

THE POET OF GOOD DEEDS.

If you would make life's journey safe and sure,  
Be patient to endure;  
Let all your thoughts be pure,  
Your aspirations high, with purpose strong,  
To strive and win the victory over wrong.

Let every ill be borne with patient trust,  
And learn from day to day;  
To bear your cross along an even way;  
Twill win for you the star above the just,  
And leave upon your robes no soil of dust,  
Upon your souls no stains of cankering rust.

Leave soaring to the proud, and pride to those  
Who dwell in clay-built huts,  
Down in the mart-pits and the moral ruts,  
Where men fall foul whose souls  
The greed of gain o'er masters and controls.

Go cheer the sorrowing; feed earth's hungry  
souls,  
Staring for bread of life,  
Weary and worn with watching and with strife,  
They need your best and best prayer,  
The gentle, tender ones, with purpose strong,  
That soothe with pleasant words and acts of  
love,  
The bruised hearts that seldom look above  
Their idols made of clay,  
That fade as soon away,  
And leave their mourning like a wounded dove  
Whose mate is dead; or, faithless, learned to  
rove.

To other bowers within a neighboring grove,  
Cheese on the young, whose race is just begun;  
Sustain the aged forms  
Bowled low beneath life's storms;  
Bless those who rise; encourage those who fall;  
They are our brothers still; oh, bless them all!  
Thus fill ye row on earth the blessed seeds,  
That, springing up and whitening in the field,  
A hundred fold shall yield  
Of fruits for human needs,  
And men will bless you for those golden seeds,  
And angels call you "Poet of good deeds."  
—Belle Bush, in *Phrenological Journal*.

LUKE MASON.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of the Late Civil War.

BY JOHN E. MUSICK,  
AUTHOR OF "BROTHERS AGAINST BROTHERS,"  
"HELD LARKIN," "WAZAR BROWNE,"  
"ELEANOR," "MARRIAGE OF BEAUFORT,"  
AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"The Robs are coming over in boats!" some one cried, and the alarm spread throughout the army. The excellent generalship of the Commander alone saved the Union forces from utter rout. Companies could not get together, and regular organizations could not be fully maintained. "Barrages" were scattered everywhere, some searching for dead or wounded friends, others on plunder bent, and not more than one-half of them remained at their post, or heard an order given by the officers.

Luke, with about fifteen of his company, started down the hill. Already the head of the column was well under way. He discovered that he was not even with his own regiment.

Firing could now be heard below the hill. First a few dozen shots, then volley after volley, while the roar of artillery shook the earth. The soldiers became veterans once more.

Luke found himself in a field of corn. He had thrown away his sword and picked up a musket, which he deemed a more available weapon. He became separated from his men, remaining in the rear as one of the guards to cover the retreat while the army was embarking. Most of the soldiers were already on board.

Luke was hurrying through the corn when he discovered a Confederate kneeling behind a corn-hill, aiming his rifle at a



HE DISCOVERED A CONFEDERATE KNEELING BEHIND A CORN HILL.

horsman whose form could be dimly outlined in the fluttering blades and waving tassels.

He recognized the horsman as General Grant, and fully realizing his chief's danger, Captain Mason leveled his gun to shoot the rebel. But at this moment a sharp report, a few paces on his right, a puff of smoke, and the Confederate plunged forward upon his face in the dirt. Luke turned to see who had fired the shot and discovered the negro Blackhawk stealing away, but a few paces in advance of the General, whose life he had saved.

Luke and Blackhawk reached the steamer just as it was swinging off, leaving General Grant on shore. Luke told the captain, who ordered the boat back. The General alighted from his horse amid a storm of balls, and the horse, taking in the situation, put his hind feet under his body, slid down the bank and trotted aboard, and the General followed, the stage-plank was drawn in and the boat cast off.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the 7th of November, 1861, the Mississippi river was low, so that the banks were higher than the heads of the men standing on the upper decks of the steamer. From cornfield, woods and all along the shore Confederate riflemen were blazing away at the retreating boats. The rebels were back some distance from the river, so their fire was high and did but little harm. The smoke-stacks were thickly peppered with bullets, but only three men were wounded after reaching the boats, two of whom were soldiers, and one a member of Captain Mason's company.

