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## CHICKAMAUGA.

A SEQUEL TO CHATTANOGA,

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHEL, LATE U. S. J.

go on!'

covered!

These possibilities fashed through

her mind like message over a telegraph wire while the thad of hoofs and the

clattering of her paraer's swinging sa-ber wero sounding in ler ears.

"On, on, Bobby; for heaven's sake,

Would it not be best for her to leave

camps. In some cases the

it. Right through these chains of senti-

nels, ight into the heart of this sleep-ing sultitude of armed men, dashed

the oman whose only weapons of de-fent were Bobby Lee and her antiquat-

shot, a bullet singing like a tun-

fork in ears which already sang

cuough in themselves with excite

Following Miss Baggs came Corporal

Ratigan, to find the road in front of

him blocked by half a dozen men with

He uttered an involuntary "Thank

"What's the matter?" asked

"I'm chasing some one in front. I

"Ah! That's it, is it? Well, go on;

The corporal regretted that the inter-

view had been so brief, the interruption

so short. He had no option but to dash

on. Before the fugitive there stood a man

in the middle of the road with a mus-

ket leveled straight at her, or rather at

the coming mass, which he could not

him till she got within a dozen feet of

Rising in her seat and concentrating

all her strength in one effort, she brought

the same time holding him in the cen-

ter of the road by the reins. The man

was knocked in one direction, stunned,

and his musket went flying in the other.

sentries through which the fair dis-

rattling of wheels, and seeing some-

thing coming through the darkness as

Miss Baggs approached, shouted "Halt!"

there?" and a score of other similar

cries, to none of which Miss Baggs paid

and from them as from the hand of

death. A score of shots were fired at

her along half a mile of road while she

And now the last sentry is passed.

and the woman shoots out from between

the rows of white tents into a free road

ahead. The noises are left behind. But

amid the confusion of distant sounds is

one which, coming with a low, contin-

ned rattle, strikes terror into her heart.

A familiarity with war has taught her

its calls. She hears the beating of the

"long roll." The whole camp is arous-

ed. A legion of Yankees may soon be in

Corporal Ratigan was stopped by ev

ery sentinel who had tried to check Miss

Baggs. After an explanation to each he

was suffered to go on. The men who

stopped him transmitted the informa-

tion at once to the guard tent that some

one-doubtless an enemy-was being

chased. The force was a division of in-

fantry, with no cavalry except a mount-

ed escort to the general commanding.

Some of these were ordered in pursuit.

There was a hurried saddling of horses,

sprinkled with oaths at the delays en-

countered, and three cavalrymen mount-

pursuer. But before they started a cou-

ple of miles had been placed between

her and the camps.

The gray of the morning was by this

time beginning to reveal objects with

greater distinctness. Ratigan, coming

to a rise in the ground just beyond the

camps, saw the buggy about two miles

ahead swaying like the dark hull of a

ship rolling through the billows of an

ocean. For a moment he hesitated be-

tween his duty as a soldier and that

quick, sharp something, be it love, be-

witchment or a natural sympathy of

man for weaker woman, while beads of

cold perspiration stood on his forehead.

It seemed to him that if he should do

his duty he would be acting the part of

an executioner, not only that, but the

executioner of a woman-a woman

whose image had got into his heart and

his head and never left him a moment's

peace since she first threw the spell of

It was a hard struggle, and from the

nature of the case could not be a long

one. Duty won. He shouted to his horse,

gave him a dig with both spurs and

There was a depression in the ground

down which the corporal plunged. Then

the road ran along a level for awhile,

with another slight rise beyond. As he

rode down the declivity the fugitive

was on the crest of the second rise. She

stood up and turned to catch a glance

behind her. She saw a horseman-she

was too far to recognize the corporal-

dashing after her. Below her was a

wooded space, and she noticed that

which gave her a glimmer of hope.

The road forked. Urging her horse on-

ward, she aimed to get on one of the

two roads beyond the fork while her

pursuer was in the hellow back of her,

trusting that she might escape, as sho

had escaped before, by forcing him to

Down the declivity her racer plunged

while Ratigan was galloping down the

one behind her. So steep was the road

danger of death by mangling seemed

choose between two roads, and trusting

that he might take the wrong one.

dashed forward.

er entrancing personality about him.

was running the gantlet.

pursuit.

any other attention than to fly through

And now each one of the chain of

many muskets pointed right up in

Go on, Bob!

"Turn out the guard!"

fortunate at the delay.

him and heard:

"Halt, or I'll fire!"

suspect a telegraph breaker.

we've stopped the wrong person.

Copyrighted, 1894 by American Press Association. SYNOPSIS OF CHATTANOOGA.

Private Mark Maynard is sent by General Thomas from the Union camps in central Tennessee scouting toward Chattanooga and barely escapes capture by Confederates through the cunning of a native girl—Souri Slack. He gets a suit of citizen's clothes at Slack's, and Jakey Slack, a lad of 13, goes with him to help disguise his character. Souri gives Mark a silk handkerchief as a memento.

Mark and the boy beg supper and lodging at the house of Mrs. Fain, a Southern woman married to a Northern man, who is absent in the Union lines. Captain Fitz Hugh, C. S. A., a suitor of Laura Fain's, drops in and suspects that the strangers may be Union spies; but Laura wards off investigation, and the travelers resume their journey undisturbed.

Mark reaches Chattanooga, is captured and condemned as a spy.

Jakey sends Souri's silk handkerchief home by friendly Negroes and Souri takes a hint, hastens to Chattanooga and helps Mark to escape jail.

Mark reaches the Fains' house and is SYNOPSIS OF CHATTANOOGA.

Mark to escape jail.

Mark reaches the Fains' house and is protected by Laura.

The remaining chapters show how Laura decides between Captain Fitz Hugh Laura decides between Captain Fitz Hugh and Mark, compelling the Confederate to shield his Yankee rival. Mark travels toward the Union lines with Mrs. Fain and Laura, is recaptured and again spared by Captain Fitz Hugh, marries his fair protector, reaches the Union camp with valuable information about the enemy and is rewarded for his exploit by appointment as an officer on the staff of General Thomas.

CHAPTER XI.

