PLAIN JOHN JONES.

How the 909th Pa. Acquired a Non-Enlisted Recruit, How It Lost That Recruit, and What Troubles and Delights Ensued.

By B. M. JOHNSON.

(Continued from last week.)

But, no! One starts off north and the others all follow at full cry.

Jones and I laughed or cried—hysterically—I don't know which, possibly both. I may have laughed while Jones cried! The soldiers appear over a swell in the ground. Thank God! they had not seen this slight interruption.

Now our thoughts were of the negro. Would he make the creek? Inwardly I kept saying "Yes, no! Yes, no!" until I sank into a troubled sleep.

The sun was two hours high when I was awakened with a start. The grinning negro—Jim Waller—was bending over me. How glad I was to see the black fellow! He had stationed three of his many children as lookouts at different points, and had brought food, saying we were perfectly safe. I got up, leaving Jones in the straw, fast asleep—I wanted him to get all the rest possible.

I asked Jim how in the world he ever made the creek in time.

He said: "I 'spect dem shoes ob your'n mus' er had wings on 'em."

He not only reached the creek, and had deposited the shoes as I directed, in plenty of time, but had actually gone half a mile beyond, and was up a tree watching developments when the dogs came to the creek.

After much nosing, the pack started up stream. They were gone about an hour, having gone almost to its source, when they returned to the starting point on the opposite bank. Here they were divided—three on one side, four on the other—and they struck out down stream. Jim said they would follow its course to the Staunton River—25 miles to the southeast—and I have no doubt they did.

I rested easily now—having no longer any fear from that source.

Jones slept till the sun crossed the meridian, and awoke much refreshed. We lay here all day. Our clothes had dried. I was somewhat rested, but had not got much sleep. About 2 o'clock a detachment of rebel cavalry passed south. They stopped at the cabin below. Jim carried them a bucket of water and a gourd dipper. I felt easier when they drank and passed on. Several buggies and single horsemen passed during this time, but we were not disturbed.

Late in the afternoon Jim sent his oldest son, a strapping boy of 17, for my shoes. They were somewhat dilapidated, but the soles were fairly good, and by wrapping cords around my instep the cuts were drawn together, and I could use them without difficulty.

This was Sunday evening, July 10, 1864. I remember the date well—it was my birthday—I was 24 years old.

The thin crescent moon set early, and the stars were shining again. We had eaten some corn bread and bacon and set out due north, Jim accompanying us. Jim was not overly encouraging. He said I was not the first "Linkum soger" he had helped North. He thought "mebby" we'd get through.

We were not rushing matters now; we were going at an easy stride almost due north, following a partially-beaten path. I left—only too gladly—everything in Jim's hands. His escort would cover a distance of five miles.

An owl hooted overhead. Almost immediately afterward the distant, doleful wail of a whip-poor-will was heard. It was the first time I had ever heard one's cry. We left the path and went 50 feet into the bushes. Jim told us to stoop down and keep quiet. I had heard nor seen nothing suspicious, but I thought the negro had keen senses, and I said nothing.

Ten minutes later two men passed us, going in the opposite direction. They were engaged in quiet conversation. After they had disappeared we resumed our tramp and Jim remarked: "Dat's Mahs McLean and Mahs Thompson."

We were now in Appomattox County, 20 miles from Lynchburg as the crow flies, but we had come much farther. We crossed a railroad—the Southside Railroad—and continued north. We came at length to a wide valley. Far ahead came the faint cry of a whip-poor-will—then another. Much nearer another whip-poor-will cried out twice. Jim put his hands to his mouth and cried: "Whip-po'-will! Whip-po'-will." It was all clear to me now. I was on the famous "underground railroad." Jim explained that the distant double cry came from Unc' Joel, at McLean's, signifying the coast was clear. The other cry was given by Jim's son, who had all this while led our advance, a quarter of a mile away, unknown to me. It was he who had warned us of the approach of the two men.

Soon we came to higher ground; a settlement of barely half a dozen houses showed through the trees. We skirted around to the left and entered a stable-yard in the rear of a house—McLean's—at the end of town, facing its single street. "Unc' Joel" was waiting for us. He was an old darky, and said he had "rumyticks pow'ful bad."

None of the McLean family were at home. We entered the kitchen through the back yard. Unc' Joel's wife brought us milk, biscuits, fruit and cold chicken. While we ate she wrapped up a package of food for me to carry. She also brought me a pair of discarded boots that belonged to Mr. McLean; they were far better than my shoes, and were a good fit. McLean's feet and mine were evidently of the same size.

Little did I think, as I sat there, that the concluding act of the great drama—the civil war—would be enacted there in the village of Appomattox, under that very roof. Yet that is true; Lee surrendered to Grant in the front room of this house, nine months later.