On reaching the boat, Blackhawk, the negro wonder, had laid down his musket and resumed his place as fireman at one of the great furnaces.

On reaching the deck General Grant, al most completely worn out by exertion and the nervous strain, went to the captain's cabin adjoining the pilot-house and threw himself down on a sofa.

Luke saw him go in, and also noticed a body of rebel sharpshooters running along the bank.

"General," he said, looking in at the door, "I don't think you are as safe here as you would be below. The rebels are pursuing along the shore."

"Are not the gun-boats replying to them?" asked the General, springing to his feet and going to the door where Captain Mason stood. At this moment there came a crash and a musket-ball entered the room, passed

through the head of the sofa where the chief Grant had lain and lodged in the foot. General Grant cast a glance at the couch where he had been reposing, and, taking the young officer's hand in his, with a quiet smile, said: "Captain, you have saved my life."

"They went below. The gun-boats, opening on the enemy, sent shells whistling and exploding into the wood and cornfield. They were well out in the stream and some distance down, so they had to give but little elevation to their guns to clear the banks of the river. Their position nearly enfiladed the enemy marching through the cornfield.

Luke began to look about for the members of his company. He found Arkansas Tom, Ned Cotton, Corporal Max and Bill Snow near the stern, firing as rapidly as they could at the heads of the rebels who were popping over the river banks.

"Did not 'em, but I spild that 'na pistol," said Tom reloading his gun. "Ef 'they'd only a let me bring my rifle I'd laid out more o'ns on 'em."

The boats soon carried them beyond gunshot, and sped peacefully on their way to Cairo, each now feeling that Belmont had been a great victory, and that he had contrived his share toward it. Captain Mason had cause to be proud of the work he had done toward establishing the right of that grand old flag to wave all over the United States of America.

Every man in that conflict, small and insignificant as it was compared to the struggles which followed, gained confidence in himself and that quiet, stern commander, who was destined to lead the armies of the Nation to final victory.

The boats returned to Cairo, and a long period of inactivity followed. A few days after his return from the battle-field, Luke received a letter from Willie Neff. They had returned shortly after the troops passed by their house, and learned that he had by his gallantry saved it. She stated that she prayed daily that he and her brother might be spared, and that this crisis was likely come to an end. Her letter concluded with: "Blackhawk has disappeared from the neighborhood, and it is supposed that he has run away. I do not understand that strange negro. He has been an enigma to me ever since I was a child. When but a little girl I always shuddered when his yellowish black eyes met mine, and then thought him in league with the Evil One, and, oh, Luke, I fear he hates you; if you should ever meet him, beware of him. Brother wrote me of your saving his life—oh! I can not thank you too much. Should you meet him again, dear Luke, be it in the battle-field or wherever it may, remember that though he is your enemy, he is my brother, and, if possible, spare him."

"Yes, yes, I have spared him, and I will spare him," sighed the young soldier, burying his head in his hands. "But is not this, after all, a battle between brothers? Oh, cruel indeed is war at best, but this fratricidal strife is snapping the heart-strings of the best in the land."

He promptly answered her letter in as cheerful a strain as he could, hoping that their difficulties would soon be removed and peace spread her white wings over the land. From beginning to end his letter was replete with expressions of tenderest love.

The month of December, 1861, was spent in drilling and disciplining the troops for the long, hard marches, sieges and heavy battles that were before them. Occasionally small scouting parties were sent out into the country for the purpose of reconnoitering. Camp life had grown irksome to Luke, and he gained permission to go with a small body of cavalry on one of their expeditions into a neighborhood in Kentucky reported to be filled with rebel guerrillas. As Luke was leaving he met the captain of the steamer on which he had gone to Belmont, who informed him that "that nigger fireman, Blackhawk, had deserted then."

"He is a strange being," said Luke, thoughtfully.

