

A YANKEE IN GRAY

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS (M. QUAD)

CHAPTER III.

Night comes, and the streets of the old town grow more quiet. Men have crept themselves hoarse, and intense excitement has wearied everybody. An even 50 men have signed the roll, and more will come in tomorrow. The recruiting office has been closed by the removal of the table and the departure of the captain. With that officer we have little to do. With the man in citizen's clothes who assisted him we have much. Let me introduce to you as he sits on the veranda of the village inn Duke Wyle, 25 years of age, a bachelor, the only son of ex-Judge Wyle, the nabob of the village and county. The young man has been educated for nothing in particular. He has done nothing in particular since he left college.

"Duke? Oh, Duke's all right," was the reply to any half meant criticism. "The old man's got plenty of money, and Duke is his heir. Good boy, that Duke. Likes to hunt and ride and is a little wild, but he'll steady down after a bit. Don't you worry about Duke!"

And when the news of war came he found the excitement his nature craved. When the volunteer company was full, he was to be his first lieutenant. He and Royal Kenton were acquainted, but not friends. In the academy they had been attracted toward each other, and there was promise of close intimacy. But no two men can love the same woman and be friends—be any less than enemies. Both were frequent callers at the old man's mansion, which was in the long street, in which resided the widow and daughter of the late Hon. John Percy, one of Virginia's oldest and wisest senators and statesmen. If Maria favored either one, if she was interested in any one of her numerous callers, no sign of encouragement had been given. Kenton and Wyle were only two out of twenty, and yet it seemed to be generally understood that she would ultimately favor one or the other.

"Hooney! Hooney! We was with in Washington in less'n 20 days!"

It was the voice of Steve Brayton shouting as he drew near.

"You there, Steve," called Wyle as the enthusiastic volunteer was swinging his hat and making ready for another cheer.

"What's wanted, lieutenant?"

"Come up here!"

"Decogne my hide, but I want to git down there and hev a font so had that I can't stand still!" growled Steve as he came along down the veranda. "What's up, lieutenant? Hain't you gone and got word that them 'ar Yankees is goin to give you without a font, hev ye?"

"No. There's no news this evening," said Wyle.

"Whoop! I'm powerfully minded to set out by myself and git that infernal font in all over!" exclaimed Steve as he hastened to take the chair pushed at him by the other's foot.

"Sit down! You'll get there soon enough without any extra hurry! Say, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee among us?"

"How is here as a spy, Steve—as a spy to let 'em know up north what we are doing. You fellows are not very bright, or you'd have got into him without my telling."

"Show! A Yankee spy right yere in this town? Hev you seen him with yo'r own eyes?"

"I have."

"And yo' kin name him?"

"I can. Do you know Lawyer Williams?"

"I reckon."

"Do you know the man in the office with him—fellow named Kenton?"

"I do, fur snah. He drawed up some papers for me awhile ago. Party nice sort of a feller, I take it."

"Didn't you know he was a Yankee?"

"No."

"Well, he is. Any one will tell you that he came down here from the north only about a year ago."

"But he can't go inter bizness."

"Yes, but he's a Yankee, and they are all alike—all down on us about the nigger, and all want to make us eat dirt."

"Shoo! Jest w... to walk right over us and tread us to the ground, eh?"

"That's it, and he's one of them. No one knows how many letters he's sent off in the last two weeks. He probably sent one today, and they know in Washington just what we are doing here."

"But what's he doin' yere if he's a Yankee spy?" persisted Steve. "Seems like 'twould be his business to be in the north."

"And they'll hang him if he stays long enough! I'm thinking he'll get all the information he can and then speak for the north and enlist in the Yankee army."

"Shoo! What's yo'r idea, lieutenant?"

"I think somebody ought to wait on him and give him warning to leave the town at once. If he refuses to go, I reckon we can scare up enough tar and feathers to give him a coat."

"Decogne it, lieutenant, but yo' are dead right! Yo' the captain order jest walk right up to him this very night!"

"Well, you see," observed Wyle, with some hesitation, "the captain and I

are very busy waiting for war news, and we have sort o' decided to leave the matter to you boys. You'll find he's a Yankee spy, and you'll probably want to use him rough, and if we were along we'd be obliged to protect him. You'd better get about a dozen of the boys together and give Mr. Yankee a call to-night. Talk right up to him and let him see that you know all about him. Perhaps he's found out all the Lincoln government wants to know and is ready to go north. If he says he'll go, give him half an hour to pack up and walk him down to the train, which goes past at 11 o'clock."

"I see. But s'pose he says he won't go?"

"Tar and feathers, Steve—tar and feathers will make him change his mind!"

