

# CHASED BY GUERRILLAS.

A Story of the War.

BY A. H. GIBSON.



LEUT. ARTHUR Hartwell of the Union army had received a wound in an engagement fought by two skirmishing parties that had surprised each other on the White River in Arkansas.

However, the young officer was now sufficiently convalescent to mount his jet-black war horse and ride about the camp for exercise. He hoped soon to get himself into fighting trim again. He was a zealous, courageous young soldier, and he could not endure with patience his enforced inactivity.

Hearing that excellent wild fruit abounded in the woods about one mile and a half from the Federal camp, Hartwell determined to ride over and enjoy a delicious treat.

While riding leisurely along through a large canebrake, midway between the camp and the woods to which he was bound, he was surprised and captured by a band of rough guerrillas who had been reconnoitering the enemy's position from a safe distance. The Union spies had reported only that morning that there were no enemies within ten miles of their own lines.

So Hartwell had ridden off alone, never dreaming of what was to befall him. He had been riding carelessly along, inadvertently whistling some little tune heard at camp, and thinking of the dear old mother far away in her cabin on the Kansas line.

Suddenly his horse was stopped, his arms were pinioned to his sides by brawny hands, while villainous, hardened countenances leered upon him.

"Don't yer chipmunk word, or by yer holy smokin' powers o' t'other world, I'll send a bullet clean through yer damned Yankee carcass," said one robust guerrilla, holding an old musket threateningly near the captive's handsome head.

Hartwell was too completely surprised to frame an answer. The guerrillas surged about him wild with glee over their great capture. A Yankee officer was not picked up every day. Their rejoicing, unceasing and profane, rendered them for a short time incautious. The tramp, tramp of coming horsemen threw the jubilant band of four guerrillas into considerable excitement. In a moment every man was quiet and on his guard. Distinctly, each rough fellow sought musket or carbine, the rifled property of some dead soldier.

Every eye was turned in the direction of the approaching riders. That there were not more than two or three could easily be told from the sounds that the horses' feet made on the hard, clay-baked road by the canes.

Lieutenant Hartwell was for the moment forgotten. Were those riders wearers of the blue or the gray? The tall, dense, intervening canes prevented an answer to that mute question. Three guerrillas had stationed themselves behind clumps of vegetation, while the fourth held Hartwell's horse with his left hand, his right grasping a carbine.

It was a favorable moment for Lieutenant Hartwell. He recognized it as such. While the short absorption of the guerrillas' attention lasted, Hartwell, quick as a wink, slipped from the saddle, and, ere his captors were aware, with far more agility than his weak physical condition would seem to warrant, he had darted off through the towering canes, where a horse could not follow.

The guerrillas, so absorbed in awaiting the approach of the invisible horsemen, did not for a moment observe the empty saddle. Then, with a smothered oath, the one holding the officer's horse struck him a severe blow to make him stand aside. The spirited animal resented the blow, and with a savage lunge the bridle-rein was jerked from the grasp of the irate man who was thrown hardly to the ground, where he lay half stunned as the Lieutenant's fiery horse went tearing away down the road.

Then the horsemen rode into view. An exclamation of rude pleasure fell from the lips of the guerrillas. The grips on the carbines loosened. They recognized in the newcomers two of their own men, who were deserters from Van Dorn's ranks, although they still wore the gray. These men were soon informed of the capture and sudden escape of the Federal officer.

"Yes! plum like a blamed Yankee," remarked one of the newcomers. "They're all slicker'n a eel; they'll any of em squeeze through a knot-hole if they're gin half a chance."

"Waal, I certain believe yer," said the leader, who had menaced Hartwell; "but he kain't be fur off boys. Them Yankees kain't run through a cane-patch no better'n a city gal kin. Let's be on his trail, an' no stan' hyer a-givin' sich chances ter beat we uns."

After a hasty consultation it was decided to conceal the horses in a grove hard by, and every man enter the pursuit, which they felt sure would lead to the recapture of their escaped prisoner. Striking into the cane-brake, they were soon on the Lieutenant's track, which led through the intricacies of the thicket.

