DARING AND SUFFERING.

A History of the Andrews Railroad Raid Into Georgia in 1862.

The Most Heroic and Tragic Episode of the Civil War.

Embracing a Full and Accurate Account of the Secret Journey to the Heart of the Confederacy, the Capture of a Railway Train in a Confederate Camp, the Terrible Chase That Followed, and the Subsequent Fortunes of the Leader and His Party.

The expedition, in the daring of its inception, had the wildness of a romance; while in the gigantic and overwhelming results it sought and was likely to obtain it was absolutely sublime.—JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL HOLT'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

It was all the deepest laid scheme, and on the grandest scale, that ever emanated from the brains of any number of Yankees combined.—THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY (ATLANTA, GA.), April 15, 1862.

Despite its tragic termination, it shows what a handful of brave men could undertake in America.—COMTE DE PARIS' HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, vol. 2, p. 187.

By WILLIAM PITTENGER,
A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XI.

A DIRECT RAILROAD CHASE.

But we now had a good head of steam, and with a joyful bound our engine, as if refreshed from its rest, sped on again. We had been careful to so obstruct the track that the enemy was obliged to come to a full halt, and thus give us time to once more get out of sight.

We passed Tilton in safety, and the water station, which at that time was at a different place from the wood yard, was soon reached. Our supply of this necessity was low, and without it our progress would be at once arrested. We stopped, adjusted the pipes, told the powder story—although from the battered appearance of our only car, with a hole knocked in each end, that story was no longer plausible, but it answered for the moment and we succeeded in getting all the water we needed. Had any objection been made we would have taken it by force, and the assurance with which we went to work aided in securing confidence. Before the tank was full the pursuers came in sight, but seeing us they ran slowly, and as a party of our men had run back and put some obstructions on the track, out of gun shot, they were obliged to come to a full stop there, thus giving us the time needed. Then we mounted and sped on toward Dalton.

It was advisable at once to get decisively ahead of the pursuers before reaching this town, which might present serious difficulties. As there were no bridges to burn now for a considerable distance, the only other thing was to try once more to tear up the track. The engine was again in good running condition, and we rushed rapidly forward, putting frequent obstructions on the track—mostly by dropping ties or sticks of firewood, but in one or two instances by reversing the engine, jumping out and piling up obstructions. At a favorable place we stopped again for a more permanent break.

Long practice had made us skillful in this matter, and the last two stops had shown us that the enemy could not run upon us without great care. So we divided at once into four parties. Scott and a companion cut the telegraph; Knight carefully inspected the engine; two or three ran back just out of gunshot, and heaped obstructions on the track, while the remainder worked with might and main in taking up a rail. It was here that a little occurrence took place that has been much misrepresented. A southern account, widely copied, says that Andrews' men almost mutinied against him at this place. The facts are these: The writer and the men in the box car had come to feel that there was no need of running so long before the pursuing train, which we could see to be a short one, with probably not much if any greater force than our own. Now while as many were at the rail as could find places to work—the process of lifting it with our imperfect tools was very slow, requiring more than five minutes—I said to Andrews: "We can capture that train, if you are willing."

"How?" he asked. I answered:

"Find a good place on a curve where there are plenty of bushes" (as the road had numberless curves, and ran mostly through woods, this was easy); "then let us put on some obstructions and hide; one of our engineers can run ahead a mile or two and come back after us; when the enemy stop to clear the track we will rush on them, and when we have captured them our other engineer can reverse their engine and send it in a hurry down the track to clear the road of any more trains that may be following."

Andrews said, in his quiet way, "It is a good plan. It is worth trying," and looked around in a meditative manner as if weighing the chances. Then the enemy's whistle sounded, we saw them rush up to the obstructions we had placed on the track, stop by reversing, and labor as frantically to clear the road as we were doing in trying to raise the rail.