A RACE FOR LIFE. Major Burke's command was ordered to guard the telegraph line extending south from Rossville. The regiment was strung out to a considerable distance, each troop guarding a certain portion of the line. Corporal Ratigan was placed in charge of a section of two miles. Putting himself at the head of eight men, he led them to the end of his section nearest camp, and dividing them into two reliefs of four men each posted them at intervals of half a mile along the line under his care. At sunset, not being relieved, he prepared to spend the night in bivouac. Selecting a clump of trees under which to rest and cutting some boughs for beds-or rather to keep the men from the damp ground—the corporal established the relief, off duty, there. The rations were cooked and eaten, after which the guard was relieved. The corporal went out always with the relief, posted his men and alept between times.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Ratigan started out to post the last relief for the night. The men followed, grum and stupid, having just been wakened out of a sound sleep and not yet God!" He must be delayed; the responthoroughly aroused. The party rode to sibility for the escape of the fugitive the extreme end of the section, left as would be with them. If indeed she were man and turned back, leaving a man as Miss Baggs, he would regard himself every half mile. Corporal Ratigan posted the last man half a mile from t bivouse and was returning when st denly, turning a bend in the road r ning through a wood, he descri He drew rein and watched and list The dark object, as he fixed his aze upon it, grew into the dim out vehicle, but it was too dark for his to see if it contained any one. The or ral, whose mind had been fixed of the special duty of presiding the once assumed that some one was lying to cut the wire. He put spursto his horse and called out:

"Halt, there! Throw up you hands and surrender, or I'll shoot. The only response was a swin from a whip which came down evidently on a horse's back, and the dark mass before him vanished around the bend in the road. The corporal dashe on, but before he could get around the bend the object had turned again. He ould hear the rattling of wheels and punds of a horse's hoofs digging intothe road at a gallop. Whoever was shind that horse must be driving a a frightful pace, for arging his own beast to his hest he seemed to lose rather than gain ground. Coming to a stright piece of road, he could again see he object before him, but in the drkness it was simply a darker spot that its surround ings. Suddenly the earsof the corporal caught a sound that filld him with astonishment. It was a foice urging forward the horse he was chasing. Ratigan had supposed the whoever was trying to escape was a man, yet this voice was different from man's tones. It sounded like that of a child or a woma The corporal was pizzled. Then it sud-denly occurred to him that perhaps he was chasing Betsy Baggs.

Now, the corporal was as conscientions a man as here was in the Army of the Cumberand and one of the nost gallant, hat when the suspicion fell upon him the a chill that he was after a woman whose presence, for the brief period to had been with her, had thrown a stange spell over him he ceased to use his horse with the same pressure as fefore. In the midst of the his own brist between two conflicting emotions. If Betsy Baggs were in front of him, that would be the result if he should outch her? He must turn her over to the military authorities, and the chances were she would be executed for a spy. On the other hand, supposing he permitted her to escape, he would be liberating on enemy far more dangerous to the army in which he served than a reen batteries. In short, he a rraktor to his comrades and

ed many pickets, had experienced many lncky escapes. She had browbeaten officers and had cozened soldiers. She had gone through a dozen places where a man would surely have been arrested. And now, after passing so many dangers, on the very eve of success, she sud-denly found herself in the most critical of all the situations she had ever been placed in.

Meanwhile the long legs of Bobby Lee were getting over the ground at an astonishing pace. It was not the triangulation of a former race for sport with Corporal Ratigan, but the quick, short jumps of a race for life. And v seemed to know the stake. Never in his former flights had his ears been turned back so eagerly to eateh the low tones of his mistress. Never had there been so much feeling in that mistress' voice. It was: "Go on, Bobby! Good old horse. Get up! On, on, on! That's a dear boy. It's life and death with me, Bobby," a continued stream of broken words and sentences, all of which Bobby seemed to understand and act upon as if

he had been a human being. The fugitive knew that the chase ould not be a long one. Her crazy vebiele was like a rotten hulk in a storm rithout sea room. To the north was e Tennessee river, and no means of ssing. Ahead was Chickamauga ek, but between her and it lay the ttered forces of the left wing of the positions of the troops as one could of an army constantly changing. alf a mile west of Rossville on afay tto road. A mile of chasing ding across Chickamanga creek yer's bridge, the right leading disucceed in reaching Dyer's mill,

for escape, the old buggy gave a dismal groan, as much in sympathy with the mistress it had served so well as a death

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGED ENEMY. over the rise in the ground that hid the cap seemed to glow with unusual redjockey in a race, the whole forming a picture of eager ferocity. In short, Corporal Ratigan resembled an escaped lunatic chasing a flying fiend who had

been torturing him. On the crest of the second rise he strained his eyes after Miss Baggs. Nothing appeared to denote her presence on the landscape except a horse in harness, which he dragged in the dust, trotting back toward a heap of rubbish on the road. A sudden dread took possession of the corporal. It was plainly evident there had been an accident. He



but with a new object distinct in his mind. It was not to injure Miss Baggs, but to succor her.

unconscious body, the face apparently white in death, of the woman he sought,

In a moment the corporal was off his horse and on his knees beside her. The chase in which he had been so eager and the cause were both forgotten on seeing Miss Baggs lying apparently cold in death at his feet.

There was agony in the corporal's voice. He put an arm under her head to raise it. With the other he grasped her

war anyway. What's it good for except to injure innocent women and chil In that nonresistance of unconscious-

his head down upon her breast to listen if the heart heat: he chafed her hands guards, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the without a sign of life.

"Turn out the guard!" "Who comes Oi wish some one would run a bayonet through me own rotten heart.'

groan, escaped her. grow stronger! Ah, thank heaven, there's water!'

he went to the side of the road where there was a runnel of clear water. Scooping some of it in his two hands, he She opened her eyes.

him when she recognized who he was. each other rapidly—the first, reproach; but when she noticed the pain with one of tenderness. "Ah, Rats," she exclaimed faintly,

"how could you do it?" He put his great hands-brown from some new emotion to rack him. Now that she had come to life another terror came to him to administer an added torture. He knew that mounted men were following; that they would soon appear over the crest just behind them; the driver backed it up to her, while the and condemned.

he cried wildly. "Tell me iffy! that ye forgive me. Tell me that ye don't hate me as I hate meself.'

