THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY MAY 28, 1893-TWENTY PAGES.

It is unnecessary to point out the dar-ing and valor of this remarkable ad-

venture. The story speaks for itself. Immediately on hearing this exploit General Early promoted Lieutenant Mc-

A Famons War Song.

Chas. O. Stickney in the Washington Star.

brought to the surface by the throes of

the civil war was Major Lamar Fontaine, a famous scout and fighter in the confederate army. He acted as scout

for Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart,

R.E. Lee, R. S. Ewell and Joe E. John-

ston. He is also celebrated as the author

credit which to him, rightfully belongs.

recent correspondence with me. And

this is the story: (1) = It appears that hot long after the first

"We had to stand on a post six hours at a time. That night I took my stand

stepped to the fire and threw on some pine knots and roused Moore to take my

"He rose slowly, picked up his gun

sward the plaything of a child.

eyes in the unbroken silence of my lonely watch I felt what few mortals

Williamson, who was a fine critic, and

Lieutenants Graham and Depritt of my company, and Williamson suggested

place.

and

friendship.

One of the most remarkable characters

Neill to the rank of captain.

from them.

captives.

THE ERA OF THE WILD CAT

When Banks of Issue Bloomed and Scattered Bills Broadcast.

10

EX-CONGRESSMAN PUSEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

An Instructive Address on the Risks and Reminiscences of Pioneer Banking-Financial Legislation Also Touched Upon.

Hon. W. H. M. Pusey, ex-congressman and banker of Council Bluffs, delivered the following address before the Bankers association in that city last Wednesday:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Asso clation: The period immediately subsequent to the discovery of gold in California is known as the "golden era" of American finance. Within less than a decade the native product of gold was in excess of #600,-000,000, a sum equal to the estimated volume now in the entire country. The sudden craze to be rich stimulated immigration from all lands to the new Eldorado of the west. Civilization under this impulse, in one gigantic struggle with natural obstacles, in its mar-velous achievements of a few years, did what would have taken half a century to

sccomplish without these incentives. From the Orient to the Occident they came by land and sea, representing the best energies and enterprise of the aggressive Angle-Saxon race. They were the chosen instruments in the hand of an inscrutable Providence to blaze the continental highway from the Missouri to the Pacific. Unexplored and arid deserts, un-bridged streams and hostile Indians were no barriers to these avant couriers of a modern civilization. The white covered wagons and long lines of cager gold hunters, stretching across a continent, were but the forerunners of the rushing railroad trains, Pullman sleeping cars and fast mail with "news from all nations lumbering at its back." Contemporaneous with this immigration

Contemporaneous with this immigration came a religious sect. journeying, they knew not where. Hounded, hunted, persecuted and driven from Nauvoo with their wives and little ones, "what sought they thus afar?" "Bright jewels of the mine?" Noi They sought a faith's pure shrine, and mid-way to the ocean they founded their "happy Zion," builded their temple, planted our flag over the city of the plain, and for forty years have held the fort, surrounded by semi-barbarous tribes of people: a city of refuge in the mountain fastnesses of our re-public; and today, in their decadence, conpublic; and today, in their decadence, con spicuously illustrating the law of the survival of the fittest. "God moves in a myste rious way His wonders to perform."

The Gatway of the Exodus.

e people of Council Bluffs stood in one of the gateways of this wondrous exodus. Its reflex influence did very much to give to our western states and territories a health-

ful and permanent population. The Mexican soldier had tarried long enough with us to place his pension, in the form of a military land-warrant, upon our virgin praries, the commencement of the virgin praries, the commencement of the happy homes and rich farms of our now be-loved and prosperous commonwealth. It was amid these surroundings many of us commenced our business life in the undevel-oped west. It was in the age of wild and hazardous speculation. The picthora of gold had stimulated every branch of indus-try, ran real estate up to fabulous prices, increased the cost of living and decreased the purchasing power of the gold dollar. The volume of our circulating medium was swelled for beyond the demands of commerce

swelled for beyond the demands of commerce and trade by an alien and irredeemable paper currency. The value of a metalic dol-lar depends upon its purchasing power, its stability, its universal acceptibility and its convertibility into the money of commerce and the money of the world. The value of paper money which has been in use for over 500 years among distilland 500 years among civilized nations of the earth, depends wholly on the ability of the authority issuing it to give value for it when payment is demanded.