But our efforts were in vain. The stubborn spikes still held, and as they were ready to move on again, Andrews called out, "All aboard," and we dashed away. That was not the place to make a fight, as we all knew, for revolvers against shotguns and rifles would have had no chance at long range; but from an ambush we could have been climbing into their engine and cars before they could pick up their guns, and the conflict would not have been many minutes doubtful. This was the nearest we came to what a southern account called "open mutiny"—a mere respectful suggestion in the line of our work. No officer was ever more heartily obeyed than was Andrews during the whole of this day, and none of us said anything more about this plan for the time, partly because we felt that our leader was better able to judge what was to be done than we, and partly also, I must confess, because we thought he was only waiting for the best place to turn on our foes, and that we would soon have all the fighting we wanted.

The full speed of our engine was again called into requisition as we neared Dalton, and by the aid of a few ties dropped on the track we were once more a respectable distance ahead. We needed this interval badly, for it was by no means certain that the switches at this point would be properly adjusted for our immediate passage through; and if not, serious difficulty might arise. We might have a battle with forces in front as well as in the rear, for Dalton was the largest town we had reached since leaving Marietta. Here a road diverged to Cleveland in Tennessee, where it connects with the main line from Richmond to Chattanooga, thus making a large triangle, or, as a railroad man would say, a great Y. At that time no telegraph wires were on this cross road; they were not put up till 1877. There were also numerous side tracks, and a probability that cars might be left standing on some of them; and as we had more than made up our hour's delay at Kingston and were now much ahead of time, there was no certainty of the road being rightly adjusted for us. It was therefore necessary to stop at the opening of the switch, which was fortunately a little way down from the large passenger depot, which had a shed over all the tracks, and through which we had to pass.

Here the coolness and adroitness of Andrews shone out with pre-eminent luster. It is likely that when we had spoken of fighting a little way back, his mind was occupied rather with the problem of passing Dalton, and of judging by what took place there whether the enemy was warned. The train was stopped, he ran forward, observed that the track was clear, spoke to one or two bystanders, and was back to his post in an exceedingly short time. To one or two who had come up even in these few seconds, he said: "I am running this train through to Corinth, and have no time to spare;" and nodded to Knight, who once more put on the full force of the engine—there was nothing to be gained by care in avoiding alarm any longer, for the distant whistle of the pursuer was heard—and we rushed at the depot, which then stood right across the double track, and passed with fearful speed under its roof. Here Knight got his most terrible fright. The darting into the partial darkness of the shed was bad enough, but just at the far end the main track bends sharply to the left, and the swerve was so sudden, and the speed already so high, that Knight believed he was rushing on another side track, and that in a moment would come the awful crash. But instead the engine instantly righted, and he again saw the track straight before him. But so quickly had we passed that we could not certainly determine whether the people at the station had been warned or not!

A mile above Dalton, which was about as soon as the headlong rush of the engine could be checked, we stopped again, just opposite to where Col. Jesse Glenn's regiment of conscripts were encamped in a field. Their position, which was within 200 or 300 yards of us, was probably not seen until we were close to them, and it was better to take the risk of their interference than to lose time by seeking another place for more pressing work. Again the wire was cut; but it was a second too late, for a message had just been flashed through, no doubt even as Scott was bringing it down. The usual obstructions were here piled on the track, and we again essayed to take up a rail, for the Chickamauga bridges were just above, and we wanted time enough to get them on fire, hoping that Fuller would stop long enough at Dalton for the purpose of getting his telegram ready, to allow us to finish the track lifting. No men ever worked with more desperate energy, but all in vain; long before the rail was loose the pursuers were again upon us.

The race recommenced with all its speed and fury. The great tunnel was a short distance ahead—a glorious place for an ambush, where, in the darkness, the guns of the enemy would be of little value. If Andrews was disposed to fight, there would be the place of all others to do it. With the smoke of our train filling the space, with our party in ambush along the sides, success would be comparatively sure, if they had twice our number, for of course we could not tell how much of a re-enforcement they might pick up at Dalton. But we kept right on through the tunnel and the village of Tunnel Hill beyond, where we carefully drew down to conceal our number from the curious eyes of any who might be about the station.