'Duty! Is it a man's duty to run down a woman like a hare? Don't talk to me of duty. If ye suffer for this, Oi'll desert and go back to Oireland, and God be praised if he'll send a storm to sink the ship and me in it. There's a drop in me canteen-a drop of whisky. Will ye take it, darlin-I meandon't know what I'm talkin about. Let me put it to yer lips. Take a swallow. It'll revive ye. No?" She appeared to be passing back to unconsciousness. 'Take it for moi sake, sweetheart. Only take a good swallow, and ye'll be

She opened her eyes. Evidently she had heard. There was an expression on her face indicating that his words had produced that effect upon her which might be expected in a woman who hears a strong man, unconsciously and unintentionally, declaring his love. "Why do you wish me to live, Rats? Don't let me live. If you do, I'll die

talkin that way. Oi'll die meself first. Oi'll raise a mutiny. Oi'll"mocked him. He well knew their futil-

drop for moi sake. What a change from the day he had jokingly asked her to take an oath for

He put the neck of a battered tin canteen to her lips, and she drank a little of the liquid. It produced a beneficial change at once. A tinge of color came to her cheeks, and she breathed more

A clattering of horses' hoofs, a clanking of sabers, mounted figures standing out against the morning sky on the crest behind them, and three cavalrymen are

greater than death by hanging. She dashing on to where hes laiss laggs and kneels the corporal. "Promise me. Rats, that you will do nothing foolish," she asked pleadingly. "O God! Oi'm going to draw

revolver on 'em.' "Promise.

"For moi sake, Rats." The faintest trace of a smile, despite her desperate situation, passed over her face as she imitated the corporal's pronunciation The quaint humor, mingled with so many singular traits prominent in her that could show itself at so critical a moment, touched a responsive Irish chord in his Irish heart and brought

"For your sake, darlin, Oi'll do it." he said in a despairing voice. There was scarcely time for him to speak the words-indeed they were whispered with his lips touching her ear-when the three cavalrymen rode

'What's it all about, corporal?" asked one of them.
"I found this—this lady—lying here. Her buggy is broken. She is badly hurt." The corporal spoke the words haltingly, and drops of sweat stood out

up to where the two were.

"Who is she?" "Well, that's to be found out some other time. One of ye'd better ride back for an ambulance and a surgeon." "Never mind the surgeon," said

Miss Baggs faintly.
"Well, bring the ambulance anyway," said Ratigan. "Ye can all go back if ye like. Oi'll stay with her. She's me own prisoner." "There's no need of all going," said

the man who had spoken. "I'll go my-He turned and rode away, while the others dismounted and threw the reins of their bridles over a fence rail. One of them caught Bobby Lee, who was cropping the grass near by, occasionally looking up as though suspicious that something had happened. The men loitered about, now and then approaching to take a look at the prisoner, but soon turning away again, quite willing to be free from the responsibility which Corporal Ratigan seemed disposed to take upon himself.

"Rats," said Miss Baggs, who was now rapidly recovering strength and coolness, "it will not be long before I shall be separated from you. Before then I wish to thank you for the kindness, the interest, even the tenderness, with which you have treated a fallen enemy. And I wish to ask your forgiveness for the deception I practiced on you once when you were deputed to see

me through the lines." "What was that compared with what Oi've done?" he moaned. "Do you forigve me?"

"Oi do. But Oi've nothin to for-

"And, Rats, you have unconsciously let me know that you—you feel more kindly toward me than"— 'You've robbed me of me heart in-

"Well, I'm both glad and sorry. is delightful to be loved, but sad to think that your very love must make few and strange-very strange," she added musingly. "Who are you, Rats? I know you are well born. I can see it in every word and motion. "Oi'm second son of Sir Thomas Rat-

igan, Esq., of County Cavan, Oireland. At his death me older brother succeeded to the estate. So I came to America to shift for meself. A year ago Oi enlisted in the Union ranks, and here Oi am. Oi wish to God me brother was in his coffin and Oi in possession of the estates that Oi could give them all to save your life." 'No, no, Rats. You are a soldier

and an honorable man. Remember what I have told you. You will do your duty hereafter as you have done it heretofore. Your words in that respect are meaningless. Your sense of honor will always triumph over your sympathy when that sympathy is alloyed with dishonor. For this I have conceived for you an unbounded respect. Perhaps were I not so soon to be"-"Don't speak it, for God's sake don't speak it. ' "Well, Rats, we will try for the

brief time we shall be together to fix our minds on a pleasant picture. Let us think of that day when the south will be independent, or at least when north and south will be at peace. This region, now trodden by soldiers wearing the blue and the gray, will be given up to those simple people who till the soil. Instead of the sound of shotted guns there will be the lowing of cattle. Instead of the singing of minie balls there will be the songs of birds. There will be peace, blessed peace. Oh, if I could only live to see it! Then perhaps I may take you by the hand, say to you -But, Rats, this can never be for us. It is only a fancy picture I've drawn to relieve that terrible suffering I see in your face. You've aged ten years in as

dreadful way. I can't bear it.' The two cavalrymen's backs were turned. They were strolling toward the woods. Ratigan put his arms about her, and both yielded to a long embrace. There were no more words spoken. Words would have added nothing to what both felt. There was more pain and more pleasure concentrated in the bosom of each than had been there in all the years they had lived.

many minutes. Don't look at me in that

CHAPTER XIII. "TURNED OVER.

