

A POWDER MINE HERO.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

How a Common Soldier Accomplished an Undertaking Without Parallel in the Annals of Military Mining—Running an Awful Risk.

When the civil war burst upon the country, in 1861, the miners of the upper Schuylkill region, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, made up a regiment, the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Reserve. In the ranks of Company K was Harag Reese, a young man without pretensions but filled with quiet ardor that does not flash and fade.

Reese was yet but a common soldier, although he had won the chevrons of a sergeant, one rank below an officer. When Grant brought the army to the trenches before Petersburg, he had spent ten days trying to carry this position by regular assault, and at the rate we were being men we could throw them all away and make no progress.

It was all a blunder to begin with, but Reese fixed upon a plan and hid it before his superiors, promising that the actual labor of the mine should be performed at all hazards.

Finally he enlisted the colonel of the regiment, and that officer, being an engineer, approved the scheme, and had sufficient influence to get permission from headquarters to begin the tunnel. But it was a permission only. The higher powers did not furnish implements nor extend any encouragement.

Reese and about a score of his fellows took some common carpenter tools, with earth in small quantities, and at night carried it away out of sight of the enemy. As the tunnel grew in length the work became more difficult.

The space between the Union and Confederate lines under which they were tunneling was occupied by sharpshooters, and all day and all night, whenever the air was clear, the bullets did their deadly work whenever a soldier exposed a target.

The fear of detection from the ground overhead also compelled the men to work in the smallest shaft without air from the surface. The smallest aperture could not be made overhead without danger of its being found by some Confederate scout or picket.

The soul of the enterprise at this hour of discouragement was Reese, who labored almost incessantly with the men and smoothed over every obstacle, and silenced every doubt. The distance to be covered was over 500 feet, and such an undertaking had no precedent in mining annals.

At the end of the first half of the shaft the tunnelers ran upon a bed of quicksand and it was impossible to work through it, for it would cave in and fill up the shaft as fast as men could shovel it out. The work stopped for a time. The surface of the earth above was a thick layer of clay, and Reese thought that by curving the shaft upward until the clay was its roof he could cross the sand bed and then descend to a depth to bring them underneath the fort.

The commanding general complimented the mine and complimented the faithful miner for his triumph. From that time forward the generals began to have soldiers and cannon ready to advance over the wreck immediately after the explosion and secure the heights that protected Petersburg. The enthusiasm of Reese extended over the regiment at last, and willing workers came from every company to help the hazardous enterprise along.

enemy, for although mining is resorted to in all wars it is outlawed by the recognized code, and miners, like spies, forfeit their lives if caught. Again, the enemy might detect the work here and place torpedoes with magazines in the way of the tunnelers.

At length the estimated distance had been tunneled and chambers were prepared for the explosives. The commander of the army had put his forces in readiness to go forward, and all the attention was fixed upon this point. The patience of the leaders wasat full strain; the workmen in the mine were exhausted, while yet they were jubilant over the completion of the task.

Now 20,000 men with cavalry and batteries were placed in waiting, and at last it seemed as though by a master stroke Lee's powerful walls and armament would be delivered to a useless mass.

The hour for the explosion wasat daylight. The army and every leader in it was awake waiting for the great event. The minute hand moved on fifteen, twenty minutes, and the explosion did not come. Reese had lit the fuse. Gen. Grant, the most anxious of them all, went personally to the quarters of Gen. Meade to know the cause of delay.

Half a ton of powder was packed in cells beneath the fort and a fuse running through a powder trough was burning slowly toward the fatal spot.

At 4:30 Gen. Meade's message was repeated, and at 4:35 one came still more urgent stating that Gen. Grant was waiting to know if the mine could not be exploded in order to determine other projects of assault. Following that, within a minute, came an order from Gen. Grant to make an assault regardless of the mine. Gen. Meade put it in this shape:

A group of the miners huddled at the mouth of the shaft, and with them Reese, the first to put spade to the work and the last to come out after the magazines were filled and fire put to fuse.

Reese drew his soldier's clasp dirk, and turning to a fellow, said: "I am going into the mine. If it don't blow up give me time to reach the last splice, and then you come to me with fresh fuse and twine."

He goes into the tunnel with resolute equanimity, following up the tortuous streak of black ashes that show that the fuse is burning its way toward that train of flashing powder which opens to the sulphur chambers beyond.

What a toy of elements is a human creature in such moments! Reese knows this. A man who handles powder cannot for one instant lose the keen consciousness of its quick and terrible power when the connecting flash is struck.