Meanwhile, Arthur Hartwell was making gigantic strides through the bushy brake, stumbling over clinging vines, which were densely entangled about the canes; splashing and dashing into hidden pools of stagnant water; then out again and into another worse than the first, despoiling the polish of his No. 7's and flicking with clayey splashes his spotless uniform. His physical strength was not adequate to the demand which his really desperate effort to escape enforced. Still, on he hurried.

The early autumn day was intensely hot. The sun seemed to bear a particular spite toward that spot, and

poured down mercilessly upon pursued and pursuers. The huge canes defied the admission of any cooling breeze which might be astir without.

Ere Lieutenant Hartwell had reached the southern border of the thicket he was almost exhausted. Great beads of sweat stood on his face, and his limbs trembled from fatigue. He stood irresolute as to what course to pursue next. He had been forced to flee in an opposite direction from the Union camp. Where would he seek refuge? His strength was failing. He could not keep up the flight any longer. Then he dared not hide among the canes. Already, in nearing pursuit, he could hear the heavy boots of the guerrillas crushing canes and brambles, leaving no nook unsearched.

Just before him, through a grove of cottonwood, walnut, and hickory, all tinged with autumn's russet gold, he caught sight of a handsome southern home, built of red sandstone, with clambering vines half veiling the front and roof, and beautiful flowers of every variety surrounding it, lending to the entire place the splendid glow and beauty of tropical aspect. It was the home of some abettor of the Southern cause. Hartwell knew this, and he felt quite sure that if he sought refuge there he would be handed over to his rough captors, who, if they did not belong to the Confederate service, favored it, while they bitterly opposed the Federal army.

But haste, not debate, was necessary. He could hear the guerrillas drawing nearer; their curses, too, reached him, as non-success at every turn baffled them. They had expected



"SINGING IN A CLEAR, BIRD-LIKE, SOPRANO VOICE."

to find it no task at all to run him down. But the end was not yet. Hartwell, however, knew that they would soon reach the southern limit of the canebrake; then escape would be impossible.

Not pausing to think again that it might prove "out of the frying-pan into the fire," the hunted officer dashed forward toward the house. He leaped over the low, well-trimmed hedge that surrounded the attractive grounds of the lovely Southern home, then he stood motionless and gazed in evident admiration at the sweet picture which confronted his vision.

A beautiful girl, with plump, graceful figure, wonderful masses of dusky golden tresses flowing in luxuriant ripples all over her proud little head, and wine-dark eyes starry with mirth and intelligence, was at work in the yard near the house. She was singing in a clear, bird-like soprano voice something about a brave lover wearing the gray. Her deft, snowy fingers unpinned from a clothes-line, stretched from an Indian peach-tree near the house to a stout cherry in the corner of the yard, miscellaneous articles of merriment. She deposited into a large, old-fashioned clothes-basket that rested on the soft, velvety grass at her feet.

In another moment Lieut. Hartwell stood uncovered before this fair Southern girl, bowing with the urbanity of a perfect gentleman.

The song ceased, and Elma Starlton gave a start when she discovered the handsome Union officer bowing so politely before her.

"Fardon me," he uttered rapidly; "I did not wish to startle you."

Then he briefly mentioned his capture by the guerrillas and how he had escaped, ending by entreating her to show him, if possible, some secure hiding-place. Would she heed his importunity?

Elma Starlton had two brothers and a father in the Confederate service. This man was an enemy to the dear



"AWAITING HIS DOOM OR HIS SALVATION."

Southern cause. Would it be right to assist him in his efforts to avoid recapture? Would it not be the very height of disloyalty in her to hide this Federal officer on the Starlton premises?

The girl thought rapidly, one hand, beautiful and shapely, resting on the clothes-line, the other dropped at her side.

She glanced up into the pale but firm face of the man who had applied to her for aid. His eyes were so blue and manly, his whole countenance so noble, her warm heart felt a throbbing of pity. His captors were not soldiers but swamp guerrillas—a bold, evil-disposed band. She had quite forgotten that he had told her that. Elma Starlton was not in sympathy with the guerrillas infesting the swamps and canebrakes round about her home. But, had she seen, the manly face before her would have been sufficient to shake it.

