this sort of work before, and possessed beside a general knowledge of the country, so it was not a new or particularly difficult thing for me to do; but I had to scour the woods and by-paths like a hunter after game all that hot morning and until late in the afternoon, without any breakfast, lunch or dinner.

I made for the railroad track beyond Hanover Courthouse, and once on that line I kept it in sight, except when I could discover that a guard was stationed over some bridge or crossing, which I had to avoid. It was late in the afternoon when I got into such a mix of soldiers, dust, wagons, mules, horses, negroes, and everything else that goes to make up the rear of an army, that I became submerged, as it were, in a regular swim of dust and confusion. Indeed the crowd and confusion and fuss generally were so great that I was wholly lost in it, and wandered about without anyone seeming to care or in the least notice me.

I could not make out exactly where I was, and I was almost afraid to ask any questions, lest it should call attention to myself. The clouds of dust had so covered my good store-clothes that I might readily have passed for a man in gray. I could make out, in a general way, that I was on the rear or outskirts of the rebel army somewhere near Richmond; that something was up was evident, because everybody seemed to be going somewhere, but not a soul that I could talk to had any idea of where that was.

This is one of the things

THAT ANNOY SPIES GENERALLY;

they can scarcely ever tell from their communication with the troops in the field what movements are going on, much less contemplated. Heretofore my work had always been confined to the real headquarters, or the source of information, like the Richmond War Department and Beauregard's telegraph headquarters at Manassas.

Here I was right in the rebel army, and to save my soul I couldn't tell whether they were retreating toward Richmond or advancing on Washington and Fredericksburg, though I skirmished around at a lively rate all through them.

It will be remembered that McClellan was banging away down the Peninsula about this time; but just exactly where he was I did not find out, and seeing that it would be a waste of time to hang on any longer to this part of the army, I hunted up the nearest railroad station, where I found some refreshments for my cash, and toward dark, when matters were seemingly becoming settled down a little among the teamsters and mules, I saw a group of officers come to the station, leaving their horses in care of some colored attendants. Thinking this a good chance to catch onto something, I attached myself, without being obtrusive, by hanging onto their skirts, as it were. When a train of cars was ready to run some place, I knew not where, I followed the crowd aboard as if I were one of the party, and had a right to the same facilities that were granted them. When the train of overloaded, jammed cars was started I didn't know were it was going, and I was afraid to confess my ignorance by asking any questions, so kept mighty quiet.

It was after dark when we ran into the yard at the north end of Richmond, where I soon recognized some of the once familiar landmarks.

I WAS IN RICHMOND AGAIN,

but I didn't care to stop long. While I was again within the city limits, I have never felt like asserting that I was actually in Richmond proper on this second trip; because, as a matter of fact, I was not up town.

In the first place, I didn't want to rush into the streets of the town to show myself to the Baltimore detectives, who I knew were employed by Gen. Winder, who was at that time the Provost-Marshal, or Military Governor, of the rebel capital. I do not remember his exact title, but there is no doubt of the fact that this Gen. Winder, with his gang of Baltimore roughs, was king, and had absolute, yes, despotic, authority over all visitors, strangers or stragglers and strays who happened into his drag-net about Richmond who could not properly account for their presence. I knew all this from a late residence among them, during which I had become personally acquainted with a good many of these men on the city force, with whom I had talked about their methods.

I felt there was scarcely a doubt but that my escape from the Maryland battery had been officially reported to the rebel War Office, and my previous history looked up; and it's more than likely, too, that these very same Richmond and Baltimore sharp detectives had been censured for having permitted a spy to live among them loose, for so long a time as I did.

This is why I didn't particularly hanker after hunting up any old friends down there, and accounts for a want of interest, as shown in my failure to revisit old haunts. Even Capitola had no attraction for me then. While I didn't know where to go, I understood pretty well where not to go in Richmond. Realizing from the show of sentries with guns who were on duty about the depot yards, that I must make some kind of a break to get out of their presence, I at once assumed the usual air of indifference and familiarity, and walked on following the crowd.

Just imagine—if you can—the sensations I experienced a moment later, as I saw that every blessed one of the crowd ahead of me was being compelled to pass between a file of rebel soldiers, where they were halted by an officer, who inspected their papers or passes, or recognized from the face and rank of the officers that they were entitled to egress. I am not going to attempt here an analysis of the feeling that came over me that evening; it's been a long, long time now since it occurred, but I may be permitted to say, sincerely, that my heart beats wildly at the very recollection, and my pen trembles now as I attempt to write of it. I probably felt pretty much as anyone does who first finds himself securely trapped, and realizes that the end is an ignominious death.