Wild Cat Money.

The people of Iowa were then living under our old constitution, which inhibited the creation of banks of issue, but surrounded by states and territories which, by legislative enactments and general incorporation laws, fostered and encouraged systems of ee banking, whose circulations were unded on noninterest paying stocks and free bonds of almost every conceivable corpora-tion and association of men, devised and clothed with powers to issue money, much cf which never knew that its redeemer lived lowa was the favorite dumping ground for this currency, and when the financial crash came was, possibly, one of the greatest suf-The scarcity of bank bills under the denomination of \$5, and the want of subsidiary coin, almost forced us to tolerate the small bills of these foreign banks. The dearth of silver for change among retail dealers in-duced the proprietor of one of our flouring mills to resort to a plan (within the law) to supply the long felt want. He issued his checks in denominations less than \$1 upon these states for them from Sioux City to St. Joseph. This was also an era of successful counter-feiting, and the receiving teller of a bank be-came an expert in his knowledge of the genuineness of bank currency. It was not enough that he should know a genuine from a spurious bill. Every bank issue had a different current value in the community; would take for passage and freight; the bill which would buy the necessities of life; the Western Stage Company received for fare and pay the laborer for his toil. Every package of bills presented at the bank counter had to be properly classified, and discounted into either par funds (which would be exchange) current funds and spe-cial funds to be returned to the depositor in like funds, and the pass book, and the In fike funds, and the pass book, and the bank account of the depositor was so speci-fied, no bank being willing to assume the possibilities of disastrous and sudden de-preciation to which this money was con-stantly subjected. Wide spread distrust and want of confidence had seized upon the pub-lie mind.

fast friends through life, leaving, as a horitage to their children, large fortunes and the reputation of biameless lives. As early as 1855 the gold product of this country had reached its maximum annual product of \$57,000,000, and silver, which had been debased 8 per cent by the legislation of 1853, in a vain effort on the part of our doctrinaires and law makers to sustain the parity of the precious metals, suddenly poured its silver flood upon the market of the world, until its annual output exceeded that of gold by more than \$20,000,000 per annum, causing a reversion in the natural ratio of these metals, and causing an entire change of legislative policy to sustain their equilibrium. The conservative financiers of the country then and ever since have advothe country then and ever since have advo-cated the doctrines of the framers of our constitution on the fiscal policy of the nation; that the standard money of the country should be gold and silver, to go hand in hand at a ratio which will maintain their parity, and that no flat legislation can pro-vide or the adultation that legislation can provide for the oscillations caused by the vari-ableness of their product, and the censeless

ebb and flow of commerce which changes their convertible value as the tidal wave of the ocean troubles its surface. No nation on earth has any trouble about the money question which sells more than it buys. But this country and continental Europe, debtor nations in the absence of in-ternational concurrence, will ever be subjected to difficulties constantly arising. During the period referred to British India and the Latin union threw open their mints to free coinage, causing the drainage of our gold reserve and precipitating the national revulsion of 1857.

The Inevitable Collapse.

