THRILLING INCIDENT.

HOW A GALLANT CAPTAIN RETOOK HIS SHIP.

OVERCAME FIFTEEN MEN.

WITH THE AID OF HIS COOK AND STEWARD.

STORY OF THE EMILY ST. PIERRE.

The Youngest Confederate Soldier—Another Claimant to That Honor—He Baptized the Whole Southern Confederacy.

In all probability, writes Mr. James Sprunt, in the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, the greatest exploit of the war in the history of the blockade was the daring and unparalleled recapture of the British ship Emily St. Pierre by her brave commander, Captain William Wilson, the published account of which, at that time, won the applause of friend and foe alike, and sent a thrill of admiration and emotion throughout the whole of England at the heroic devotion and endurance of one of her gallant tars. Although strictly not a story of the Cape Fear, it will be none the less interesting on that account, and I reproduce the account published in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, entitled, truly, "A Matter-of-Fact Story."

On the morning of the 18th of March, 1862, the Liverpool ship Emily St. Pierre (William Wilson, captain) arrived within about twelve miles of Charleston, and signalled for a pilot. She had made a long and tedious voyage of four months from Calcutta, bound for St. John, New Brunswick, calling at Charleston for orders, if Charleston were open. If the southern port was blockaded, Captain Wilson's orders were to proceed direct to the British port of St. John, New Brunswick. The ship had formerly belonged to Charleston, but since the outbreak of the American civil war she had sailed under the British flag. Her nominal owners were Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of No. 10 Rumford Place, Liverpool; a firm doing an extensive business, who had very close relations with the Confederate or Southern States, for whom they acted as bankers and agents in this country.

The ship was hailed by a vessel, which proved to be the northern cruiser James Adger, and in response Captain Wilson hauled up his courses, backed his main yard, and lay to. An American naval lieutenant and a score of men came on board and demanded his papers. The manifest showed an innocent cargo, 2,000 bales of gunny-bags, and the registration of the ship as English was in due order. The Captain demanded permission to proceed, Charleston being blockaded, to his destination, the British port of St. John. The lieutenant refused, and referred the matter to his superior in command, and the two vessels proceeded into Charleston roadstead, where they arrived at half-past 2 in the afternoon.

Captain Wilson was ordered on board the flagship of the blockading squadron, the Florida, where he was kept for two hours in solitude and suspense. At last a flag-officer, Captain Goldborough, came to him and said that they had decided to seize the Emily St. Pierre on several grounds. He asserted that she carried contraband of war—namely, saltpetre; that English registration was not bona fide; that many articles on board had been found bearing the name of Charleston; that the same word had been scraped out on her stern and substituted by the name Liverpool; that Captain Wilson had not disclosed all his papers, but had been observed from the James Adger to throw overboard and sink a small parcel, probably of incriminating documents. Captain Wilson protested, and appealed to the maritime law of nations. But in vain. He was informed that the law courts of Philadelphia would adjudicate the matter, and finally Captain Wilson was invited to take passage in his vessel to Philadelphia, and to place at the disposal of the navigator his charts and instruments. The invitation in form was in fact a command. He returned to his vessel to find that his crew had all been removed, with the exception of two, who were not sailors—the steward, an Irishman named Matthew Montgomery, and the cook, a German named Louis Schelvin, hailing from Frankfort-on-the-Main. These were merely passengers, and with them was an American engineer, who had obtained permission to take passage to Philadelphia.

The prize crew who took charge of the vessel consisted of Lieutenant Stone, of the United States navy, in command; a master's mate, and twelve men—fourteen in all, with the American passenger, fifteen. The moment that Captain Wilson stepped again on board his own vessel he formed the resolution to recapture her and take her home. He was bold enough to think that it might be possible to recapture the ship, even against such odds.

PRACTICALLY POWERLESS.

An unarmed man, aided by the questionable support of an Irish steward and a German cook, was practically powerless against the fifteen of the crew. On the other hand, Captain Wilson was a brawny, big-framed Scotchman (a native of Dumfrieshire), a thorough seaman, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action. He called the steward and cook to him in his state-room, and disclosed the wild project he had formed. Both manfully promised to stand by their chief. This was at half-past 4 on the morning of the 21st of March, the third day out from Charleston. Captain Wilson had already formed his plan of operations and had prepared to a certain extent for carrying it out. With the promise of the cook and the steward secured, he lost no time, gave them no chance for their courage to fail, but proceeded at once in the darkness and silence of the night to carry out his desperate undertaking. He was prepared to lose his life or have his ship; that was the simple alternative.

