

A STRATAGEM.

Captain Levi Skulcarp sat on the gunwale of the Miriam, leaning forward so that his elbows rested on his knees.

"You know that young Mr. Archer that's stayin at the hotel?" The captain shifted his one eye inquiringly in my direction.

"I raised my hand in warning and whispered, 'S-sh!'"

"The captain acceded to my request in silence, and a moment later another fine fish joined its fellows that were flopping about a box in the cockpit.

"Do you mean the quiet young man with a black beard who has the second table from mine at the hotel, Skulcarp?" I interrupted.

"The captain loved that he had never eaten at the hotel and consequently could not locate Mr. Archer at his dinner, but he admitted that the sentimental young man did have a short black beard, usually carried a pipe and pouch of tobacco in the starboard pocket and a few books and magazines in the one to port.

"I was not surprised at the suggestion of suicide, for my attention had been attracted to Archer by his avoidance of all companionship and his distraught air.

"I'll be blowed!" he cried. There was a pause, and then he muttered: "Small jib, white duck-dress, spoony bow, white hull, black hair! I'm blowed!"

"Where are you going, captain?" I asked in a tone of remonstrance.

"He gave the sheet a few turns about a cleat, tucked the tiller comfortably under one leg, filled and lighted his pipe, and when the smoke was rising in great volume from the bowl and trailing astern in clouds that must have made our boat at a distance present the appearance of a small steamship he exclaimed again, 'I'll be blowed!'"

"Then I arose in my wrath and, supporting myself by grasping the centerboard and facing the obdurate mariner, cried, 'See here, captain, I was under the impression I had hired this craft, and—'"

"I'm goin for Mr. Archer. Yan's her," he said in a firm, solemn tone that brooked no trifling and forced me to submission.

"Hardly had the Miriam touched the dock when Levi Skulcarp was ashore, and after giving me a hurried admonition to be all ready to push off on his return he clambered into a rickety vehicle and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"The captain!" I cried, pointing at the approaching cloud in the center of which I knew the redoubtable mariner to be.

"Plague on the captain!" growled Archer. Then he added, more softly, "Get to windward, please."

"But there he is now," I expostulated.

"Archer looked around. Standing on the string piece of the wharf, violently waving one arm above his head, while with the other he pointed seaward, was Levi Skulcarp. The sentimental man at the catboat's helm waved a hand to imply that he saw the speck of a sail to which the captain was pointing and turned to the business of navigation.

"By an by he says, 'Cap'n, there's a breeze comin'."

"I've been a-watchin it, sir," says I, an I ups with me anchor an sail.

"It caught the other feller first, an of a sudden her canvas filled, an she begin to cut throo the water on a beat up the bay. I had the tiller ready, an it wasn't a minute all but we was movin too. It was slow at first, but we soon had to reef an went tearin throo the water to heat a steam launch.

"There is a girl in that boat that I am most anxious to see, Mr. Kemp."

"So I should judge," said I. "I have spent nearly all my life in London," he went on. "I should be there now had I not met her. She sailed for home about two months ago, and ostensibly by accident, but really by intention, I came over on the same steamship.

"Thank you!" he replied. This simple acknowledgment of his gratitude for my now evident sympathy in his venture won me completely, and I scrambled forward to the mast with a recklessness that surprised me that I might get the bearings of the craft we were chasing.

"How far off do you make them?" he called to me.

"They are beating along the bay," he cried, "and I think if we hold this course we'll just cross their bow."

"The man's judgment was superb, for 15 minutes later we were so close to the other boat that I could see its two occupants plainly. One was a man, a regulation small boat man, attired in a combination of golf and yachting clothes.

"We're all right," said I. "We'll catch them, and you can go on board."

"That's just it," he growled. "I can't go on board. Why, she would out me dead or toss me over."

"As he was best posted as to the young woman's character, silence on my part seemed befitting. He did not speak again until we had drawn within hailing distance of the other boat, when he motioned me to him.

"We'll run right across their bow," he whispered. "Don't you mind me. I can see bottom here. Keep right on, and they will have to take me in. Now, look out!"

"On the very next day I returned to town, and I heard no more of the sentimental man until late in November. I was walking up Thirty-ninth street one afternoon on my way home from the office when my attention was attracted to a well appointed brougham that swerved into the curb close by me.

"It was Archer, and as I took his outstretched hand he returned to the pretty young woman who had just emerged from the carriage and said:

"Kemp, my wife."—St. Louis Republic.

The Wage Question. A young colored philosopher was employed in one of our stores at a salary of \$3.50 a week.