We were soon ready to start again. Jim and his son had already departed for their home. I bade them good-by and went out past the stable and across the creek below the house. Jones lingered awhile; I had to call him. He gave Unc' Joel's wife something.

As a guide we had Joel's son with us—his name was also Joel—they called him "Young Joel."

When we got beyond the first strip of woods Joel gave the whip-poor-will cry. Answers came from right, left and front—safety was assured.

The night was cool and the sky was brilliant with stars. We made good time, single file, along the narrow path leading through the wooded and open country, away from the highways. For two hours we traveled steadily, without encountering any thing more serious than a razorback hog, which shot out from a fence-corner and made a bee-line through the woods. We halted at Joel's directions when we came near a large white house that was surrounded by outbuildings.

Jones and I rested. Joel went up to the house, which was some distance on our right. We heard dogs bark, and saw a light flash in one of the cabins in the quarters back of the house.

It was fully half an hour before we saw Joel again. He returned with two other colored men. One of the recruits started ahead. The other one, about Joel's age—Nick Weston—would relieve him here. I could only pay the faithful colored man with thanks—I had not a penny—and he left us. Before going, however, I noticed Jones place something in his hand; surely not money; Jones had given up everything, I felt positive, to the guard.

Nick proved to be a very intelligent fellow. He belonged to this—the Col. Pleasanton plantation, and did indoor work when the Colonel was at home; but now all the men of the "great house" were at the front, and Nick had an easy time of it.

The rebels were more active in this neighborhood. Videts were stationed on all the by-roads, and soldiers of the Confederacy passed east and west, every day, on the "great road." A number of public places lay before us, and the utmost caution would have to be exercised.

Shortly a whip-poor-will signal came from ahead, and we continued our way. It must have been 1:30 o'clock, Monday morning, now—Arcturus was nearing the western horizon. We moved slowly. Jones began to show signs of fatigue before we had gone far, though he denied it. I wanted to save the boy's strength all that I could, thinking he might need it before daylight. Nick and I each cut a small, smooth sapling, making poles about six feet long; I took off my long coat, buttoned it around the poles, making a kind of stretcher; then we induced Jones against his protests, to lie down on it and Nick and I carried him. Thus we journeyed for an hour or more. A signal came from ahead, and we stopped short.

The signal-man came back. We were nearing a dangerous by-road that crossed our path diagonally. Cavalry were at two places, we could hear their horses. After agreeing on a plan of investigation, I took the center, Nick and the other colored man went to my right and left. We climbed the fence and moved toward the road,

"SHE TOOK A COMB FROM HER POCKET AND STRAIGHTENED OUT HER HAIR."

stealthily, through a field of growing corn. There was no fence next the road; that had long since been used by passing troops for fuel. I crept up the embankment and watched and listened for five minutes or more. Directly in front of me in a sparse woods, across the road, were horses and dying camp-fires; and men, lying like logs, on the ground, roled up in their blankets, sound asleep. From my right the road followed a small stream, which, nearly opposite, took a northerly course. Pickets were moving back and forth between me and the camp. I heard hoof beats on the road, and moved back in time to avoid a videt, who rode past leisurely. I went to the edge of the corn and waited for Jones and the two negroes to join me. They soon came. There were troops to the left, on both sides of the road, but none on the right. We naturally decided to cross the road in the latter direction, hoping to find the stream no barrier of consequence.

Before we could set one foot in front of the other, a most startling and unexpected thing happened.

A hissing, shrieking mass of sizzling fire came like a rocket from the sky. It was the most splendid and at the same time the most awe-inspiring natural phenomenon it has ever been my good fortune to behold. It came like a gigantic bolt of lightning, blindingly brilliant. Not a cloud obscured the star-studded heavens, yet the myriad suns above paled before its dazzling splendor. The landscape was illuminated for miles around. It struck the earth so near us that we instinctively dodged; the tremendous impact making us stagger. It was a meteor. The iron mass was so bright and dazzling to the eyes that I will not hazard a guess as to its size. It struck beyond the road, in the center of the creek, and an instant later there came a deafening report—as of a hundred cannon, making the very earth quake.

In a moment the utmost confusion reigned in the camp beyond the road.

I must admit I was frightened; but I knew what it was, and I was not long in collecting my scattered wits. I looked around for the negroes—they were shrieking like madmen, and before I could restrain them they went tearing through the cornfield. Jones lay faint and limp beside me.