It was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and the prize-master's mate was asleep in his berth. The English captain went into the berth, handed out the mate's sword and revolvers, clapped a gag made of a piece of wood and some marline between his teeth, seized his hands, which Montgomery, the steward, quickly ironed, and so left him secure. The lieutenant still paced the deck, undisturbed by a sound. Then he went across to another state-room, where the American engineer lay asleep. He also was gagged and ironed silently and without disturbance. His revolvers and those already secured were given to the steward and the cook, who remained below in the cabin. Captain Wilson went on deck. Lieutenant Stone was pacing the deck, and the watch consisted of one man at the helm, one at the lookout on the forecastle, and three others who were about the ship. For ten minutes Captain Wilson walked up and down remarking on the fair wind, and making believe that he had just turned out. The ship was off Cape Hatteras, midway of their journey between Charleston and Philadelphia. It is difficult navigation thereabouts with the cross-currents and a tendency to fogs, affording the two captains subject for conversation.

"Let her go free a bit, Captain Stone; you are too close to the cape, I tell you, and I know."

"We have plenty of offing," replied the lieutenant; and then to the helmsman: "How's her head?"

"Northeast and by east, sir," came the reply.

"Keep her so. I tell you it is right," said the lieutenant.

"Well, of course, I am not responsible now; but I am an older sailor than you, Captain Stone, and I'll tell you if you want to clear Cape Hatteras another two points east will do no harm. Do but look at my chart; I left it open on the cabin table. And the coffee will be ready now." And Captain Wilson led the way from the poop to the cabin, followed by the commander.

There was a passage about five yards long leading from the deck to the cabin, a door at either end. The Captain stopped at the first door, closing it and picking from behind it an iron belaying pin which he had placed there. The younger man went forward to the cabin where the chart lay upon the table.

"Stone!"

SHALL NEVER GO.

He turned at the sudden peremptory exclamation of his name. His arm upraised, the heavy iron bolt in his hand, the Captain in low but hard, eager words said: "My ship shall never go to Philadelphia!" He did not strike. It was unnecessary. Montgomery had thrust the gag in the young lieutenant's mouth; he was bound hand and foot, bundled into a berth, and the door locked. Three out of the fifteen were thus disposed of. There was still the watch on deck and the watch below. The construction of the Emily St. Pierre was of a kind not unusual, but still not very common. The quarters of the crew were not in the forecastle, but in a round house amidship. The name does not describe its shape. It was an oblong house on deck with windows and one door. From the poop or upper deck at the stern over the cabins and state-rooms and the passage before mentioned, there was a companion-stair on the port side leading to the deck at the waist; whilst a similar companion-way at the stern led down to the level of the deck, which could also be approached direct from the cabins through the passage.

In this space behind the poop was the wheel, slightly raised, for the steerman to see clear of the poop; and there was a hatchway leading to the lazarette hold, a small, supplementary hold, usually devoted to stores, extra gear, coils of spare rope and so on. Nothing that might be done on this part of the deck could be seen, therefore, from the waist of the ship; vice versa, except by the steersman, who was elevated by a step or two above the level.

Coming on this part of the deck from the cabin, Captain Wilson called to the three men who were about, and, pointing to a heavy coil of rope in the lazarette, ordered them to get it up at once—Lieutenant Stone's orders. They jumped down without a demur, suspecting nothing, as soon as the Captain shoved the hatch aside. They were no sooner in than he quickly replaced and fastened the hatch. The three were securely trapped in full view of the helmsman, whose sailor's instinct kept him in his place at the wheel.

"If you utter a sound or make a move," said the Captain, showing a revolver, I'll blow your brains out. Then he called aft the lookout man, the last of the watch on deck. The man came aft. Would he help to navigate the ship to England? No; he would not. He was an American. Then would he call the watch? He would do that. And eagerly he did it; but the next moment he was laid low on the deck and bundled unceremoniously into the lazarette with his three companions—the hatchway replaced and secured, Captain Wilson was standing on guard at it. Meanwhile, the watch below had been called and were astir. When sailors tumble out they generally do so gradually and by twos and threes. The first two that came aft were quickly overpowered, one at a time, and bound. The third man drew his knife and dashed at the steward, who fired, wounding him severely in the shoulder. It was the only shot fired. Finding that the cook and captain and steward were all armed, the rest of the watch below quietly surrendered and submitted to be locked in the round-house, the prisoners of the bold and resolute man, who in the course of an hour had thus regained possession of his ship against overwhelming odds.

FOR ENGLAND.

For England! Yes, homeward bound in an unseaworthy ship; for a ship that is undermanned is unseaworthy to the last degree. It is worse than overloading. And here is our brave captain 3,000 miles from home, calmly altering her course the few points eastward he had recommended to the lieutenant, homeward bound for England, his crew a steward and a cook! Neither could steer, nor hand, nor reef. Brave-hearted Mathew Montgomery, the Irish steward, honest Louis Schelvin, the German cook, now is the time to show what savour of seamanship you have picked up amongst your pots and pans of the galley and the pantry.