At Calhoun Fuller had received a small but very effective re-enforcement—only a boy thirteen years old, but worth a dozen of ordinary men—by means of one of those apparently small circumstances which often influence the course of great events. At Chattanooga the chief officers of the road had become alarmed by receiving no dispatches from Atlanta, or the stations below Kingston. They therefore directed the young assistant operator at Dalton to jump on the passenger train just then leaving that station and go south, sending them back word at each station passed till the cause of the trouble was found. He had only got as far as Calhoun when Andrews passed, and Fuller in a moment after. The latter hardly came to a stop before he saw the operator, and called him, and without a word of explanation seized his hand and dragged him on the train. In the run up, however, he made all the necessary explanations, and wrote out the following dispatch:

FULLER'S TELEGRAM.

"To Gen. Leadbetter, commander at Chattanooga:

"My train was captured this a. m. at Big Shanty, evidently by Federal soldiers in disguise. They are making rapidly for Chattanooga, possibly with the idea of burning the railroad bridges in their rear. If I do not capture them in the meantime, see that they do not pass Chattanooga.

"WILLIAM A. FULLER."

This he gave to the operator, saying, "Don't speak to anybody or lose a second till you put that through to Chattanooga. Jump for the platform when I slow up, for I must push on and keep those Yankees from getting up a rail or burning the bridges."

It was terribly quick work. The operator was at home in the office, and almost before Fuller had cleared the shed he was at the desk and the first words were over the wires. Whether they had time to get the whole message over before the cut is very doubtful, and not material, for the first two lines would answer every purpose. Had Fuller stopped at this point, and himself went into the office long enough to set the operator at work, it is almost certain we would have had the rail up, and then all the bridges above that point would have been burned; though it is still possible that enough of the message might have been pushed through to secure our arrest in Chattanooga. This was another striking instance of the many narrow margins on which this day hinged.

As Fuller pressed on toward the great tunnel, even his resolute heart almost died within him, while all his party began to blame him for foolhardiness. He feared to plunge into its dark depths. It was still filled with smoke from our engine; and he well knew that if we jumped off at the far end and hurled back our locomotive at him, it meant a horrible death to every one on his train; and he was by no means sure that we would not do it. Mr. Murphy, who had so ably stood by him all the while, here counseled prudence, pointing out all the perils of an ambush. But Fuller realized as apparently no one else did the desperate need of pressing on to save the road; and he had made so many escapes and been so marvelously favored, that a kind of fatalism took hold of him. He determined not to lose a minute, no matter what the danger might be. It may as well be said here that no prudent and common sense kind of pursuit, such as possibly any other man would have employed, could have had the slightest chance of success. But even Fuller quailed as they dived into the cloud of smoke that hung around the entrance of the tunnel, and held his breath for a few seconds (they were still at full speed), till he saw with a sigh of relief a gleam of light ahead and knew that there was no other engine now in the tunnel! On he pressed, for he knew the value of the Chickamauga bridges ahead as well as we did.

CHAPTER XII.

A BURNING CAR.

But for the wetness of the day all his efforts even yet would have been foiled. We now did what had been in the mind of Andrews, doubtless, for some time past—what he might have tried even at the Oostenaula bridge had not the interval between that and Calhoun been so fearfully short. He ordered us to fire our last car while we were running. It was said easily, but was much harder to do. Everything about the car was as wet as it well could be. The rain fell in torrents, and the wood was drenched in the tender. It was by no small effort and skillful firing that the engine fire could be kept at the heat required for fast running. But desperate fingers tore everything combustible loose from the car, and smashed it into kindling. Some blazing fagots were stolen from the engine and the fire made to burn. The rapid motion with driving rain was an obstacle at first, but as we fed up the blaze and sheltered it as well as possible, it grew rapidly, till soon but one could stay on the car and watch it, and all the others crowded on the tender and locomotive. The steam was now gradually shut off that we might come slowly upon the bridge and be able to leave the burning car just at the right place. We came to a full stop at this first Chickamauga bridge, a large one, and well covered. Inside it was at least drier than on the outside, and we doubted not that with time it would burn well. The only question was: "Will that time be given?" We added almost the last of our oil and nearly the last stick of wood—knowing that a wood station was not far ahead, and if this bridge could be made to burn well, we could have all the time we wanted to get wood and everything else. In fact we put life itself on this last throw, and left ourselves, in case of failure, hopelessly bankrupt. For a considerable time, as it seemed to us, though it must have been measured by seconds rather than minutes, we remained on the other side of the fire

