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THE LONG PEACE SINCE 1865.



Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy wings to the sunshine of love! Come, while our voices are blended in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-torn dove; Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove; Speed o'er the far sounding billows of song, Crowned with thine olive leaf garland of love, Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

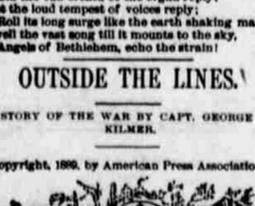
Brothers, we meet on this altar of truth, Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee, Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine, Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea, Meadow and mountain, forest and sea, Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine; Sweeter the incense we offer to thee, Brothers, once more, round this altar of truth.

Angel of Bethlehem, answer the strain! Hark! a new birth song is filling the sky, Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main; Bid the full breath of the organ peep; Let the loud tempest of voices reply; Roll the vast surge like the earth shaking main; Roll the vast surge till it mounts to the sky, Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

OUTSIDE THE LINES.

A STORY OF THE WAR BY CAPT. GEORGE L. KILMER.

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In a village cemetery on the lower border of Pennsylvania there are two graves, strangely connected, that are visited each Devotion day by a Grand Army comrade and his little family group—two graves with a history.

The Union army had driven the Confederate invaders from northern soil in the Gettysburg campaign and followed their flying columns across the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. One day, while passing along the turnpike among the rich farms of Orange county, Sergt. Everett Andros, of the Twentieth, was stationed with a guard at the entrance to a farm lane—common in the South—leading from the road to the house. Around the farm there were signs of life, a thing unusual in Virginia, whenever the Union army passed by. When the sergeant and his men took the post they saw a young woman sitting under a tree near the road, and two children playing near. To these spectators the army moving past, horsemen, footmen, heavy cannon, drawn by stout, sleek teams, was a holiday show, but what ever their thoughts, they looked on in silence.

The general had given Andros' guard orders to permit no soldier to go to the house. The tedious tramp of the army went on for hours, and sometimes the soldiers, chafing at their fatigue and privations, tried to pass at the gate or to climb the fence above or below the guard. When they were stopped they gave surlily retorts for the interference.

"Humph! You're afraid we'll take something from these 'seesh,' 'one would say. Another would add: 'Serves 'em right if we do.' But the guards would motion them sternly to move on. Sometimes these rough words, though aimed at the guards, were meant for the young woman, and through her the people of her class. But the keenest sallies passed unheeded by the one whose watching as the hours dragged seemed to be a weary vigil, for curiosity must tire out at last. Could the long lines of soldiers hold some special attraction for her?

At last the sergeant, through pity for the defenseless maiden and her wards, and to spare the temper of his men, walked along the road opposite the watcher, touched his cap in salute, and said:

"Pardon me, miss, but I think you ought to leave this spot. You are exposed here."

A gentle lifting of the eyes was the only sign that the words were heard. Another ally from some soldier whom the guard put away with force gave point to the warning, and Andros repeated it in the same friendly tone, adding: "You will be called a rebel, and, perhaps, a spy." Still no other than a nervous turning of the face to ward the speaker and a quick withdrawal for her eyes at the instant had been fixed sharply upon the ranks in the road. The regiment passing was the — Pennsylvania. The men rolled and jostled along, giving vent in sallies of repartee, or song, or complaints at the day's long march. But there was one of the number who did not join in the rally or the complaint. Could he have been seen before the column reached this point marked changes would have been noted in his actions. Now, his eyes would roam over the country, and again rest in the thick dusty wool under foot. When his rank came abreast of the lane, this soldier, a private in the line, held his head bent like the weariest of his fellows, but at the moment the guard was wrangling with some burling ruffian, who struggled and got in at the gateway, and when the silent marcher looked up on the outcry, his eyes met those of the young woman. Both blushed, and he turned and hurried on. Quickly now the other called the children to her and led them to the house. Andros supposed the last scene between the guard and the would be forger had shown the stubborn miss that the roadside was no place for her.

All that happened here was unusual. Where the army marched or camped the citizens asked the commanders for house guards, or one was sent unasked. But this young woman, relying, it seemed, on her own presence by the road, had not asked for protection, and her conduct had left no room for suspicion that she might be friendly with the enemy. Secession women invariably stayed indoors when muskets were about.

Twilight came on, the army continued its tramp. The guards began to wonder if they were to be kept at this station all night, when the shuffling, shambling form of a negro was seen in the lane. Now for news, thought the guard, for the negroes were the unfailing sources of local knowledge, and it was often good news to the soldiers to know what river or road their camp was on, or even the names of farmers and planters round about. When the negro neared the gate he stopped, cap in hand, and eyed the soldier pacing with his gun. The sergeant called him to come on, but he stood in his tracks and stammered the words, "Y-y-oung miss sent me!" The guard halted. Andros drew near. "Young miss sent me to say, 'Please come to do house!'"

"Who is your young miss, Sambo?"

"She named Miss Ellwood, sah. Ole miss 's named Ellwood, too, sah. But I no Sambo. I no name, Patrick Henry, sah."