The terror-stricken horses were piteous to behold. They broke loose from their fastenings, and ran in every direction. Two of them, crazed with fright, came leaping over the road and into the tall corn—tearing out great swaths of it; another came so near jumping upon me that I picked up Jones and ran into the road, where I would be on higher ground and safer. I had no thought of being captured. The cavalrymen were not less frightened than the horses. Some of them were entirely ignorant of what they were doing. They ran past me in every direction, exclaiming wildly. One big six-footer, aroused from a sound sleep, I have no doubt, implored of me to save him. In less time than it takes to tell it the entire camp was deserted. Some one started the cry: "The Yanks are upon us! The Yanks are upon us!" others took it up, and away they went, running blindly to every point of the compass.

I carried Jones into the camp and laid him down on a blanket. Stones and debris were scattered around. I ran to the stream to get water to bathe his face, but it was almost scalding hot. Arms and accoutrements were, with few exceptions, undisturbed in their places. In the canteens I found water in plenty, but Jones was already sitting up. I told him to drink and bathe his face. I felt his brow—it was hot and dry. I was uneasy about him.

I picked up a pistol in a holster and a cartridge-box on one belt, and strapped it around me. Then I picked out a carbine and a long knife, in a scabbard, from among a number of other weapons. An unfastened horse stood near me whining piteously; he was trembling in every limb. I stopped to pat his neck and smooth his face—he seemed glad I was near. That was fortunate. I soon had a blanket and saddle on his back. I mounted and pulled Jones up behind me, then struck out through the woods, northward, as fast as we could go without being unhorsed by the low branches.

In our talks as we came along Nick had given me a pretty good idea of the lay of the land as far as the James River, and I had no doubt but that I could find another "conductor of the underground railroad," when I should need him.

The carbine proved bothersome; anyway, I had neglected getting cartridges for it, and threw it away before we had gone far.

Some men were running through the field beyond the woods ahead of us. I fired my pistol in the ground and yelled—they changed their course and ran stumbling through the tall weeds, leaving us a clear path, just as I expected they would. Farther ahead two others were encountered with similar results. We were riding at a gallop now, only stopping long enough to tear down the few low fences, and were soon miles beyond the stampeded cavalrymen. The "great road," or pike, was not far ahead—I was sure of that. Leaving Jones to hold the horse, I went forward and found the Watkins plantation, where Nick was to turn me over to another relay. I could easily identify the place from his description—it stood back a quarter of a mile from the pike. I feared to arouse the quarters, and concluded to go it alone, at least, to the James River.

When we reached the pike all was quiet, except for the droning of insects incident to a Summer's night. It made me uneasy—I would rather have seen a videt, I'm sure; then I would know what to do. However, my fear was unfounded; we rode across without a challenge and without encountering anything unusual.

My eyes had become so accustomed to seeing things in the semi-darkness that light crept up in the east unknown to me. Jones called my attention to the breaking day; accordingly we rode fast to get as far away from the pike as possible before sunup.

We rode three miles or more and came to the hills, where we could see the James; here, in the woods, I decided to tarry—thinking it best not to go nearer the river, since this was a much better viewpoint.

We had passed through an exciting experience and were worn out. I spread the blanket on the ground, and Jones lay down, using the saddle for a pillow. The reins to the bridle were broken; I tied the ends together and led the horse a quarter of a mile to the rear, and placed him in a thicket; taking the bit from his mouth I gave him some grass and a few ears of green corn, which I had picked up a mile or so back.

The sun was just peeping over the hills when I got back. Jones was awake. He looked so uncomfortable, with his hat strapped on, by the band under his chin, that I asked him why he didn't take it off. I had never seen him with his hat off, and wondered why he didn't mind.

We started a small blaze—I had provided myself with matches at McLean's—and toasted some green corn. It was all the breakfast we had—the package of food having been lost at the cavalry camp. Jones didn't eat anything.

I was not thoroughly satisfied with our position. It was secluded enough, but Nick had told me of a cabin in these hills, and I determined to find it. Giving Jones instructions how to act in case of alarm, I left him. He didn't seem to be quite himself, but I thought it was only a reaction of the terror we had gone through.

In an hour or so I had found the cabin. It was located in an ideal place, with a spring of pure water gushing from fern-crowned rocks. Ah, I thought, this is a treat. I had, unexpectedly, ran into a melon patch at the foot of the hills; I placed three nice cantaloupes in the icy spring and started back for Jones.

He answered my call weakly. I had some misgivings before; now I was frightened. His face was hot and dry. That band under his chin seemed choking him. I unfastened it and threw off his big hat. He grabbed at it, but too late. A mass of golden hair rolled down the saddle and spread on the ground.

My God! "Plain John Jones" was a girl!

I knelt there beside the fevered little one, spell-bound; I had never suspected!

She began a frettish whisper.

"Don't scold me, I— I—," she said sobbing.

"Scold you, my brave, brave little girl! You are the grandest heroine in all the world!" I felt that I must quiet her fears and stop her worrying at any cost. I petted her, and praised her sublime devotion to her mother and brother. She had a terrible enemy to combat now—fever—she could not do it with a troubled, anxious mind.