KINDLING A FIRE IN THE BOX CAR.

watching. Then the inexorable smoke of the foe was seen; the pin connecting the burning car with our engine was pulled out and we slowly moved on. Too clearly we saw the ruin of all our hopes! To wait the coming of our foes was vain. They were now near at hand, and we could see their guns, with which they would be able to fight us at long range. The car which, if the day had been dry, would long before this have filled the bridge with a mass of roaring flame, was burning faster than the bridge. To take it to another bridge was useless, for the drenching rain would have given it little chance to burn away from the shelter of the bridge. Very sadly we left the tall column of smoke behind. The pursuers saw the car, and realizing how serious their loss would be if it was permitted to consume the bridge, they pushed right into the smoke and shoved the burning car on to Ringgold, but a short distance ahead, where it was left to smoke and sputter in the rain on the side track.

We were now on what proved to be our last run. I have often been asked if this day was not one of great fear and terror on the part of those who were engaged in the race. For my own part, I cannot honestly lay claim to any greater fear than I had often felt in ordinary military service. No matter what happened, there was the assurance that we still had one resource—the power to turn around and attack the pursuing foe. From the beginning, such a conflict had been present to my mind as a matter of course. Before leaving camp, this had been reckoned a natural consequence of our position. It had been frequently talked of among the men, and not one of them seemed to regard it with any more dread than an ordinary battle. We had been careful to select large revolvers for use, and not for show, and when we found the enemy gaining upon us, or our leader's plans for their destruction failing, we only felt or said that our time to strike would soon come. We did not have the boastful feeling that we were an overmatch for a large body of southern soldiers, for we all knew how desperately they could and often did fight; but of the ordinary citizens gathered up as we presumed our pursuers were, or even of conscripts, we had no great fear. That we had not our accustomed arms was a serious disadvantage, but this could be remedied by getting into close quarters; and we trusted that our leader, who had shown such wonderful skill in management, would be able to put us within short range of the pursuing train, where we felt sure that we could quickly give a good account of it.

Probably the fact of Andrews having never been in battle, but always engaged in schemes where his own cool daring and sagacious planning counted for everything, and mere force for nothing, made him hesitate to order an attack which would throw aside all these qualities and determine the issue by simple fighting. A time was near when we would firmly have disputed our leader's command if there had been an officer of any authority among us who could have been substituted for him; but not until Andrews himself had definitely abandoned his authority.

Many times the question has been asked: "Why did you not reverse your engine, and, jumping off, let it drive back at the enemy?" What good could that have done? If their engine and our own had been destroyed, as was very probable, together with a considerable number of lives, we would only have been where we were before we captured the engine at all, except that the whole country would have been aroused, and our disguise thrown off. The second train would have been on the ground in a few minutes and the power of pursuit would have been undiminished. We had no wish to sacrifice our own engine until the last effort possible had been made. To merely destroy had no charm for us, when that destruction could neither promote our escape nor serve a military purpose.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST HOPE.

We crouched down as well as we could in the tender while passing Ringgold, that the enemy might not see our number, and when beyond the town we arose and looked about us. The country was mostly wooded and rough, being much cut up by the branches of the swollen Chickamauga creek. We had no fuel, though we might have taken on a few water soaked fence rails and broken them to burn; but what would have been the use? Every combustible scrap was carefully gathered up and thrown into the engine. Worst symptom of all, a large pair of saddle bags, which we had never seen Andrews without from the time of the midnight conference, together with his cap and some other pieces of clothing that he did not need for immediate use, were flung remorselessly into the furnace. Various papers went along. These were probably documents that he feared would compromise himself or others in case of capture. Such preparations were indeed ominous. But his next command—the last he ever gave to us as a party—was more dreadful still, and for the first time that day there shot a pang of mortal terror to my heart. Not the crash of the engine down an embankment nor the coming of another train of the enemy from the north, shutting us between two fires, would have caused such a sense of despair and hopeless misery to steal over me. This was the order which, as intimated before, our party, had they been properly organized, would not have obeyed.

