

So Let Us Be Joyful.

Come, no more of grief and dying! Sing the time of wifery flying! Sing the time of wifery flying!

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 soldier was now sufficiently convalescent to mount his jet-black 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 chip nary word, or by their holy smokin' powers of 'tother world, I'll send a bullet clean through yer durned 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, and their rejoicing, uncouth 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. Instinctively, 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, intermingled masses prevented an answer to that 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.

After a nasty 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 capture of their escaped prisoner. Striking into the canebrake, 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 bosky 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. 7s, 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 astray 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 horse, built of red sandstone, with clambering vines half veiling the front and roof, and beautiful flowers of every variety surrounding it, leading 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 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 stary 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 unceasingly 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 muslin. These 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 unmoved 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.

"Pardon me," he uttered rapidly; "I did not wish to startle you. The lady here has 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 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 canyons round about her home. But, had she been, 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 roughy clad men, halted in the adjacent grove, evidently at a loss which way to turn to find 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? All 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, a girl of ingenuity, one accustomed to acting in emergencies. She will foil those 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:

"The Carter! What do you mean by starting a body this way?" She knew him well, as his home was not far from the Starlton's.

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

"Well, 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 was consulting in 'n our grove, Pete Jarvis, 'lowed he done seen a blue uniform, or somethin' that looked mighty like one, over hyar by these clothes. The'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 her curls. He had seen what Jarvis had seen, and he had decided it must be Hartwell's uniform. But Jarvis being absent had to hear the rider. 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 have a deep sigh of full gladness that her mother had those blue curtains, and that they happened to be in the wash that week.

NYE WRITES SULLIVAN.

HE CHALLENGES THE BRUISER TO A RING COMBAT.

The Mill to Come Off in the Paris Grand Opera House. But, I will not Boston Must Train Down to 125 Pounds.—William's Epistle to De Lesseps and the Sutherland Sisters.

Colonel John L. Sullivan, at large: DEAR SIR—Will you permit me, without wishing to give you the slightest offense, to challenge you to fight in France with bare knuckles and police interference, between this and the close of Navigation!

I have had no real good fight with anybody for some time, and would be glad to co-operate with you in that direction, preferring, however, to have it attended to in time so that I can go on with my fall plow-hoider.

We would have to fight at 125 pounds, because I cannot train up to that figure without extra care and good feeding, while you could train down to that, I judge, if you begin to go without food on receipt of this challenge. I would not, however, under the rules of the London prize ring in the Opera House in Paris, if you will do as I propose, my whole being being now and put a few good reading notices in the papers.

I do not expect that a forfeit of \$5,000 be put up, so that in case you are in jail at the time I shall have something to reimburse me for my trip to Paris and the general upkeep of my whole being which arises from ocean travel.

I challenge you as a plain American citizen and an amateur, particularly to assert the rights of a simple tax-payer and partly to secure for myself a name. I was, as a boy, the pride of my parents, and they wanted me to amount to something. So far, the results have been different. Will you not add me, a poor struggler in the great race for supremacy, to obtain that notice which the newspapers now so reluctantly yield? You are said to be generous to a fault, especially your own faults, and I plead with you now to give me a chance to share your great fame by accepting my challenge and appearing with me in a grand programme for the evening, in which we will jointly amuse and instruct the people, while at the same time it will give me a chance to become great in one day, even if I am defeated.

I have often admired your scholarly and spiritual expressions and your modest life, and you will remember that at one time I asked you for your autograph, and you told me to go where the worm dies, not and the fire department is ineffectual. Will you not, I ask, add a stranger and panter for fame, to the list of your admirers, and let the public, even if his own will be satisfied at the time?

I must close this challenge now in the nature of an appeal to one of America's best known and most successful business men, who I can go into training at once? We can leave the details of the fight to you, and I will accept of you and the champion belt we can buy afterward. All I care for is the honor of being right to you in some way, and enough of the gate money to pay for arnica, and attendance afterward?

Will you do it? I am sure you would enjoy seeing us dressed for the fray, you so strong and so wide, I so puny and so fat basted about the chest. Let us proceed at once.

DE LESSEPS AT HIS DAILY TASK. Colonel, to draw up the writings and begin to train. You will never regret it. I am sure, and it will be the making of me. Do not let me hear of your address, but that this will reach you through the press, for, as I write, you are on your way toward Canada, with requisites, and the police reaching after you at every turn.

I am glad to hear that you are not drinking any more, especially while engaged in sleep. I only can urge your drinking to your waking hours, you may live to be a great man, and your great mass of brains will continue to expand until your hat will not begin to hold it.

Do not do you think of Browning? I would like to converse with you on the subject before the fight and get your soul's best sentiments on his style of intangible thought ways.