I've heard that people in this condition always see their lives, their deeds and misdeeds pass in hasty review before them. That may be so in most cases, but it never has been my experience, and I've faced death several times. I confess that the first and only thing I thought about just then was an earnest longing for a good chance to run. I looked back of me, and all around, but there were walls on all sides, and no holes in them, except through the gate, at which stood the officers and his file of the guard.

That I had to go through this grist-mill I saw at once, and feeling for my papers I determined to make the most of it, and try by their aid and checking it on my boyish innocence to get out of the tight place once more, and then run for my life.

The crowd was so great that it was quite slow work to pass them through. I noticed in front of me in the line were probably a dozen other persons in citizen's dress like myself. I watched with as great but suppressed eagerness as was ever shown by a culprit looking to a jury for a verdict, the proceedings of the officer who examined the papers of those ahead who passed through.

I noticed in one case that a soldier in uniform, whose papers were not satisfactory, was ordered to step out of the line, when a Sergeant took him in charge. A gentleman in citizen's clothes, who had no papers to show up, was halted temporarily until the officer consulted in regard to his case with a person in citizen's dress, who had been standing in his rear, but whose presence I had failed to observe, but to my consternation I recognized at once as being one of Winder's

EX-BALTIMORE POLICEMEN,

whom I had known personally while in Richmond before.

As I have so often said previously, with me in such an emergency to think was to act; so, seemingly impelled or guided by some unseen influence, I dropped out of the line unobserved by the officers at the gate, pretending that I had left something in the car, and saying as much to those about me, and no doubt acting as if I had really lost my pocketbook, I started to walk hastily toward the train we had recently left. Those nearest me only witnessed the trick, and were no doubt fully impressed with the sincerity of my intentions, so that I was not only permitted to go back in search of my lost bundle or sachel, but I was politely directed by the armed guard to the whereabouts of the empty car, which, fortunately, was then out in the dark.

Here was

MY OPPORTUNITY FOR A RUN,

and you just bet your life that never an escaped animal made faster tracks in the dark than I did for half an hour or so, when I could do so unobserved.

I had enough of Richmond, and moved straight out the railroad tracks towards the north. I only knew in the heavy darkness that overhung the sky it led to the north, because to go south I should have to cross the James River.

I also understood well that there would be any quantity of pickets along that track close to the city, so, at the first opportunity, I sat down on the end of a cross tie and figured on a plan to get away. I now confess with shame that I have no recollections of having gotten down on my knees to offer thanks for this, another deliverance from so great a danger. With me, in those days, it seemed a matter of course that I should get through these little affairs safely; indeed, I have been dreadfully annoyed by friends who knew of my escapades by their always greeting me with a laugh and a question, such as: "Where have you come from this time?"

I was glad to find I still held on to the package of letters, because I knew very well that out in the country among the farmers and country soldiers, their possession could be made of service in allaying suspicion or identifying me with the Southern cause.

I HAD BUT ONE OBJECT IN LIFE

that night, and that was simply to get back over the 40 or 50 miles of Virginia roads safely, that would take me into the Union lines at or near Fredericksburg. I determined once more that I would forever swear off on these scouting expeditions if allowed to get out of this.

I had no interest just then in looking up or in delivering the rebel ladies' letters to Col. J. B. Jones, at his Mechanics' Hall office, in the Square in Richmond.

If I were writing a romance I should get back to Fredericksburg in good shape, on a black charger, in one night's ride, and throw myself in an exhausted condition before the Union General and present him in dramatic style with full and reliable information to the effect that there were no rebel troops in front of him, and that if he would send a squadron of cavalry, etc., I could guide them right into Richmond just as easily and far more rapidly than I had gone there myself.

It is a fact that admits of no argument now that McDowell could have advanced without material opposition down to the very gate of Richmond at the time I went there, and have reinforced Gen. McClellan.

I did not understand at the time, nor did anybody else around there, nor throughout the country, why he failed to do this. But I found out soon after that it was not because he expected to meet with opposition in his front.

It didn't occur to me then, as it would now, that Gens. Lee or Johnston might have easily interposed an army in the 24 hours, but in this case McClellan would have had a walk over. So altogether I felt very well convinced, in my own mind, that I had discovered

THE KEY TO RICHMOND;

indeed so fully satisfied of this was I, that the more I thought it over the faster I walked on that dark night over the ties toward Fredericksburg, that I might convey the information to our officers before it would be too late.