For our situation was still far from desperate. Aside from the capture of the pursuing train, which would now have been very difficult from the fact that we had neither fuel for rapid running, nor the obstructions on board that were necessary to place us far enough ahead for an ambuscade, there was another plan to which our leader was virtually pledged, which presented every prospect of saving our own lives, though it was now too late to accomplish our original purpose. We were some five miles beyond Ringgold, within a mile of Graysville, or nineteen miles by the longest railway course from Chattanooga. From that city westward to Bridgeport was twenty-eight miles further. But the nearest way to Bridgeport was not through Chattanooga, but further south, and by that route it was not distant more than thirty-five or forty miles. The direct course was at right angles with the numerous mountain ranges which here run almost north and south, a route over which cavalry could not be used, and which was known to more than one of our party. Two comrades had pocket compasses which would have guided us in thick woods or in cloudy weather by day or night. Now to have left our train in a body, and without delaying to seek concealment, to have struck over the streams and mountains at right angles, as rapidly as we could go, would have been our most hopeful course. Long before night of the next day we would have been safe within Mitchel's lines! Why not? How could the enemy have captured us? If they sent cavalry, these would necessarily have made long circuits and have been obliged to adhere to the lines of the road, and thus could not have come near us while clinging to the valleys and the mountain sides. Even in thick woods they could not have overtaken us. If they followed us with a strong party on foot, we fleeing for our lives, would not have deserved to escape, if we could not have held our distance for forty miles or more. If they had ridden ahead and raised the whole country for a general man hunt, they would have had only twenty-four hours or less to organize it, and no small party then could have arrested twenty armed men. In fine, this plan of escape through a mountainous and densely wooded country did not appear to me to be more dangerous than a cavalry dash on the lines of the enemy's communications—an every day military affair. Even if Mitchel did not prove to be in the neighborhood of Bridgeport when we arrived, we would then have been in the loyal mountainous district where we would have met as many friends as foes. All that we needed in the way of provisions and guides our force would have enabled us to command, and even guns and ammunition could readily have been gathered on our way.

But all these advantages depended on our keeping together under one head. An army scattered and disorganized is lost; and our little army was no exception. The fatal command which Andrews now gave as we were huddled together in the wood box of the tender was to jump off, one by one, scatter in the woods, and each man strive to make his own way back to the Union army! We hesitated, but had no concert of action, no leader, no time for council, and the instinct of obedience was still strong upon us; but it was a fatal order, and led directly to the calamities that followed. It transformed us in a moment from a formidable body of picked soldiers, ready to fight to death, into a scattered mass of fugitive boys, bewildered and hopeless in an enemy's country.

Yet no one of us felt like censuring our leader for this order, which every one at the moment believed to be a terrible mistake. Probably he thought that each man of the party would find relief in being cast entirely on his own resources.

It must further be remembered, in explanation of this mistaken order, that Andrews had slept none the night before, that he had been nearly twenty-four hours without food, and that he had spent nearly two days and a night in the most exhausting labors, both mental and physical, that it is possible to conceive. He had seen his cherished plans, when on the brink of success, overthrown by what seemed the remorseless hand of destiny. To the many failures and sorrows of his past life had been added the crowning misfortune of this defeat. Perhaps under his calm brow he realized this with an intensity of anguish, and felt that the greatest favor he could do those he had led within sight of a horrible death, and into the presence of an enraged and triumphant foe, was to separate them at once from his own dark and shadowed destiny. If so, that was the most fearful mistake of all; and as this order was given, we could almost, as we looked southward through the driving rain and the storm clouds, behold already the dark outline of the Atlanta scaffolds!

It was pitiful! The General had served us well ever since the morning hour in fearful speed and patient waiting, in exulting raptures and in almost despair. It was hard to abandon her now. She was substantially uninjured. The engineers, Brown and Knight, had taken good care of her, and with wood and oil in abundance, there would have been no difficulty on her part in completing the run to Huntsville. She was still jogging along at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, and could maintain that pace a little longer. The pursuers had also diminished their speed, so as to just keep us in sight, having apparently no wish to press upon what may have seemed to them like a wounded and dying lion. The command to "jump off and scatter" was repeated with the injunction to be quick about it, as the engineer wished to reverse the engine and drive it back upon the enemy. With such a reason there could be no more hesitation. It is said that some three or four had already got off at the first word of command; but the most of us had hesitated, not on account of the still rapid motion of the train, but in the idle hope that in some way this terrible parting might be averted. Now one after another clambered down on the step and swung off. I was neither among the first nor the last, and jumping unskillfully out from the step, instead of forward, whirled over and over on hands and feet for several revolutions. Rising in a dazed condition, though unhurt, with the exception of a few scratches from the briers with which the place abounded, I looked over the animated scene with the deepest interest. The men who jumped off were, according to instructions, flying in different directions, a few others were just coming off the engine in much the same way that I had done, while the engineers were attempting to carry out their scheme of reversing the engine, which could do no good now, except possibly to