Prosperous lowa, now rejoicing in conscious strength and an assured future, was prostrated and utterly heipless under its exhausting effect. Far removed from the seaboard, with no railroad communications with the markets of the country, agriculture paralyzed, labor unremunerative, our people simply existing under forced frugality, the banking business was neither remunerative nor ornamental. Securities and collaterals were unconvertible and our circulating

were unconvertible and our circulating medium was practically worthless-Later on the eloquent Emory Storrs was asked to address a convention of flat money fellows in southern Illinois. He commenced his remarkable address by saying, in sub-stance: "Thus far in life I have had no use for a bank but to borrow what money I could of it and spend it as fast as my constantly prossing necessities required. But I thought, as thad to address so large an audience of experienced financiers as I find here assem-bled. I would take a few lessons in practical banking. In my walks about Chicago I as-certained the banks were full of surplus and idle money seeking investment on call at 6 per cent interest. I concluded I would borper cent interest. I concluded I would bor-row some of it, and let the banks do the call-ing. I found they invariably asked me for collaterals, of which ornaments I was en-tirely destitute. This leads me to lay down my first proposition in the discussion of the money question in this country. What we need most is not an expansion of the currency ad libitum, but an expansion of collat-erals." Storrs epigrammatic utterances have not lapsed into inocuous desuetude by

the flight of years. Not Charitable Institutions.

Those of you gentlemen who passed through the decade preceding the war, whatever may have been your avocation in life, have carried with you lessons of experience on questions affecting our national finance which we don't always find incor-porated in our modern political platforms, and which hold us to such conservative views and actions in our business lives in no sense conforming with popular sentiment so sense conforming with popular sentiment so often expressed on the platform and in the halls of legislation. As bankers and cus-todians of the people's money we are com-pelled to spend thousands upon burglar-proof work, throwing every safeguard in this direction about our business, and as con-servators of correct sentiment and action on all matters of finance coming immediately under our control, we should be ever alort in our action and influence to avert and dis-courage many of the methods and practices

courage many of the methods and practices of modern banking. A bank is in no sense an eleemosynary institution, and no properly educated public sentiment demands of it something for nothing. When your customer asks you to take the risk and responsibility of transfer-ing his money to distant cities, he is willing to compensate you for the expense and haz-ards of your business. It is not so much the volume of one's business as the motto of the Romans, "Nulla die sina linea," which the banker interprets, "Not a day without a profit," which will augment the reserve of our moneyed institutions more than the volume of unremunerating transactions.

Nicholas another scene was transpiring at the Revere house. Lieutenant Mc-Neill had divided his command and sent Lieutenant Welton to capture General Crook. Reaching the hotel, five men in charge of Joseph Vandiver, dismounted and entered

MEMORIAL DAY STORIES. How Two Union Generals Were Captured.

J. R. Brouthers in Historia, In 1864 General Crook of the union army was stationed at Cumberland, Md., a town of about 7,000 people. He established his headquarters at a hotel called the Revere house. General Kelley, another federal officer, was situated at the St. Nicholas hotel. In and about the town were 7,000 or 8,000 of their troops.

In the confederate army was a young lieutenant named Jesse McNeill. He was of a daring disposition and the idea entered his head that it was possible for a few brave men to take these two union generals prisoners. So he formed a bold plan and proceeded to put it into execution. First, he posted himself thoroughly in

regard to the situation of the union army in and around Cumberland. Then he gathered a band of sixty trusty men and rode toward the union lines." Crossing the north branch of the Potomac he soon encountered a federal picket. This man was a German and did not speak very good English. Lieutenant McNeill

pretended not to understand him, and, while talking, managed to get close enough to take him prisoner without giving him a chance to fire his gun. Then, by means of fierce threats, the unlucky sentinel was forced to tell his captors the countersign, which was

"Bull's Gap." Having obtained this valuable in-formation, the party pushed rapidly ahead. By means of the password they managed to deceive and to capture all the pickets they met. Entering the town undiscovered, they rode boldly up the principal street. To and fro went union soldiers, looking with passing in-terest at the little band of horsemen coolly riding along, whistling, laugh-ing and talking as though returning from a lark.

As they trotted ahead they met with the frequent and friendly hail:

"Helio, boys! where are you from?" "Scouts from New Creek," was the careless response.