The first thing was to wash and bandage the wounded shoulder of the man who was shot, the next to put all the prisoners in the round-house under lock and key. Four of them out of twelve vountered to assist in working the ship rather than submit to the tedium of imprisonment. The irony of fate! Not one of them could steer, except one, and he improperly. And the courses are set, and the top-sails, lower and upper, are drawing, and the top gallant sails, too—pray heaven this wind may last, and no stronger.

The lieutenant was admitted to the captain's table under guard and on parole. The meal over, he was ushered into his state-room and locked in. Once a day only—for the captain is captain and crew combined—bread and beef and water was passed to the prisoners in the round-house; no more attention than absolutely necessary could be spared to them.

HOMEWARD.

Homeward bound! Captain Wilson had overcome his captors; could he overcome the elements? The glass was falling, the wind was rising, threatening a gale. The reef-tackles were passed to the capstan, so that one man's strength could haul them. Then the wheel was resigned to the Irish steward and German cook, whilst the captain had to lay aloft and tie the reef-points, ever and anon casting a glance behind and signalling to his faithful men how to move the wheel. Hours of hard work, fearful anxiety, before all is made snug to meet the fury of the coming storm. All is right, at last, thought the captain, if everything holds. Yes—if! Everything did not hold. The tiller was carried away in the midst of the gale, and Captain Wilson, brave heart as he was, felt the sadness of despair. He had been keeping watch day and night without intermission for many days, snatching an hour's sleep at intervals, torn with anxiety, wearied with work. It was but a passing faintness of heart. The ship rolled and tossed helmless at the mercy of the sea. For twelve hours he wrought to rig up a jury-rudder, and, at last, lifting up his heart in gratitude for the second time he snatched his ship out of the hands of destruction; for the second time he could inform Lieutenant Stone that he was again in command of his own ship. No longer was the ship buffeted at the mercy of the wild winds and the cruel Atlantic rollers, but her course was laid true, and her head was straight for England.

For thirty days they sailed with westerly gales behind them. They made the channel in safety, and the code signal was hoisted as they passed up the channel.

On the morning of the 21st of April, exactly one month since her course was altered off Cape Hatteras, the Emily St. Pierre threaded the devious channels which lead into the broad estuary of the Mersey, the anchor fell with a plunge, and an eager rattle of the leaping cable, and the ship rode stately on the rushing tide. Much was made of Captain Wilson during the next few weeks. All England rang with applause of his brave exploits. Meetings were convened; presentations were made, speeches were delivered to an extent that might have turned the head of a less simple and true-hearted man. Large sums of money were subscribed, of which plucky Matthew Montgomery and honest Louis Schelvin, the cook, got their share. But probably the happiest and proudest moment of his life was when the Captain stood on deck on the day of his arrival, his wife by his side, beside her the owner of the ship, Charles K. Prioleau, of Fraser, Trenholm & Co., whilst he narrated in simple words the story of his exploit. His big beard was torn and ragged, his eyes bloodshot with weariness and lack of sleep, his face haggard and weather-beaten and drawn; but he was a man of whom all England was proud—a man to inspire her with the faith that the race of heroes does not die.

BAPTIZING THE CONFEDERACY.

A Good Story Told by a Preacher.

(Cumberland Presbyterian.)

One of my fellow passengers aboard the "F. F. V." down across the Bluegrass region the other morning was the venerable and genial superintendent of the American Bible Society for Kentucky and Tennessee, the Rev. Dr. George S. Savage. I asked him for the correct version of the famous story that is told about his "Baptism of the Confederacy." He related it most delightfully as follows:

"In the year 1862, while I was principal of the Collegiate Institute, at Millersburg, Ky., I was asked to hold a meeting for the Methodist church on Casey creek, Nicholas county. The churches in all of this section had been more or less disturbed by the war and the questions that were then so warmly considered all over Kentucky. The people in this community strongly sympathized with the South, while I was a Union man. So when I went to preach for them it was agreed that we should say nothing about politics. Soon after the meeting began candidates for Church membership presented themselves, but the people of the community had been pretty generally educated to believe that immersion was the mode of baptism, these candidates insisted on being baptized in that way. I yielded to their preferences at the first, but finally concluded to preach them a sermon on the mode of baptism, in which I emphasized the matter of infant baptism.

