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 alarm burst upon the country, in 1861, the miners of the upper Schuylkill region, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, made up a regiment, the Fortycighth Pennsylvania Reserve. In the ranks of Company K was Haray Reese, a young man without pretentions but filled with that quiet ardor that does not flash and fade. The Forty-eighth served in the early battles of Virginia and in the southwest, in Mississippi and Tennessee, and when the siege of Peters burg began, in June, 1864, the ranks of its thousand stalwart miners had been thinned out by bullets and the hardships of camp and march to a couple of hundred, and these, though bronzed and soldierly looking, were not the men of 1861, for fever and privation make waste with the strongest bodies.

Reese was yet but a common soldier, although he had won the chevrons of a ser geant, one rank below an office. When Grant brought the army to the trenches before Petersburg that summer the ten little bands of the Forty-eighth, numbering about swenty men each, were placed in the front line, opposite the most important fort the Confederates had for the protection of the city. It had cost our army 15,000 men to get up near that fort, and if it could be destroyed it was believed that we could march into Petersburg. We had spent ten days trying to carry the position by regular assault, and at the rate we were losing men we could throw them all away and make no progress. These miners were so far front that they could hear the enemy talk in their works, and one dayor night, rather-a sort of neighborly conneil was held in the camp of the Forty-eighth, and some one proposal to destroy the stubborn stronghold that blocked the way by digging a tunnel from their works to a point right under the fort and exploding a powder magazine there that would tear all above it to

A PLAN PROPOSED. It was all bluster to begin with, but Sergt. Reese caught up the idea earnestly. He fixed upon a plan and laid it before his superiors, promising that the actual labor of the mine should be performed at all hazards. Finally he calisted 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 permission only. The higher powers did not furnish implements nor extend any encouragement. Reese and about a score of his fellows took some common camp tools, with empty cracker boxes for barrows, and dug the earth in small quantities, and at night carried it away out was greater bulk of earth to conceal, and the shaft was dark and close. It would not do to open an air shaft to the surface above them, because the Confederates who occupied the ground would discover it and defeat the

The space between the Union and Confederate lines under which they were tunneling was occupied by sharpshooters, and all day and at night, whenever the air was clear, the bullets did their deadly work whenever a soldier exposed a target. The amount of matter taken out of the excavation was 18,000 cubic feet, over 500 cubic feet for every rod, and all of this had to be concealed as fast as it came out by filling it into little ravines and sunken spots behind the works. And then the movement had to be held a secret away from all Union soldiers that were not in the mining party, because these men were frequently captured on the outposts and the enemy could force some weak prisoner to let out his secret information,

AN AWFUL UNDERTAKING. The fear of detection from the ground overhead also compelled the men to work in the close shaft without air from the surface. The smallest aperture could not be made overhead without danger of its being found by some Confederate scouts or pickets. All of the fresh air let into the tunnel came through a weoden tube running from the mouth of the shaft and having a partition so arranged as to carry a foul air current away and bring in a supply of fresh air, and the circulating movement was kept up by a fire burned constantly at the mouth of the shaft to set the air in motion. This contrivance was a help, but for all that the miners became faint from the fatigue and foul air, and the hard work disabled them in about two hours, and they had to go into the tunnel in reliefs and be cheered and encouraged at every step. It had looked easier on the start than it really proved to be to ran a shaft so far into the earth without ventilation and without me-

chanical appliances. The soul of the enterprise at this hour of discouragement was Reese, who labored almost incessnatly 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. The experienced engineers of the army laughed at it and the generals in ruins where the armament of Lee had stood command refused to commit themselves to it until its projectors should prove its feasibility, and that could be done in this case by | York Mail and Express. the fact accomplished only.

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. This delicate work was accomplished by Reese almost alone. The possibility of being heard by the Confederates up over them while they worked close to that shell of a roof made this the most difficult of all the operations. In fact the work was heard, and the enemy sent out men to probe the ground with long pikes, but our own marksmen bothered them so much with bullets that they failed to get their pikes into

THE COMMANDER'S COMPLIMENT.

The commanding general now visited 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 immedistely 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. The immediate dangers were many, for the miners had reached the first line of Confederate breastworks where there were hundreds of men and cannon and horses over them, besides the concussion of the heavy cannonading continually shaking the whole region like the tremors of an earthwhole region like the tremors of an earthquake. Should the earth cave in upon the
miners they would be beyond reach of succor
from our line, and any who survived would
be liable to execution at the hands of the

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. Countermining was begun for this purpose while the miners were working under the main fort, but the shafts made by the Confederates were about twenty feet out of the way and failed to detect the stealthy labors going on so close at hand.