I had fared badly in the way of supper, and, as will be seen, had not slept a wink the night before, but notwithstanding this I became so impressed with the idea that I held the key to Richmond in my pantaloons pocket, that I forgot to get tired at all and forged ahead as fast as I dared, keeping a lookout ahead for pickets. I might as well admit, too, that there was considerable propelling power from the rear. The recollection of that detective standing there, with the officers and soldiers in the crowd that might be awaiting my return from the search for the lost bundle, was of itself enough to fire me with renewed energy in the direction of the north. But aside from this, and over all, was the happy thought that I should again meet Geno at Fredericksburg; she would, I knew, be so glad to see me. I had only been absent one evening, but it seemed like a long time.

With such thoughts as these chasing one another through the brain, a person endowed with a good pair of legs can get over an immense amount of ground in one night, even if you are tired and hungry.

I heard noises and saw lights at several houses early in the night; these I always avoided by as wide a detour as possible, being careful not to get too far from the railroad, which I knew would be the shortest cut. I never knew when I passed the outside or inside rebel pickets, but it must have been in one of these cuts around the houses. I tramped right along all that blessed night, with no companion but my own exciting thoughts of the valuable information I had to impart to our Generals, the desire to see Geno, and the fear of pursuit from the rear.

I discovered that daylight was breaking in the east long before I expected to see it; I was only apprehensive that I should not be able to travel when the broad day should open its full light on me, and looked out the harder that I might cover all the distance I could.

It must be remembered that at this particular time nearly all the rebel army was on the Peninsula, and excepting immediately around Richmond, which I had passed so hurriedly early in the dark night, there was no important rebel forces.

And then, too, the incentives that I have mentioned will make one seemingly work miracles. What I am writing now may seem to some like a dreadful story, hence these frequent explanations.

It was along after daylight, some time after I had gotten off the railroad, that I might more safely dodge a bridge-guard in the distance, and was tramping along the road, that I heard again the familiar sound of horses' hoofs, evidently some distance away. As the sound did not seem to come any nearer, I struck boldly out into the road again and walked ahead until a turn in the road showed a house some distance ahead of me, in front of which was standing what I imagined to be a rebel cavalry picket, but a closer inspection proved to be only a colored boy on a horse, who had been driving some cows home from pasture to be milked.

Anxious to learn my whereabouts, or the distance from Fredericksburg, I walked boldly up to him, knowing that he was at that hour probably the only person stirring. With an expression of white-eyed wonder, he saw me bounding up the road toward him. Hardly knowing whether to run or yell, he stood like a stupid cow until I got close enough to ask the one important question uppermost in my mind,

"HOW FAR TO RICHMOND?"

"Richmond is back dat way."

"No," I said; "you are mistaken; I am going to Richmond, and I came from Fredericksburg."

"Den you done got lost, suah. Fredericksburg is right up dis road."

I was anxious to get the distance without questioning him if I could, but it was impossible to get anything satisfactory from the old mule until I put the direct question,

"How far from Fredericksburg?"

"Right smart piece from here, sah."

After a long waste of words and temper, which in my nervous condition then was excusable, I at last demanded an answer, but all I could get was that "right smart ways, sah."

Meanwhile the horse, a right good-looking old plow animal, was being held by the halter by this slave. The round, barrel back of the old nag looked temptingly inviting to me; so much so that I ventured to suggest to the boy that he ride me up the road to the next house for a silver quarter, which I showed him. His eyes glistened at the sight of it. Looking about him nervously and keeping one eye rivveted to the coin, he said: "I'll take you right smart piece for dat, if you jis wait till I put de cows in."

About the liveliest work that fellow had done for months was to get the half-dozen bars down, whoop the cows over the lower one, and yelling to some boys in the quarters that he was "going to tote de beast to watah," he led her up to the fence, handed me the reins, and told me to "jis' hitch her to de fence when you stop, sah."

To my question, "Where will I find the Confederate cavalry?" he replied: "Dey done gone back to Richmond last night, and will be back hyar to-day, I reckon."