I said: "Come, we will go to the cabin." I described the cool, delightful place, thinking thereby to further distract her mind from her predicament, as we walked along.

"I feel a little faint and weak," she said, timidly, as if ashamed to acknowledge it.

But I need not have been told that. She was very weak. Yet cruel, though it may seem, she must not lie down; she must fight! fight!

"You are brave, Miss—Miss?"

"Marjory Cecil," she put in.

"You are a brave girl, Miss Marjory; a very brave girl. I know you are too brave to give up. We will soon get through to Meade's army now." (Inwardly that was only my hope.) "And you must not get sick." I impressed those words upon her—she must not let the fever get the upper hand, or we were lost.

I could see the determination to conquer repossess her—would she win? That was then a momentous question.

She bathed her hands and face in the cool, limpid spring, and drank. Then she took a comb from her pocket and straightened out the beautiful golden hair.

How could I have been so completely deceived! As she sat there on the mossy rocks, I think it was the first time I had really ever seen her—Jones. How thoroughly girlish she was, and how ludicrous she looked, in her loose clothes! My mind had been so full of my bitter fate that I never really thought much about Jones—"Plain John Jones"—except as a cultured, refined lad, outside of his sphere among soldiers.

I said: "Jones—Miss Marjory;" she turned with a faint smile at my mistake, "I must find some way out of this—I will not be gone long." I cautioned her to be alert and watchful. I had no fear that the place would be raided—merely wishing to keep her occupied. I started to go. She stopped me. She took a small package from the lining of her hat and putting it in my hand said that might help me. I put it in my pocket without unwrapping it and left. My mind was so centered on other things, I didn't at that moment look to see what she had given me.

I had no plans, but I would try to find negroes on whom I could depend. I was greatly depressed. Here I was in the very heart of rebeldom, liable to be captured at any moment, with a fever-stricken child depending upon my skill to deliver her into the hands of friends. I could not take her further, that was sure. She must be sent North—but how? I was worried almost to desperation, as I thought of the terrible situation. I didn't know how sick she was, nor how long she had been sick; nor how soon she would collapse. Maybe she would have but a touch of fever. Maybe this was already the last stage of a slight attack. That was a happy thought.

I walked out of the woods, into the bottom-lands, without caution. I went through a field of tall corn that quite hid me, and heard a voice ahead. Without caring whether the voice calling the horses in the field ahead was from white or colored, I pulled out my pistol and climbed the fence and saw a colored man. I was at first disappointed. I really wished he had been a planter, so that I could have forced him to care for this sick child.

I called, and the old, white-haired negro came to me.

"Where do you live, Uncle?"

"Ober dah," jerking his thumb toward the east, "on de road. I belongs ter Mahs' Cahtah, suh."

"Is Mr. Carter at home?"

"No, suh. All ob de menfolks dun gwine off to de wah, and only de ole Missy and de gals and de niggers ah to home, suh."

"Do you know me, Uncle?"

Two rows of ivory showed at this. "I 'spec' you is er Yank, do you clothes am rebel." My trousers were stuffed into my boot-tops and he could not see them as I sat on the fence. I thought it would be difficult for me to masquerade as a rebel, especially if I were required to talk.

"How old are the girls?"

"Now, lemme see; dah's Miss Sally, she wah bo'n de week befo' C'rismus, two yeahs befo' de big snow, an' de yeah Mahs Felix rund off wid li'l' Miss Betty Summahs an' he's el'est chile"——

"Never mind," I said. "How tall are they."

"One's dat big, an' one's dat big, an' one's dat big," he said, measuring their hight from the ground.

I knew there were few marriageable negroes on the plantations who were not married, and didn't ask him whether he was or not. I said: "Uncle, I want your wife to get a complete outfit belonging to the youngest Miss Carter, and bring it up to the cabin in the woods; there's a little Yankee girl up there. Now go!"

But he didn't go. His chin dropped and his eyes rolled. "A li'l' Yank gal? 'Deed, marsa, I'd do anyt'ing fo' huh an' you, but I'—Miss Lilly ain't got many clo'es—en—I—" He kept twisting his old hat in his hands and was much disturbed.

"That's all right, Uncle. I didn't mean exactly to take them—just borrow them for a day or two. I reached in my pocket. I was going to give him my pocket-knife—it was the only thing I could give him. My hand touched the package Miss Marjory had given me. It had busted its newspaper covering and I pulled out a bunch of greenbacks. I don't know whose eyes bulged out the most—the negro's or mine. Money! what an inspiration it was!

Surely, nothing talks so convincingly and so quickly as money. The matter was settled right there and then.