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 was at full strain; the workmen in the mine were exhausted, while yet they were jubilant over the comple-tion of the task. Suddenly it was seen that a mistake in measurement of about nine yards had placed the chambers outside the Confederate fort, and not under it. The enterprise would fail. So sensitive were all concerned because of the criticisms and ridicule the strange project had called forth that there was not an officer with the moral courage to face the chiefs and reveal the unwelcome truth. Reese got men pledged for another effort and then went to headquarters and asked for three days to complete the extensions. The new difficulty shattered the faith of the generals, but the work was finished ahead of time and the powder was laid, and thus a second time Reese had saved the whole

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 shivered to a useless mass. Petersburg would fall, and the goal of three years' campaigning around Richmond would be reached, for Richmond and Petersburg must stand or fail together.

A MOMENT OF DREAD. The hour for the explosion was at daylight. The army and every lender 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. The morning's full light would reveal to Lee these massed columns, and the movement of surprise would be forestalled. Gen. Meado sent two nids to Gen. Burnside, in command of the line at the mine, and at 4:15 a. m. he telegraphed over a special field wire laid for the occasion. The dispatch read:

"Is there any difficulty in exploding the mine? It is three-quarters of an hour late." 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. The long fuse had been spliced and might burn unevenly. A delay of even ten minutes now could defeat all. At 4:20 Gen. Meado'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 of sight of the enemy. As the tunnel grow in from Gen, Grant to make an assault regardlength the work became more difficult. There | less of the mine. Gen. Meade put it in this

"The commanding general directs, if your mine has failed, that you make assault at

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. The mine was now his-his if it should fail, his to be ridicaled, to be a byword and a gazing stock. Fail! It had failed! Daylight was upon us; the enemy was arousing; his men, under arms, were walking about across the lines only 100 rods

INTO THE HORRIBLE PIT. 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

He goes into the tunnel with resolute caution, following up the telltale 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. Any second the fire may reach there and set the whole mine aflame, letting the little world overhead down into this horrible pit. At last, just ahead of him, the brave miner sees the uncharged fuse; it may have a fire spark or not; one fire spark hid den in that powder cord is enough to set the train ablaze and engulf him in tongues of flame, giving him a tomb beyond the reach of

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. He knows all, yet presses on, reaches far ahead, and with a blow of his sharp blade severs the cord; danger for that moment is over.

The delay of burning had been caused by a splice in the cord where it had been wound so tightly that the fire couldn not eat through freely. He made a new, short fuse for quick work, relit 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 grim and threatening in the morning light a moment before.—George L Kilmer in New

Weddings in Colonial Days,

Weddings in early 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. Friends and neighbors were entertained with a lavish hospitality at the bride's house. On the wedding day muskets were fired, and those who attended the ceremony marched in procession to the bride's home. The wedding feasts lasted sometimes for two or three days. At a grand wedding in New London, on the day after the marriage ninety-two, ladies and gentlemen, it is said, proceeded to dance ninety-two jigs, flity-two contra dances, forty-five minuets and seventeen hornpipes. -History of Connecticut,

Mrs. Langtry's Eusiness Ways. Ars. Langtry's attention to business details has often been commented upon, but it is not generally known how indefatigable she really is at times. When the curtain is down between the acts, and the Lily has finished dressing, she has her maid tuck up her skirts, cover her with white aprons, and then she comes onto the stage, gives directions right and left, but in the mildest of tones, and often places a piece of furniture or a bit of bric-abrac where it will show to the best advantage.-Boston Transcript.

The White Cow.

ST. BERNARD'S MONKS.

A MIDSUMMER VISIT TO THEIR FAMOUS ALPINE HOSPICE.

The Benevolent Work of the Brotherhood-Hospitality That Knows Neither Eace Nor Creed-A Look at the Dogs. The Charnel House.

A moment later, turning a bend in the gorge,

we saw the hospice of Mount St. Bernard, a mass of cold gray stone against the purple sky, unutterably lonely, weird, desolate among those bald rocks, icebound cataracts and snow capped mountains. This was the middle of summer, and we were shivering from head to foot. What must it be in winter. The brotherhood consists of about forty members, the inmates of this monastery being fifteen or twenty Augustine monks, most of them under 30. Some looked mere boys. After fifteen years of service the severity of the climate undermines their constitutions, and they are compelled to descend to milder climates below. Their office is to receive and lodge strangers gratuitously and to render assistance to travelers in danger during the snowy season, which here lasts about nine months. In this work of benevolence they are aided by the famous St. Bernard dogs, whose keen sense of smell enables them to track and discover travelers buried in the snow, numbers of whom are rescued by these noble animals,

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 Italians with packs on their backs, mountaineers returned 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. I was not astonished when the young priest told me later that often they have ledged 600 strangers of a night under that hospitable roof.