"Patrick Henry Ellwood of course?"

"Oh, no, mah, I no Ellwood, sah. I belong to Mistah Mars Seyton."

"Where's your master?" said Andros, sharply.

"My mah, sah! Ole mah's dead, sah. Young mahs done gone. Dunno, sah, which he done gone, sah."

Andros knew that he could not get full details from a negro at once, and as there were no white men on the place he shouldered his musket and went to extend his acquaintance at Ellwood farm.

"Ole Miss," he learned on the way, was head mistress, and had been twice widowed. The last master, Col. Ellwood, had been killed in the Confederate army. A son of the first master, Capt. Seyton, was now in that army, and still another son, owner, as laws had said, of Patrick Henry and one or two more on the place, was a wanderer.

"Mars Ellwood and my Mars Edward nevy could get on together," the old man said sadly. "Young Miss," Evadne called Eva by the negroes, was an Ellwood, having been a minor when she received a step father.

The lane opened into a wide lawn, with a garden and yard and a path ran from the track to a side door. As he passed the front of the house—an old style, cross shaped mansion—Andros saw that rough bars were nailed over doors and windows, giving a very deserted look. The back part was open and the negro went to the doorway of a room between the parlor and kitchen. Now the heroine of the occasion stepped out on the porch, and by a simple nod and gesture, showed the soldier a seat by the door. Andros saluting, said, "No, miss, I am on duty. How can I serve you?" He spoke with studied coldness. Without confusion or change of color, the other said, "You are certainly welcome. I sent you because I wish to know if there was no guard here at the lane?"

"N—no, mah'm, no must about it unless you wish. May I ask why?" She thought a moment and finally said: "There is no objection to a guard, yet it might be unpleasant." The speaker was a type of fair haired, candid womanhood, a winner of notice rather by her manner than by physical beauty, with which, however, she was richly endowed. She was earnest, and inclined now to be confidential, and continued: "I regret you cannot rest yourself here motioning to the broad seat, you soldiers seem to be always in motion, and I have something to tell you."

There were no white people in sight excepting the fragile young woman, but from windows and doors and the corners of houseward sheds, the shining faces of the slaves peered out curiously. Andros was assured by this that no enemies lurked at hand or the negroes would be in hiding. He sat down and Miss Ellwood drew a chair in front as though to screen him from prying eyes, and other said: "I beg a favor, and that of you certainly. It is too trifling, too selfish a matter to take to your generals, busy with other cares." Such frankness was itself winning, and Andros answered: "I shall serve you if I can and do my duty."

"You can be true to duty," she said. "I have a friend, a near friend, in your army whom I wish to have come here, to-night, if possible, or the next night, and it may be, afterward."

Andros arose, nervously, but the other, not noticing his mood, continued: "There is a family secret at the bottom of this and I can go no farther now; but I can summon him through our people, if you will direct them to his camp, and let him come and go—yes, you shall come with him if that will answer duty better."

He was all soldier now, and searching the face before him, said, brusquely, "In what regiment does your friend serve?"

"The — Pennsylvania."

"I'll keep you secret, and if I can—that is, if my men stay on at the road, I will let you meet at least on my post, but I promise nothing beyond that."

With a touch of his cap he drew his gun to his shoulder and hurried to his post. When it was fully dark the old negro came shambling along again, a negro lad holding a lantern in front of him. Andros directed them to the camp of the — Pennsylvania, and then repeated the orders to his men to allow no one to pass between the house and the army lines. There was danger in Andros' course, for he had fairly taken it on himself to guard the farm from rascally camp prowlers, and also taken risks on the exposure of army secrets by allowing intercourse of civilians with soldiers. But he believed that the woman was true and that harsh rules might be evaded in rare cases.

Some time after the camp had become quiet, the negro and the boy came across lots beyond the road, and halted at the gate for a sign to enter. Andros was hailed and he opened the gate, and the old man passed on as silent as a funeral mourner. A cunning negro knows how to be mum when something dear to him is afoot. Before midnight the sergeant, armed, and a stranger in uniform, but without a gun, stood at the door of Ellwood house. The stranger tapped softly and repeated the orders to his men to allow no one to pass between the house and the army lines. There was danger in Andros' course, for he had fairly taken it on himself to guard the farm from rascally camp prowlers, and also taken risks on the exposure of army secrets by allowing intercourse of civilians with soldiers. But he believed that the woman was true and that harsh rules might be evaded in rare cases.

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"Scoundrel! I ought to run you through! At any rate I'll have you arrested as a spy."