That was enough. I was past the last picket, and I was mounted on a horse. What did I do? Why just what you would have done under like circumstances. I stole the horse, and rode her as hard as I could make her travel over that old road toward Fredericksburg, sailing past farmhouses, and astonished the negroes, who were out so early, in a manner and style very much after John Gilpin's famous ride. I had to do this, and it had to be done early too, before the people who lived along the road should be stirring. I think that I only stopped once, and that was to cut a switch for the old mare when she began to slow down too much for my nerves.

I don't know how far we traveled that early morning, but I am sure of one thing, that we covered more ground in the same time than that horse ever did before or since.

It was a big risk, because if closely followed I could have been overtaken; but realizing having taken the step, my only safety lay in getting through with it as quickly as possible. I pushed that old nag in a way that was shameful, but I think maybe I was punished corporeally as much as the horse.

In approaching the few farmhouses along the road I made it a point to see that there was no barricade on the road and nobody in sight with a gun in his hand; then I made a dash and was past before any person who had chanced to have seen me could have collected themselves to realize what all the dust and rush were about.

When I felt that I was safe enough and almost within sight of the church steeples of Fredericksburg, I discovered as I rode along a squad of cavalry ahead of me on the road. I had gotten upon them so suddenly that neither had seen the other until too close to attempt a retreat. I felt that I had overdone it again, and hauled in the old horse in three steps and a jump, and ran her into the fence-corner attempting to reverse her too suddenly, and before I could say beans or get straightened up the whole gang came rushing down toward me, yelling and shooting like all possessed. I dropped from the hurricane deck of the old horse as suddenly as if I had been shot off, and was about to climb the fence and run for the woods when the whole crowd was upon me, every one of them as much excited as myself. They wore blue clothes and brass buttons and buckles, and I soon found out they were a party of Union cavalry pickets on outpost duty, who had voluntarily ventured out the road that morning on a foraging expedition.

I was safe in the Union lines again—a prisoner.

[To be continued.]

Don't Read This

the second time, but send to us at once your name and address, if you want one of the celebrated Monarch self-operating Washers, that we are going to give away in order to introduce them. It is the greatest labor-saving invention of the nineteenth century. *It washes the clothing clean without the washboard or any rubbing whatever.*

Agents are coining money. We have several who are making $10 per day and upwards. One lady in Chicago (Mrs. McDermott, 338 W. 15th St.) was so well pleased with her sample that she became an agent and has sold over 1600 in four months.

First come first served; so if you want one from the 1000 lot that we are going to give away you must *write at once*. Address the Monarch Laundry Works, 422 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Stage Jewels.
[Jewelers' Weekly.]

An Importer—"Yes, there's lots of colored glass used in stage jewelry and regalias, and a big show it makes, doesn't it? That case there, for instance, a blaze of light and color, could be restocked for a few hundred dollars, while its contents, if the "jewels" were real, would be worth half a hundred very respectable fortunes.

"There exists a decided difference between stage jewels and jewels intended for regalias and secret societies, but crowns are favorite articles always.

"That handsome and regal-looking one there, sparkling everywhere with 'diamonds' and 'rubies,' can be purchased for exactly $7.50. The crown alongside, with a crimson plush lining, is probably one which the theatrical sovereign wears when he mounts his fiery white horse—or, I should say, charger. This belt-clasp, with 'emeralds' fully an inch in diameter, can be purchased for $1.50, and single 'topazes,' 'rubies,' 'diamonds' and 'sapphires' of the same size set round in pearls can be had at the uniform price of $1 each.

"Here's a handsome set of pearls, which, if real, would be worth every cent of $50,000. Sixty-five dollars will buy them, but even that's a pretty good price when you consider that you're only getting an imitation anyway.

"Brass is the metal almost invariably used for both theatrical and society jewels, because it can be brightly gilded and is easy to work. They are more substantial than their appearance would indicate.

"Paris is the great headquarters for the stuff, and we keep it simply because we have to; there isn't much money in it, and it takes lots of room. The duty adds considerably to the cost."

A Voracious Hen Hawk.
[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

A crowd of several hundred persons was attracted to the corner of Laurel and Linn streets about 8 o'clock one morning recently by a large chicken hawk that had taken quarters on the steeple of the Catholic church on that corner, and was making a breakfast on pigeons. The hawk would sail into the air and return a few minutes later with a pigeon in its claws. It would quietly devour the unfortunate bird and then make another trip. Four pigeons were captured and eaten inside of an hour, much to the amusement of the spectators, if not to the pigeons.

Blessings of Liberty.
[Omaha World.]

Bill—Why don't yer git inter public life an' be somebody, Jim?