"After the sermon, a woman came forward and said that she wanted me to baptize her children. I told her if she would present them just before the sermon on the following day I would gladly baptize them. When the services began on the following day, at 11 o'clock, the woman was on hand with her children. There were four of them—three boys and a girl. When I looked at them I had some hesitation about baptizing the oldest boy as a subject of infant baptism. He seemed too old for that, but I decided to go ahead with it and baptize all of them. Stepping forward to the altar, after the preliminary hymn and prayer, I asked the woman to present the children, which she proceeded to do in the order of their ages. Suiting the action to the words, I reached forward to the oldest boy, and said to the woman: 'Name this child.' Said she: 'John Cabell Breckinridge.' I baptized him. Then, referring to the next one, I said: 'Name this child.' She said: 'Simon Bolivar Buckner.' The same thing was repeated for the third boy, when she responded even more emphatically than before, though she spoke very distinctly each time: 'Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard.' By this time there was a rustle in the audience. Biting my lip and looking as solemn as possible, I knocked on the altar rail and spoke to the people, reminding them that this was a very solemn service, and that all levity was most inappropriate. Then, turning to the woman, and referring to the baby girl that she held in her arms, I said, as before, 'Name this child,' when she sang out, if anything, louder than ever: 'Annie E. Lee.' This was too much for the audience; they stamped their feet, clapped their hands, and broke forth into peals of laughter. Finally, to cap the climax, one brother, Myers, who stuttered badly, jumped up and called out: 'B-b-b-r-o-o-t-t-h-h-er S-s-a-v-v-a-g-ge, y-o-u h-h-a-ve b-b-ap-ap-t-ti-tiz-ed th-th-the C-c-on-f-f-fed-er-r-a-c-c-cy, and w-w-we ar-are a-all l-l-loyal.' It is needless to say that closed the 11 o'clock service, and the meeting, too, for that matter."

Youngest Confederate Soldier.

Gainesville, Ga., September 3, 1896.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Anent the article of Mr. Morris in a recent issue of your paper, I most respectfully announce myself as a rival for being the youngest soldier in any army who bore arms.

Before I was 12 years old I helped to raise, drill, and organize the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment (Governor Oates'), in which I was offered the adjutancy at Fort Mitchell, Ala., but the protest of my aunt, saying I was but a mere child, prevented acceptance. In the same year I drilled "Carter Guards," of the Forty-fifth Alabama, and raised a company, a portion of which joined this regiment, and which bore my name; "Hay Invincibles." In this regiment I carried a gun from start to finish, under one of the hardest fighting generals of the age—Pat Cleburne.

When I stacked my gun at Greensboro', N. C., and received my parole with one Mexican silver dollar for my entire services, the 26th of April, 1865, I was 15 years and 11 months old, my birthday being the 26th of May, one month later.

My parole, signed by Sherman and Johnston, is now in my possession.

I was adjutant and secretary of the Confederate Survivors' Association Camp, of Chattanooga, Ga., a member of Fulton-County Association, of Atlanta, Ga., and was unanimously elected commander of J. E. B. Stuart-Stonewall Camp, which was not organized in time to procure a charter for the procession in July last at the reunion. I was born in Stewart county, Ga., the native county of that grand old Christian soldier and gentleman, General C. A. Evans.

In lieu of "the Bold Drummer Boy," the accompanying few stanzas will fit my case.

THE YOUNGEST PRIVATE SOLDIER BOY.

I was one of the boys
Who wore the Confederate gray,
And if I were able,
I would wear it to-day.
Because it always gave me pleasure,
And made my heart beat with joy,
To be in the Confederate army,
A private soldier boy.

When I enlisted
I was but thirteen,
And many a hard battle
In which I have been;
But it always gave me pleasure
And made my heart beat with joy
To be in the Confederate army,
A private soldier boy.

When the war was over
I put my gun away;
But I'll not forget the time
When I wore the Confederate gray;
For it always gave me pleasure,
And made my heart beat with joy,
To be in the Confederate army,
A private soldier boy.

Now all who are living
Who wore the Confederate gray,
Remember your brave comrade,
Who sleeps beneath the clay.
And may it always give you pleasure,
And your heart beat with joy,
When you meet the "youngest Confederate,"
Who was "a private soldier boy.

Very respectfully,
CHARLES CARTER HAY.

COTTOLENE.

For the sake of good health use Cottolene

Better than lard for everything. Genuine sold in tins only, with trade-marks, "Cottolene" and steer's head in cottonseed wreath, on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, Baltimore.

THE INTERMONT.