"They will, fur snah, and we uns will give him tar and feathers! Yo' ar sartin he's a Yankee!"

"Of course."

"Means to fight agin us?"

"Of course. You are not going to flunk out, are you?"

"Steve Brayton never did flunk in all his life, and he ain't goin to begin now, but—"

"But what?" impatiently demanded Wyle, who was in a hurry to beguile proceedings.

"Seems like we order hev some sort o' beginnin. He un drawed up them papers for me and didn't make no charge, and I don't want to jump in on him all of a sudden. Seems like I order be sort o' civil and decent at first and find out what he un's doin or means to do."

"Steve Brayton, I'll scratch your name off the roll this very night! You ain't got the sound to make a soldier!"

"Shoo! Don't yo' be no frustrated! Hev yo' got that roll with yo'?"

"Yes."

"Good! Hand it over."

"What do you want of it?"

"I've dnn got a plan. I'll take that paper along. I'll git like Baxter, Bill Taylor, Tom Henderson and six or eight mo', and we'll find that Yankee. When we've found him, I'll be civil and decent at first. Folks is a-tellin that yo' un is a Yankee spy, and that yo' un is givine to skip out for the north purty quick. How does yo' un constand that?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Wyle.

"That means how does he un stand. Is he un for the south or north? If he un's for the south, let him put his name right down that to be one of us. If he un's for the north, we uns will cum back fur tar and feathers."

"Steve, you've hit it—hit it plumb center!" exclaimed Wyle as he rose up to shake hands. "You've got the idea exactly. Put that paper right at him! If he's for us, he'll sign; if he's agin us, he won't. Get your men together and start out right away."

"We uns will find out all about it in an hour, lieutenant, and doggone my hide if I ain't so chuck full of font that I've got to holler! Hip, hip, hooney! Aim low, boys, and give 'em to 'em heavy!"

CHAPTER IV.

The average writer of fiction describes every southern man as wearing long, black hair, a wide-brimmed hat and a fierce mustache. The southern woman is pictured as tall and stately, with black eyes and raven tresses. Maria Percy was a truceholder of the south, and yet she had hazel eyes, brown hair and was petite in figure. As she passed the rugged little dories in the street they looked after her and called:

"Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sunshine agin!"

Of sunny disposition, charitable in thought and deed, respected by all, she had dignity without haughtiness, was a queen among girls without arrogance. If every other girl of the south was arguing for and enthusiastically applauding the right of secession and wearing the toy Palmetto flag, Maria was the exception. Not that the momentous events were lightly passed over, but because she was watching them and pondering deeply. Educated at the north, she had formed strong friendships and found hosts of friends. She had seen the Yankee at home, at his worst and at his best, and she rather liked him. That a general election, such as had been held so often before, should result in turmoil, bloodshed and separation she could not understand. Politicians defended the secession of South Caro-



"Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sunshine agin!"

lina, but she was not wise enough to stifle her sympathy from their constitutional arguments. The talk of a southern confederacy did not appeal to her patriotism. Her pride and patriasms belonged to Virginia first of all. Virginia's weal or woe was her anxiety. Virginia's fall at 8 o'clock on the evening of the day which we have written the widow Percy and her daughter were eagerly scanning the columns of a Richmond

paper which had arrived half an hour before, when Royal Kenton was announced. He was received in a manner to let him know that his presence was welcome, and conversation turned at once to the all important question. After it had continued for a time Mrs. Percy suddenly observed:

"Mr. Kenton, we were speaking of you this afternoon and were agreed that your position was at least embarrassing."

"Which means," he smilingly replied, "that you have been wondering which side I would take in this contest."

Mother and daughter looked at him with considerable eagerness, but without reply, and he continued:

"No doubt I ought to be ashamed of the fact that I have lived to be 24 years of age and have taken no interest in politics. If all others were clear on this question, I could soon decide it for myself. Here we have some of the ablest men of America contending that no state is bound to the Union by any constitutional law, while others equally wise advise war as a penalty for secession. We have no precedent to guide us. No state was forced into the Union. If the people of any one state believe that separation would be a benefit, how can we deny her right to withdraw? And yet no state has a moral or legal right to imperil the welfare of the general government."

"I cannot speak for the south, but for Virginia only," said the mother.

"I know little of politics. I am content to leave the question to the statesmen of our state. I have no bitterness of sectional feeling."

"You are from Rhode Island, Mr. Kenton," observed the daughter.

"Yes."

"But you came here to make your home with us. The state has adopted you, so to speak."

"Yes."

"You have become a voter here. You have no intention of returning to the north?"

"None whatever."

"Then you must stand on the same platform we do. You must stand by our state."