There was a rattling of wheels on the soft road, and looking up Ratigan saw the messenger returning, followed by an ambulance. Driving to Miss Baggs, who was still lying in the grass,

cavalrymen stood ready to "They're comin! They'll be here in lift the prisoner into the vehicle. Miss Baggs waved them all away except the corporal, and taking his hand rose to her feet and stood for a moment supported by him. The effort was too much for her. Her head fell on his shoulder, and for a moment she lost consciousness. Ratigan took her off her feet, and lifting her into the ambulance laid

> the others. "One of ye lead me horse," When they came to the place where each had successively emerged from the camp through which Ratigan had followed her before daylight, they found the road lined with soldiers, whose curithrough a whole chain of guards. They had all heard of the exploit and crowded around the ambulance as it passed, but were kept away by the guards in atconversation between Ratigan and Miss hand in his under a blanket, unobserved. marily, for he well knew the case would naturally receive prompt attention. An officer with a captain's shoulder

straps came out from headquarters and surveyed the ambulance. He was a dapper little fellow, fat and red faced. Who've you got there?" he asked of "A lady, sir." "The woman who ran the guards last

night?" "Oi captured her on the road below," "H'm. The guard duty of this division is in a fine condition when a woman can run a whole chain of sentinels Get her out of that."

Ratigan, who liad stepped down on to the ground and saluted "I can alight," said Miss Baggs

feebly. And getting as best she could to the door of the ambulance Ratigan helped her out. She looked faint, but stood by the aid of the corporal's arm. "Take her in to the general," said the little captain. "He wants to see her."
As the tent was an ordinary wall tent, there was no great room in it. Miss Baggs went inside, while the corporal stood directly outside, with his and on the tent pole.

"I must have you searched," said the general to the prisoner. Then he added, somewhat hesitatingly, "It's rather awkward not having a woman in camp. "I will relieve you of the necessity. said the prisoner, with dignity, and putting her hand into her pocket she drew

forth a bundle of papers, which she handed to him. "What are these?" asked the surprised commander. "Copies of intercepted telegrams."

The general uttered an exclamation, and taking the papers ran them over with his eye.

He looked up at the woman, who, parently unmoved. There was admira-

save for the paller occasioned by her fall from the collapsed buggy, stood aption in the eye of the man who gazed at her. He was astonished at the coolness with which she handed him documents that would warrant his hanging her to



Two pairs of eyes met and clashed. a tree without a moment's delay, and above all there was about her a divine consciousness of having done a duty, a look of triumph under defeat, that com pelled his reverence as well as his ad-

miration. "Are you aware," he said, "that with these dispatches in your posses-sion, and beyond our lines, you would hold this army at your mercy?

"And that captured with them on your person your life is forfeited?" "Certainly."

There are people who cannot brook a steady stand in one who may be naturally expected to break down in their presence. The general was one of these. proportion as he admired her firmness was his desire to force her to show some giving way. He did not analyze his feelings and attribute his desire to any such cause. He yielded to it without "The natural method of procedure

in this case," he said, looking at her sternly, "is for me to report your capture and the circumstances attending i to headquarters. Word comes back to try you by 'drumhead' court martial and hang you to tomorro'v morning." "Well? "Well, that is the end of the story."

There was silence for a few moments

while they regarded each other. "It is not the end of the story, gen eral. The story of a life has no end. Death is but a transition. It pleases the Great Commander to assign me a fruitless task. It is not for me to ask why. I am but one of his soldiers, fighting with my brothers for my people."

She had conquered. There was something so forcible in her words, something so truly grand in her manner, that the man who would break her spirit desisted. He regarded her admiringly and was silent. "All I ask, general," she said pres-

ently, seeing that he did not speak, "is that there be no greater delay than necessary. Now I have a strength which may be worn away by long waiting, with death staring me in the face." Still the officer did not speak. He

was thinking-thinking how he could get rid of so unpleasant a duty as the trial and execution of this splendid woman. He feared that should be report her capture to headquarters he would get the same reply as in the case he had cited. "I will not harm you." he said pres

ently. "Some one else must take the responsibility of this complication of death and a woman." "It does not matter who does the work, so long as it must be done."

"Perhaps not to you. It matters a great deal to me. My hands are clean. don't care to stain them."

While this conversation was going on Corporal Ratigan was listening and observing the speakers with a palpitating heart. There was something so cold cut in the general's tones that the corporal felt a repugnance at his prisoner being in his especial keeping. He preferred that she should be sent to some one else and was relieved when he announced his intention to shift the responsibility. Besides the corporal hoped that he would himself be intrusted with her keeping until she should arrive at some camp where the commander would be willing to receive her. "Shall Oi take her to headquarters,

general?" he asked. "Ah, my man!" said the general, as though awakened from a reverie, "are you here? I had forgotten you.

"Oi can conduct her to headquarter "I am not in the habit of receiving suggestions from my brigade or regimental commanders, much less a cor-Ratigan saw that he had made a mis-

take and said nothing. The general regarded him with his shrewd eyes. It vas plain to him that the man was interested in his prisoner. "Corporal, you may go to your camp."

"Orderly," called the general to a man standing near, "take this woman

to the ambulaire." As Miss Baggs passed out the eyes of the two were fixed again on each other. While the general did not use words he could not reist a last attempt with his presence, his masterful countenance, his piercing eys, to overawe his pris oner. She me that gaze firmly, unflinchingly, til she was without the tent: then wit! a final glance of contempt she tured and walked toward The general alled her back.

"You do not eem well satisfied with my treatment d' you," he said in a tone in which bere was something of sarcasm "We sldiers must do our du-"It is not you doing your duty, gen eral, that fails t win my respect. It is

that you have pt the manliness to do it yourself, but just needs put it upon some one else." Again the twopairs of eyes met and clashed. The vitory was with the woman. The gencal lowered his to the ground.

"You may go,' he said. As soon as showas gone he went to a tent where there'ere writing materials and wrote a not which he sealed and addressed. Givinit to the little captain, he directed him send it, with the prisoner and the dpatches captured on her, to the office whose name was on the envelope.