I asked him how far he would have to go to find a doctor. He said there was no doctor nearer than Palmyra, 10 miles north. It puzzled me greatly—how to put her under the care of a doctor, without suspicion, and without embarrassing questions being asked. After all, fever must run its course—care was far more essential than medicine. I gave up the doctor idea. Yet I would send her to Palmyra.

The old darky had told me his "Liza" worked in the "big house." I dropped a $10 bill into his outstretched palm, and told him exactly what I wanted him to do. I didn't know whether he would prove treacherous or not. If he should, I would carry out my plan with force if need be. I followed him, and went as near the plantation house as I could, without being detected. I watched for several hours. Rebel soldiers passed the house. The old man saw them, but they passed on, and I was satisfied he would prove true.

I hurried back to the cabin. Marjory was asleep. Her face and hands were slightly moist. It was all right now. I let her sleep. The fever was leaving her. I was so happy at the outcome that I was beside myself with joy. I had no thought of sleeping, but waited anxiously, watching every approach to the cabin with its precious contents.

The sun had passed mid-heaven, but no "Auntie" with the clothes. I was getting nettled and anxious. Miss Marjory came out of the cabin, much refreshed after a long sleep. She sat down beside me, and I told her what she must do, to carry out the plan I had in mind.

My scheme was to dress her in Miss Carter's clothes, if they could be procured. If not, if the old darky should fail me, I would take her across the James, myself, at night, and place her in the care of negroes at or near Palmyra, until she could procure the necessary clothes. I had no fear of the U. S. greenbacks arousing any suspicion; at this period of the war they were eagerly sought—$1 being worth $20 of Confederate paper. The negroes would help—money would do the rest.

On the other hand, if my scheme worked out, as planned, with the help of the old darky, all would be smooth sailing. He would drive her to Palmyra;—there was no overseer, and but little to do on the plantation at this season of the year, leaving the negroes practically without occupation. When once in town, with Carter's slave, she could buy what supplies she would need, allowing suspicious or inquisitive persons to suspect she was a visitor at Carters! She might have to do some walking before she reached Charlottesville—15 miles further. To reach that point she would have to rely on negroes and her own wits. She was clever and resourceful, and I believed she could get through to her home without a word from me. From Charlottesville she could easily go anywhere in Rebeldom—she was clever enough—by boldly impersonating a planter's daughter, assuming the name of Lily Carter, for instance. Suppose she should be apprehended? There was no terror in the thought. What could they suspect her of—a mere child? They could prove nothing. Anyway, captivity would at least mean she would be taken care of. She would be put under the care of women.

From that point she would probably go to Gordonsvile, Orange, Culpeper, Washington, and Philadelphia, her home. I felt no anxiety about her, further than for her comfort, until she should try to pass into the Union lines. Had she been well and strong, I should have planned differently. She was sick. Would it not be wise to allow her to be captured? She would be sent to some hospital. If she grew worse, I would try to bring that about.

It was now about 2 o'clock, and I began to suspect the old colored man.

Miss Cecil told me of her movements up to the time she joined our company at Chambersburg. She had been to Carlisle early in June, and could find no record of her brother's enlistment; then she went to Washington, and learned that no man of that name had enlisted within the time he had been absent from home. She again went to the War Department and applied for a pass to our lines in Virginia, but was refused. As a last resort she applied personally to President Lincoln. That good man put his hand on her head and said:

"No, my dear, I can not let you go South, but I will inquire and try to locate your brother, for your sake and your mother's sake."

While she knew the great man was sincere, she knew also that these troublesome times, and the great responsibilities attendant, were enough weight upon one mortal man. She set off by train to Gettysburg, after obtaining her invalid mother's consent, but without telling her of the disguise she would take; then across the mountains to Chambersburg, determined to go to the front, in spite of the War Department. Here in Chambersburg she disguised herself as a boy and walked to our camp.

We had talked an hour or more when the twigs began to snap as of some one walking. We hid in the great masses of twining honeysuckle and waited—I with my pistol ready. Presently an old colored "auntie" appeared, puffing and blowing, with a huge package.

She went direct to the cabin. I told Miss Marjory to join her, while I went higher up on the hillside to watch every approach to the retreat.

It seemed an age before they appeared again—but, then, it always did take a woman some time to dress, you know, and realizing that Plain John Jones was feminine and doubtless subject to that peculiarity, I curbed my impatience and waited.

The sun was yet three hours high when there appeared the sweetest little girl I had ever seen. She was bedecked in fluffy, white Summer toggery. What a transformation it was, to be sure! "Plain John Jones," the chrysalis was no more; dainty Miss Marjory Cecil, the butterfly, stood before me.