"Le Pere Joseph Luisier" was in charge. Young, full of action, energy written in every line of the figure beneath the long black cassock, he came forward to meet us courteously. Had he been a wealthy man of the world receiving 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 looked. He soon returned, running lightly down the stone stairs. This quick step was characteristic of the man, as was also the merriest laugh I ever heard, with which he explained his perplexities. It had stormed the two preeeding days; some Italian priests on their way to France were spending a few days. Every nook and corner was full, but these priests had offered us their apartments and would lodge 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. They sent us dry shoes and stocking offered hot drinks, and right royally received the American strangers.

But the charm of all came later, when, gathering around the flaming logs, listening to the crackling of pine cones, the Pere Luisier told us of their winter life, the dreariness of their lone vigils, the thrilling adventures of their daily search for travelers, when all the wayfarers are poor, when cold is intense, the snow of great depth, and the dangers from storms even threatening their strong monastery. We went to our rooms trembling with excitement and crept under the elder down quilts, thankful that ours was only a twenty-four hours' stay in this deso-

The Angelus wakened us at 5 the following morning, and we heard the monks chanting their morning prayers. Later we found the chapel open and mass being said. The Italian priests were here gorgeous in searlet and white lace, and a few poor wayfarers kneeled on the prie dieus telling their beads. It was wonderfully solemn, and when one of the brothers, having finished his celebration in a side chapel, entered the organ loft, and the deep tones of music filled the entire monastery, I felt that his soul must indeed be satisfied, his life complete in the wonderful harmony. The vaulted corridors reverberated the chords, and long after the chapel was empty and matins over, the young priest sat as if inspired, and we heard the music still as we passed on down the path and crossed the boundary into Italy, the limit between Switzerland and Italy being marked by the two national shields cut into the rocks side by side and above a Roman column inscribed with curious figures and signs. On the adjacent Plaine de Jupiter once rose the temple to Juniter Poeninus, and later the Romans erected a hospice there, about 100 B. C., on the site of which have been found many very beautiful coins and relies. This collection, in the library of the hospice, well repaid the time we gave to it, as did also the vellum bound manuscripts and rare old books we

From here we went to pay our respects to the dogs, whose kennels are well worth seeing. The great awkward pupples-balls of soft yellow and white fur-were rolling about among the hay. The dogs have almost intelligent faces, great, soft eyes and a gentle manner. They looked as if they cons. prehended their mission in life and were ready for it. Each knew his name and answered to it readily, crouching low beside his master or standing erect for service as the call directed. They were indeed glorious

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 receptable for bodies found in the snow. We supposed it to be like other morgues we had seen, a temporary resting place for the unfortunates until decent buriel might be given them, and many cases it has been observed simultaurged by our guide to visit the place we neously by a number of persons. The turned from our path cases the snow to evidence supporting its practicability is in enter when, to our ho. for, we found the fact incontrovertible. Unfortunately, howplace literally paved with human bones; and there, in their dark, cold cells they stood erect, ghostly frozen creature, just as they had been found, their earthly belongings plishes the feat. Possibly the true inwardstill clinging to them-the cold of winter and the heat of summer alike impotent to alter their last rigid smile, till time in the centu- duced in quantities to order.—Rene Bache in ries to come will turn them back to dust, like those of their fellows beneath their feetthe dust of mortality—fine as the finest pow-der, light almost as air. We shuddered as we turned away. It is so uncanny to keep them there unburied .- Cor. New York Sun.

An Echo of Papa's Thoughts. A little member of a Boston household has been greatly wrought up by the advent of a litter of kittens, and particularly exercised over the drowning of the most 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 old little Edith, after seeing low's mind. Some days after, the family of Boston Journal of Education. which he is a member was augmented by the

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 or 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. Conversation on the Dr. Burdell murder case brought the sub-

"Few people know that the Burdell case did more toward making the American illus trated newspaper a success than even the civil war," Mr. Horgan said. "In 1853 P. T. Barnum bought The Illustrated New York News; but, notwithstanding the vast capital behind the enterprise, the paper didn't take, and only one volume was published. The foreman of the engraving department was Henry Carter, afterward known as Frank Leslie. Carter, or Leslie, still had faith in an illustrated paper, and on Dec. 14, 1855, he issued the first number of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. It was not profitable.