Jim—I did try ter git a office, but these durned civil service rules kep me out.

"What office did yer try for?"

"Janitor of a public buildin'. They asked me how much two an' two made an' 'cause I failed on the first answer they wouldn't have me."

"Niver mind, Jim, I'll help yer git inter public life. I'll git yer elected school director; that don't require no 'xamination."

One Brave Man.
[Chicago Times.]

It is reassuring to know that there was only one man—a negro porter—on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas train who was courageous enough to "talk back" to the two or three robbers that attacked the train the other day. It shows that the average man in that part of the country is not as much of a desperado as he has been painted. Judging by the sort of people who ride on trains down there, we must believe that the tenderfoot element has captured the country.

Two Giddy Youths.
[Chicago Tribune.]

George Bancroft (anxiously) — My dear friend, I am still a vigorous man, comparatively speaking, but I may not live more than 40 or 50 years yet, and my history is far from complete. Promise me that if I am called away with my great work unfinished you will complete it.

Simon Cameron (with emotion)—George, I accept the trust. I'll do it.

A Necessary Foundation.
[Omaha World.]

Eastern Man—That's your house, eh? My gracious! What does this mean? It stands on wheels.

Western Man—You wouldn't have the wheels on the roof, would you?

"But wheels? Wheels, sir? What are they for?"

"Why, to keep out of the way of new business blocks, of course. Where'd you come from, anyhow?"

The Truth.
[Philadelphia Call.]

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?

Three-year-old—Yes, sir.

Papa—Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?

Three-year-old—Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it,

Candidates.
[Chicago News.]

"You Billy," called a Bloomington mother to her son who was playing in the street, "run right along to school and stop throwing stones, for you are almost certain to hit one of those candidates and spoil your pa's chances for getting an office."

Just About It.
[Elmira Advertiser.]

"Dr." Teed is reported as saying that he can burn a man's hand off with his mind. That is, he can burn it off—in his mind.

The Wonderful K-Wren Remedies

are truly the most wonderful remedies ever discovered. The cures wrought by both troches and balsam are something marvelous. Letters are coming to us every day testifying to the wonderful results achieved by those using them. They contain neither morphine, opium, potash nor anything of a deleterious nature, and can be administered to the youngest child, or any person of nervous temperament, and will leave no bad after effect. They are the most popular remedies in the market today, their sales doubling that of any other cough medicine. The troches are usually taken during the day and the cough balsam at night. Our testimonial books are always open for inspection at our offices. Troches, 10c., 15c. and 25c. per box; balsam, 50c. and $1 per bottle.

CHARLES D. KEEP, Sole Agent,
49 Exchange Place, New York.

MRS. SUSAN SITTON;

OR,

The Yankee Soldier's Wife.

BY JAMES K. MAGIE, 78TH ILL.

DURING a portion of the time I was military postmaster, our regiment was stationed at Shelbyville, Tenn. I occupied the old postoffice, which was neatly and commodiously fitted up with distributing tables, shelves, boxes, etc. Maj. Smith, of the 96th Ill., (since made General, and now Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois,) was Provost-Marshal on Gen. Stedman's staff, and it was his practice every afternoon to call in the office and open and examine all letters addressed to citizens, and suppress all which contained contraband information. I usually assisted him in this interesting labor, and often learned important family secrets, and it was not infrequently the case that information was thus gathered that led to the arrest of some guerrilla or bushwhacker, a species of villain which abounded in that section.

One morning soon after my mail from Nashville had arrived and been distributed, a neat and pretty young girl, apparently not over 16 years of age, called at the postoffice and inquired if I had a letter for Mrs. Susan Sitton. It was our practice to deliver the citizens' mail only to the person addressed, and I informed her of this rule. "Well," says she, "that's my name."

"But you asked for a letter for *Mistress* Susan

"ANYTHING FOR MRS. SUSAN SITTON?"

Sitton," said I, emphasizing the word mistress, "and certainly you are not married."

"But I am though," said she, with a roguish laugh, "and my husband is a Yankee soldier in the 10th Ohio Cav."

"How long have you been married?" I asked, for I was now interested in the history of this young girl, and was so ill-mannered or forgetful as to stand and question her without once offering to look over the letters for her.

"Two weeks last Tuesday," said she in reply to my question.

"And where is your husband?"

"He started last week with his detachment over in Maury County, and he told me he would write the first opportunity he had."

"Were you acquainted with your husband long before you married him?"

"No; the first time I saw him was Sunday, and we were married Tuesday night."