In this manner they reached the St. Nicholas hotel without interruption of any sort. It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Part of the command stopped there and half a dozen men, with Joseph Kuykendall at .their head, entered the hotel and demanded to be shown General Kelley's room, as they had inportant information for him. Having found which was his apartment they obtained a light and entered with

drawn revolvers. The general rose in his bed, resting on one elbow, and wanted to know the cause of the disturbance. "You know.me, general, don't you? 1

have been your prisoner," said Kuykendall. "I do," said the general, mentioning

his name. "What do you want?" "Well, general, we want you. You are a prisoner.'

"A prisoner!" exclaimed the aston-ished officer. "To whom must I surrender? "To me, sir," answered Kuykendall.

"General, we must insist that you dress immediately, or we will take you as you are. No delay will be allowed." So General Kelley arose and quietly

put on his clothes, wondering all the time how the town had been captured without a battle and without his having been disturbed. General Kelley's adjutant, Major Meloin, occupied one of the rooms in

his commander's suite, and he also was made a prisoner. Four headquarter colors were discovered and carried away as trophies. While this was going on at the St.

There they saw the first signs of pur-suit, about sixty infon cavalrymen com-ing in sight. At 2 o'clock the next day that if I would only make it more pa thetic instead of sarcastic it would take better

the confederates were galloping along a pike bordering file river, when a body of about 200 umon horsemen turned a "I did so and on the 9th of August I had it complete as the poem now stands, and I read it to my messmates and re-ceived their highest commendations. I similar role on the other side. Abreast of each other they dashed on as fast as gave them copies of the original and their weary horses could travel. The federals had ridden thirty-five miles they recopied and sent them home, and soon the whole regiment, brigade, divialready and their horses were in as bad shape as were MaNeill's. At length the sion and army were in possession of it.

'My father, whom I met shortly after the completion of it, suggested that in-stead of 'stray picket' I ought to say 'lone picket.' But I did not alter it. The ladies of Leesburg, in Loudoun road the confederates were following left the river, and as the federals could not cross the deep stream, McNeill was safe At Moorfield be learned that the county, Va., put the words to music and whole country was aroused and that used to sing them for us long before they union cavalry was moving in every di-rection to intercept him. All the next day he was hotly pursued. But he at were printed. I gave one copy to a Miss Eva Lee and one to a Miss Hemstone; also a copy to John M. Orr, who at the length drew near to the confederate lines and through his intimate knowltime was mayor of the town. I gave copies to many others whose names I cannot recall. The following is a copy edge of the country he eluded all his pursuers and escaped in safety with his from

THE ORIGINAL POEM. "All quiet along the Potomac," they say, "Except here and there a stray picket Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro, By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

"Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then, Will not count in the news of the battle: Not an efficer lost—only one of the men— Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight, Where the soldiers lie peacofully dreaming; Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn

Or in the light of their camp fires gleaming.

A tremulous sigh as a gentle night wind Through the forest leaves sofily is creeping, While the stars up above, with their glittering

Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping. of a popular war song. He was and still is a Mississippian. He it was who, in

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's As he trangs from the rock to the fountain. And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed.

May, 1863, undertook the seemingly fool-Far away in the cot on the mountain.

hardy, but, nevertheless, successful ex-ploit of carrying a supply of 40,000 musket caps from the confederate general Loring's headquarters at Jack-son, Miss., through the union lines to His musket falls back-and his face dark and

grim Grows gentle with memories tender, And he mutters a prayer for the children asleep— For their mother—may heaven defend her! beleagured General Pemberton in Vicksburg, when that commander was out of

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then, That night when the love yet unspoken Leaped up to his lips, and when low murnured

Then, drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes, He dashes off tears that are welling. And gathers his gun close up to its place, As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing? It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by!" Avd the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

Upward of thirty years have elapsed since the scene was enacted which inspired the poem, and this soldier-poet, songs lately published he is given the this whilom champion of a "lost cause, touchingly writes me that "the glory he But it is not my purpose to go into the fought for has faded; that he cares nothdiscussion of a question in which the ing for what is in the eternal past and public is little, if any, interested. What has no enmity in his heart, but loves the I'do care for is the deeply interesting narrative of a war time episode in con-nection with the poem, as told in his soldiers who wore the blue and fought to maintain the Union."