"But Leslie had a faculty for sharing his own hopeful spirit with his creditors. In this way he managed to keep the concern going until the winter of 1857, which promised to be an exceedingly cold one for him. Some of the artist and engravers had gone without salaries for a month, the paper men were threatening they would deliver no more paper, and there were signs on all sides that 'Leslie's' would follow its predocessors and another wreck be added to the attempts at an illustrated paper.

"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.

"That morning Mr. Berghaus, Leslie's chief artist, got into the Bond street house and sketched the murdered man as he was found the disordered room, the blood tracks on the stairs, and, in fact, everything about the premises. He rushed down to the office, and Leslie saw at once it would be an opportunity to demonstrate to the public the value of an illustrated paper. He impressed the artists, engravers, paper men, in fact everyone whose help he needed, with this idea. In a few hours he had every available artist and engraver in the city working on his wood blocks, and in twenty-four he had them on the press and the first copies of his extra edition were being rushed out on the street,

"The paper sold quicker than the proverbial 'hot cakes' and he printed an edition of 200,600 copies to supply the domand. Having awakened a widespread interest in the case, he followed it up each week with pictures illustrating every event down to the acquittal of Mrs, Cunningham, who had been accused of that crime. Leslie would have made a fortune out of it had he not been so deeply in debt, but he settled with his creditors and was enabled to put his paper on such a solid foundation that it has stood many financial storms since.

"Another incident of Leslie's happy stroke was this; Chief of Police Matsell owned The Police Gazette at that 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, This brought about a quarrel between Leslie and Matsell, which ended in Leslie copyrighting his paper, a custom which has prevailed among illustrated journals ever since,"-McDonald in Buffalo

The Ameer Punishes an Alarmist.

Some strange stories have been told of the way in which the ameer lords it over his peo-There is a humor in his way of playing the part of lord absolute which can best be appreciated at a distance, as the story which has just reached us will show. Not long ago, we are told, the ameer was sitting in durbar discussing public affairs. The "home" department had gone through their work. Orders had been issued to release certain persons from the sorrows of existence, when the durbar suddenly dashed into greater things, and began to talk about the English and the Russians. A man who had lately been intropolitical horizon with far reaching eyes, and the Russians are coming." The lord of the carth smiled a sweet smile—some of the old courtiers who knew that smile also smiledand, turning upon him with the "far reaching eyes," said: "Bright jewell of our durbar and son of our understanding, art thou sure of this?" "The lord of the earth is om-niscent and knows everything," replied he. "Well, to be sure we do see things and know one or two things, but we are old now. More-over, you tree obstructs our view. However thou art young; go thou, therefore, climb the tree, watch the cursed Muscovite's movements, and when he is very close upon us come and inform us. The tree is high, so that thou shalt be enabled to see a long way

Forthwith the man was led to the tree and made to climb to the topmost branches. To keep up his courage if he grew weary of his post, a guard with bayonets fixed was told off to remain below. It is said the young man felt considerably clevated by his master's humor, and felt very exhiliarated at first; but three days' contemplation of the beauties of nature, even from such a commanding position, is apt to tire one, and so he fell. They say he got hurt and died. No one dares to raise clarms in Cabul now .-Homeward Mail.

A Double Basebell Curve.

The possibility of patting a double curve on one ball has never been scientifically demonstrated, but it is generally admitted by experts in the game. Now and then such a "snake" twist is seen on the diamond. In ever, the double curve is always an accident. A pitcher may execute one occasionally, but ness of such complicated twirls will be learned some day so that they can be pro-Kansas City Times.

Lend Assistance to the Thinkers. We go a step further, and assert that moneved men who are always in funds to donate to public institutions, ostentatious charities, cathedral windows, and the like, should remember that they benefit the public quite as much when, in a private way, they assist the thinkers. Nor should it be held against such thought workers if they so accept such attempts to lighten their struggles.-S. G. W.

The bachelor may lead a life full of joy, left an indelible impression on the little fel- but you can't convince any old maid of it. -

Benjamin in Magazine of American History,

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direct at court and was not well acquainted with his sovereign's ways, remarked: "Lord of the earth, let people say what they like, but this humble one has been scanning the political horizon with far reaching eyes, and the Russians are coming." The lord of the

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