"A better place!" echoed his employer. "What wages are you to get?"

"Not as long as you can sail," I answered.

On that score I confess I felt no uneasiness, for I soon saw that, sturdy fellow that he was, Archer was fully competent to handle the boat, for all the power there was in the breeze he got out of it, and though time and again the Miriam keeled over till her lee sail was wet, awash and my heart was in my mouth, she always swung back again without swerving an inch from her course.

"There is a girl in that boat that I am most anxious to see, Mr. Kemp," said Archer after a pause.

"So I should judge," said I. "I have spent nearly all my life in London," he went on. "I should be there now had I not met her. She sailed for home about two months ago, and ostensibly by accident, but really by intention, I came over on the same steamship.

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The Wage Question. A young colored philosopher was employed in one of our stores at a salary of \$3.50 a week.

"A better place!" echoed his employer. "What wages are you to get?"

"Three dollars a week?"

"No," said the boy, "but then it's better to do less and not get so much than to do more and not get enough."—Boston Transcript.

A TONGUE OF FLAME.

"Peace, peace," smiled the rose in his garden, and "peace" sang the bird on his tree. But a bale smoke shadowed the valleys, where the rivers ran to the sea, and the small of battle was on the winds of the summer of sixty-three.

In the lap of its mother mountain Virginia City lay, and, while in a rolling raincloud of glistening gold and gray, behind the hills slowly sank the sun of liberty day.

The mammoth flag on the summit in the tremulous rainbow glow flattered far like a scarlet ribbon to the eyes that watched below, but flashed in the sky of a nation the glory of long ago.

Then a frown on the cheek of the twilight where the smile of the west was warm, and climbing in dusky billows Mount Davidson's awful form a wonder of darkness swept the height like the rush of a silent storm.

Through the mark of the muffled city, with its mystery untold, while the people dazedly gazing stood dumb in the streets, beheld in the blackening west o'er the mountain's crest a twinkle of fiery gold!

Every eye caught the heaven light vision; every heart felt its wizard spell. It flared like a comet's tail; it streaked like a star that fell; it waved command like a signal hand; it swung like a voiceless bell.

Did they hear it? White faces listened; wild thoughts guessed its meaning divine. While the people dazedly gazing stood dumb in the streets, beheld in the blackening west o'er the mountain's crest a twinkle of fiery gold!

"Twas a dream, but not all. On the shadow the light that quivered and curled was the flag by patriot fingers that birthday morn'g unfurled, and it blazed in the unseen sunset like a beam from another world.

Alone in its daylight of glory above where the lightning runs, but the glad city read on the morrow its token of deeds that were done, and the people sang, "Victory is taken and Gettysburg's field is won."—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

A SOLDIER'S DOUBLE.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

About 30 days before Grant broke through Lee's lines at Petersburg and the beginning of the end came a portion of my regiment captured seven Confederates and brought them into camp. My own company was a part of the Federal force, but as I was on detached duty that week I was not with them.

I visited company headquarters to ascertain what the talk meant and there met with a strange reception. I was there, wearing a blue uniform, and yet I was in the guardhouse half a mile away wearing the butternut.

"We'll run right across their bow," he whispered. "Don't you mind me. I can see bottom here. Keep right on, and they will have to take me in. Now, look out!"

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promptly that I supposed everything was all right. It wasn't, however. Federal spies had played the game before, and Confederate wit had become sharpened.

I was sent to the headquarters of General Mahone, who was subsequently celebrated in Virginia and national politics. He asked me the same questions which the colonel had put to me and many others in addition.

"Captain Thorn, this man claims to belong to your company. Is he a member or not?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "John Wakefield, sir."

"When was he captured?"

"Four days ago, along with several men."

"Are you positive that this is your man?"

"Certain, sir. I knew him before he enlisted, and he has been in my company for a year."

That settled it. We were dismissed, and I followed Captain Thorn to the regiment. On the way I related the particulars of my capture and escape, and he seemed considerably puzzled that General Mahone should have been so suspicious of me.

"I had learned my part so thoroughly that I was 'at home' from the first. Next day I met every member of the company, officers included, and where I used names I made no mistake. I fell into the routine with the rest, and after three days the curiosity of all had been satisfied.

"Why, you are not John Wakefield at all!"

"Then who am I?" I asked, with a laugh.

"I don't know, but you are certainly not my cousin John. You look like him, but you are not he."

"It was queer that he alone should have suspected me, but something in my speech, walk or look warned him that I was a counterfeit.