I gave her the money she had intrusted to me, kissed her good-by, and sat silent; the good old "auntie" led the way down through the valley. I climbed a tree to get a last look at the fair white object. She reached the road; the old uncle was waiting for her, with a mule hitched to a dilapidated buggy, according to my instructions. I watched the two ford the river, and they were lost to view on the road to Palmyra.

I had promised to find her brother. I took out the daguerrotype and looked at it. It seemed a big task to find an unknown man in the thousands that composed Meade's army—but I had not reached Meade's army yet! I said to myself: "Time to move—you must get a move on! You will never reach the Army of the Potomac sitting here."

I was impatient to be on the move again. The sun had set, however, before I mounted my horse and rode out of the woods, lonely and meditative. What a comfort Plain John Jones—Miss Cecil—had been to me. I sighed. It was yet light. "Uncle" had told me that Meade was south of the James. Could that be possible? I doubted it; yet, I decided to not cross the James, but shift my course toward the east and south. I came to the road and started across.

"Halt!" came a challenge.

I saw two rebel soldiers run toward me with rifles pointing. They had come from a clump of bushes by the roadside. What a fool I had been—to not use more caution.

Again came the challenge.

I went at full speed, jumped the low fence and into the tall grass beyond. A rifle ball whistled so near my head that I dodged. There were trees and hilly ground beyond. I would try for it, riding at a gallop. My horse stumbled. I went sprawling over his head and landed beside a log on soft, grassy ground, my horse recovering, ran on like wild.

I lay quiet, and could hear them coming after me. I got my pistol ready. When 20 feet of me the one in the lead stopped. He threw his gun and ran—back!

"Great Gawd! Jim! Fotch me th' likker. Gimme th' whisky. I'm bit!"

I saw him, in the twilight, empty a small flask, and then roll up his pants to find the "bite."

He evidently couldn't find it, because the other man, Jim, said: "I doan b'lieve ye seed no snake, an' haint be'n bit."

There followed some silence.

"Well, I mighter be'n bit; I haint takin' no chances!"

I left them quarreling over the "likker," and stooping low, reached the timber, and my horse, which had stopped. They evidently had not seen me fall; it was done so quickly.

I was alert now. I traveled all night, following the general course of the river, avoiding all highways and crossing unsafe places with the utmost vigilance. I found nothing to eat except field products, of which I ate sparingly. I lay in the woods, sleeping not a wink, all day, near Powhatan Court House, having traveled nearly 40 miles. I felt weak and faint.

The next night it rained. I traveled southeast, as nearly as I could by guess, without the stars to guide me. I had to make two great detours on account of rebel cavalry, yet I had had no accident. This day I spent among the hills, within view of a road running east and west a half mile away. My horse was nearly worn out, and I was thoroughly tired, sick and sleepy. I tried to keep awake, but dozed before I knew it.

About noon I was awakened by firing in the direction of the road north of my position. I jumped up quickly. A detachment of cavalry went galloping westward, raising much dust; after them, a moment later, came other troopers—superior in numbers—firing and yelling.

"Yankees!" I cried aloud, beside myself with joy. "Yankees!" I said, laughing hysterically, and slapping my horse's neck. He seemed to understand my joy. I jumped to his back and struck out through the fields. I reached the road and started after them, but they were already returning from their sortie. I don't know whether I fell or was lifted from my horse. I remember seeing their blue coats, and of lying beside the road with them standing over me, but nothing definitely. I had lain for two months in the hospital; in the rear of Meade's army, with typhoid fever, before I was able to be on my feet again.

I rejoined my regiment. I wrote at once to Miss Marjory, telling her I had been unsuccessful in my search for her brother, although I had done my utmost to that end, while convalescing, in the Army of the Potomac. I wondered if she were well, and whether the letter would find her safe at home.

I had not long to wait. Two days later I received a telegram. It said simply: "Am well; Harvey home, wounded; doing well; all send love.—MARJORY."

What a load that lifted off my mind.

A few days later I got a lavender-scented missive from her. She told me about her adventures on the trip home; of her brother's return, and how glad they all were at my escape and recovery. I will quote a few extracts:

"Uncle Rufus was very kind. When we got within a mile of town he took me to a negro's cabin in a clearing back from the road. Their name was Anderson. This man was a 'free nigger,' Uncle Rufus said. His master had set him free when he died, and willed him 10 acres of land. He had made enough money to buy his wife's freedom, $750. Think of that! They had a large family—12 in all—but two of the older girls were 'working out' in Charlottesville. * * * I went right to bed, and sent Uncle Rufus back with Miss Carter's clothes—I was so sorry for her. I could have worn my boy's clothes a little longer—yet I guess yours was a better plan, because we weren't questioned. One man—a soldier—spoke to me. He said 'Howdedo, Miss Cahtah.' Her clothes fit me, and Uncle Rufus said I looked a 'li'l' bit lak 'er.' I gave Auntie a dollar before I left, and she promised to "do up the clothes" just as soon as Uncle Rufus got back, so Miss Lilly could have them for Sunday * * * I sent into town for some cheap garments like the colored people wear * * * I had to stay there four days. I was too sick to go on sooner. * * * I went to Charlottesville in a covered wagon. Mr. Anderson attended market there. We traveled all night—I slept on the potatoes and things on a blanket, and when I woke up we were there and the sun was coming up. I got off at the edge of town and stayed at another negro's house, and pretty soon one of the Anderson girls came. She worked for Judge Mendenhall, at his town house. The family was spending the Summer at their country home, and as no one was home but one other servant I went there with her. I wanted to get some real nice clothes, so I gave her two $20 bills. She brought me back $800 in Confederate money. My, but it was a big roll! I don't know where she got it. I went with her and bought a beautiful cotton gown, with ruffles and tucks and some lace on it, and the sweetest white hat with a long plume, and a pair of shoes. * * * The train left at noon. I bought a ticket to Gordonsville. The train was full. Many of them soldiers going to Richmond. A Captain sat down beside me. I remembered what you said about them asking me for my pass, so I commenced to talk to him. I talked like I heard the others talking, saying "We all," "You all," etc. I told him I was going to visit some people in the country near Gordonsville, which was true. I asked him, 'Why don't we all capture Washington?' He said Early had tried it, but the other soldiers had too much to do around Richmond. He said there were only a few cavalrymen stationed between this point and Washington, and that the tracks were all torn up. The guard came, asking everybody for their passes. I was going to play innocent and tell him 'they' didn't give me any, but it wasn't necessary. He didn't ask the Captain for his pass, and as I kept talking, I guess he thought I was the Captain's daughter. I couldn't go any further by train, so I bought a small basket with Confederate money and filled it with things to eat and started out in the country toward Orange Court House to find some one to visit. There were a lot of soldiers on the streets, but they didn't say anything to me. I walked a mile, then a man came along in a buggy and took me to Orange. I got there about dark Saturday evening."

I need give no more of her letter. She depended solely on the colored people from Orange; going from one town to another, riding when she could, walking when she must.

A week later, Sunday, July 24, she entered Washington, having averaged about 10 miles a day.

I have that letter to this day, but not only that one; I got letters frequently before the war closed the following April, and I sent her not a few.

I was in the Grand Review in Washington in May, 1865. There in the Capital City I again saw Miss Marjory Cecil. Accident? Oh, no! Her brother Harvey was with her; they had come to see the mighty army before it finally dissolved, and I was kept informed of her whereabouts.

Harvey and she gave me a pressing invitation to visit them at their splendid Summer home near Philadelphia. After going to my own home in Lancaster, I did so, though I am afraid Harvey got but little of my time. Miss Marjory was growing very attractive, and was ideal company. We enjoyed talking over our experiences, and nothing pleased us so much as to be alone—together.

The following Christmas, 1865, I again visited them. We made up a large package. It was sent by express to Miss Lilla Carter, Maysville, Va., and contained a silk dress, besides other articles dear to the heart of a young girl. We also sent Uncle Rufus and Auntie a shining gold $20 piece of "Linkum" money. Miss Marjory wrote her little unknown friend a full account of the happening, and got a beautiful reply. Among other things Miss Carter said: "While I might not, at that time, have consented to loaning my best Sunday dress to a hated little Yankee girl, I now give it to her, gladly, with the fondest love of her truest Southern friend knowing that she will keep it always, and pray, as I do, that there may never again be a 'cause' for enmity between us."

I visited them—I mean Miss Marjory—every Summer until she had reached the age of 18; then I stopped visiting her altogether. I simply became one of the family. "Plain John Jones" having become my wife.

(The end.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Distinguished Comrades Who Have Recently Passed Away.

General Orders No. 6, National Headquarters, G. A. R., had this mention of recent losses:

Comrade Thomas Cogswell, in 1891 Commander of the Department of New Hampshire, G. A. R., departed this life at his home in Gilmantown, N. H., Monday, Feb. 15, 1904. While a college student, Comrade Cogswell enlisted in the 15th N. H., serving as Lieutenant and Captain. As a citizen he was public spirited and attained high distinction in his State, serving as a member of the Legislature and of the Constitutional Convention, as Pension Agent at Concord, and in other capacities. Wise in counsel, an orator of ability and an enthusiast in Grand Army work, he will be missed from the Encampments of the future.