"I'll have him tied up and whipped if I can find him," the officer retorted.

Luke mounted his horse and rode away to the boat, which conveyed him and his party across the river. It had been raining that morning, and the woods and earth were still damp from the flood. They did not reach the Kentucky shore until late in the afternoon, and the heavy mist which enwrapped hill, valley, grove and town hid them from any prying eyes which might be on the watch for them. They traveled slowly along the wooded road, long after midnight had set in. Their guide was a trusty fellow who knew every foot of ground. They were liable to be fired upon by bushwhackers at any time, consequently the officers carried pistols and the soldiers carbines ready cocked in hand to defend their lives against an attack.

Luke and the Captain were riding side by side just behind their guide, when that personage drew rein and said: "There's sum warn ahead o' us."

The officers could make out a dark figure approaching them, and instantly both leveled their pistols at it.

"Hole on dar, massa! don't ye go fur t' shootin' dis ere nigger!" said a husky voice. "Fse come hear ter show ye to de house whar am some rebs 'n bushwhackers!"

There was a halt and a few moments' conversation, and then they inquired about the numbers of the enemy in the house, and informed that there were but six.

"Lead the way," said the Captain of the cavalry, and they rode slowly forward until their dusky guide halted upon a hill and pointed down into a dark glade where there was a light gleaming. It came from the window of one of those log cabins occupied by squatters so common in certain parts of Kentucky at the time of which we write.

"What is going on down there?" Luke asked, as the sounds of a squeaky fiddle came to his ears.

"Dancin'," said the negro.

They crept a little nearer, and discovered a number of horses hitched to the trees about the house. So secure were the rebels that not even a guard had been left without a give a note of alarm in case an enemy should approach.

Leaving the dragons but a short distance away, Luke and the Captain crept down to the log house and through the clinks got a glimpse within. Here a scene greeted their eyes.

A dozen Confederate soldiers and officers were in the room, their faces flushed with Kentucky whisky. A one-eyed negro was sawing away on a squeaky old fiddle, while each Confederate was going it at a gallop with a red-checked country girl.

"Yo! hi! whoop 'em up; swing yer pardner, allama left! Whoop 'em up! about a large, red-headed fellow in his shirt sleeves, who, from his total lack of uniform, was evidently a citizen, and without doubt the proprietor of the house.

"By gosh, Sal, don't kick so high ur ye'll knock a feller's nose off'n his face. Look out, ole woman, ur ye'll punch my eye out with yer diered old snuff stick. All promote, balance ur yer pardner, right hand ur yer pardner an' grand right 'n left. Look out, Bill, can't yer keep on yer legs!"

"To-t, too tea-a-toe, did-diddle-a-dee," sang out the old squeaky fiddle, until the red-headed host shouted:

"Ladies! 'ther beats an' gentler the jug."

Then there was a shout of laughter and a scampering away to the high-topped wagon stone jug which stood in one corner.

"Maw, git the gourd an' letter the rathons ter the boys," said the red-headed

host. A thick-set woman brought a gourd and was pouring out some liquor into it. Luke saw her without shouting "fire!"

"The boss you say 'Panted the boss' springing to his double-barrel shot-gun over his door. But before he could lay his hand upon the door was open and the sharp-point of a saber thrust against his breast, while the doors and windows were black with the muzzles of carbines.

"Sold!" roared the red-headed squatter. "Why, maw, we're two diered fools, ber goah!"

"The first man who moves dies," said Luke Mason, leaping into the cabin, a cocked pistol in each hand.

They stood motionless as statues, and the girls smiled and cried at the fate of their sweethearts. The cavaliers disarmed them and marched them out one at a time.

As the last one passed out of the house under the escort Luke turned to go, when the black face of their informant appeared at the door, and with a chuckle the negro said:

"Golly, Massa Mason, ye's got 'em."

"What! Blackhawk; are you here?"

But that mysterious, spirit-like personage flitted away into the darkness and disappeared, nor was he seen any more for weeks afterward. They conveyed the prisoners to camp without any trouble.

