THE MARTINSVILLE FEUD.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE BANGS,

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

It was early spring in Martinsville. The hillsides and the meadows were green, but the trees had not shown nore than the merest suggestion of their coming leaves. There was promise of summer in the air, but the river was a torrent, quarrelsome, menacing Through all the winter it had been locked in ice and had borne on its bosoni many gay and joyous skatingparties; through the summer it would be like a brook meandering between green fields and gently sloping hills. Now the water was enocraching upon the lands of the farmers; should it rise higher the houses near its banks would be wrecked, the stock in the barns would be drowned, and human life imperiled. It was an anxious time, The river was full of drift-wood. Far away, in the big woods near the river's source, the lumbermen had been cutting down trees all the winter, and the great trucks had been drawn and sledded and rolled down upon the ice. It was expected that when the spring should come the logs would be floated down the river to where the boom at the saw-mill would stop them, and that then skilled men would capture the monsters and feed them to the hungry steel teeth of the saws. But the spring thaw came too suddenly. The river was swollen, by a continuous rainstorm and the rapidly melting snow, peyond anything that any one could remember. The boom was broken, Down the river the big logs raced until come of them became entangled in the arches of the railroad bridge below the village. These stopped others. Soon a dam was formed. To be sure the water ran through, but it ran slowly, and the river back of the unwished-for

dam was rising rapidly. All of Mar-

Many of the strongest of the men

tinsville was in serious danger.

were trying with hooks and poles, at the risk of life itself, to loosen the logs and send them onward. Those whose houses were nearest the river were moving their furniture and belongings to higher, safer ground; some were helping them, while still others were watching the river and wondering what would happen next. John Brewster was watching. He had been active and helpful; but there seemed nothing for him to do for the moment. His own home was far from any dangor. Presently, as he tired of his immediate surroundings, he walked along up the stream to see what might be happening there. The rushing, swirling water fascinated him. He stood at length upon a bit of rising ground. Suddenly he heard a cry. "Help!" was startled, but he waited, that he might be sure whence the cry had come. "Help!" came the cry again. and to John Brewster it seemed that the voice was perceptibly weaker. He ran with all his speed to the river's edge. There he saw that some one had ventured to walk out upon a log, one end of which had run upon the bank. Near its outer end he had slipped, and another floating log had so caught his Brewster saw whom it was he was o turn his back and leave the other to the river. For many years no Brewster had done a kindly act for a Hollister; no Hollister had spoken of a Brewster with respect or friendliness, and it was sometimes whispered that the burning of a Hollister barn was not to be, and there were those who believed that a Brewster had come to sudden death with the aid of some Hollister. And this man out upon the rising river, caught so cruelly between the logs, was Henry Hollister. His training should have led John Brewster away; his own inclinations so led him. But after a moment's hesitation he ran along the log and caughter Hollister by the shoulders. Hollister had fainted Brewster held him and slowly pushed the imprisoning low away. He dragged Hollister to the shore. John Brewster was very young, but he had his share of the strength for which his family were famous, and when he found that Hollister did not revive he lifted him to his shoulder and carried him to the nearest neighbor's. On the way he looked again at the river and saw that something had happened. There was a more hurried movement of the logs in the centre of the river. The log upon which he had ventured to save Hollister was jarred loose by others that were floated against it. He heard shouts from down the river. He knew that the jam at the bridge had been broken. He hurried on. When at length he arrived with his burden it hand restored him to consciousness. He was in great pain. "I saw you coming," were his first

words to Brewster. "I saw you coming: but you didn't dare touch me, if I was faintin'. You didn't dare touch

"I just did dare---" Brewster began, and there was danger that his good action would be undone by his own anger and his own hands; but surrendered Hollister interfered. "You ought to be just ashamed of 'Jack Brewster saved your life. That's

what he did." "Saved my life!" Hollister almost "I am beholden---God! I wouldn't be beholden to a Then he turned to Brewster and went on agrily and threateningly: "But I'll get square carried the dirt away by little handfuls with you, Jack Brewster! You mark it a time. No one ever dropped a bit my words! I'll get square."

Thus the Martinsville feud grew. The Hollisters could not bear it that any of them was under an obligation to a Brewster. The Brewsters could not endure it that a Hollister a Brewster had done a kindness. Truly, they hated one another bitterly.