LEAVING THE LOCOMOTIVE.

delay the inevitable pursuit a little, and give us a better opportunity to organize our plans. The brakes of the tender were put on still more to diminish speed, and the reversal was made. Here is a slight conflict of authority. The pursuers say that the brakes were not loosed again; but our engineers are equally positive that they were. It is not material, for the result is the same. The steam power was so low, that though the engine moved back it was with moderate velocity, and I saw the pursuers reverse also, and coming to a full stop, whistle two or three times as it approached—a seeming whistle of alarm, though there was little in the approach of our poor General to fear; and then they moved slowly before it for a short distance till the two were in contact, when the weaker stopped and the steam was shut off. The great railroad chase was over!

CHAPTER XIV.

HUNTED IN THE WOODS BY DOGS AND MEN.

Dispersed in the woods with no knowledge of the country, and no guide toward our own lines; with the alarm spreading in every direction, and the hearts of the people on fire with fierce resentment because of the desperate character of our raid, the prospect of escape for any of our number was slight indeed. The south was also better prepared for hunting down fugitives than any other people could have been where slavery was not an established institution. Trained men over hills and mountains was no novelty; and now for scores of miles in every direction from Chattanooga roads and ferries were guarded, cavalry galloped along the roads, and the planters with their packs of negro hunting dogs explored every wood. Unfortunately, too, a ready mode of identifying any member of the band who might be captured was soon discovered. On the way south we had represented ourselves as from Fleming county, Ky. This story was still continued. The first arrests were made the very same day so close to the train that this story had been told the men were positively traced back to the train, and then all who gave the same story were known to belong to us.

We expected to die as soon as captured; and there was a degree of exasperation which rendered the risk of instant shooting or hanging very great. But there was also a desire for further investigation and discovery which would be cut short by a sudden slaying of the victim, and this operated to bridge over the first furious moment of capture, but did not prevent the most fearful threats, and in one case—that of Parrott—a fearful beating. It also led to rigor of chaining and confinement almost unparalleled.

We can only give the very briefest account of these painful incidents, and will gladly hasten to other things.

THE GENERAL.

Five were captured the first day; seven, including myself, on the next day, which was Sunday. The sufferings endured even in this brief interval from hunger, labor and suspense were indescribable. Andrews and two companions were taken on Monday; six more were captured near the close of the week, having, however, gone no further than I had done the first day. This left only two of the whole party at large, who, by getting a boat and drifting down the Tennessee, got virtually within the Union lines, but then going boldly forward in the daytime were arrested by a band of Confederate guerrillas and brought back some two weeks after leaving the train. This completed the capture of the whole party, and to this terrible pass had our hopeful enterprise resolved itself! We had been told that to fall into the enemy's power was inevitable death, and we had no reason to doubt it. Nothing in our treatment was of such a nature as to inspire us with hope. We were chained and tied in barbarous fashion, and confined in the most loathsome dungeons, dark, filthy, and often underground, in Dalton, Marietta and elsewhere. Our food was of the coarest and most scanty character. We were assured everywhere that we would soon be hung—as soon as they could get us all gathered in at a proper place. Gradually the whole were assembled at Chattanooga, where our confinement culminated in unimaginable horrors. I was the first one taken there, having been captured in Lafayette, Ga., twenty-five miles away, the second day out! I will describe somewhat minutely my entrance into that terrible place, which may serve as a specimen of other prisons we endured in the south.

(To be Continued.)

AT TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE.

Interior Decorations—The Opening Prayer. The Preacher and His Preaching.