Restful Days—Pleasant Company—A Card Party—Arrivals.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

THE INTERMONT, COVINGTON, VA., September 4.—If there is any truth in the maxim that "pleasant company alone makes life anywhere tolerable," then one may be sure of finding life here most enjoyable, for a more cultured and refined society could not be found than has gathered at The Intermont from the 10th of July to the present time. There has been little desire for gayety, little effort in that direction; but from the beginning to the end of the summer there has not been one dull day. So it is that when resourceful, educated, and refined people meet for rest and recreation, the friction of minds alone brings a pleasing and healthful excitement, and the hours spent by groups in agreeable conversation, in reading the last new novel, in a game of cards, in trying new music, in picturesque walks or drives, or exchanging confidences concerning the rearing and education of children, speed rapidly, and bring us to September, ere we realize that we have entered upon the summer's recreation. Beautiful and delightful are the autumn months in the mountains, and many who have spent the summer months at other resorts have come here for the comforts of cheerful open fires, and bright surroundings for September, so that the arrivals far outnumber the departures. No bitter recollections of bickerings and tittle-tattle, no gossip nor lingerings of unkindly feeling mar the retrospect of this pleasant summer. Friendships have been made, and cordial community of interest has cemented the company into a family party, whose regret at parting is only mitigated by the hope of a reunion next season under the same favorable conditions.

GOOD FORM.

Entertaining here has been in simple, but good form. The management is thoroughly obliging in such matters, and the hostess is facilitated in every effort for the pleasure of her guests by the kindly interest of those in power. A charming card party was given on Friday morning by a number of married ladies in honor of the young people especially, some of the married ladies being complimented by being included. The silver prizes were a handsome hat brush, a taper holder for a lady's desk, and ivory tablets set in silver.

The hostesses were Mesdames McCullough, Alvey, Bangs, Williams, Breckinridge, Smith, Walker, Thorpe, Ramage, Cook, Moore, Etchison, and Culp.

The honored guests were: Misses Ranney, Ramage, Stephenson, Bangs, Camm, Breckinridge, Baker, Walker, Penzel, Morton, Moore, Calloway, Willingham, Reid; Messrs. Venable, Powers, Parrish, Marshall, McCabe, Boyce, Critcher, and Mesdames Davis, Boyce, Edmonds, Camm, Anderson, Penzel, Moore, Stephenson, and Hanscome.

Among the new arrivals are Mrs. Merrett Cooke and family, Norfolk, Va. Mrs. Cooke is well known and greatly admired for her charm of person and manners.

Mrs. Reid and Miss Reid, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Wrenn are also most agreeable accessions to the company of guests who have come from the White Sulphur.

Mrs. Davis and Miss Ranney, of Louisville, having returned from a few weeks' visit to Hot Springs, have resumed their places as favorites in the circle.

Mrs. W. J. Johnson, of Richmond, is welcomed by many friends.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Powers, with their young daughter, Miss Pauline, and son, Mr. Edgar Powers, are most popular.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frederick Gray, of Richmond, represent a high type of our capital's oldest families.

Hon. M. R. Dickey and Mrs. Dickey are elegant people from Cleveland, O.

FROM GEORGIA.

Mrs. Massengale and her two accomplished daughters—Mrs. W. L. Boyce and Mrs. St. John Moore—with Mr. Boyce, form an attractive party from Augusta, Ga.

Miss V. M. Strickler, Staunton, Va., is one of the most popular teachers in Miss Baldwin's school.

Mrs. Charles F. Penzel, Miss Penzel, and Miss E. Penzel, of Little Rock, Ark., form an agreeable party from Rockbridge Alum Springs.

Other arrivals are: Mrs. Dewees, wife of Hon. F. P. Dewees, and Miss Dewees, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Edward Walters and wife, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Lillian Powell, Miss Powell, Little Rock, Ark.; Mr. Theo. Shiff and party of six, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. J. D. Gatewood, United States navy; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Staunton, Mrs. F. B. Enslow, and Frank Enslow, Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. W. F. Winchester, Mrs. C. P. Wilder, Miss Eloise Morton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. L. S. Hanscome and family, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. James P. Menatree and family, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Fox, New York; John Critcher, Alexandria, Va.; A. Murray, Memphis, Tenn.

A Retiring Summer Girl.

(For the Dispatch.)

Oh, cruel hour! oh, horrid fate!
That made me so disconsolate;
The crowded hall, the music gay,
Had not the power to drive away
The feeling that beset me.
Now, would you know the reason why
I lonely walk and naught but sigh,
My very soul bereft of fire?
It is because you did retire
Last night soon after tea.

Yet with the return of another day
My sadness soon was chased away;
The Sun himself in splendor bright
Was even eclipsed by my delight,
The seeing you did make.
Your majestic smile and comely grace
Excelled in *loftiness the place;
But, alas! an arrival did beguile
From me the pleasure of your smile,
And I my leave must take.

Oh, cruel hour! oh, horrid fate!
That makes me so disconsolate;
No crowded hall, no music gay,
Nor nothing else can drive away
This feeling that besets me.
Now, would you know the reason why
I lonely walk and naught but sigh,
My very soul bereft of fire?
It is because you did retire
Your humble servant—see?

MOUNTAIN VISITOR.