Then came another long period of inactivity. Camp life became irksome to many during that long winter of 1861 and 1862. The field, the march, even at dead winter, was preferable to lying in the camp.

"I want t' fight ur go home," growled Corporal Max, one day near the last of January, 1862.

"Ye'll git plenty o' fightin' now, I bet, fur I seed General Grant's Commodore Foote a talkin' 'n layin' their heads together, 'n I bet they'll get a move on 'em pretty soon."

"Arkansas Tom was correct, for on the 1st day of January, 1862, Colonel Smart's regiment received marching orders.

The seven gun-boats under Flag-officer Foote accompanied the advance led by McClelland, General Grant following.

"By holey, boys, we're gwine ter hev it now!" said Arkansas Tom, as he marched aboard the transport. "We'll smell powder 'fore we git back."

The soldiers were all in the best of spirits, and cheered lustily as they went aboard the steamers. Poor fellows, they little dreamed how many of them were on a campaign from which they would never return.

Luke's regiment, with several others, was conveyed to a point a few miles below Fort Henry and Heintzman. Here they disembarked in a muddy forest, and the mer being without tents, and it being dead winter, they suffered severely. The occasional firing at Fort Henry could be distinctly heard, and the wild cheers that went up on the air when the fort was taken reached their ears.

For a day or two they remained in their position, and then received orders to advance on Donelson. Through mud, rain and snow the long columns of infantry, followed by baggage trains and artillery, wended their way along the wooded road.

"Why didn't the fool officers wait till warm weather," growled Max, who, with



CAPT. MASON WAS WATCHING THE DISABLED BOATS.

tremble with each successive shot. Great solid balls and shells of iron wet screeching through the air, now darkened with smoke.

For an hour the boats were enveloped in a dark vapor from which the sullen flashes of fire and death issued. While the gun-boats were making such sad havoc among the land batteries and dismounting gun after gun, the fleet was getting considerably pounded by the rebel guns.

The leading boat was within two hundred yards of the river, and the roar of cannon incessant. At such close quarters the execution must be terrible, and Luke saw one boat after another dropping down the river visibly disabled. The whole fleet soon followed, and the engagement for the day was over.

The wild cheer from the rebel works gave evidence that they supposed they had gained a victory.

Captain Mason was still watching the disabled boats when the Adjutant came galloping by and told him to form his men.

"Fall in!" cried Captain Mason.

"Oh, thunder! more mud tramping," growled Corporal Max.

The regiment was soon in line, and headed by the iron-gray-haired Colonel, who went on foot leading his horse, they moved off to the right until they came to McClelland's division, which they had been ordered to support.

Two or three regiments joined the division, and all prepared to pass the night miserably enough.

The sun went down on the night of the 14th of February, 1862, leaving the army confronting Fort Donelson in any thing but a comfortable condition. The weather had turned intensely cold; the men were without tents and could not keep fires.

An occasional firing had been kept up all along the line of works, and Berge's sharpshooters had during the day kept a line of batteries silent.

The ground froze hard that night, and the soldiers, without fire or blankets, suffered severely. Not being able to lie upon the ground, most preferred standing or stamping or dancing to keep their feet from freezing.

"Can't yer sleep, corporal?" asked Captain Mason, who, with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, still shivered.

"Sleep no," growled Max, his teeth chattering. "I'm freezin'."

"Better ha' kept yer blanket?" said Arkansas Tom, who, with his blanket wrapped about him, sat at the root of a tree.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THE FIRST MAN WHO MOVES DIES!" his knapsack and blanket, could scarce keep up.

"Cos yer got tired o' layin' in camp," chuckled old Arkansas Tom, who trudged along at his side. "Ye wanted somethin' t' do 'n I guess ye've got it."

The boys looked so dejected and dispirited that many of them began to throw away knapsacks and blankets.

"Don't throw them away," said Captain Mason. "You will need them—keep them."

"Need 'em, thunder!" growled Max, staggering along in the mud, the perspiration streaming from his face; "we don't need any thing t' keep us warm on this blasted march. I've a mind t' throw my cloak away."