I ventured to inform her that perhaps she had committed a very indiscreet act in marrying in such haste, and probably her husband had forgotten her by that time.

"I know better than that," she tartly replied. "He loves me, I know he does; and he has promised to come and take me to Ohio as soon as the war is over."

By this time I had looked over the letters and found none for Mrs. Sitton, and so informed her. A shade of disappointment flitted over her countenance, but, brightening again, she said:

"I'll be in again Saturday. I know there will be a letter for me by that time," and she darted off without giving me an opportunity to ask further questions.

The next day's mail brought several letters for citizens, and among them I was pleased to notice one for "Mrs. Susan Sitton."

Maj Smith came in at the usual hour, and we sat down to look over the letters. I took a peep into the letter for Mrs. Susan, and found it to be from her husband, Robert Sitton. His epistle was well worthy an affectionate husband to his beloved wife. It contained information respecting their marches, etc., and announced that a small detachment, embracing his company, would start on the morrow for a scout in Lincoln County. The letter closed with assurances of his love and a promise to write again as soon as opportunity offered.

There was one letter in this mail which attracted the particular attention of Maj. Smith, as well as myself. It was addressed to John Noland, and appeared to have been written at Columbia, Tenn., and mailed at Nashville. The suspicious character of the letter, and the threatening allusion to the "Yanky soldier," induced me to take a copy of it, which was as follows:

COLUMBY, Aug. th 1863.

DEAR JACK: I am out of the frying-pan into the fire. I left Wheler 2 weeks ago, and am now in the Yanky lines. Bill Thompson and about 40 more was took prisoners last week. I am now with old man Godfry, but will leave for Lincoln County next week. Jake goes with me. Tell the old lady I will be along in October, if not sooner. I see Bill Stuert last week rite from Shelbyville, and he herd Su Lacy had got married to a Yanky soldier. I dont believe the story, but if it is so he had better sa his praers before I get site on him. I think Tom had better stay at home; he is too young to fite and knock around, as he would have to do if he come with us. I send this letter by Bill Thompson to Nashville. No more

From one you know who, JIM.

I don't remember, if ever I knew, what disposition Maj. Smith made of this letter. I know that both of us were pretty well satisfied that it was written by a rebel guerrilla, who was cheating the gallows of its due every day that he lived.

Punctually on Saturday the pretty little wife of the Yankee soldier called at the postoffice for her letter. Her heart beat with delight as I handed her the missive, and she gazed with pride and satisfaction at the superscription—Mrs. Susan Sitton. It was probably the first time that she had ever seen the name written, and she pondered over it as if to realize that she was indeed a wife, and that the superscription was her own proper address.

She soon observed that the letter had been opened, and this she did not seem to like very well. I told her that, although it was not the custom of postoffices generally to open the letters received, it was, however, the custom of that office, except the person addressed was a United States soldier. I then showed her the letter from "Jim," addressed to John Noland, and called her attention to the threat against the Yankee soldier who had married Sue Lacy. In a moment the color came to her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with anger.

"I know who that is. I'll bet a dollar it's Jim Wyatt. He's a good-for-nothing, secesh rebel, and j'ined a company that was got up for Wheeler's cavalry. He stole two horses from 'Squire Caldwell last Spring. I hope he'll get a bullet in his head before he ever comes back to Shelbyville."

"Perhaps he was an old beau of yours," I remarked

"No, he wasn't; but he wanted to be, though, and I would have nothing to do with him. Good day, sir," and the young lady darted off and was out of sight before I had time to ask further questions, leaving me alone to reflect upon the unsophisticated simplicity of this newly-married Southern belle.

In about a month after the events above narrated our regiment was ordered to Bridgeport, Ala., and I was obliged to turn over the postoffice to other parties. Then followed the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, the siege of Knoxville and the famine of Stringer's Ridge. The Winter passed, the Spring dawned, and then came the terribly severe but gloriously successful campaign against Atlanta. Just as we reached the gates of that unfortunate city, and the glistening spires of her steeples had become visible, I was taken down with a fever and was sent back to Chattanooga. A few days thereafter I was favored with a 30-days furlough for home. Passing through Louisville I was obliged to stop at the Quartermaster's office for transportation. There was a large crowd of furloughed and discharged soldiers present on the same errand as myself. Our papers were handed in and examined, and then a clerk called off the names and handed back the papers, accompanied with an order for transportation. The name called next after mine was that of Robert Sitton. The name appeared familiar to me, but I could recognize no acquaintanceship in the countenance of the soldier who responded to the name. As we passed out of the office my comrade was joined by a pretty and well-dressed young lady with a babe in her arms. I had seen that lady before. She was my old patron at the Shelbyville postoffice. I felt that I needed no introduction to her, and I accosted her at once. She was prompt to recognize me, and gave me a formal introduction to her husband, reminding me of my former distrust of him, and adding: "I told you he would take me home with him to Ohio as soon as he was discharged, and we are on our way now."