II. The sun beat down remorselessly upon the dried and trodden field of the great inclosure. The stream of dirty water that ran through the grounds seemed more sluggish, more unwholesome, even, than was usual with it. Along the elevated platform that ran along the outer side of the stockade, around all the pen, the sentinels paced their beats restlessly. There was little for them to do-no reason was apparent why they should even keep their eyes open. Few of the prisoners were energetic enough to make any attempt

government. Once in a while there could be heard the voice of an officer giving an order without the inclosure, or a sentry challenging a passer-by. Many of the prisners, to escape the burning of the sun, had crawled into the burrows they had dug, here and there, to protect them from the chilly winds of wintry nights. The few shantles in the place vere filled with men who, lying down, slept if they could, or tossed about in discomfort.

at escape, or were disposed to break

any of the rigid rules adopted for their

They were a sorry-looking lot. The new-comers were yet reasonably strong, and many of them were decently clad; but some of them had been so overcome with horror as they first looked at their fellows who had been imprisoned longer, that they suffered, in anticipation, all that men could suffer, and were already demorallzed. Others among them would not be discouraged, and it was these who planned escape, or did whatever could be done to effect it. It was upon these that others, crushed and utterly hopeless otherwise, relied.

Henry Hollister did not share the lassitude and apathy. He general walked about the inclosure, looking with horror and wonder at the men he saw about him. He could not understand how men could be so beaten, whatever their sufferings. He had peen captured only a few days before. He was stalwart and hopeful; the heat was not overpowering to him. Notwithstanding the rather severe campaign he had been through, his uniform was in fair condition, and, altogether, he was a strong contrast to the men who had been so long in horrible confinement. In the homely, straightforward way characteristic of him he questioned those he met. Some he found apathetic. He found some, perhaps too weak to work, intent upon some gambling game invented in desperation. He found some unwilling to think of home or those they had left behind them.

"See here, stranger," said one of these, in reply to his questions, "you leg that he could not extricate it. As | had better not ask too many question. You may hurt too much. My wife? I of her would drive me crazy."

Others he found who sustained them selves through all their weakness and suffering by continued thought of wives and children, and by the blessed hope that they would live to see them again. so altogether accidental as it appeared | He was not much of a student of human nature, or of anything else; but even he could not fail to see that here was an exhibition of character not to e observed often.

So Henry Hollister went around the prison-pen asking questions of this one or that, or merely looking at the men he met. Presently he entered a shanty. It was the one nearest the entrange through the stockade. There, it hap pened, he found men who had been captured many months earlier. All of them were deplorably weak, all of them were ragged and unkempt; some of them had each only a pair of sadlyworn trousers. These seemed to Hollister the worst-conditioned of all that he had met, and the unhappiest. He was angry and indignant.

"Why haven't you fellows ever made a break to get away?" he asked, curt-

"We have made breaks enough," one of them answered, indifferently. "But we could never break hard enough," another interjected.

"Then why didn't you go on and break again?" Hollister persisted. 'Anything would be better than this.' "Yes," answered the one who had replied first, "anything would be better was found that Hollister's leg was than this. But you tell him, Simpson, broken; but the simple remedies at he added, turning to another of the unhe added, turning to another of the unfortunates "Of the last attempt?" Simpson

asked.

"Well," Simpson drawled. "You all know about that, well enough."

"Yes; but tell him." "We made a tunnel," Simpson went on, turning to Hollister. "That sounds easy. But if you every try it you will know what it means of work and pathe good woman into whose hands he tience. I'll show you sometime where it began. The other end of it, I guess, no one will ever see again. We marked yourself, Hen Hollister," she said, the direction with great care. We were very careful. But I guess some one must have told the guard. We have had men of that kind here. Anyway, we dug away for weeks and weeks. It was slow work. Only one man could be in there at one time, but we took turns, day and night. of dirt before the entrance. We were

Which will ?