"Better change yer mind," said Tom.

Luke assured them that when they camped they would need their blankets, but they were so exhausted that they threw them aside notwithstanding his assurances.

Evening came on. Luke gazed back on the long line of men trudging silent and gloomy through the mud, and noted how poorly they were prepared for the storm with which they were threatened. The sky became overcast and a heavy gloom settled over the forest.

They went into camp at dusk. A fine cold rain set in, and the men began to sorely need the blankets they had thrown away.

"What is thunder 'n I givin' t' do?" growled Max; "there's no place dry nuff to lay 'n a blanket for kiver."

"Shouldn't ha' throwed 't away," said Arkansas Tom, who had been wise enough to carry his. "Cos ye didn't need 't on th' march, but th' milt' ye stop ye git out all over, then yer want it mighty bad."

Bivouacked in mud and rain, the army was miserable enough. The sick and wounded were left at the houses they passed. A few shots on their advance next morning told that the enemy's scouts were on the watch for them.

They marched all day and the next, and when evening had come Luke was informed that Fort Donelson was near. Here, in a ravine, almost within sight of the fort, our friends encamped for the night. It snowed before morning, and many of the soldiers had their feet frosted.

It was dark when Colonel Smart's regiment went into camp, and Captain Mason saw nothing, save a few distant camp-fires, to indicate the nearness of an enemy. He woke at early dawn, and going up to the top of the hill, found himself in full view of the great frowning guns of the fort.

While he still stood gazing on the works of the enemy, some one said:

"Look down the river!"

Turning his eyes toward the river, which was in full view, he saw the Commodore's little fleet of five gun-boats steaming towards the fort. The St. Louis, Louisville and Pittsburgh were iron-clads, and the gun-boats Tyler and Conestoga were of wood.

Captain Mason expected the conflict to commence at once, but in this he was mistaken, for after the exchange of a dozen shots the boats fell back, and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the Commodore began the battle in earnest.

How to Make a Will.

A duty which every man owes to his family is the making of a will. An instrument of this kind can be drawn by any intelligent person and will be admitted to probate in all courts, provided the document is in writing, and signed at the end by the testator, or some person in his presence and by his direction, in the presence of two witnesses at least, who must subscribe and attest the will in his presence. The signature must be so placed as, after, following, under or beside or opposite the end of the will, that it shall be apparent that the testator intended to give effect by the signature to the writing signed as his will. A provision of this kind will save annoyance and expense and prevent litigation after the demise of many fathers of families who had too much faith in the good nature of their offspring, forgetting the old saying that where money interests begin family interests end.

A Stiff Upper Lip.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, John. All will be well with us some day, dearie. All will be well with me, Jennie. I feel as if I'd never have any other kind of lip again in my life. I've got the stiffest upper lip in town."

"I'm so glad to hear it, darling. All will be well."

"I hope it will be well, or get well. Jack De Hitter got mad because I insinuated that he was a liar, and he gave me such a lip as I never hope to have again. Look here."

He raised his beautiful black mustache, and there, indeed, was a lip from Liptown. His upper teeth were gone also.

A Famous French Palace.

The historic palace of St. Cloud, located in the environs of Paris, is named from Prince Clotaire, or Clou, who became a monk in 553 after murdering his brothers, and died in 690. The palace was built in the sixteenth century, and in one of its principal rooms Clement assassinated Henry II., August 2, 1559. The palace, which has for years been the property of the Duke of Orleans, was purchased by Marie Antoinette in 1795. It was a favorite residence of the Empress Josephine, of Charles X. and Napoleon III. It was burned during the siege of Paris, October 13, 1870, and has never been restored.

Pursuit by Hue and Cry.

This was the old common-law process in England of pursuing "with horn and with voice," from hundred to hundred and county to county, all robbers and felons. Before the adoption of this method the hundred (the commune) was bound to make good losses occasioned by robberies committed within its limits, unless the felon was captured; but by subsequent enactment it was made answerable only by damages caused by the felon and his accomplices by a law-breaker was aided by a description of him in the Hue and Cry, an official gazette established for advertising felons in 1710.