I will meet you at Havre or Calais and agree with you upon how hard we shall hit each other, and also promise each other on the other day, two pleading comedians who welled each other over the stomach with their fists, and then, as they were, they were head with sufficient force to expel perspiration caps on the top of the skull and yet without injury. Do you not think that a prize fight could be provided for? I will see these men, if you say so, and learn their methods.

WHY did you not enjoy the same great blessing. How pleasant it is for sisters to dwell together in unity and beloved by mankind. You must indeed have a good time standing in the window day after day, pulling your long hair through your fingers with pride. When I first saw you all thus engaged, for the benefit of the public, I thought it was a candy pull.

I now write to say that the hair promoter which you sold me at the time is not up to its work. It was a year ago that I bought it, and I think that in a year something ought to show. It is a great nuisance for a public man who is liable to come home late at night to have to top-dress his head before he can retire. Your directions require great care and trouble to a man in that position, and still I have tried faithfully to follow them. What is the result? Nothing but disappointment, and not so very much of that.

You said if you remember, that your father was a bald-headed clergyman, but one day, with a wild shriek of "Eureka!" he discovered his hair, and now it has all over his head. You said that at first a fine growth of down, like the inside of a mouse's ear, would be seen, after that the blade, then the stalk, and the full corn in the ear. In a pig's ear, I am now led to believe.

Fair but false seven haired sisters, I now bid you adieu. You have lost in me a good, warm, true-hearted, and powerful friend. I do not care for my indorsement or my before and after picture to use in your circulars. I give my kind words and photographs to the soap men. They are what they seem. When a woman betrays me she must beware. And when seven of them do so, it is a shame.

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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.) THE urgent request of the guests of the Ottawa House, as well as 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 summer resort, but Cushing's Island has a benign 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

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 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 experience 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 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 getting "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 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." "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 so 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 Wittredge, of Lynn, Mass., who came here with her mother, Miss Wittredge has been likened to 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 Wittredge 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 Wittredge to pose for them, but here is an attempt at a portrait taken

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 martial music was filed 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 the 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.

STUFF AND NONSENSE. A STRIKING tale—the whale's. A PLACE for lawyers—the Sioux Reservation.

GRAVE diggers are said to do work that is beneath them. THE tailor hopes to succeed by clothes attention to business.

TO LOVERS: Never put off till tomorrow what you can put to-day. THE coal dealer sometimes, by mistake, gives the car driver a weight.

A BOOTLESS attempt—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife. THE man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble. He has enough of it.

DICK—Going on any fishing trips this summer? JACK—No; I swore off. DICK—Fishing? JACK—Drinking. THE well-bred woman says "please" to her servants, and sometimes to her husband if there's anybody around.

A TEXAS cow has died from eating corn with a full grown beard. MEA with a full grown beard have died before now from drinking it.

MRS. SOUBREASE—I hear Mrs. De Sweet's husband is just devoted to her. Mrs. Sharpton—He is? Well, well! There ain't no such men.

A SEEDY individual being told that his coat "looked as if it hadn't had a nap in a dozen years," replied: "I beg your pardon, but this coat has been lying in my wardrobe two and twenty years till to-day, and that's time enough to have had a good long nap."

THE MILL TO COME OFF IN THE PARIS GRAND OPERA HOUSE. BUT, I WILL NOT BOSTON MUST TRAIN DOWN TO 125 POUNDS.—WILLIAM'S EPISTLE TO DE LESSEPS AND THE SUTHERLAND SISTERS.

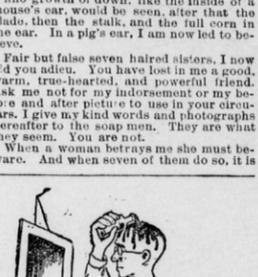
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SULLIVAN AND NYE READY FOR THE BATTLE.



BUT THE HAIR THAT HE LONGED FOR NEVER CAME.



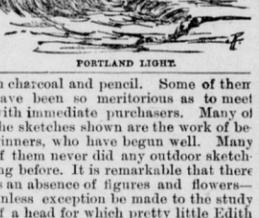
EDITH SEXTON.



MISS LILLA WITTRIDGE.



PORTLAND LIGHT.



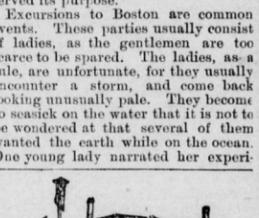
FORT GORGES.



DR. O. W. HOLMES.



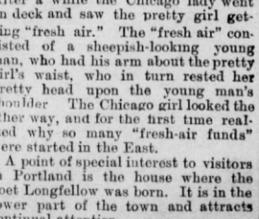
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