The autumn breeze lifted the sheets on the line, giving Elma a glimpse of several roughly clad men, halted in the adjacent grove, evidently at a loss which way to turn to end the retreat of the Yankee officer. They were the guerrillas. A scornful flash lit up the wine-dark eyes of the girl as she turned to the man, who seemed to be awaiting his doom or his salvation at her fair hands. Yes; she would save him. But how?

Ah! it is surely too late to help him to escape recapture. See! two of the guerrillas have started toward the house, leaving the others in consultation at the border of the grove. In another moment they will have seen the hunted man, screened by the clothes on the line. On they stalk toward the house.

Elma is a girl of ingenuity, one accustomed to acting in emergencies. She will not lose these rough outlaws yet. It is not too late.

"Here," she said, in a very low voice, and she quickly lifted the clothes which she had thrown into the capacious basket, "if you will lie down in my old clothes-basket I think I shall be able to hide you securely."

Very obediently, very quickly Arthur Hartwell coiled himself up in Elma Starlton's clothes-basket, and very skillfully she covered him completely with the clothes she held. Then she went on unpinning clothes from the line, which she threw loosely upon the basket. No one would have guessed there was a man beneath that mass of clean clothes.

Elma was again singing as merrily as a lark when the guerrillas drew near. One of them bounded over the hedge. He approached the girl, who gave a well-feigned start, greeting him thus:

"Ike Carter! What do you mean by startling a body this way?"

"She knew him well, as his home was not far from the Starltons."

"Didn't go ter startle yer, Miss Elmy; I'm on ther hunt of a blamed Yankee officer what's escaped us."

"Waal, Ike, we're not in the habit of entertaining Yankee officers here unless we are obliged to. It is not a good place to hunt for them on the Starlton premises."

"I know hit ain't, Elmy," said the fellow; "but we tracked him this way," he explained.

"How did he escape you, Ike?" she asked, trying to show an interest in the subject, hoping thereby to allay any suspicion that might have been formed in the guerrillas' minds.

The guerrilla launched out a full account of the capture and escape of Lieutenant Hartwell. Elma listened as attentively as if it were all a new story to her.

"As we uns was consultin' in yon grove, Pete Jarvis 'lowed he done seed a blue uniform, or somethin' that looked mighty like one, over hyer by these clothes. That's why I come hyar a botherin' you uns."

A musical laugh followed this announcement. Then Elma said:

"An optical illusion. I suppose it was mother's blue muslin curtains that Jarvis took for a Yankee uniform." And Elma held up to view a pair of pretty blue curtains.

Ike Carter eyed them closely, then glanced at the overladen basket on the grass, then back at the girl who was smoothing the azure curtains.

"Hain't Pete Jarvis a good un ter sight Yankee? No wonder we uns done los' his trail with sich a leader as Pete. I'm plumb sorry, Miss Elmy, that he insulted them curtains that away by takin' 'em fur a Yank's trousers." And Ike Carter laughed at what he considered a clever joke.

"I should think," the girl remarked dryly, "Ike, tell your party, with my compliments, that I think their eyes must be full of cobwebs brushed from the canes. Tell them to wash them out and make another investigation of the thicket," she called to him as he strode away, looking rather crestfallen; for Ike had seen what Jarvis had, and both had decided it must be Hartwell's uniform. But Jarvis being absent had to bear the ridicule. Ike Carter could not stand it to have the bright Southern girl laugh at his blunders.

Dear reader, you and I know that it was a glimpse of a blue uniform that those guerrillas had caught. But we can smile over the cleverness of Elma Starlton in turning it off so nicely, and heave a deep sigh of full gladness that her mother had those blue curtains, and that they happened to be in the wash that week.

The guerrillas went off, and evidently felt too sheepish over their mistake to venture within range of those mocking, dancing, wine-dark eyes, for they did not return.

When the coast was clear, Elma uncovered the queerly hidden Lieutenant, who crawled out, with real thankfulness to his lovely deliverer, though his limbs were so stiff that she had to assist him to the little closet, where he remained effectually concealed during the rest of the afternoon. Here she brought him every refreshment that her home afforded.