The tabernacle has nothing imposing about it. Next to Plymouth it is one of the homeliest church buildings in Brooklyn from any external point of view.

Probably 3,000 people were patiently waiting for the iron gates to open on Sunday morning. Some of them must have been in the street an hour, and when the iron gates opened there was a rush for the unreserved pews and they were quickly filled. When the services commenced every seat was occupied, people were sitting in some of the aisles, and the space between the back pews and the wall was packed with standing auditors.

I said something in a former letter about the interior of the Tabernacle, but its gold, silver, blue and green is seen at a double advantage from the balcony. Its decorations would be appropriate for any pleasant theatre or hall. Two or three people in the balcony, one of them a lady, became so impressed with the secular characteristics of the place that they proceeded to study morning papers. But ushers made a descent upon them and the papers were pocketed again. Somebody fainted and there was a slight commotion, a half dozen reporters and stenographers filed down an aisle to the space before the pulpit and a company of cadets marched in as the great organ belched out the first heavy chords of the opening voluntary. Then everybody standing sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the pastor made the opening prayer standing, while the congregation sat. I am thus definite because there are scores of Presbyterian churches that would probably consider the sitting posture, as a practice, disrespectful in the extreme. Only two years ago I recall an incident in a western New York town in which the minister told his hearers it would be better for them to stay at home than thus to show their weak spiritual condition to the world.

After the prayer the people, led by a cornet player, accompanied the thunder of the organ song, "Hold the Fort." Several thousand people is a great chorus when everybody sings. Then we had a cornet solo as the collection was taken.

I have told you before how the preacher looks, but his preaching is indescribable. I am sorry that it is not like that of anybody else, without any fear of contradiction. His methods are peculiar but not fantastic, dramatic but not sensational, as I think. Such differences of opinion exist about this preacher, however, that I want to try to express how most of his auditors regard him.

One of the queer figures of speech I heard the other day at the Tabernacle was from the pastor in speaking about the self righteous "grinding away at the windlass of the dry well of earthly satisfaction." One of the things heard that pleased everybody and didn't seem to do any harm was "Boulanger's March," with the use of the great organ's bell stop in the second strain, played just before the sermon.

A free thinking friend of mine from Cattaraugus county attended this opening service with me. "I tell you," said he, "if I lived here I'd never miss that service." Yet, he said he hadn't been inside a church for five years. He was entertained, heard a sermon that saint or sinner alone could find meat in without wearisome encounters with doctrinal matters, and, since they say anything heard or seen has an undying influence, he was influenced for good rather than evil, I am sure.

By the way, Mr. Talmage told me one day that he asked no greater recognition for what he had done than the inscription on his tombstone, "Talmage, a 'Popular' Preacher."—McDonald in Buffalo Express.

Gold Mining in North Carolina.

North Carolina is still one of the gold producing states of the Union, averaging something less than a couple of hundred thousand dollars annually. Georgia, which turns out somewhat less than North Carolina, is also a gold state. Before the exodus to California these were the chief gold producers of the Union, Virginia, Alabama and South Carolina also contributing something to the stock of precious metals, but in the presence of the rich mines of the west the gold states of the Atlantic coast lost all their importance. Nevertheless mining operations are carried on to some extent in the Blue Ridge and its foot hills. The Sam Christian mine, in Montgomery county, N. C., was recently sold for $250,000. There is considerable free gold in the gravel along the mountain streams, and it is said that in years when the streams are dried up or diminished by drought and the agricultural crops fail, the people there turn to the gold crop. In Ophir and El Dorado townships every inhabitant engages in this practice, and at the smallest country store will be found scales for weighing gold dust. People can do this simple placer mining in this primitive way on land owned by others, paying a fifth of the gold found. That is the rule in such cases. This sort of mining is known as "petty" mining. Small business as it is it has in many bad seasons saved the people from want.