GOOD ROAD MAKING.

Correct Location is the First Requisite of a Good Road.

battle of Bull Run, in which Fontaine, In November, 1890, the Department of as a private in company K—the Burt Rilles—Eighteenth Mississippi regiment, took part, he was* transferred to the State sent inquiries to its consuls in foreign conutries concerning the construction and Second Virginia cavalry, and at the time maintenance of roads in their respective disof which this narrative treats was doing tricts. Appended are some of the conclusions picket duty just above the head of an arrived at by Oscar F. Williams, consul at island near the Seneca Falls on the Potomac. This was in August, 1861, one month after Bull Run. So many of the confederates had gone home on furlough Havre:

The perpetual advantage of an easy grade should be secured at the beginning.

Straight lines are best and on like grades that the picket lines were thin, being are cheapest; it is economy, however, to stretched over a vast extent of river secure easy grades at the expense of straight lines where such grade is otherwise unobfront, and what few men, comparatively were on the front had to do double duty. tainable, because the perpetual advantage to all users of the road more than offsets the disadvantage to the land owner from ill-It was here that Fontaine and another



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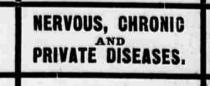


Are those ignorant pretentiers who withoutany qualifications, any ability, any experience, any skill, claim to possess the power to cure all the ills of he human race. But their want of worth soon becomes apparent to thein would be dupes, and these consciencelessquacks are soon consigned t the oblivion they so richly merit.

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Millinery.

caps, and, consequently, could not fire a gun, a condition of things which had Frant known of would have hastened the fall of that stronghold. In that expedition Fontaine had were pledged, to be ever unbroken. orses shot under him and any quantity of bullets fired at him, making numer ous holes in his clothes and equipage besides meeting other frightful dangers He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree; His footsteps are larging and weary; Yet, onward he goes through the broad belt of hight. It was, altogether, a terrible experi ence. He is the here of twenty-sever hard fought battles, and came out of the war minus a leg and bearing other evi-Hark! was it the night wind rustled the leaves? dences of his army experiences. He is still a resident of his native state, where at the age of 61, he works hard daily at

his profession of surveyor and civil engi-All quiet along the Potomac tonight; No sound save the rush of the river; While soft fails the dew on the face of the dead, That picket's off duty forever! Another thing for which he is celebrated is as the author-the real author

of "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight." To be sure, that fact has been disputed, but I notice in a book of war

The Draft Scared Him.

One morning an Iowa banker dropped into the office of his St. Louis correspondent Into the office of his St. Louis correspondent; the cashier of the big bank carelessly handed hum a draft drawn on Duncan. Sherman & Co. of New York, which he had just signed, calling for \$1,000,000. Faceti-ously remarking, "Do you lowa bankers often draw drafts for so large a sum of money as that?" "No?" was the reply, "and I doubt if there is a man in Jowa who ever saw as large a draft." "What is it issued for?" "Oh, don't you know we are building "Oh, don't you know we are building the Ohio & Alississippi railroad; that draf is the first payment on the iron rails." The country banker soon after withdrew, and, what may possibly have been a surprise to the big bank, also withdrew his balance, not

wishing to become an involuntary stock-holder in the Ohio & Mississippi railroad. The laws for the speedy collection of debts were suspended by substituting ap-pearance terms and stay laws in the interest of debtors.

One day a merchant in good credit and standing hurried into his bank and asked for the loan of \$1,000, but was refused the ac-commodation. He excitedly exclaimed, "If you don't let me have the money I am a ruined man." "How's that!" asked the ruined man." "How's that?" asked the banker. "I will go to protest," was the re-ply. "Oh, is that all? You simply mean yon will join the great army of delinquents." "But you must let me have it, my dear sir, and I will pay it back to you Monday morn-ing at 90'clock on the energing of your back ing at 9 o'clock on the opening of your bank, if I am a living man." Nine o'clock Monday morning cane: 10 o'clock; 12 o'clock; but Jones had not put in an appearance.