Comrade George W. Sanders, Commander of the Department of Arizona, G. A. R., departed this life at his home in the city of Phoenix, Saturday, Feb. 6, 1904. Comrade Sanders was born in Fort Covington, N. Y., in 1839, and served in Co. C, 1st Ohio Art., with credit. Following the great war he became identified with the West and made a reputation as a mining engineer.

Comrade MarcusA. Hanna, an Aid-de-Camp upon the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, died at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, Feb. 15, 1904. As a soldier he was content to do his full measure of duty in a subordinate capacity. Distinguished as a United States Senator and eminently successful as a man of affairs, he was proud to wear the decorations of the Grand Army of the Republic, and to be called a Comrade. He was buried with the badge of his appointment on his breast.

Comrade Isaiah Kelly, Sr., Vice-Commander of the Department of Louisiana and Missisippi, died at his home in Vicksburg, Nov. 24, 1903.

Ex-Prisoners of War.

Washington, D. C., March 12, 1904.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I note what you say with reference to The National Tribune's advocacy of the "Service Pension Bill" now about to be brought before Congress. There is another bill which has been presented by several different Congressmen, in which I am particularly interested, and which I think ought to be passed about as soon as any other—that is, to give a $12 pension and a per diem compensation to all old ex-prisoners of war. This has been brought before Congress several times in the past, and ought now to be passed by that body. The men who rotted in prison, without shelter, without food, without doctors or medicines or nursing, all for the Old Flag, should have such recognition.—J. L. GAMBLE, Alfred, N. Y.

The Itch Fiend

That is Salt Rheum or Eczema,—one of the outward manifestations of scrofula.

It comes in itching, burning, oozing, drying, and scaling patches, on the face, head, hands, legs or body.

It cannot be cured by outward applications,—the blood must be rid of the impurity to which it is due.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has cured the most persistent and difficult cases. Accept no substitute for Hood's; no substitute acts like it.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if it Fails

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is $5.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 9531, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

The Longest Railroad in the World, and Possibly the Worst Constructed—Its Extreme Importance at Present.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad is a highly-important factor, possibly the controlling one, in the present war between Japan and Russia. If European Russia, where the bulk of the people are, were as near Port Arthur and Vladivostok as are the Japanese, the result would be very questionable, with the chances in favor of Russia. But such is far from the case. The wide stretch of Siberian wilderness extends for thousands of miles, from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. This is even more unsettled than our country between the Mississippi and the Pacific was 50 years ago. It is being settled rapidly, not only by the prisoners sent thither, but by the Cossacks and others who have been given homestead grants. Still, it is so immense that the tide of people pouring in are lost in its limitless expanse, and make so far comparatively little impression. It is traversed by a line of single-track railroad, which we are led to believe was wretchedly constructed by swindling contractors, who stood in with the corrupt officials. The Russians admit this much, but say that the defects of hasty and dishonest construction have been cured by thorough work since. The construction of the Trans-Siberian Railroad proper, from the Volga to the Pacific was begun May 9, 1891, after the big bridge over the Volga was finally built. At every stage great difficulties were encountered which had to be met in unusual ways. The Russian people were not suited to much of the work of construction, and workingmen had to be imported from abroad, particularly Italians, to bore the tunnels. It was found necessary to build towns along the line, and thousands of families were transported to people these. The entire route is 4,950 miles long, and it was estimated that it would cost 150,000,000 rubles, or about $75,000,000, but it has already cost several times that. It was laid, in the first place, with light rails, 50 pounds to the yard, where the American rule is 85 pounds, and the latter has had to be substituted. The switches and side-tracks and many of the curves have had to be constructed anew and most of the bridges. This last is a serious item, since the railroad crosses very many rivers. The most serious obstacle, however, still remains to be overcome—that of Lake Baikal, the Holu Sea of Siberia—which has a length of 350 miles, an area of 1,500 square miles, is 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by mountains from 3,000 to 6,000 feet high. The country is so rough that in order to go around it it is claimed that in 100 miles 72 tunnels would have to be cut, making it practically a tunnel the whole way. They have been ferrying across it with large ferry boats, and have in Winter time used icebreakers, modeled after those employed on Lake Michigan, where the railroads have to keep open water during the Winter. The lake has a depth of 1,624 feet, making it impossible to bridge it, and it is subject to the most frightful storms. It is frozen from November until May, and is practically icebound. Sledging over the ice, which should be perfect under ordinary conditions, is rendered almost impossible by the character of the ice, which breaks up into wide fissures or crevasses from three to six feet wide, and sometimes over a third of a mile in length. These fill up with water to the level of the ice, which in the course of from eight to 18 days is frozen again, only to have the cracking process begin anew. Statistics as to the operation of the road are difficult to obtain, but it is known that last year it carried 1,000,000 tons of freight and 1,320,000 passengers, where the Pennsylvania Railroad carried 800