A North Carolina correspondent of The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch reports: The deepest gold mine in the state is the Gold hill, in Rowan county, which is down 770 feet. Opened about 1824, it was for years the great mine of this part of the world, and has a record of over $3,000,000. In those early days the most primitive appliances were used in getting out the ore. There were five owners, and the week's work—the net profit—was represented in a great bar of bullion. This was cut with an ax into five pieces. Some disinterested party then placed the pieces behind him and, holding one in his hand, cried out: "Who takes this?" It was given the owner who called for it, and so on, until all five pieces were divided. Sometimes each share was worth $1,000, making a yield of say $240,000 annually. Englishmen have for years owned this mine, three companies having held it and operated it. Another $100,000 is now being raised to work further.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Temple in Japan.

Starting early one morning from the Yaami hotel, Koois, a delightful place overlooking the whole city, I direct my jinriksha boy to take me to the temple of Kenninji. Let the description of the general features of this temple suffice for all, for they all have certain features in common. You enter from the street through a high arch of wood made of two immense upright pillars and a cross piece, which curves down instead of up and which extends far beyond the uprights. You ascend several flights of stone steps, sometimes passing between stone images and shrines and stone lanterns, until you reach the platform on which the temple proper stands. Here you remove your shoes, and perhaps a pair of slippers will be provided you. You ascend the short flight of steps immediately in front of the temple and find yourself in a sort of a wide porch extending along the whole front of the edifice and upheld by several rows of massive wooden pillars. Behind these is a row of large paneled doors, extending clear across the building, but you will find only the middle two open.

Within you encounter other rows of pillars upholding the roof, and behind these in the exact center sits the image, surrounded with the censers and paraphernalia of the priests and with whatever attendant images there may happen to be. Near approach is prevented by a wooden railing. A wooden box stands in front of each image. It is furnished with wooden slats across the top, and into it are thrown the offerings of the worshipers. The grounds of the Kenninji are beautifully laid out in lawns and walks. In the eastern part of the grounds hangs an old bell, which for many years lay in the river bed, buried in debris. It is said that Ye Sai, an eminent priest, attempted to have it recovered, but the men were unable to move it till he cried to them to shout his name, when, of course, it immediately became manageable.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Liberty's Bronze Bosom.

The statue of Liberty has innocent blood on its hands. It is responsible for the daily slaughter of immense numbers of little birds which, in winging their way south on their annual migration, are attracted by the brilliant electric light of the big torch. On one morning recently no less than 1,500 of the poor creatures were picked up, and their condition indicated that they had dashed themselves against Liberty's bronze bosom and had been thrown crushed and lifeless at her feet.—Chicago News.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottle free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

The chicken is the country's, but the city eats it.

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. 4-1y

A garden must be looked unto and dressed as the body.

I am selling "Moore's Tree of Life" and it is said to give the very best satisfaction. Dr. A. Heintz. 30-6m3

He that lives ill, fear follows him.

Look Out For It!

Hoarseness is the first symptom of croup, by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as a child becomes hoarse, it will prevent the croup, which can always be done if the remedy is kept on hand. There is not the least danger in giving it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Give a clown your finger and he will take your hand.

Its Delicacy of Flavor

And the efficacy of its action have rendered the famous liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, immensely popular. It cleanses and tones up the clogged and feverish system, dispels headaches, colds, and fevers, cures Habitual Consumption, Dyspepsia, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

Good is to be sought out, and evil attended.

Good Wages Ahead.

George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in this world. 4-1y

Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50 cents and $1 at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

Keep good men company and you shall be of the number.

Promptness is a good motto. It is hard to find anything more prompt than St. Patrick's Pills. They are a pleasant cathartic and a good medicine. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The mill gets by going.

A positive cure for liver and kidney troubles, constipation, sick and nervous headache and all blood diseases is "Moore's Tree of Life." Try it. Sold by Dr. A. Heintz.

To a boiling pot flies come not.

School children will learn much faster if they are made comfortable and kept in perfect health. Very few escape severe coughs and colds during the winter months. It is an easy matter to avoid the discomforts and distress of coughs and colds by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is by far the best treatment ever brought into use for coughs, colds and hoarseness. When the first symptoms of a cold appear, use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and the cold can be broken up at once. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

A snow year, a rich year.

Better to be blind than to see ill.

Learn weeping, and thou shalt laugh gaining.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Becher. july27

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz.

Water trotted is as good as oats.

TRASK'S MACKEREL

THE CHEAPEST EATING ON EARTH! ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THEM. TRASK FISH COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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