"Then all the officers and half a dozen men of the company, including my tentmate, were sent for, and the general heartily entered upon the work of trapping me. My life was the stake being played for, and though I was terribly anxious as to the outcome, as you may believe, I believe I displayed all the coolness and nerve which my best friend could have hoped for.

Every officer and every man promptly identified me as John Wakefield, but to offset this Winslow said that his cousin had a scar on the neck which could not be found on me. I denied the scar, and then my captain was requested to ask me certain questions which the general suggested or wrote out. In reply I gave the Christian name of father, mother and sister as well as a number of uncles, aunts and cousins. I gave the names of many streets in Montgomery, Ala.; the names of many families, the situation of the statehouse, Exchange hotel, police station, etc. I told the part taken by my regiment in various battles and skirmishes and related a funny incident connected with my enlistment which Captain Thorn clearly remembered.

I had pumped John Wakefield so thoroughly and so plainly remembered everything that I believe I passed the examination fully as well or better than he could. General

Maunoy had only one peg to hang a hope on after putting me through my paces for a full two hours. My tentmate was sure I was John Wakefield, and yet was a bit strange since my return to the company. I did not use tobacco any longer, and he had not heard me swear, though I had been addicted to both vices before my capture. I claimed that I had resolved to let tobacco alone, as it was affecting my health, and I had quit swearing in gratitude over my escape.

The general was satisfied, and yet unsatisfied. He acknowledged that my officers and comrades ought to know me after being together for a year, but added that there was no great hurry to dispose of the case and sent me to the guardhouse. At the end of two days I was escorted back to his headquarters, and he played his last card. In his tent was a soldier dressed in Federal uniform, whom I took to be a deserter. There were also two men dressed as civilians, but I believe they were Confederate soldiers temporarily disguised. The general had two letters and a telegram before him, and as I stood at attention he looked up and said:

"Well, my Yankee lad, you are pretty sharp and have stuck by your story, but you might as well make a clean breast of it now. You see this deserter from Montgomery, these citizen proofs that you are not John Wakefield?"

"Who do you want me to be?" I asked.

"I want your right name and the story of how you got into our lines. You are a spy, and hanging is the penalty, but, owing to your youth, we may decide to treat you as a prisoner of war."

I declared that I was John Wakefield, asked him to remember that all my company had fully identified me and expressed my willingness to face any new proofs he might have to the contrary. He leaned back in his chair and looked me straight in the eyes for a moment, and I knew he was a beaten man. He did not call up the men or read the letters, as they had been "prepared" for the occasion and could not have helped him out. After what seemed fully ten minutes to me he quietly said:

"Well, perhaps a mistake has been made. You can return to your regiment."

My two arraignments before General Mahone made me an object of curiosity and gossip in my company, and when I returned it was to find all the men anxious to quiz me and two or three of them seemingly suspicious. The captain called me to his tent and questioned me and cross questioned me until he declared that nobody but a fool could have taken me for any one else. I put the men off by pretending to be angry, and three nights later, as we held a breastwork at the front, I slipped away in the darkness and re-entered the Federal lines. Acting on the information I brought, Grant was hammering away on that portion of the Confederate line at daybreak. Ten years after the war, as I smoked the pipe of peace with General Mahone at a hotel in Richmond, I put the inquiry:

"General, suppose you had secured proofs that I was not John Wakefield. What would have happened?"

"Can't you guess?" he replied.

"Would you have had me shot?"

"No, sir. I'd have hung you by the neck and made a good job of it!"

Didn't Call Names. The sergeant complains that you call him names.

Private Murphy—Plaze, surr, I never called him any names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."—London Fun.

The Number of Languages. The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Baldi enumerated 800 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects.

Adulgers, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large.

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT. The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret McCullough deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 25th day of February, 1893, at the Court House for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

SEABOARD AIRLINE VESTIBULE LIMITED DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE TO ATLANTA, CHARLOTTE, WILMINGTON, NEW ORLEANS AND NEW YORK, BOSTON, RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, FOLK, PORTSMOUTH.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 7, 1893. Table with columns for destinations (New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.) and departure times.

Table with columns for destinations (Atlanta, S.A.L., etc.) and departure times.

Connections at Greensboro for all points on S. A. L. and C. & N. E. R. R., and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD

Table with columns for destinations (Asheville, Greensboro, etc.) and departure times.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY.

Table with columns for destinations (Augusta, Asheville, etc.) and departure times.

Close connection at Asheville for all points on S. A. L. and C. & N. E. R. R., and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

Table with columns for destinations (Wilmington, Norfolk, etc.) and departure times.