"He has doubtless given the subject serious thought," said the mother in some meant to gently reprimand the daughter for her eagerness.

"I have indeed," answered Kenton, "and it seems to me that—"

At that moment a colored girl appeared at the door and beckoned to mother and daughter in an excited way and whispered: "De sopers hev cum fur de Yankee, an dey's gwine to do anthin awful to him! Dey wants he un so cum outdoors right smart!"

"Soldiers! What soldiers?" asked Maria.

"Why, dem soldiers dat's paradin up an down an makin sich a fuss! Dar's ober a hundred of 'em aroun de house!"

"And they want Mr. Kenton?"

"Yes!—want him right bad. I heard 'em talk 'bout tar and feathers!"

Whispering to her mother to entertain their caller, the girl excused herself and passed down the hall and out at the front door. Just as she opened it Steve Brayton was reaching out to ring the bell. Behind him were a dozen or more men.

"Well, what is wanted?" quietly asked Maria as Steve pulled off his hat and shifted about in a nervous way.

"Nuffin, ma'am, nuffin 'tall!" he replied as he backed off. "That is, we jest considered that we'd better call and—"

"Did you want to see my one here?"

"Why don't you un tell her?" exclaimed Duke Baxter as he pushed himself forward.

"Waal, ma'am, we uns cum yere to see somebody," continued Steve.

"Yes, we uns cum to see that Yankee!" added Duke.

"You mean Mr. Kenton?" queried Maria.

"That's it! They say he's a Yankee spy, and it's our dooty to hev a little talk with him!"

"Who says he's a Yankee spy?"

"Reckon it was Duke Wyle, ma'am, and he order to know. He's goin to be first lieutenant of our company, yo' know."

"And Mr. Wyle told you that Mr. Kenton was a Yankee spy, did he?" demanded Maria as her eyes flashed and her breath came quickly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Steve Brayton, yo' un's a fool!" called a voice from the crowd—the voice of some one who knew that Wyle was a caller at the house.

"He dun told me so, and it's left fur us to find out!" continued Steve, who wanted to square himself.

"And you want to question him?" asked Maria.

"As a dooty, ma'am, as a dooty to Virginia. Can't he no Yankee spy about yere, yo' know. We hain't got nuffin agin him as a man, but if he un's spy on us that's different. Will yo' please call him out?"

"No! Three of you can come in and question him!"

Steve Brayton, Duke Baxter and Tom Henderson followed her into the house, while the others crowded up on the veranda to wait for what might happen.

"Mr. Kenton, some callers to see you," said Maria as they entered the parlor, and he rose up, with a puzzled look on his face.

Steve Brayton had broken the ice and recovered from his embarrassment. He did not propose to do any talking. Kenton was either for or against. The quickest way to ascertain was to present the enlistment paper. He took it from his pocket, extended it to the young lawyer and said:

"Mr. Kenton, some folks aroun yere ar talkin that yo' un's a Yankee spy. Will yo' put yo'r name down on this paper?"

"I will, and I'll go with your company whenever it is ready to go!" was the prompt answer as he drew it pencil from his pocket and wrote his name, which was the fifty-third on the roll.

"Well, Steve, is it tar and feathers?" he asked as the crowd came up the steps.

"Does that look like tar and feathers?" replied Steve as he handed out the paper and pointed to the name of Royal Kenton.

"What, he volunteered in this company?"

"Exactly."

"Did you threaten him?"

"Not a threat! Reckon we'd better make him second lieutenant, eh?"

But Duke Wyle did not answer. He sat and stared at the name and was dumb with amazement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE LIT OUT.

A New Version of the Departure and Return of the Wayward Son.

I am reminded of a certain willful boy—we have all either known or been just such a one—an aggrieved, unappreciated boy, who grew to dislike his own home very much, and for that reason he set out to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. So he brooded sullenly over his disheartening surroundings and limitations; and of course knowing the outside world would afford him advantages never to be found at home, he lit out one morning before breakfast and climbing over the back fence and bitterly shaking his fist at the woodpile, he "vanished himself away" down the turnpike. Yes; he had at last put into execution his long nurtured threat. He had run away from home!

His parents, at the discovery of his flight, bore up first rate—especially the father. Possibly he had been a much abused boy himself some time, and divined that even then his wayward son was deporting himself in the delights of the swimming hole where in reality he was, a where he steadily remained throughout the day, save at one furnishing interval in which he snaked far enough away to raid a neighboring orchard. The other boys went home at dinner time—but he, alas! he had no home!