*Mountain resort.

THE WARM SPRINGS.

THE BEAUTIES AND THE PLEASURES OF SEPTEMBER.

Issue Taken With the Duchess—A Memorable Week—Two Beautiful Germans—Pink and Yellow—Some of the Late Arrivals.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

WARM SULPHUR SPRINGS, BATH COUNTY, VA., September 3.—September, with its golden sunshine and its lovely days, has arrived. A writer of many books, "The Duchess," has said somewhere in one, that whenever Nature shows us her most smiling face, and spreads before us her crowning perfections in bloom and foliage and in gorgeous skies, there is always like the death's head at the feast, a hint of swiftly coming decay and sadness, a low-breathed sigh over the summer's hours, all too swiftly flown; a longing desire to clog the wheels of time, and keep with us the goodly present in her familiar look and kindly greeting.

Though there is a truth underlying such a sentiment, I do not wholly agree with "The Duchess." To me, and I fancy to most, the Virginia mountains are never brighter or bonnier than in September; the sweet air invigorates one like old wine; the mornings and evenings repeat their story in characters of rosy splendor and of silvery light; the woods begin to flame their scarlet banners, impelling one and all to walk, to ride, and as nearly as possible, to live out of doors.

The days that have been numbered with the past since my letter of seven days agone have been made forever memorable in the annals of the Warm Springs, pre-eminently so in the record of this season, by the occurrence of two of the most brilliant germans ever enrolled in the "Calendar of Charming Events."

PINK GERMAN.

The ladies, "God bless them," are naturally, as well as by courtesy, entitled to precedence in point of time and choice, so their pink german, evincing their nice sense of discrimination in effect produced by selection of color for decoration and favors, come first.

Pink dahlias and feathery asparagus fronds, festoons of pink silk and ribbons, with fern fringe, transformed the ball-room under deft touches, "into a thing of beauty and a joy"; for an evening, if not "forever." The post-office, with vine-wreathed trellis, and moss-covered roof, was a most attractive spot, from whence the fair postmistress dispensed favors and smiles with great good nature and impartiality.

The successful leader, as well as the controlling and inspiring spirit on this and many similar delightful occasions, was Mr. George Gibson. Miss Mehle, of New Orleans, led with him. Other ladies dancing were Mesdames Gibson, Gordon, Mitchell, and Tillman; Misses Tate, Henckel, Marguerite Henckel, Faile, Bayard, McParlin, Cowling, A. L. Camm, A. Cowling, Ferguson, Churchill, Cocke, Walsh, Lippincott, Quarrier, Nash, E. Scott, and Eaton.

The gentlemen present were: Drs. Williams, Stone, and Macgill; Messrs. M. Elliott, Bright, Holmes, Enos, E. R. Williams, Boice, Faile, Walsh, Zanone, Blackford, Rumbold, Ingalls, Walsh, A. Ingalls, Osborn, White, Tunstall, E. S. Elliott, and others.

Charming chaperons were Mrs. Warren Elliott, Mrs. Bright, Mrs. Cardoza, Mrs. Eubank, Mrs. Jesse Nalle, and Mrs. Frank Nalle.

Delightful salads, sandwiches, and punch were served in the intervals of dancing, and enjoyed alike by guests and dancers. In the prize figure, the lady's prize, a beautiful Dresden china figure, was awarded to Miss Annie Lee Camm, while a handsome pipe fell to the lot of Dr. Robert Williams.

IN YELLOW.

The ladies here, as elsewhere, proved an inspiration. The gentlemen, determined not to be outshone by the fair sex. Pink roses and ribbons are truly pretty; golden-rod and sunflowers, black-eyed Susans, and marigolds are equally so, especially when seen against a background of ferns and gracefully-trailing vines. If the ball-room was lovely in pink, it was gorgeous in yellow, and masculine competitors along artistic lines had every reason to be abundantly satisfied with the result of their labors.

The chaperons, selected by them, were Mesdames Bright, Elliott, Cardoza, Jesse Nalle, Frank Nalle, Eubank, Warren, and Tyler.

Mr. George Gibson led the dance, with Miss Mehle. Other ladies were: Mrs. Gibson, Misses Eaton, Scott, Tate, Faile, Henckel, M. Henckel, A. Cowling, Ferguson, Churchill, M. Churchill, Nash, and Bayard. Gentlemen: Drs. R. F. Williams, Charles Macgill, Messrs. Bright, E. Elliott, Tunstall, Holmes, Boice, Reid, Faile, Zanone, M. Elliott, E. R. Williams, White, and others.

About 10:30 the "punch figure" around a lighted punch-bowl was danced. The glasses of the dancers were filled, and a toast, "most appropriate to the occasion," proposed by Dr. Williams, was drunk with great gusto.