Under cover of the night, brave Elma Starlton escorted Lieutenant Hartwell safe within the Union lines. Ere he parted from her, he pressed her soft hand, saying: "If I survive the war, I shall return to thank you, as I am unable to do now."

Arthur Hartwell did not forget his promise. When peace reigned gloriously over a grief-bowed nation, he occupied a lucrative position in public life; but somehow a pair of wine-dark eyes ever haunted him. He took a trip to the balmy South. He found Elma lovely as of yore, but living sad and alone in her flower-decked Southern home. Her father and brothers slept

# AT CUSHING'S ISLAND.

SKETCHES AT A PLEASANT RESORT DOWN IN MAINE.

Pretty Pictures and Handsome Girls—The Work of a Chicago Sketching Club—Longfellow's Birthplace—Sandwich Parties.

Cushing's Island, Me., letter to Chicago Inter Ocean.



EDITH SEXTON.

THE urgent request of the guests of the Ottawa House, as well as at the suggestion of art lovers of Portland who are interested in the work of Chicago's sketching party, an exhibition is now in progress here at which are seen some of the many sketches made on the island during the past few weeks. It is something unusual to have an art exhibition during the summer months, and hardly an ordinary attraction at a



PORTLAND LIGHT.

summer resort, but Cushing's Island has a brainy element, and its visitors are not judged by ordinary standards. The artists and pupils who came here from the West have had but since the first of July in which to prepare the many sketches now on exhibition. The pictures have been placed in the hotel reading-room. The sketches include water-colors, oil paintings, and studies



MRS LILLA WITTEDORF.

in charcoal and pencil. Some of them have been so meritorious as to meet with immediate purchasers. Many of the sketches shown are the work of beginners, who have begun well. Many of them never did any outdoor sketching before. It is remarkable that there is an absence of figures and flowers—unless exception be made to the study of a head for which pretty little Edith Sexton posed. The two little Sexton girls are excellent models, and would prove valuable aids to any artist who cared to paint a picture representing the two little English princes in the tower.

The artists have painted almost everything on, about, or near the island, except the town of Portland. Prohibition prevented painting. One object that has been introduced into almost every sketch is the light-house, marking the main channel, or Portland light, as it is called.

One of the few points about the island that have not been sketched by every artist in the vicinity is old Fort Gorges, in Portland harbor. It is



FORT GORGE.

rather an impressive looking fort, although it is no longer in use, having served its purpose.

Excursions to Boston are common events. These parties usually consist of ladies, as the gentlemen are too scarce to be spared. The ladies, as a rule, are unfortunate, for they usually encounter a storm, and come back looking unusually pale. They become so seasick on the water that it is not to be wondered at that several of them wanted the earth while on the ocean. One young lady narrated her experi-



LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE.

ences on the boat. When she awoke she found that it was daylight and that she had a desire for fresh air. No one was in sight except a pretty girl, a stranger, who remarked that she was getting up early so as to get some fresh air. The first lady asked what time of day it was, and was informed that it was just four o'clock in the morning. After a while the Chicago lady went on deck and saw the pretty girl get-

ting "fresh air." The "fresh air" consisted of a sheepish-looking young man, who had his arm about the pretty girl's waist, who in turn rested her pretty head upon the young man's shoulder. The Chicago girl looked the



THE LONGFELLOW STATUE.

other way, and for the first time realized why so many "fresh-air funds" were started in the East.

A point of special interest to visitors in Portland is the house where the poet Longfellow was born. It is in the lower part of the town and attracts continual attention.

Another point of interest in Portland, and which is visited by every stranger, is Longfellow square, one of the most beautiful spots in the Forest City of Maine. In the center of the square is the splendid heroic statue of Longfellow, born and reared in Portland, the pride of its people.

One of the Chicagoans returned from Portland with a unique story. A small boy said to his mother:

"Mother, give me money to go to the circus."

"No, I can't let you go there."

"Then let me have a tooth pulled; I want to do something."