The delay of burning had been caused by a splice in the cord where it had been wound so tightly that the fire could not get through. He made a new, short fuse for quick work, reit the flashing string and escaped to the mouth of the tunnel just as the magazine exploded, its chambers carrying everything up with it and spreading a mass of ruins where the armament of Lee had stood grim and threatening in the morning light.

Weddings in Colonial Days were usually celebrated quietly at the home of the bride. With the increase of wealth there was a marked change in this respect. Not only were the banns proclaimed in the church, but a general invitation was given from the pulpit to attend the ceremony.

Mrs. Langtry's Business Ways. Mrs. Langtry's attention to business details has often been commented upon, but it is not generally known how indefatigable she really is at work.

The White Cow. Four-year-old little Edith, after seeing many red and brown and black and parti-colored cows, suddenly noticed one that wore an unbroken coat of white.

ST. BERNARD'S MONKS.

A MIDSUMMER VISIT TO THEIR FAMOUS ALPINE HOSPICE.

The Benevolent Work of the Brotherhood—Hospitality That Knows Neither Race Nor Creed—A Look at the Dogs, The Charnel House.

A moment later, turning a bend in the gorge, we saw the hospice. Mount St. Bernard, a mass of solid gray stone against the purple sky, unutterably lonely, weird, desolate among these high rocks, belouud cataracts and snow-capped mountains.

Our first impression of the hospice was of some ruined chateau. There were beggars hanging on the outskirts and paupers gathered about the arched doorway; young boys, whose faces of healthy men of the world re- turned from the hunt with guns and game bags, guides, young Englishmen "tramping it" through the Alps, and wanderers like ourselves, all alike welcomed by the great glowing lantern which sheds its rays far into the pass on either side.

Le Pere Joseph Laisier was in charge. Young, full of action, energy written in every line of his face beneath the long black cassock, he came forward to meet us, and had been invited guests to his own home, he could not have welcomed us more graciously. And yet, as he did so, he had not an idea where he should place us for the night. He asked us to wait a moment, and turned away, rubbing his chin with a perplexed look.

But the charm of all came later, when, gathering around the flaming logs, listening to the crackling of pine cones, the Pere Laisier told us of their winter life, the dreariness of their daily search for travelers, when all the wayfarers are poor, when cold is in the air, and the snow of great depth, and the dangers from storms even to the living.

The Angelus wakened us at 5 the following morning, and we heard the monks chanting their morning prayers. Later we found the monks, as a healthy man of the world would judge with the brothers. Thus it was arranged, and we found ourselves in the rooms of honor, comfortably furnished, and with beautiful St. Bernard dogskin rugs about the floors.

From here we went to pay our respects to the dogs, whose kennels are well worth seeing. The great white furred—black of feet and dark, deep eyes—were rolling about among the hay. The dogs have almost intelligent faces, great, soft eyes and a gentle manner.

The last memory of St. Bernard haunts us still. A little way from the hospice stands a small stone building surmounted by a cross. This is the morgue—the receptacle for bodies found in the snow. Some supposed it to be the place where the unfortunate until decent burial might be given them, and urged by our guide to visit the place we entered when, to our horror, we found the place literally paved with human bones.

A Little member of a Boston household has been greatly wrought up by the advent of a litter of kittens, and particularly excited over the drowning of the nest of them. The question as to which should be permitted to live and which consigned to a watery grave had been long discussed, and the decision had left an indelible impression on the little fellow's mind.

Four-year-old little Edith, after seeing many red and brown and black and parti-colored cows, suddenly noticed one that wore an unbroken coat of white. "Oh, see there!" she exclaimed; "there's a cow they didn't paint."—Harper's Bazar.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Story of the Burdell Murder—How Frank Leslie Made a Big Hit.

I was chatting the other day with Stephen H. Horgan on the subject of illustrated journalism. Mr. Horgan is a great enthusiast on that subject. He was for ten years connected with The Graphic and the process used on that publication for making pictures so rapidly was his invention.

But just as the collapse seemed unavoidable Dr. Burdell, a popular New York dentist, was found brutally murdered in Mrs. Cunningham's house in Bond street, in which he boarded and where his office was. Murders were not frequent in those days, and consequently it was the talk of the whole city the next day.

Another incident of Leslie's happy stroke was this: Chief of Police Matsell owed The Police Gazette at the time. When he saw what a hit Leslie had made he immediately transferred Leslie's pictures to new blocks, had them re-engraved and reproduced them in his own paper.

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