Collecting a Debt.

The banker, on his way to dinner, called at the undertaker's and ordered the hearse to be sent to Jones' reisdence and there re-main until he, the banker, should order it away. On his return to the bank Jones was on hand, greatly disturbed at the presence of the hearse at his residence. The banker greeted him cordially: "Is it possible.Jones this is you, alive and well. I supposed you were certainly dead; I have always known you to be a man of your word; you said you would pay that note at 9 o'clock this morn ing 'f you were aliving man;' it is now nearly 2, and f was determined to do my parlin giving you a Christian burial." Both these gentlemen have passed away; ster.

The fiscal and fiduciary interests of the country are being controlled by "young America," who are rapidly introducing innomethods, and stimulated enter-the age. While we would not advations. prises of the age. While we would not ad-vise the use of the hearse in the collecting of over-due bills receivable, we protest against the gift of chromos, gratuitous advertising and free exchange to exacting custo

mers of a bank. As one of the youngest of your organization (in juniority of membership) I carnestly hope that your association may result in lopping off many things of modern growth and by concurrence and unison of action lead to the adoption of more conservative methods and practices in the business of banking.

A PROBLEM AND A SOLUTION.

Harper's Bazar.

"Where shall we go this summer?" is the ques-tion now that we Are agitating daily at our breakfast, dinner, shall it be Saratoga, or the golden Jersey

shall it be Adirondack woods, with piny scent galore?

Or shall we cross the ocean for a tour in an-

clent lands, And so transfer our dollars from our own to foreign hands? Or shall we seek Alaska, with its bracing win-

ter air? Or shall we be content to go and see Chicago's fair?

For me, when summer comes, I love to go to For me, when summer comes, 1 note to go to that sweet place Where I can roam about, the lord of every bit of space; Where after dinner one may sit quiet and not

hear

A band of six musicians playing operas by ear.

Where bathtubs may be had without a charge upon the bill. And where at hight one need not dress, as men say, fit to kill: Where meals at all hours may be had, and where my boys and 1 May sit together when we dine, with no strange persons by

To look distressed when' Tommy tries to take an ear of corn And, like a boy, pretend with it he's playing on a horn: To frown when little Jennie's hand, by some

slight carelessness. Upsets a plate of soup upon her next door neighbor's dress.

And as I look about to find a summer place like this

1 am convinced there is but one just such abode of bliss; And that is why my family and 1 no longer

About the land in summer time, but rest con-tent at home.

The Robber Was Out.

The Robber Was Out. A lady from Buffalo had quite an experi-ence in a large Berlin hotel, says Harper's Bazar. She was a brave little woman-"doing" the continent alone with her two children without being able to speak a word of any language except United States. One night, having retired early with the little ones, she was suddenly awakened by a pe-cular noise, which she soon became con-vinced was caused by same one trying to open the door between her room and the one adjoining. She 'wasn't a bit scared." but adjoining. She "wasn't a bit scared," but got up quickly, turned on the electric light, and rang the bell, which resounded through the whole house. The sound at the door ceased suddenly, and after a slight delay a "Dutchman." as she called him, appeared to answer the bell.

Speak English?" (the usual question). "I shpeaks heem a loetle," was the reply. "There is some one in the next room trying to open my door." excitedly.

"No; he is out," positively. "But there is some one there—a robber, a burglar—don't you understand?" "He is oudt! He vill be een at halluf past

"No-a robber! a burglar! a thief-a thief, I tell you-a thief in the next room?" "Vell," meditatively, "I do not Uink he ees a t'lef, but he is oudt. He vill be cen at haliuf past zwelf, and I-vill-tell-heem-zat-you-want-to-see -heem."

