Turks could take him prisoner,
it was certain that his many enemies
would soon conquer Russia, and divide
the country among themselves. He
saw no chance of help coming, but he
made up his mind to fight as long as
he could. He formed his men in a
hollow square, with the women in the
middle, and faced his enemies.
The Turks flung themselves in great
masses upon his lines, trying to crush
the little force of Russians by mere
numbers. But Peter's brave men re-
membered that Catherine was inside
that hollow square, and they stood
firmly at their posts, driving back the
Turks with frightful slaughter. Again
and again they fell upon his lines in
heavy masses, and again and again
they were driven back, leaving the
field black with their dead. This
could not go on forever, of course, and
both sides saw what the end must be.
As the Turks had many times more
men than Peter, it was plain that they
would win by destroying all the Rus-
sians.
For three days and nights the terri-
ble slaughter went on. Peter's men
beat back the Turks at every charge,
but every hour their line grew thin-
ner. At the end of the third day 16,
000 of their brave comrades lay dead
upon the field, and only 22,000 re-
mained to face the enemy.
Toward night on the third day, a
terrible rumor spread through their
camp. A whisper ran along the line
that the ammunition was giving out.
A few more shots from each soldier's
gun, and there would be nothing left
to fight with. Then Peter fell into
the snare. As long as he could fight
he had kept up his spirits, but now
that all was lost, and his great career
seemed near to its end, he grew angry
and went to his tent to have one of
his savage fits. He gave orders that
nobody should come near him, and
there was no officer or soldier in all
the army who would have dared enter
the tent where he lay in his danger-
ous mood.
But if Peter had given up in despair
Catherine had not. In spite of Peter's
order and his anger, she boldly went
into his tent and asked him to give
her leave to put an end to the war by
making a treaty of peace with the
Turks if she could. It seemed absurd
to talk of such a thing, or to expect

At length at the calmness with
which he seemed to be submitting to
what he regarded as inevitable fate,
I said to him: "Have you no defence?
Is it possible that you abandoned your
comrades and deserted your colors in
the presence of the enemy without any
reason?"
He replied: "There was a reason,
but it will not avail me before a mili-
tary court."
I said: "Perhaps you are mistaken;
you are charged with the highest crime
known to military law, and it is your
duty to make known the cause that
influenced your actions."
For the first time his manly form
trembled, and his blue eyes swam in
tears. Approaching the president of
the court he presented a letter, saying
as he did so: "There, General, is what
did it."
I opened the letter, and in a mo-
ment my eyes filled with tears. It
was passed from one to another of the
court until all had seen it, and those
stern warriors who had passed with
Stonewall Jackson through a hundred
battles wept like little children. Soon
as I sufficiently recovered my self-
possession, I read the letter as the de-
fence of the prisoner. It was in these
words:
My Dear Edward:—I have always
been proud of you, and since your con-
nection with the Confederate Army I
have been prouder of you than ever
before. I would not have you do any-
thing wrong for the world; but before
God, Edward, unless you come home
we must die. Last night I was aroused
by little Eddie's crying, I called and
said: "What's the matter, Eddie?"
and he said, "Oh, mamma, I am so
hungry." And Lucy, Edward, your
darling Lucy, she never complains,
but is growing thinner and thinner
every day. And before God, Edward,
unless you come home we must die.
YOUR MARY.
Turning to the prisoner I asked,
"What did you do when you received
this letter?"
He replied, "I made application
for a furlough and it was rejected;
again I made application and it was
rejected; a third time I made applica-
tion and it was rejected, and that
night as I wandered backward and
forward in the camp, thinking of my
home with the mild eyes of Lucy
looking up to me, and the burning
words of Mary sinking in my brain, I
was no longer a Confederate soldier,
but I was the father of Lucy and the
husband of Mary, and I would have
passed those lines if every gun in the
battery had fired at me. I went to
my home. Mary ran out to me, her
angel arms embraced me, and she
whispered: "Oh! Edward, I am so
happy! I am so glad you got your
furlough!" She must have felt me
shudder, for she turned pale as death,
and catching her breath at every
word, she said: "Have you come with-
out your furlough? Oh, Edward!
Edward, go back! go back! Let me
and my children go down together to
the grave, but oh, for heaven's sake
save the honor of our name!" And
here I am, gentlemen, not brought
here by military power, but in obedi-
ence to the command of Mary, to
abide the sentence of your court."
Every officer of that court-martial
felt the force of the prisoner's words.
Before them stood in beatific vision
the eloquent pleader for a husband's
and a father's wrong; but they had
been trained by their great leader,
Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of
duty, though the lightning's flash
scorched the ground beneath their
feet, and each in his turn pronounced