At least he tried to think these very words, and with very biting irony, but his lip trembled frequently that long, long feverish afternoon, and there was getting to be a knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot in his throat that seemed to hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain. But he wrestled with it and swallowed it until almost dark; then, with the last straggling crowd of his companions, he moved torpidly in toward home, or rather oozed that way, with a listless, hesitating, reluctant, late-coming character, somewhat like a dog chopping an armful of wood as he went in by way of the kitchen. And he relived the bitter fight, who was washing the supper dishes, made no comment of any kind.

He ranged through the pantry with apparent carelessness, but the cupboard was locked. He went out to the porch where, at least, the pump met him kindly and shook hands with him, and he drank long and deep to their more enduring acquaintance. The back yard, in the settling gloom, was lonesome, but it looked good, and the lightening bugs, against the graveyards, blinked at him with a kind of sniveling sympathy over his return. His heart was softening. He walked thoughtfully to the rain barrel at the corner of the house and peered in at the few faint stars reflected there. Then, moved by some strange impulse, he washed his feet.

He then went into the house and sat straight into the room where sat his parents by the evening lamp. The father was intently reading the paper, the mother intently sewing. Neither looked up at his entrance, even reproachfully, and neither spoke. The boy drew a long, quivering sigh, and set down at the remote edge of a chair. All was still and still, for a long time—very still, but everything seemed so kind and restful and old-fashioned and homely and kin to him! Only if somebody would say something—or come and box him, anyhow—anything. Why, Lord him, 'em, wasn't he there, ready to gratefully accept anything from them? But that silence! If the clock would only strike and drown the whispering, sifting sound of the katydids outside in the dewy grass.

From afar off, down some alien street, he heard the faint halloo of the boys at their nightly game of "town fox" with no desire whatever to be a participant in their sport—no, never again in the world! He just wanted to stay in of nights—right there at home—always. He coughed—hoarsely, too—and shifted his position—but no vagrant parental notice or solicitude in response—no word—no look. Oh, it was very still. He couldn't just remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. And he felt that he himself must break it; so, summing every subtle artifice of seeming nonchalance to aid, and gazing pensively at the cat curled in its wicker corner of the hearth, he at last spoke out airily and said, "I see you've got the same old cat."—Indianaapolis Journal.

Changed Methods of Attack.

There is no question that the gun is made and shifted of "more light. Armor has been driven from the complete covering of the broadside to narrow belts and isolated gun stations, and now it seems that the water line belt is likely to go. This latter change is not due so much to increased gun power as to change in the construction of the batteries, the introduction of high explosive shells, improvements in ship construction tending to lessen the danger of sinking if pierced at the water line.

It is not proposed to change materially the total weight of armor carried, but the weight of water line belt armor is to be distributed among the gun stations, leading tubes, conning tower, engine hatches, protective deck, and in the form of light side armor three to six inches thick, to prevent shells containing high explosives—nitroglycerine, melinite and similar compounds—from penetrating and exploding between decks. So far as known at present comparatively thin armor is sufficient to cause all the violent explosives to burst before penetration.—New York Herald.

Saved from Death by Music.

A London merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy, 6 years old, was dying with typhoid and was quite insensible, with no appearance of being able to live through the night. Knowing his son's fondness for music, the father procured a large music box and caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was aroused and his life saved by the reaction.—Arkansas Traveler.

Henry VIII cropped his beard close, but his daughter Elizabeth was fond of hairy faces. The style of beard we see in the portrait of Shakespeare was her "warrior's beard." Even Leicester and Raleigh all courted the "maiden queen" with peaked "goatees" attached to their chins.

As a lighthouse illuminant gas has been found to possess the following advantages over oil: facility for increasing the power in the sudden presence of a fog, absence of the necessity of trimming, and power to make instantaneous transitions from light to darkness, and the converse.

There isn't a library, a reading room, a museum, an art gallery or anything of that kind open in Washington after dark. Such a den of thieves for improving recreation is not found in any city of 50,000 people as Washington with its 200,000 population presents.

SURRENDER.

As when a blossom first awakens, dear, And called by heaven's mighty Alchemic, Unfolds the fragile leaves the wind has bound Before the great eye, strong and crystal clear, And lets the ardent sun draw near— So all my life has bloomed, I wait, In best new love for waiting, O noblest woman, whom I most adore.

Lo! you a life's angel and I, The not is haste or careless derring, But as the highest tribute—only meet, You may not take the gift, 'tis as you will, Yet must I bring you this, my oil, My mind's strength and my kiss at your feet.

—Georgie Roberts in Pittsburg Bulletin.

BEGINNING EARLY is half the battle. Don't wait for your cough to run into Consumption. There's always danger of it. The germs or seeds of this disease are all around you. All that they want is an inactive liver and the scrupulous attention that follows it, to develop them.

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William Dulaney

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