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne should be in every household. It is perfectly pure and naturally fermented.

"Halt! who comes there?" demanded a sentry just inside the door. "Friends, with password," answered

Vandiver. "Advance, one, and give countersign,' was the next command.

"Bull's Gap," said Vandiver. "We have important dispatches for General ite authors. Crook and must see him at once.

Saying this the confederate threw themselves on the guard and took him prisoner. Then they sought General Crook's apartments. They tried the door and it was locked. They then knocked, not wishing to run the chances of meeting with a hot reception by eral soldier the incident herewith re breaking in the door, thus giving the general notice of the approach of Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight' enemics. In response to the knock a would never have been written. I give small darky opened the door. the story in Fontaine's own graphic "Is General Crook in?" asked the Vanwords:

diver. "Yes, sir."

"Show me his room."

"I am afraid to disturb him at this time of night," answered the negro. Vandiver made a threatening remark and gesture which frightened the darkey

and he advanced and knocked at the general's door. "Come in," was the response. At this invitation the confederates

crowded into the room and surrounded the dazed officer. "General Crook, I presume?" said

Vandiver. "I am sir," was the reply, "I ——" "I am General Rosser, sir," said Van-iver. "You are in my power and I diver.

only can give you two minutes to dress in. Then we move, sharp." General Crook passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed sort of manner, but did not offer to move.

"Come, come, general, there are your clothes; you can either put them on or go as you are."

At this the general arose and quickly dressed. Then the prisoner and his captors joined the party keeping guard outside. General Crook was made to mount behind Vandiver, and off the command rode and soon joined Lieutenant McNeill's detachment, which was waiting for them. All this was done without any general alarm being given.

When the two parties were united Lieutenant McNeill commenced his quietly and in good On the hills about the retreat order. were encamped many town Crook's and Kelley's soldiers. Most of them were sleeping, but a few, awakened by the noise, drowsily hailed them.

About five miles below the city the first of the outposts was encountered. To the sentry's challenge Lieutenant McNeill replied to the countersign, and in response to his questions as to their destination said:

"Going out on a scout. No time to dismount. Are in a hurry. You must look sharp, for the enemy is reported to be close. General Crook has sent us out to watch his movements." "Go on then, boys. Cold night, isn't

11.9 'Yes, it is."

"Do the Johnnies up stiff, fellows." "That we will. We're just the chaps to do that," said the lieutenant, laugh-ing, and he and his men filed past the

insuspecting sentinel. In this way they passed the outposts and got into Virginia without and got into Virginia being detected. They pushed rap-tale on to Romney, Va. twenty-seven miles from Cumberland.

ate named Moore formed a close shapen fields. Moore was a married man Capacious middle blind drains in all roads and fairly idolized his wife and their

will dry the soil in summer and minimize the damage by frost in winter. two beautiful young children. Moore and Fontaine were almost constantly to Side drains should never be omitted.

gether, whether on picket or guard duty If natural soil of road be arched at center its drainage will be easier. All stones liable to disintegrate the road They clung to each other They bought

little hand books of poems-Byron, Burns and others-and together they surface should be rejected. Comparatively large cost is unavoidable; would sit in the cool shade of trees of hanging rocks that lined the Potomac above the falls of Seneca and read aloud cheaply made roads will prove the most ex-

pensive roads. Material should be carefully selected, duto each other passages from their favorrability and cheapness when prepared being first considered; then by using local store local labor may be employed, and so by out-lay for stone and labor each locality will to At this section of the two army lines the pickets on either side of the waters, an extent be benefited directly by the dis-tribution of the money cost of the road in federal and confederate, had come to an understanding and agreement that there Every county should own and operate at should be no firing at each other while

on picket duty. And but for a treach-erous violation of this contract by a fedleast one steam road roller. Road sweepings, except manure, and com-

mon saud and clay make suitable binding in making a new road wetting down or lated would not have occurred and "All

sprinkling has been proven injurious: such practice is wise in repair, as then the bind-ing material is solidified, while the water does not penetrate the surface coating to soften or weaken it.