"So, then, you are discharged from the service?" I interrogatively remarked to Mr. Sitton.

"Yes, sir; my three years were up more than six weeks ago, but I didn't get mustered out and paid off until last week."

"Well, Mr. Sitton, I congratulate you on your success in this Southern country. You go home to resume the duties of a citizen with a good start in domestic matters."

"Yes, sir; I reckon I have got as good a wife and as pretty a little baby as the country can afford; and that is not all, sir, a pocket full of greenbacks—enough to buy a farm when I get home."

"And he came by it honestly," broke in Mrs. Sitton. "You remember Jim Wyatt, the rebel who wrote the letter you showed me once; well, he turned out just as I expected. He was a regular bushwhacker, but he is done for now. Bob spoiled his fun for him."

"How about that, Mr. Sitton?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, just this way. I came up from Alabama last Spring on a 20-days' furlough to see Susy here, about two miles from Shelbyville. I hadn't been home three days before I heard of Wyatt being in the neighborhood. It was well known that he had committed several robberies and murders of Union people in Lincoln County, and I thought it about as well to be on the lookout for him. One day I had been up to town and was on my way home,—that is, to where Susy lived with her mother,—when two men darted out of the woods close by the road, and I was their prisoner in a moment. One of them was Jim Wyatt. I knew him at first sight, although I had never seen him before. I felt mighty mean to be taken prisoner by him, when I had thought all along to shoot him the first time I should set eyes on him. They took my pistol and jack-knife from me and hurried me off to their camp about five miles back in the country, where there was about a dozen more guerrilla cutthroats, and all provided with good horses. I suppose Wyatt would have shot me if he had been alone. He wanted to do it, but his companion would not let him. That night the whole party started off in the direction of McMinnville, taking me with them, and mounted on as good a horse as any of them had. They tied both of my legs to the stirrup-straps, but in the dark I had unbuckled the straps and was ready to slip off the first good opportunity I should see. Just before daylight we had to pass a stream of water, and here we had to go in Indian file. Jim Wyatt was the last man, and I was just ahead of him. I was tolerably slow going across, as I was thinking if I escaped at all about now was my best chance, and I was a little surprised that Wyatt was so easy in letting me fall behind. Just then I saw what Wyatt was up to. The others were some rods ahead of us. He was getting his pistol out to shoot me. In a second I gathered one of the stirrup-straps in my right hand, and suddenly turning my horse, and with the iron stirrup swinging at the end of the strap I dealt Wyatt a blow that knocked him off his horse. I immediately recrossed the stream, and before 8 o'clock I was in the camp of a detachment of Stoke's Tennessee Union cavalry."

"But about those greenbacks you spoke of?"

"Oh, yes; I don't forget that. Well, you see, when I knocked Wyatt off his horse and turned back, his horse, now without a rider, followed right after me. When I got into camp everybody seemed to think the two horses ought to belong to me, and so I kept them, and that same night I got back to Susy's house. She was worried considerably about me because I did not come home the night before, but she was glad enough when I did come. She helped me to put the horses in the stable, and she took the saddle off of the other horse, the one Wyatt

FATE OF JIM WYATT.

rode. As she laid it down she said it was the heaviest saddle she ever lifted, and she began immediately to look into the saddlebags.

"Woman's curiosity," I almost involuntarily blurted out.

"I wanted to see what was there that made it so heavy," innocently remarked the little lady, as she gave the baby a toss to her other arm.

"Did you find anything?" I inquired.

"Well, no; not then," replied Mr. Sitton. "The next morning, when I came to handle the saddle, I, too, thought it was a little heavy for its size, and so I gave it a closer inspection. I found on the under side two secret pockets, and from one of them I brought out a little over $700 in greenbacks and from the other $900 in gold."

"A pretty good haul," said I. "No wonder it was heavy. Did Wyatt ever come back to claim his money or his horse?"

"Well, he hasn't yet," replied Mr. Sitton.