## Miscellancous Reading.

THIS IS A PRETTY SCHEME. How Yorkville's Vote is to be Manipulat

for the Dispensary. To the Editor of The Enquirer: In a recent issue of your paper, there appeared a statement to the effect that a petition was being circulated, praying the town council to order an ction on the subject of establishing a dispensary at this place, and, upon inquiry, your correspondent finds such

to be the case. As this is a matter of vital interest to our community, we deem it our duty as a citizen of this town to give to the public the whole scheme, and to lay bare the iniquity of the thing. The friends and advocates of the dispensary propose, in the first place, to elect a town council that will order an election. In the second place, they propose to have four white men run as candidates for the position of dispen-ser; and, in the third place, to have four Negro men become candidates for the position of porters at a salary of

\$25 per month. As to the first part of this programme, we believe that the financial and moral interests of our town demand that a council be elected that

will be wholly opposed to a dispensary, for the following reasons: First. We have recently inaugurated a system of water works that will require men of good business ability to make a success of, and we doubt if there be in the town a set of five men who favor a dispensary, and who will become candidates for intendant and wardens, who are qualified to manage the system successfully, to the end that our taxes may be lightened and

our burdens decreased. Second. It is almost an assured fact that we shall, in the near future, have established in our town a cotton factory, and it behooves those who may be interested in that enterprise, to use every effort to keep the operatives secure from the influence of whisky, if they desire the enterprise to suc-It is the experience of all arts and trades that men, to become skilled in their departments of work, must be free from the evils of drink. It is then a logical sequence, that the more skilled the labor the more profit to the manufacturer. Suppose you allow a dispensary to be established here, what is the result to your enterprise? Less skill in your workmen, less profit to stockholders. Suppose you keep the dispensary away, what follows? More skill, more profit. Then again, if we have a dispensary, the earnings of many of these operatives, instead of flowing in the legitimate channels of trade, will find their way into the rum shop and thence to the State treasurer. Is it not, then, the part of sensible business men, to keep the dispensary away and keep all the earnngs of our people at home? We think

Furthermore, we have in our midst two schools that will be injured by the establishment of a dispensary, not only in keeping pupils away, but sub jecting those here to temptations that boys of unformed character are unable to withstand. The schools are now attracting families to our town, which, we claim, would cease when the dispensary comes? How many families did a dispensary ever draw to a town? Echo answers, how many?

There are many other reasons why we should defeat the dispensary; but we must reach that part of our subject we desire more especially to deal with, viz. : The exposing to public view this scheme which, we understand, is being worked in our midst.

Their second plan is, "To have four white men to become candidates for dispenser." We charge this to be a deen laid scheme to bay the white vote of this town. Why? Because, we apprehend that the men who will become candidates for that position are men now out of employment, and their hope is to work on the sympathies of the friends of these men and thereby induce citizens who are opposed to the dispensary, to vote for it in order to help their friend to a position he may never hold. Suppose, friends of these four men-you who are opposed to a dispensary-that you vote for a dispensary for the above mentioned reason and your man is not elected. Do you not see that you have put here an evil you are opposed to, have done your friend no good, and have sold your vote for sympathy as much so as if

you had received \$5 for it? It will be argued, too, that we are certain to have a dispensary, and you nad best cast your ballot in order to have the best man elected and appointed. We trust you will be misled by no such false theory, for any man is good enough to fill that position if he be able to read and write, and tell a pint of whisky from a gallon of beer. You must recognize the fact that it requires no high order of ability to run | which never reached its destination. a dispensary. Don't, then, we ask, sell your influence and vote to this scheme for sympathy, or be misled by

The third plan. "To have four Negro men become candidates for porter. at \$25 per month." We charge this to be a plan to buy the Negro vote. ger on the trains. More revolting than the other, if possible. It will be remembered that some time since, a petition was circulated in this place asking the legislature to amend the dispensary law and put a dispensary here without a vote of the people. Their alleged reason was that the white people desired the dispensary; but that it had been defeated by Negroes and "blind tigers." Now we see the dispensary advocates represent to vote for a segre for porter at a salary of \$25 per month. The two positions are utterly inconsistent. They realize that the white people don't want the dispensary, and their only hope of success is in buying the

Furthermore, we charge that they are bidding for the Negro vote. 1st. Because there is no earthly necessity for a porter in the dispensary, and we don't believe there is a dispensary in the State that has one. Pray tell us what his duties are. To sweep out the room and dust the mould off of the bottles of chemically pure XXX 40 (?) year old whisky? If so, \$25 per month is rather handsome pay for such work. Why pay so much when scores of boys could be employed to do the same work for \$5? Why then such a high salary? Simply to eatch the Negro vote.

But they may say, he is needed to deliver liquors, Bah! Everybody knows that the great majority of persons who purchase from a dispensary need the purchase too, badly to wait for it to be delivered. What then is the need of a porter? 2d. We charge this to be a scheme to buy the Negro vote, because if these men were consistent. and meant what they said in the petition above mentioned, they would have nothing to do with the Negro and give the place (if such an one were to be had) to a white man or boy. But they see their first plea of defeat | which New York had overtaken Philget the Negro on their side. To ac- 258,000. Baltimore and New Orleans complish this, they propose to create a were the only other places with more place for him in the dispensary.

the Negro vote, because, even if they were to give the place to a Negro, they would find, in the course of a month realize that they had sold their votes | meetings or other such simple machin- to reduce this to water.

minds of the schemers, and benefitted

only one of their race for a short time at best. In the fourth place, we claim that the men that are now proposing to give a Negro a place in the dispensary, are the men who are now working with all their powers to frame a constitution that will disfranchise them. Can we not see plainly that it is not for love for the Negro, nor interest in him, that prompts the promoters of this scheme? What then is his mo-

tive? Simply to get his vote to place a rum shop on us. In the last place, we charge fraud; because why the necessity of having any such scheme at all? Can we not simply vote on the question of dispensary or no dispensary? Oh no! that would not catch enough votes for it, and something must be done to get them. Well, suppose they do get them, are they not bought? Most certainly. The white votes bought for sympathy, and the Negro votes bought, as they suppose, for a salary for on

man at \$25 per month. We have felt it to be our duty to put these facts before the public, and in so doing we feel no animosity to any man or set of men : but have only an eye single to the good of our people and this old town, and affirm our responsibility for the sentiments herein

expressed. We trust that all good men, of both colors, will oppose this scheme, and that all who respect themselves and their votes, and who love home and friends and our young manhood, will stand a solid phalanx against the opening of a State rum shop at this place. W. W. Lewis.