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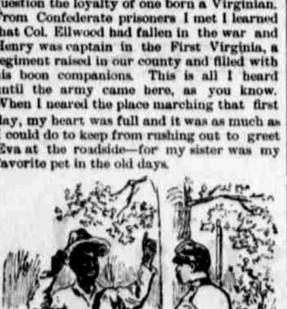
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"First hear my story. I was born in that house, a slave holder's son. My brother, Henry Seyton, was a wild fellow, but generous, noble and true. Father died and Henry became half fellow with the popular set of the county, greatly to the regret of my mother. My stepfather, Col. Ellwood, who was also foster uncle, was a genuine southerner, conservative and set in purpose. I went north to school, and in 1861, on reaching age, I sent a writ of manumission to the slaves I had inherited, and all but the old family hands left the place. I did not write to the folks after the war began, except to say that I had enlisted for the Union and to warn them not to know me in case fortune took me to these parts, as something might arise to question the loyalty of one born a Virginian. From Confederate prisoners I met I learned that Col. Ellwood had fallen in the war and Henry was captain in the First Virginia, a regiment raised in our county and filled with his best companions. This is all I heard until the army came here, as you know. When I neared the place marching that first day, my heart was full and it was as much as I could do to keep from rushing out to greet Eva at the roadside—for my sister was my favorite pet in the old days.

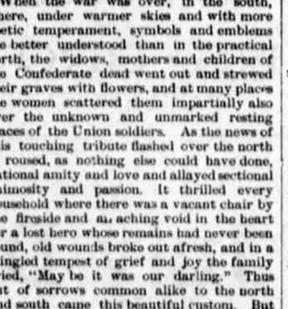
"I see you are excited and I suppose some strange thing has happened. I know it was to come, but it is all right as I told you it would be. There has been no treachery and no harm done."

"But what are you to those—persons?"

"Brother and son!"

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"DUNNO, SAH!"

"When I went with you that night, as soon as the greetings were over, I learned that a third principal was in the house—Capt. Seyton, First Virginia—living in hiding under barred doors. He was a fugitive from death sentence by laws of war for a crime against my own government."

"And you dare involve me?"

"Wait! I beg, My brother would never

Who are and Where Live Fortune's Voters.

It will gratify the community to hear the result of the 23rd grand monthly drawing on Tuesday, May 14, 1889, of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, La. Ticket No. 50-416 drew the first capital prize of \$300,000. It was sold in fractional parts of twentieths at \$1 each, sent to M. A. Daupin, New Orleans, La. Two were paid to the First National bank of St. Paul, Minn.; one to Alex. Tafaureau, 152 Chartres street, New Orleans; one to Alfred and Margaret Prior, San Francisco; one to Wm. S. Johnson, Boston, Mass.; one to a correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank of San Francisco; one to a depositor New Orleans National bank of New Orleans; one to David Simmons, 117 Charlotte street, Peoria, Ill.; and the remainder elsewhere. No. 38,847 drew the second capital prize of \$100,000, also sold in fractional twentieths at \$1; one was paid to F. B. Baird, Lakeside building, Chicago, Ill.; one to a party through the United States Express company, Chicago; one to F. Paglino, care A. S. Blake, 309 Canal street, New York City; one to First National bank of Detroit; one to Horace Bidwell, engine 11, and Patrick Donovan, foreman engine 17, Buffalo, N.Y.; one to L. M. Fry, Weatherford, Tex.; one to Anglo-California bank, San Francisco; one to G. C. Goodrich, Baltimore Md., etc. Ticket No. 34,281 drew the third prize, \$50,000, also sold in fractional parts at \$1 each: one was paid to Rudolph Bloomquist, Chicago; one to T. H. Nowack, Seely, Tex.; one to J. Considine, Villa Rica, Ga.; one to First National bank of Honey Grove, Tex.; one to Edwin Esteves, St. Bernard Parish, La.; one to L. Adler, care F. J. Senthall, Grass & Miller, Chicago; one to National City bank, New York City; one to the Anglo-California bank of San Francisco, etc. The next grand monthly drawing takes place on Tuesday (always Tuesday), July 16, when a similar scheme of prizes will be offered to those who tempt fortune.

How He Became Famous.

The Walker, Iowa, News says: "Our old friend, Robert Baird of Muscatine, Iowa, has been secret of the State senate, and an active politician for years, but was never generally known until he had the colic and used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and got into one of their advertisements. 'Now he is famous.' Here is what Mr. Baird said: 'While in Des Moines I was taken with a severe attack of bowel complaint. For two days I suffered intensely, trying several drug stores and paying them for relief, but in vain. I finally bought a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and two doses of it brought me out all right. I consider it a grand remedy all right.' 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by O. I. Shrader, druggist.

Fourth of July Excursions.

For the Fourth of July celebrations the Union Pacific Railway, 'The Overland Route,' will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from all stations at which tickets are sold to any other point on its lines within 200 miles.

Excursion tickets will be sold July 3d and 4th, good going on date of sale, and good returning until July 5th, inclusive.

A large number of cities and towns on the line of the Union Pacific railway are preparing to celebrate the coming Fourth of July in an elaborate manner and will offer a very enjoyable program for the entertainment of their guests.

These special excursion rates are given in order that you may take your family and friends to any of the numerous points of interest and assist in the various celebrations.

For detailed rates, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address any ticket agent of the Union Pacific Railway.

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Should call and see our Goods and Spring Novelties and Ornaments for the head. All the latest shapes in Bangs Switches, etc.

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