About to Arbitrate.

"Are you going to strike, ma?" asked the little boy as he tremulously gazed upon the uplifted shingle.

"That's just what I'm going to do!"

"Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you strike?"

"I am just going to arbitrate," she said, as the shingle descended, and raised a cloud of dust from the seat of a pair of pan-talons.

"Am I just going to arbitrate, my son, and this shingle is the board of arbitration?"

The Oldest Furniture Store in Town,

Having had 36 competitors and still lives.  
Furniture of all designs can be had at our rooms at living prices.

Undertaking attended to with the usual promptness, accompanied by a Funeral Director.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY,  
A. G. & G. L. COUCH.

STEP THIS WAY

please, and examine the GOODS  
I have just purchased for the SPRING TRADE.

In order to hold the trade, goods must be selected for the season and then sell them before the season closes, hence nothing is carried over. My stock is clean and kept in a clean place and my patrons shall have the benefit or clean prices.

C. WILLARD.

USE Pioneer Prepared Paints Mixed Ready for Use.

If you are going to paint, use T. H. Nevin Co.'s Pioneer Prepared Paint. It is the Cheapest and Best. It is ready mixed, and any one can put it on. One gallon will cover 250 square feet—two coats. It is made of Lead and Zinc, consequently it is the best. It forms a good hard glossy surface, which rain does not affect before drying, and will not crack or peel off.

If you want a Pure Mixed Paint, a paint guaranteed to give satisfaction, use Pioneer Prepared Paint. FOR SALE BY FRED D FELT, DRUGGIST.

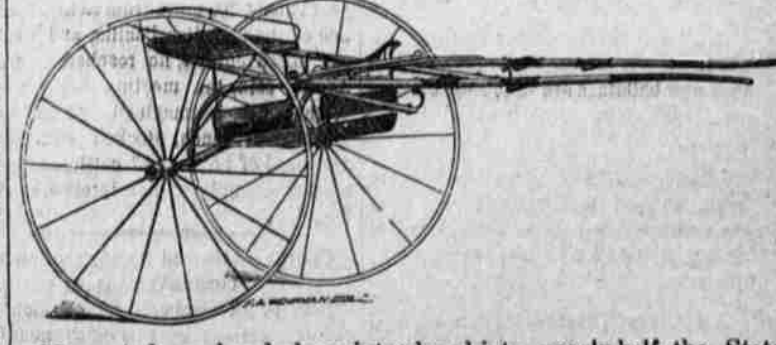
Jewelry and Silverware.

ATTENTION ALL!

The opening of the summer season finds my cases filled with the latest designs of Silverware. A full line of Spectacles with Gold, Silver and Steel bows, every pair fitted to the eyes of the purchaser free of charge.

An elegant stock of Rings, Bracelets, Cuff, Collar and Sleeve buttons, Diamond Studs and a large stock of Gold and Silver Watches of all the standard makes. Sold on extremely close margin, also an excellent line of Clocks from the best manufacturers in the land. Since May 1st I have adopted the Cash System, therefore in selling for cash only, I am better prepared to give my customers the benefit of better prices in all grades of goods. Repairing a specialty. Please call and see me.

Yours truly,  
S. V. Carpenter.



My carts have already been introduced into nearly half the States in the Union, are giving most excellent satisfaction. I manufacture six different styles as shown below:

No. 1 is a one passenger Cart with a slat bottom. No. 2 is a one passenger Cart with a square body in place of slats. No. 3 is a two passenger Cart with a slat bottom. No. 4 is a two passenger Cart with a square body in place of slats. No. 5 is a two passenger Cart with square body with closed up back and with box four inches deep with an opening on top. No. 6 is a Pole Cart.

T. DOLAND.

A WET HEN

My dear friend, I have been thinking about you and your family for some time. I have been thinking about the old days when we were all together and how much we enjoyed each other. I hope you are all well and happy. I have been thinking about the old days when we were all together and how much we enjoyed each other. I hope you are all well and happy.