HOW TO TELL TIME IN THE DARK. It Needs a Little Time and Regular Habits

"What time is it?" "I think I can tell you without look He drew out his watch and held it up close to his ear and slowly turned the stem-winder, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8," he counted, and then said: "that means 72 minutes. I wound up the watch tightly at 3 o'clock, and so the time ought to be 4.12. Let's see how near I came to it. Well, it's 4.18-I was

only 6 minutes off." The other was regarding him with amazement. "Do you mean to say that you can tell the time of day by

winding your watch ?" "Not exactly, but I can come mighty near it; usually within 10 minutes, and it's very simple, too. All you have to know is how long one tick in winding up will run the watch. I'll explain to you. Suppose that at 3 o'clock I wind up my watch until it is tight, as we say; that is, until another turn of the winder would apparently break a spring. At 5 o'clock I wind my watch again and find that the winder clicks 12 times before the watch is wound up to the place where it sticks. Then you know that 12 clicks will run the watch 120 minutes and 1 click represents 10 minutes of time.

"What good is it to know that?" "Well, suppose you go to bed at 11 o'clock tonight and on retiring, wind up your watch and put it under your pillow. During the night you wake up and wonder what time it is. You don't want to get up and light the gas. All you have to do is to pull your watch out from under the pillow, hold it to your ear, and count the ticks as you wind. If you count is a you know that the watch has run down 180 minutes since 11 o'clock, and that the time must be very near 2 o'clock. To be sure you can't tell the exact time, but you can generally get within

a quarter of an hour of it. "Wouldn't the same rule hold good for a clock or a watch which is wound

with a key." "I dare say it would; but I never tried it on anything except a stemwinding watch. I know a blind man who always tells time by winding his watch and counting the ticks. His sense of touch is quite delicate, and he can wind up his watch three or four times a day and then calculate within 10 minutes of the correct time."-Chicago record.

A WONDERFUL SYSTEM.

That by Which Uncle Sam Spots and Cate

es Mail Robbers. "The system employed by the United States postoffice department in tracing thefts from the mail is so perfect that it is utterly impossible for anyone to rob the mail many times without being detected," said a man well posted in the workings of Uncle Sam's big postal to a New York Advertiser man. "Every now and then you read of this or that person being arrested by the postoffice inspectors, but do you know the system they use to trace the theft ?"

"Well, suppose you report that you sent a letter or a package to New York The first thing is to find out just what time you mailed the matter and from that the inspectors can tell what train it was sent out on. When mail matter leaves an office it is accompanied by the card of the one who handled and it is the same with each messen

"A list is made of every man whos hands the mail passes through or would have passed through on reaching its destination and a dot is placed opposite their names. Before long another complaint will be made and the same process will be gone through. Before the mail disappeared maybe it passed through the hands of four or five of the same men as the first one, and two dots go down opposite their names. The system is known and pretty soon, if the thief is not caugh before that, five or six dots appear op-

"Detectives are at once put to work shadowing the suspected men, and, after becoming reasonably sure of who is the guilty one, decoy letters come in play, and the work of gathering convicting evidence is carried on until the inevitable climax of arrrest follows. "To accomplish this work it requires a complete system of keeping tab upon each and every piece of mail matter.

A railway messenger is allowed 30

mistakes a month or one each day. If

posite one or two men's names.

he makes more he has to explain, and if he makes 60 off goes his head. "Sometimes one man does not report another; if he does not and no mistakes are reported against a railway messenger then the men in charge of the department begin to investigate. They know the man must make mistakes, and they thus force each man to report another, for one who sees a mistake and does not report it is as guilty as the one who made it."

OUR NATION'S FORMATIVE PERI-

on.-When Washington was inaugu-

rated, Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the country, had about 42,000 people, New York but 33,000, Boston 18,000, Baltimore 13,000, and no other city anywhere near 10,000 even after than 100,000 people, and except Bos-3d. We charge an attempt to buy ton, with 93,000, all of the few remaining cities fell short of 50,000. During the formative period of the new nation, therefore, all but the merest fraction or two, that profits did not warrant of its citizens lived in places of small keeping a porter, and away he would population, the local affairs of which

QUICKLY OVER. In the old pioneer days of the Green

Mountain State, the marriage ceremony partook of the simplicity which was a distinguishing characteristic of life in Vermont at that time. A native of the State tells a story of those early equal to one-eighth of a horse power. days, which his grandfather used to take great pleasure in relating :

Elder Brown, a much beloved Methfront dooryard. The day was warm, and the minister's occupation was naturally heating in its tendency, so Elder Brown was in his shirt-sleeves, just like any unministerial wood-saw-

yer of his parish. Presently there came riding along the road and up to the fence a tall, lank, ungainly country bumpkin on horseback, with a fresh-faced girl on a pillion behind him, with her arms clasped about his waist. As they came to a halt, Elder Brown

arm comfortably on the top rail. "You want t' get married, I calc'late?" he said, addressing the smiling pair impartially. "Ya-as," they replied in unison

your wife ?' "Ya-as," replied the grinning bride-"And you, Hetty, will you take this man for your husband?' "Ya-as," replied the bride, with un-

faltering promptness. "All right, then" remarked the minister, reaching out his right arm and bestowing a hearty handshake on each of the newly-married pair, "you can ride on !" And they rode on, as happy as if the

rate, while the elder returned to his dens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3,300 Too SLIPPERY.-Sea-captains have many adventures, and the stories of

the wonderful escapes seldom lose by repetition. Many years ago pirates cruised up and down the English channel, to the great peril of the merchantmen. The story is told of a Captain Davis, who was noted for his quick wit as well as for his skill in navigation, that he was returning from Ireland with a cargo consisting mainly of butter.

He had not been out very long when a pirate was seen coming down upon im. In vain all sails were spread; but every moment brought the pirate nearer. The men were at their wit's end :

He ordered his men to take off their boots and stockings, and directed that a score of butter barrels be brought on In a few minutes the barrels had been knocked to pieces, and the butter was thickly spread all over the deck and outside the ship. Not a rope nor

but the captain knew a trick or two.

a spar that was not slippery. Even without their boots and stockings the sailors could scarcely keep on their how smoothly he was to be received. Captain Davis assumed an air of submission, and allowed the enemy to come alongside quietly.