Packing house lard of questionable

quality and cleanliness, with all its

well known dangers to health and

dirt away in our pockets, in old tin cans we could hide under our blouseswe had blouses then," he interrupted his story to say, grimly. "Well, at last we got it done—got the long hole on the other side. At last the night we had been waiting for came all right. The dozen of us who were in the plan crawled one after another into the tunnel. Luckily for me, we had settled it that we would keep a good distance apart. You see, there wasn't much air in there. We drew lots, and it was my turn to be the next to the last. We made our way slowly, inch by inch, like big worms, or like moles, creeping along there under the ground. I tell you, it was ticklish business. weren't sure that there would not be a cave-in any minute. But liberty and life we were after. Nothing else would take a man into a hole like that. Well, we got along. After a long time I knew that the men ahead of me were out of the hole, for I could tell by the difference in the feel of the air. Then suddenly I saw a great light ahead of me. I didn't know what to make of that. I knew it couldn't be the sun. We hadn't been in there long enough for that. I was frightened, enough. While I was puzzling I heard the report of muskets, and then I heard the baying of hounds. Then I

knew what had happened. They had discovered what we were trying to do. They had waited there until all the men they though were in had come through. Then they lighted a fire they had all ready; then they turned their muskets on 'em; then they turned their dogs loose. In time the man behind me and I made our way back. We were nearly scared to death. We thought hey would have a man or more at this end of the tunnel to kill us as examples, but they didn't. I suppose they didn't think it worth while; they thought they had us all at the other end. Well, we haven't made any breaks for liberty since.

"Did you never find the man who told?" Hollister said. "No. Likely he went out in the next batch of exchanges."

"And you haven't tried since?" Hol-lister went on. "You ought to have You'd have done it next time." "Oh, yes," some one sneered. "Suppose you'll be leading a party to free dom next.'

"I will," Hollister asserted, firmly. "You will, will you? When will you egin? You'd better waste no time. If you wait you'll lose your nerve, and then you'll never try.'

Hollister was angry and disgusted. It did not seem right that men should yield so easily. Besided, it was evident enough they had no faith in him, and believed that he would fail as they had failed, and become as spiritless as they. Their jeers annoyed him. "You're a mean lot," he said, contemptuously and angrily. "You ain't worth trying to help."

Sneering at your betters in hard luck, eh?" came from a man lying down next to the wall of the shanty. That's just like you, Hen Hollister! Hollister was surprised; he had not expected to be called by name, for, so far as he knew, there was no one in Andersonville who was acquainted with him. He walked over and looked carefully at the man who had spoken. The man was clad only in a pair of trous ers; he was sadly emaciated; the skin was drawn tight and hard over his ribs, .It was some moments before Hollister could place him in his mem

'Oh., it's you, is it, Jack Brewster' I didn't know you were here. Well, you are too weak to kick."

"Yes," assented Brewster, "I am too As the sun was about to go down on Andersonville that day there was an unusual commotion at the prison gate. At first, as the guard entered, the men thought a new batch of prisoners was to be turned in to join them; but as the drums were beaten they knew that an exchange had been ordered. Experience had taught them the indications, but they have never learned how the selection was made of those who were to go. Date of capture or bodily condition seemed to have no weight. The prisoner of a week might be called next to one who had been confined for many months; a strong man might precede one scarcely able to walk. As the drum-beats were heard, those of the prisoners who were not too weak or utterly hopeless mustered near the entrance. The officer in charge read the names of those who were to go, from a slip of paper he held in his hand. As they were called the men took their places in the line. There was no delay. The officer read on. If a man were not present his friends looked for him; if he should be brought in time

his name would be checked and he would be permitted to take his place. "Hollister, Seventeenth Pennsylvania." the officer called, and Henry Hollister, clated and rejoicing, moved forward: but suddenly he turned. He forced his way past the men about him and ran with all the speed he could to the shanty where he had seen Brewster. "Here," he said, "you're want-Without waiting for reply he lifted Brewster, put on him his own cap and jacket, and hurried him away. "Here's Hollister, Seventeenth Pennsylvania," he called, as he half lifted, half pushed Brewster into place. Brewster scarcely knew what it was all

As the gate closed upon the prisoners and the guard, Hollister said to himself, with satisfaction, "Well, I guess that score is paid."

III.