ROAD KEEPING.

at 6 o'clock and Moore retired to rest Repair should never be delayed. Scientific supervision is essential. Wetting down aids repair by helping the The nights were chilly and we usually kept some fire burning. There was a small spring of water close by and a ew added material to adhere to the old. For repair, especially of large areas, as large fallen pine tree that I used to sit well as for construction, a steam roller effects on and rest at times after walking my

great economy. The use of wide tires should be encour beat, and I have frequently stopped at the spring and bathed my face when the aged either by bounty on such or by tax on dread monotony of the still night had a tendency to lull me to sleep. As soon as I found that midnight had arrived I

narrow ones. Four-wheeled freighting vehicles should not track; the hind wheels should roll out side the track of the fore wheels. Local tax for maintenance tends to prevent

local misuse, promotes local supervision, and prompts repair. GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

stepped to the fire and stretched himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and Increase of railroad mileage seems to lessen interest in highways, but it should yawned, and while his arms were exfreight has been previously carted over tended and his hand grasping the barrel of his gun there was a flash across

highways. The use of springs on freight wagons greatly diminishes the jot or falling force in the river and the whiz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth with a hole just above his eye on the left side, from which flowed a dark crimson tide. Not road depressions, prevents ruts and preserves roads.

The effects of wheels of large diameter and a word, not a groan escaped him. "I removed his romains from near the width of tire is to greatly diminish spot pressure, and the breaking of the road surfire where he had fallen. And as I did face is thus obviated. so my eyes fell on the telegraphic col-

The reduction of cost of transit of persons and freight by lower prices for liveries and for hauling would be beneficial, and, as transportation is a large element of cost to umn of a newspaper and it was headed All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight. And, oh, how truthful it was! It was certainly all quiet, with me and with

transportation is a large element of cost to every one not a producer, good roads would much cheapen living. The cost of transporting products or of hauling to market is by tenfold the highest tax now paid by our farmers and hucksters. The cost of highway transportation over the properly built roads of France does not exceed one-third the like expense in the United States it being common in the rural him whom I loved as a brother. "I could not hold shedding a tear, and my thoughts reverted to his home, his wife and his children and to the falsehood told by those whose guest 1 had been and whose treachery had caused his death, and they grew bitter, and a demon of vengeaned arose in my heart which was not stilled until the white United States, it being common in the rural districts of France to haul three tons, and in the cities from three to five tons, net freight, with one horse

dove of peace that spread her snowy pinions over the whole face of the land, and the bombshell rolled across the In this way the good road saves the farmer each year much more than its cost, and we may ignore the increased pleasure in its use. If two horses haul the load of four, one wagon of two, one set of harness of two, one driver serve for two, and if six miles instead "When morning dawned the words of that newspaper were burned in my of three be passed per hour, the aggregate saving would double the net income of the brain. They rang in my cars and were

painted on every scene that met my view. I put my friend's effects together average huckster or farmer. average buckster or tarmer. Land values are increased by improved roads. This effects (1) Increased assessment and taxes on lands abutting because most benefited. (2) This increased assessment re-duces per cent of tax and tax on lands not abutting, and which are hence less benefited. -his letters, sword, hat and all-and expressed them to his wife, with a true and perfect description of his death. And while I stood beside his cold form and gazed at his marble face and glazed

There are three things worth saving-Time, Trouble and money-and De Witt's Little Early Risers will save them for you. These little pills will save you time, as they ever feel in this shadowy vale. I penned the outlines of the poem then and there. act promptly. They will save you trouble as they cause ho pain. They will save you money as they economize doctor's bills but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and surcastic. I read the crude copy to Orderly Sergeant W. W.

The first record taken by American astronomers of an eclipse was on Long Island on October 27, 1780.

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