But lo! when they jumped over, fully armed, with pistol in one hand and sword in the other, they slipped about and tumbled over each other on the buttered deck like so many One fellow shot head-foremost down into the cabin, where he was imme-

diately set upon by the boy; another slid across the deck, and shot out into the sea by an opposite port-hole. Not one of them could stand on his feet, and as pirates are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed of the devil. They hurried back into their own vessel, cast loose, and Captain Davis got safely into port at the expense of

a few pounds of butter.

CAUTIOUS .- It is impossible for a clergyman to officiate at a country funeral to the satisfaction of the relatives of the deceased, unless he has had a long acquaintance with the The Orthordox clergyman of a New England village, recently placed in a trying position, acquitted himself with unusual caution, if not with per-

fect success. The occasion was the funeral of Mr. Follet, a prominent resident of the place, who had died at a ripe old age. He was the third husband of Mrs. Follet, a woman much younger than

The Follets were regular attendants

time of Mr. Follet's death their clergyman was away on a month's vacation. In this emergency the family called upon the Orthordox clergyman, who had lately come to the village and was almost a stranger. A neighbor instructed him hastily as to the best qualities of the deceased,

his benevolence, piety and kindly dis-

position, and gave him various points

as to his family relations. During the

funeral discourse no outsider would

have suspected that the clergyman had not been a life-long friend of When he came to mention the widow in his prayers, however, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become somewhat confused in his mind.

this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again."then, hesitating an instant, he added, "and perhaps again." HISTORY CORRECTED. - The words of William Pitt are reported ountry!" But Lord Rose-

"And now we commend to Thy care

berry, in his recent memoir of "the Commoner," quotes an anecdote which Mr. Disraeli used to tell that proves that one man at least had a doubt about the authenticity of the exclamation. When Mr. Disraeli entered parliament, he used often to dine at the house of commons, where he was

country!"

generally served by a grim old waiter who was supposed to possess a secret treasure of political tradition. The young member sought to win his confidence. One day the venerable domestic relented.

sir," he said, "do you know what Mr. Pitt's last words were?" "Of course, said Mr. Disraeli, they are well known: "O my country! how I love my country!" "Nonsense," said the old man. tell you what it was. Late one night

"You hear many lies told as history

in a postchaise, shouting to me outside of the window. " 'What is it ?' I said. "'You're to get up and dress, and bring some of your meat-pies down to

I was called out of bed by a messenger

Mr. Pitt, at Putney.'
"So I went; and as we drove along, he told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food; but had suddenly said, 'I think I could eat one of the lapse of a half a century, during Bellamy's mutton-pies.' And so I was your credit. With that little sum, all sent for posthaste. When we arrived by the Negro and "blind tiger" did no adelphia, so that in 1840 it had 312- Mr. Pitt was dead. Them was his last good, and their last hope now is to 000, inhabitants to the latter city's words: 'I think I could eat one of

> Perhaps it will be quite as interesting for the small boy to know just what he makes his body do when he does

This reduces the temperature of his don't advertise.

body, or his stomach, so much that he will require his body to use as much energy to raise his stomach to a normal degree of temperature as he would use to raise himself 194 feet high; or, he will use a rate of heat extraction-

Do you wonder sometimes that a boy feels tired and does not know why? He has, by doing a foolish odist minister, was sawing wood in his | thing taken strength that would have carried him through, without any sense of weariness, several days' of honest play and work; and a boy who wants to be a football player, or a boy who can row, jump high, or run long distances, will not throw away his strength for the sake of eating two ounces of ice. He will want all his energy for his games.

COST OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.-The

cost of Solomon's temple and its inte-

rior decorations and other parapheradvanced to the fence and rested his nalia was one of the wonders of olden times. According to Villalpandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass used in its construction were valued at the enormous sum of £6,879,822,-000. The worth of the jewels is gen-"Well, then," proceeded Elder cally placed at a figure equally as "James, will you take this woman for your wife?" to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which, reduced to English money, (as has been shown by Chapel's reduction tables), was equal to £575,296,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities were still more valuable, being set down as worth £649,344,000. Priests vestments and robes of singers, £2,010,-000. Trumpets, £200,000. To the above add the expense of building material, labor, etc., and we get some And they rode on, as happy as if the ceremony had been much more elabo-hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of buroverseers, all of which were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed £6,733,997. If their daily food was worth 2 shillings each, the sum total for all was £63,877,088 during the time of building. The material in the rough is estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000. These several estimates show the total cost to have been £17,442,442,168, or \$277,521,665-936 in United States money.

WILL SUSTAIN 935,766,300 PERsons .- Have you any idea of the number of persons that the United States would sustain without overcrowding the population, or even going beyond the limit of density now shown by the State of Rhode Island? The last census of the pigmy State just gives it a population of 800,000. The area of the State in square miles is only 1,250; thus we find that there is an average of 318 persons on every square mile of her territory. We can best illustrate the capacity of the whole of the United States and of the other States by pe nor making some comparisons: The State
Even of Texas has an area of 256,780 square miles, and, were it equally as densely populated as "Little Rhody," would comfortably sustain a population of On came the pirate, not dreaming 83,523,628 inhabitants-a greater number of persons than the whole country is expected to have in the year 1900 Scatter people all over the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the British possessions as thickly as they are now in Rhode Island, and we would have 945,766,300 inhabitants, instead of an insignificant 62, 000,000. In other words, if the Unit ed States could be peopled to their utmost sustaining capacity, we could take care of nearly two-thirds of the

present population of the globe. THE ORIGIN OF EARRINGS .- It is a strange tradition among the Arabians that earrings came into use in the following way: When Pharaoh summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saving that Sarah was his sister) Abraham prayed for the king, and Allah healed the king, who now gave Abraham many rich presents, and among others an Egytian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son,

whom he called Ishmael. But Sarah was barren, and the more jealous since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead. She de manded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecid ed, until commanded by Allah to obey Sarah in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her bondmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her. that the declared she would not res until her hands had been imbrued in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham pierced Hagar's ear quickly, and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar of the Methodist church, but at the without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it becam a cus tom among women to wear earrings

SOUTHERN LIMIT OF THE SNOW Belt.-The landed surface of the globe is so situated that snow never falls upon more than one-third of its area. In our country snow falls every winter in four-fifths of the States and Territories, and occasionally in the others, the southern point of Florida being the only section of the whole country in which it was never known. On the west coast snow has fallen as far south as the southern boundary of California. This has occurred but once since the Signal service was established-in January, 1882. fartherest south on the east coast that snow was ever reported was at Punta Rosa, Fla. (about 100 miles from Key West,) on December 1, 1876. Along the Gulf Coast it has been known to fall from Pensacola to Brownsville

Texas.