The souvenir figure made each lady the happy recipient of a quaint and pretty design in silver, while Miss Scott was the winner in the prize figure of a lovely green crepe leather purse, with gold trimmings.

After the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" had sounded, there was an adjournment from the ball-room to the yellow parlor, where refreshing sherry-cobblers, delicate sandwiches, inviting chicken salads, and lovely orange ice, with cake, was served. Could there be a happier or more suitable conclusion to so joyous an occasion? I am quite sure there could not.

LATE ARRIVALS.

Late arrivals are Mr. E. R. Williams, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. J. J. Glenn, Monmouth, Ill.; Miss Glenn, Monmouth; Miss Gale, Galesburg, Ill.; Miss A. L. Camm, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Cocke, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Street, Miss Cocke, Mr. Pelham Blackford, Richmond, Va.; Mr. Collier Rumbold, Baltimore; Mrs. J. Adair Pleasants, Mr. Louis McClain, Richmond, Va.; Miss Mary Driver, Dr. W. E. Driver, Norfolk, Va.; Mr. H. D. Spears, Mrs. Spears, Miss Ethel Spears, Far Hills, N. J.; Miss Grace Rogers, Mr. August C. Downing, New York city; Mr. W. G. Morgan, wife, and daughter, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. Drusin Wulsin, Cincinati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Wilson Little, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Eva Thompson, Staunton, Va.; Mr. R. P. Waller, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Judson Harmon, Miss Harmon, Miss Marjorie Harmon, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Tilghman, Philadelphia; Miss Josephine Davis, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Shepherd Bryan and maid, Annapolis, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Lile, Virginia; Mr. Robert Anderson, Cincinnati; Mr. A. S. Ingalls, Virginia.

"In time of peace prepare for war." There is no way so good to prevent war as being prepared for it. There is no way so good to prevent sickness as being prepared for it. People shouldn't wait until they are fairly in the clutches of disease before taking precautions.

A man or woman who is losing appetite or sleep, or healthy flesh, or nerve force, should know that the enemy of disease is beginning to steal a march on them. Then is the time to stand to your guns and build up your system with Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It builds up health and strength by putting a new vital element into the blood; it makes it pure and rich. It empowers the blood-making machinery to manufacture the life-giving red corpuscles. It stimulates the digestive powers and the liver.

Delicate, pale and puny people are made robust and hearty and rosy-cheeked by this wonderful "Discovery." Corpulent people can take it with benefit because it doesn't make flabby fat, but hard muscular flesh. It has the most extraordinary efficacy in chronic bronchial, throat and lung affections and even in consumption.

Dr. Pierce's great book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," would prevent more that half the sickness in any family. It gives the best advice and hundreds of simple remedies for curing common ailments without a doctor. It tells all about anatomy and physiology and the origin of life, and is the most valuable, practical medical work ever printed. A free copy in paper covers sent for 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For cloth-bound, 10 cts. extra.

"Only an Assistant."

(Memphis Commercial-Appeal.)

From the reports it appears that Mr. Cleveland is not willing to be a Republican, but only an assistant Republican.

An Envious Brotherhood.

(Washington Post.)

As a Wall-street worker Mr. Hanna is arousing the envy of Hungry Joe and other gentlemen of the genus bunco.

ISAAC SYCLE & CO.

Monday Will Be a Great Sale Day!

150 cases of NEW GOODS will be offered at Special Sale prices. GREATEST REDUCTIONS on record.