"Of course not," broke in his wife. "He was picked up the next day with his head broke, and died a day or two after."

I had but a few moments in which to reach the ferryboat for the Jeffersonville depot. After congratulating my friends on their fine prospects I hastily bid them adieu. It has ever since been my opinion that Mr. Sitton became the proprietor of a good Ohio farm, and has never regretted the day he became acquainted with Sue Lacy.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

—"Was St. Paul a dupe?" asked the Rev. Joseph Cook in a recent lecture. And a Boston newspaper allowed him to appear in type as asking: "Was St. Paul a dude?"—*N. Y. World.*

—One night an apparent tramp in Bent County, Cal., gave a brakeman on a coal train 50 cents to let him ride to the next station. The brakeman took his place on the caboose, and the tramp got on a coal car, and as soon as the train started began throwing off coal. He had thrown off two tons or more by the time he reached the next station, when he got off and went back to meet a wagon that was following after and picking up the coal. The tramp was a shrewd and dishonest Benton County farmer.

—A good deal has been said about various devices to make the waters of Niagara useful, but nobody seems to have thought of turning them on the high-charging hackmen of that vicinity.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

—Sioux Falls (D. T.) *Argus:* "The editor of the Salem *Special* is exulting in a pair of pataloons 'almost as good as new.' Dakota editors are becoming opulent."

—Death has all seasons for its own. So, unfortunately, does the cigaret.—*Baltimore American.*

—Boston *Gazette:* "There is a Boston performer in one of the circuses who is so intellectual that she will only walk on a taut rope."

Mamma—Who dwelt in the Garden of Eden, Freddie? Freddie—Oh, I know, the Adamses!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Scientists tells us that a man's brain decreases in size as he grows older. The human brain, it appears, weighs the heaviest between the ages of 14 and 20. This explains why young men know so much more than their elders.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—Unc' Obadiah Tobey (listening to the "whiz-z-z-z" of the wind through the telegraph wires)—My lan'! Spec' dem tel'graph hopertaters can understan' dat ar langwidge. But bress my stars! I couldn't extinguish one word oh it—not ef de angel Gabr'el hisse' war a-telegrammin' fur de soul oh ole Unc' Obberdiah.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Tramp—Will the gentleman give a trifle to a poor man? Gentleman—How do I know you are a poor man? Tramp—How do I know you are a gentleman? It's only by the outside that either of us can judge the other.—*Texas Siftings.*

—No anti-poverty society is now genuine without the name of Dr. McGlynn stamped on the contribution box.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—In order to guard against grave robbers a man in Indiana buried his daughter in a casket which contained two pounds of dynamite. The other day his wife died and great difficulty was experienced in employing men to dig the new grave beside that of the daughter for fear of an accidental explosion, and many people refrained from attending the services in the church-yard for the same reason. Funerals of such a nature as this are not destined to any great degree of popularity.

FOR THE LADIES.

—"I'll have to ask you for an increase in my salary," said a Pittsburg clerk to his employer this morning. "Why, you had an advance the first of the year." "I know; but you see my wife is attending some cooking lectures and cooking according to receipts."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

—Why is it that every church choir has its giggler?—*Boston Gazette.*

—Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 29, some 20 of the older friends and neighbors made a surprise visit on Mrs. W. C. Barnes, one of Beaver Dam's best and most highly-respected ladies, a resident of the Second Ward, to celebrate her 18th birthday. She has enjoyed 72 years on this earth as the world goes, but by the rule of the calendar has been enabled to have only 18 birthdays, and but few ladies of that age have her apparent vigor, or have been more useful to humanity about her.—*Beaver Dam (Wis.) Citizen.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Delicate Compliment.
[The Epoch.]

Miss Clara—Young Mr. Sampson paid me such a pleasant compliment last evening, Ethel.

Miss Ethel—Oh, did he?

Miss Clara—Yes; I was complaining about being compelled to do some shopping in that dreadful rain storm yesterday. He thought I must have found it delightful, because it was such fine weather for ducks. He has such a delicate way of putting things.

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The Place.
[Good Housekeeping.]

"Papa, where's Atoms?"

"Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably."

"No, I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

Write to E. A. Armstrong, Detroit, Mich., for his G.A.R. or S. of V. Price List. Sent free.

That Jury.
[Fort Worth Gazette.]

"Transitory frenzy" is what a Denver jury calls murder. The jury was more probably afflicted with permanent idiocy.

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