ORIGIN OF ITALICS.—Italic letters vere first used about the year 1500 by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer. He observed the many inconvenien ces resulting from the vast number of abbreviations which were then so frequent among the printers that a book was difficult to understand; a treatise was actually written on the art of reading a printed book, and thus addressed to the learned. By introducing the italic letter he contrived an expedient to which these abbreviations might be entirely got rid of, and yet books suffer little increase in bulk. He dedicated his invention to the Italian States, hence the name. It has also been distinguished by the name of the inventor and called Aldine. The first book printed in italics was an edition of "Virgil. printed at Venice by Aldus in 1501. How to GET RICH.-An exchange

gives the following sensible advice, which our readers might try. It is certainly a quick way to become rich : "Money makes money. No one is so poor that he cannot rake up a penny to start on. Now upon the first day of the month deposit a cent in a bank and on each of the succeeding 30 days of the month double your deposit Follow this programme faithfully, and at the end of the month you will be suprised to find that your account will show the sum of \$5,368,709,12 to you have to do is to retire and let the other fellows hustle.'

EATING SNOW AND ICE .- This is the in Germany. It becomes rough by time of year when small boys are very wear, and is therefore a security much inclined to eat snow and ice. against slipping, the chief defect o the metal shoe. "Mamma, may we play at keep-

It is claimed that the paper

eat this ice. If he eats two ounces of | ing a store in here?" "Yes, but you go. Too late then would the Negroes | were easily administered through town | ice-and that is not very much-he has | must be very, very quiet." "Well," said wise Tommy, "we'll pretend we

ion army. She knew the ground Land had as good a knowledge of point from which she had started rought her near a fork, the left south. She determined to take t hand road, intending, if she mile from the creek, to strike and so swift her horse's pace that the a fordene distance below that she renembed having once crossed

reached the bottom, where the road ran level to the fork and the wood. Hope urged her. It was not 100 yards to the point she was so anxious to reach.

Passing over a rut at the very fork of the road that seemed her only chance

rattle, and flew into a hundred pieces.

Corporal Ratigan had been worked up to such a fever of excitement by the chase and his complicated feelings toward the object of it that when he shot fugitive from his view his visage was distorted from the expression of good nature usually stamped upon it to one which can only be called demoniac. His eyes were wild, that portion of his hair which extended below his forage ness, his body leared forward like a

her horse and bury in the road and take to the wood? No. They would mark the point when she had left them. But her pursuer wold not know which side of the road the had taken, and side of the road the had taken, and there would be at even chance that he would follow on the wrong side. Something must be don't the race could not last forever; the san behind seemed to be gaining, and then the dread of coming upon a Unic camp!

She was about to bring her horse to a stand and jump from her buggy when the clatter beind her—Ratigan had turned a slight send in the road—sounded so lond, so san, that instead of doing

ed so loud, so ear, that instead of doing so she gave him a cut with the whip. "There's time now, Bobby. We had been chasing a Confederate telemust put a sater distance between us and the Yastee. Get up, Bobby! Oh, go on! Why haven't you wings?"
Heavens, what is that ahead? Tents, white and postly in the gloom! And how many them! The whole field is Nearer omes the clatter from behind. In front is sleeping regiment, brigade, perhaps whole division. It was not there ye trday. It must be in transit.
Oh, why hould it have halted just in time to lock the way? "God help me, I must take my chances and go on." Sendels were pacing on their beats

He put the neck of a battered canteen to her lips. graph stealer that he might turn her over to the military authorities of his own army to be hanged, and now he was suddenly plunged into terror for fear she had been killed. He went on,

He soon came to the heap of splinters and iron which marked the point of collapse of Miss Baggs' buggy. Miss Baggs was not visible. Had she taken to the wood beyond the fork of the road? For a moment there was a delightful sense of relief, but it was soon followed by the animal instinct of the savage chasing an object of prey. Stimulated by this, or a return of a sense of duty, or both, he was about to ride into the od, when, looking down on the long grass by the roadside, he descried the

"Darlin, are ye hurt?"

distinguish. Miss Baggs did not see "To the divil's own keepin with the her whip down on the horse's back, at ness he forgot that this woman had been engaged in what the world condemns openly, if not secretly, as illegitimate warfare. To him she was innocent, not that he reasoned upon her acts, but be cause a mysterious something—a breath from spirit land-had made her more to patch stealer's horse dragged her and him than all the world beside. He laid her swaying buggy with a series of lunges, hearing shots, the cries of

and arms; he took off his cap and fanned her. Still she lay limp in his arms "Darlin, darlin, come back to life Come back, if it's only long enough to tell me ye forgive me for me cowardly chasin ye. Oi've killed ye. Oi know it.

A slight murmur, something like "Praise God, there's life! If it'd only Laying her head down in the grass,

Corporal Ratigan never forgot the look with which his prisoner regarded There were two expressions following which it was received it melted into

exposure-before his eyes to shut out the face which at every glance kindled

"For doing your duty, Rats?"

righted."

on the gibbet.' "Oh, darlin," he moaned, "don't be He could not go on. His words "Take a drop, sweetheart-only a

"For your sake, Rats. Give it to easily.

her on the cushions. "Oi'll ride at the foot," he said to

osity brought them there to see the woman who had succeeded in breaking tendance, who dropped back to the sides and rear. This prevented any further Baggs, except an occasional whisper, but the corporal managed to keep her At last the ambulance pulled up before the headquarters of the division whose camp they had entered, and Ratigan suddenly became conscious of the fact that he must turn his prisoner over to others, doubtless to be dealt with sum-

"She's badly hurt, captain." said

TO BE CONTISED NEXT WEEK. Oranges gav on every continent, | for something that existed only in the | ery.