Apparently, all of the residents of Martinsville were on its streets, in anticipation of some joyful happening; the houses were decorated with flags and mottoes in which the word "Welcome" was used more than any other, although many referred to the "Conquering Hero" who was to be seen to come soon; across the main street leading from the station, arches had been raised, and these also had been decorated with flags and Illuminated inscriptions. It was a gala-day for Martinsville. Yet there had been no recent victory to celebrate, and the company recruited in Martinsville had returned some time before-at least those remaining alive had returned; but even those had not been welcomed in any such way as this. The war had

been over for some months. Before the one hotel of Martinsville had been erected a platform, and on this were seated many ladies in brightcolored gowns, each of them holding a small American flag. At the front were some vacant seats. These had been reserved, evidently, for the committeemen, who could now be seen mingling in the crowd about the hotel, with satin badges on the lapels of their coats. Prominent among these was John Brewster, now fully restored to health and strength. It was to him that every one reported; it was he who directed everything. Plainly enough, it was he who planned and was managing this celebration, and, as plainly, John Brewster was a man of weight and influence in Martinsville. As the noon hour drew near, a parade

was formed that, headed by a band of music, proceeded to the railroad station. John Brewster remained, however, and took his place in the centre of the platform. Presently those waiting heard the bell of the engine and knew that the train had arrived, and soon the head of the procession was seen returning. It made its way with out hinderance, escorting a carriage in which was seated a pale-faced man in the dingy uniform of an officer who had seen hard service. Beside him was a happy, smiling old woman, who held his hand contentedly. The procession halted before the platform; the carriage was drawn in front of it. The ommitteemen took their places near Brewster; the others gathered about and around and behind the carriage. John Brewster arose to speak.

"My friends," he began, "this is day and an occasion for which I have been waiting impatiently and aiding you to prepare as best I could." Then he went on to tell in plain, straightforward words of the horrors of captivity as he had known it. With the force that was really the secret of his influence and standing in Martinsville, he moved his audience to expressions of pity as he spoke of the sufferings of the prisoners; he moved them to tears as he related pathetic incidents; he excited them to rapturous applause as he told of the heroic self-sacrifice of which some of the prisoners had been capable. He spoke freely of his own sufferings and condition of hopelessness, and told frankly the circumstances of his exchange. His audience was ready to respond with right good-will when at last he said: "There is no man among you who ought to have been so willing as I was willing to take part in a proper welcome home to one who there proved himself a hero, to one who has since proved his ability and his bravery on many hard-fough fields. No one could be more willing, than I am to ask three cheers for Henry Hol-

Before the noisy answer had died away in its echo John Brewster's little daughter was down from her place on the platform. The crowd made way for her, and she climbed upon the steps of the carriage and hung upon Hollister's Thus ended the Martinsville feud.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN. And Also, It Would Appear, Some-

want Like a Man. From the New York World. Mr. Witherby (rubbing his hands)-Well, my dear, do you know that this

is our wedding anniversary? Mrs. Witherby-Of course I do.

hought you had forgotten all about it. Witherby-Forget! Me forget! Not much. Do you think all the sentiment has gone out of me? I guess not (kisser her). No, my dear. I would be a pretty poor stick if I forgot such an import ant event. On the contrary, I have been thinking of it all day. What de you think of a little celebration? Mrs. Witherby - Celebration! I'm

afraid !t's too late. Witherby-Nonsense. I've made al he arrangements, anyway.

Mrs. Witherby-What do you mean Witherby-What I said. You don't suppose I would let a day like this go by without notice, do you? I'm not that kind. This morning I saw Binge He's coming around with his wife. Mrs. Witherby-When?

Witherby-Tonight, Almost any time ikely to be here any minute. Mrs. Witherby-Gracious, what are

ou going to do? Witherby-Do! Anything, everything Whoop 'er up. Have a good time. Dimpleton and his wife are coming, too. Mrs. Witherby (turning pale)-Oh, lear, not a thing in the house. Enter tain them, will you, while I change my

own (rushes off). Witherby (as Mr. and Mrs. Bingo ener)-Ah, my dear Mrs. Bingo, this is ndeed a pleasure. Hello, old man, make yourself comfortable. Dimpletons will e here soon (bell rings again). There they come now, Must celebrate, you know. It won't do to let this day go by. Do you know (confidentially) my life thought I had forgotten all about it. Just told her. Good joke, eh? Gone to change her dress. Be here in a moment. Ah (as the Dimpletons enter), Mrs. Dimpleton, I am so glad to see you, and Dimpleton, old man, pull off four coat and make yourself at home. (The guests range themselves around

the room.) Mrs. Dimpleton-Well, Mr. Witherby I shan't wait for your wife to come to congratulate you. I think you should both congratulated separately. Witherby-By Jove, that's well put. Thanks, awfully. Good joke on my vife, eh? She thought I'd forgotten all about it. Just telling Bingo, Didn't know you were coming. Ha, ha. Here she is now (Mrs. Witherby enters and

cordially greets all). Witherby-Here, boys, have some cigars. No ceremony tonight. (To his wife) Sarah, get some sherry for these good people.