25 pieces Double-Width Wool Dress Goods, new fall styles, sale price, 10c. per yard.
36 pieces Exquisite Weaves, in latest styles, Dress Goods, 25c. value, 19c. a yard.
100 pieces Prettiest Style Dress Goods ever shown for 25c.; bought to sell at 39c. a yard.
1 case Beautiful Scotch Plaid, has every appearance of 50c. goods; sale price, 12½c. a yard.
1 case New Fall Percales, in Garnet and Navy, pretty Persian designs, 12½c. value, for 10c. a yard.
1 case Heavy Canton Flannel; bought to sell at 12½c.; sale price, 8c. a yard.
25 pieces Feather-Proof Bed-Ticking, A. C. A. Brand, 17c. value, 12½c. a yard.
12 pieces Wool Mixed Twilled Gray Flannel, will be sold at 12½c. a yard.
10 dozen Balmoral Skirts, ready to be made, $1 value; sale price, 50c. each.
1 case Granite Duck, in Brown, Blue, and Gray, 12½c. value, for 10c. a yard.
5 pieces $1 Bleached Table Damask, sale price, 50c. a yard.
10 pieces 50c. Bleached Table Damask, sale price, 29c. a yard.
50 dozen Silver Gray Ribbed Shirts, for ladies, worth 50c.; will be sold Monday at 25c.
36 dozen pairs Men's Heavy Canton Drawers, the usual 50c. kind, sale price Monday, 39c. a pair.
25 dozen Men's White Wool Undershirts, bought to sell at 89c.; sale price, 50c. each.
40 dozen Men's Sturdy Grip-Back Suspenders, every pair warranted, 25c. value, for 10c. a pair.
66 dozen Ladies' White Embroidered Handkerchiefs, bought to sell at 19c.; sale price, 10c. each.
34 dozen Men's Large Hemstitched White Handkerchiefs, bought to sell at 12½c.; sale price, 7c. each.
48 dozen Ladies' White Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, bought to sell at 12½c.; sale price, 5c. each.
1 case Heavy Unbleached Canton Flannel, bought to sell at 8 1-3c.; sale price, 6 1-4c. a yard.
1 case Androscoggin L Bleached Cotton, sale price, 5½c. a yard.
10 bales Pure White Cotton Batting, for quilts, bought to sell at 12½c. a pound; sale price, 8 1-3c.
500 yards Heavy Blue Denim, usually sold at 12½c. a yard.; sale price, 8c. a yard.
1 case Pretty Fall Flannellette, in rich Persian designs; ought to be 12½c.; sale price, 8 7-8c. a yard.
1 bale Heavy 4-4 Unbleached Cotton, 5½ 1-4c. value; sale price, 4 7-8c. a yard.
1 case Amoskeag Apron Gingham, best quality; sale price, 4 7-8c. a yard.

BLACK GOODS. BLACK GOODS. BLACK GOODS.

5 pieces 48-inch Storm Serge, nothing wears better; bought to sell at 89c.; sale price, 50c. a yard.
25 pieces Double-Width Figured Mohair, will be sold at 10c. a yard.
8 pieces 46-inch Surah Serge, bought to sell at 69c.; must be sold at 39c. a yard.
5 pieces Silk Warp Henrietta, bought to sell at $1; we are forced to sell same at 50c. a yard.
8 pieces Silk Lustre Figured Mohair, bought to sell at 69c.; will be sold at 39c.
4 pieces Silk Figured Jacquard, new designs, worth $1.10; necessity forces us to sell this lot at 59c. a yard.
40 pieces Assorted Henriettas, Mohairs, Jacquards, 29 and 39c. values; will be sold at 25c. a yard.

BLANKETS. BLANKETS. BLANKETS. BLANKETS.

25 pieces Pure Wool 11-4 White Blankets, bought to sell at $7; sale price, $4.25 a pair.
36 pairs Pure Wool 10-4 White Blankets, bought to sell at $5.48; sale price, $3.25 a pair.
48 pairs Pure Wool Extra Large Silk Taped Blankets, worth $5.48; will be sold at $2.98 a pair.
196 pairs Gray and White Large Fleecy Blankets, $1.50 and $2 values; sale price, 98c. a pair.
250 Large Smyrna Rugs, 36x72 inches; sale price, $1.98.
100 36x72 Hearth Rugs, sale price, 48c. each.
160 pairs 3-yard-long Lace Curtains, sale price, 50c. a pair.
100 pairs 3½-yard-long Ecru and White Toped (1 yard wide) Beautiful Lace Curtains; sale price, 50c. a strip.
It looks like Christmas in our Book Department.
2,000 Beautiful Buckram Bound Books will be sold at 11½c. each.
1,000 Arundel Series of 12mos. will besold at 9c.
1,500 Paper-Bound Books, Monday's sale, 5c. each.
"Maggie," a new book, by Stephen Crane; sale price, 69c.
200 sets (5 volumes each), Hugo, Corelli, Macaulay, Stevenson, Doyle, and others, elegantly bound; sale price, 75c. a set—$2 value.
Dumas's Complete Works, 16 volumes, $9.98; Dickens's Complete Works, 15 volumes, $3.98; Lord Lytton's Complete Works, 16 volumes, $3.98.
Popular Books, sale price, 98c.; "Sorrows of Satan," "Cameos," "A Mighty Atom," "The Manxman," "A Singular Life," "The Bicyclers," "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," "Barabbas," "Red Badge of Courage," "Cleg Kelly," and hundreds of others; 150 Copyright Books for 98c.
"The Bible and Its Stories," 280 illustrations, and "Young Folks' Life of Jesus Christ," copiously illustrated; sale price, 75c.; value, $1.50.
900 Books, all by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth; sale price, 10c. each.
500 Henty Books, for boys, $1 value; Monday, 39c. each.
100 Leather-Bound Clear-Type Pocket Testaments, 69c. value; Monday's sale, 25c.

ISAAC SYCLE & CO.,
Next Corner First and Broad Streets.