There are many beautiful things to be seen about Cushing's Island, but among the living pictures few call out as much admiration as is bestowed upon "the pretty girl," as she is called by the many who have eyes for the beautiful. The "pretty girl" is Miss Lilla Wittedorf, of Lynn, Mass., who came here with her mother. Miss Wittedorf has been likened upon a wild rose, she is so fair to look upon. She is of the brunette type, with dark, lustrous eyes, a plentiful supply of black hair, a complexion that is rich and rare, defying description. Miss Wittedorf is about 17 years of age, but is nevertheless a belle. She has an immense "repertoire of dresses," in the selection of which she has shown not only startling originality but exquisite taste. The professional artists have thus far been unsuccessful in getting Miss Wittedorf to pose for them, but here is an attempt at a portrait taken



MRS LILLA WITTEDORF.

while "the pretty girl" was writing a letter, a pastime that seems to give her great pleasure.

## A High Life Chinese Wedding in Chicago.

It was a solemn but strange wedding. The parties to the contract were Moy Sing, a disciple of Confucius, and Miss Ida Wagner, a comely German girl from Streator.

The ceremony was performed in a room richly hung in Oriental trappings, near Hip Lung's Hotel. There were present a score or more Chinese, a few of whom had wives of Anglo-Saxon blood. All were in holiday attire, and when the marital knot was tied there was a general rejoicing. The rites were pronounced after the manner set forth in the statute books of the State of Illinois. The performance was soon over, and then the friends gathered about to congratulate the newly wedded pair, just as Americans do. Then a queer little orchestra, consisting of four Celestials, performed on several odd-looking stringed instruments and a tom-tom or gong, producing a weird kind of music. There was nothing elaborate in the dress either of the bride or groom. Moy Sing wore a royal purple silk robe, with the usual flowing sleeves and wide skirt, while his bride appeared in a suit of India silk.

At the conclusion the groom led his bride to Hip Lung's hotel, at 223 South Clark street, where he has rented a suite of rooms. It is an eminently respectable house, and is known to the Chinese from San Francisco to New York as the resort of the silk stocking element of Mongolian society in Chicago. In this hotel two other Chinamen with American wives occupy apartments, and the advent of a third white woman was duly celebrated.

The groom, Moy Sing, is a native of Canton, and is 23 years of age. He is a cigarmaker in the employ of Sam Moy. It is said that Mr. Sing met Miss Wagner in Streator some years ago while he was conducting a laundry there.—Chicago Inter Ocean

AFTER a man has been married a few years he never dodges when his wife throws anything at him.—Lawrence American.

THERE is a statue of Bismarck at Cologne, and it makes the eyes of Cologne water to look at it, he is so homely.

# A POLICEMAN'S HAPPY LIFE.



He is liable to insult at all times.



Is not allowed to enter at the front door.



Is often called upon to arrest dangerous characters.



Has difficulty in keeping out of harm's way.



And is often wearied beyond the power of endurance. Chicago Ledger.

## What Are the Thoughts of the Dying?

In the Societe de Biologie Fere affirmed that a dying person in his last moments thinks of the chief events of his life. Persons resuscitated from drowning, epileptics with grave attacks, persons dying and already unconscious, but momentarily brought back to consciousness by ether injections to utter their last thoughts, all acknowledge that their last thoughts revert to momentous events of their life. Such an ether injection revives once more the normal disposition of cerebral activity, already nearly extinguished, and it might be possible at this moment to learn of certain important events of the past life. Brown-Segard mentions the remarkable fact that persons who, in consequence of grave cerebral affections have been paralyzed for years, get back at once when dying their sensibility, mobility, and intelligence. All such facts clearly show that at the moment of dissolution important changes take place, reacting upon the composition of the blood and the functions of the organs.—Medical Zeitung.

## Juvenile Reminiscences.

First small boy—D' ye remember that day last week w'en we got inter Farmer Hayseed's orch'd?

Second small boy—Yes; an' d' ye remember that a lot of apples we got?

Yes; an' d' ye remember how sour they was?

Yes; an' d' ye remember how the dog got arter us and tore our clothes?

Yes; an' d' ye remember what a lot we eat w'en we got away?

Yes; an' d' ye remember how sick we all was?

Yes; didn't we have a bully time?—Puck.