Mirs. Witherby (blanching visibly)-I am afraid there is none, dear. Witherby-What, no sherry, Oh, yes,

Cupid, the Beggar.



How many their backs on the little ellow! They and attention to fashion or social pleas-ures, but seem to re-gard happy wifehood and motherhood as a mere secondconsidera-They take

party, but think they have no time to bestow upon the health and physical soundness which are absolutely necessary to happy wifehood and motherhood. wifehood and motherhood.

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Must tell you about that night, Bingo. wine will do. We'll have a bite to eat by and by (Mrs. Witherby's heart Fond of Welsh rarebits as sinks). ever, Dimpleton? Dimpleton-I am always ready for s

Welsh rarebit. Mrs. Witherby-I am afraid there sn't any cheese, dear. Witherby-What! No cheese, Well,

Mrs. Witherby (rapidly rising to the mergency-But if you'll leave this to

Mrs. Bingo (who is sympathetic, having suffered herself from the same cause)-Yes, indeed, you can trust Mrs. Witherby. We all know her of old. They play cards for an hour, at the nd of which time Mrs. Witherby, by

means known only to a woman, serve them with sandwiches and beer and they depart, all vowing they never had such an enjoyable evening.

Witherby (as the door closes)-Well, f that isn't just like a woman. Mrs. Witherby-What do you mean? Witherby-Here I invited the bes riends I have got in the world around to celebrate an important occasion, and you feed them as if they were going to eatch a train.

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"With a dummy figure?"

"Certainly." "Don't you think it would be more con incing if you descended in it yourself?" "Not to me, sir; not to me," returned the inventor, promptly, "and besides I have a wife and children dependent upon ne for support."-Chicago Post.

THE SWEET SOUBRETTE. he cast a wicked smile at me,

As wondrougly she danced and I sat there and looked at her, As if I'd been entranced.

der exits and her outrances I watched with eager gaze, That I had lost my head, I fear

he seemed to be a merry elf, Still in the flush of youth-oh, how I yearned to kick myself When I was told the truth.

or Mademoiselle do Loftykick, When off the stage, was just Plain Mrs. Thompson and her lord Was whiskered and robust.

and, worst of all, I grieve to say, She was not young, for, oh, They told me that her seventh son Was managing the show. -Cleveland Leader



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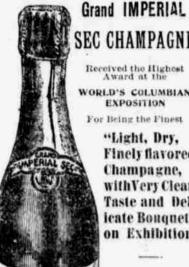
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GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Osterhout, N. P., 110 W. Market, Jordan, James, Olyphant, Bechtold, E. J., Olyphant.

HARDWARE. Connell, W. P. & Sons, 118 Penn. Foote & Shear Co., 119 N. Washington, Hunt & Connell Co., 434 Lackawanna. HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.

Gunster & Forsyth, 327 Penn. Cowles, W. C., 1907 N. Main ave HARNESS AND SADDLERY HARDWARK Fritz, G. W., 410 Lackawanna, Keller & Harris, 117 Penn.

HARNESS, TRUNKS, BUGGIES. E. B. Houser, 133 N. Main avenue.

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MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES. Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 131 Wyo. MODISTE AND DRESSMAKER.

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Winke, J. C., 315 Penn. PAWNBROKER, Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna. PIANOS AND ORGANS. Stelle, J. Lawrence, 208 Spruce.

PHOTOGRAPHER. H. S. Cramer, 311 Lackawanna ave. PLUMBING AND HEATING. Howley, P. F. & M. F., 231 Wyoming ave.

Horatio N. Patrick, 320 Washington. RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, ETC. Scranton Rubber Stamp Co., 533 Spruce

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