SPECIAL NOTICES

Advertisements for these columns will be taken until 12 m. for the evening and until 8 p. m. for the morning and Sunday editions.

Advertisers, by requesting a numbered check, can have answers addressed to a numbered letter in care of The Bee. Answers so addressed will be delivered on presentation of the check only.

Rates, 1 1-2c a word first insertion; 1c a word thereafter. Nothing taken for less than 25c for the first insertion. These advertisements must be run consecutively.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

A FEW ENERGETIC HUSTLING MEN CAN find steady, profitable work with C. F. Adams Co., 524 So. 16th St. B—472

MEN WANTED TO LEARN BARBER TRADE at the Omaha Barber College, finest in the west; complete course, 8 weeks; terms easy; send for catalogue. 1317-1319 Douglas St., Omaha. B—M710 June 4*

SALESMEN FOR CIGARS; $125 MONTHLY and expenses; old established house; experience unnecessary; inducements to customers. C. C. Bishop Co., St. Louis. B—M289 31*

WANTED, MEN TO LEARN THE BARBER trade; our new method is thorough; constant practice; competent instructions; final expert examination; wages and experience Saturdays in city shops before completing; outfit of tools given students; only requires two months to secure situation; write to most convenient address for illustrated catalogue. Moler System of Barber Schools, Chicago, St. Louis or Minneapolis. B—M287 25*

WANTED—A GERMAN FLORIST WHO ALSO speaks English and can begin work at once. B. Haas, 1813 Clinton. B—317-26

SITUATION WANTED BY YOUNG MAN AS clerk in store, hardware preferred; present occupation, teaching school. Best of references. Address L 36, Bee. A—329—22*

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

100 GIRLS FOR ALL KINDS WORK; $3 TO $7 week. Canadian office, 1522 Douglas. C—M748

WANTED, AN EXPERIENCED COOK AND good laundress at 124 So. 19th. C—293

WANTED, A COMPETENT GIRL AT ONCE, for general housework; no washing, and the best wages. 164 Park avenue, Council Bluffs. C—M312

WANTED, A MIDDLE-AGED LADY, TO travel for a wholesale house; references required. Address L 33, Bee. C—M320 24

A COMPETENT NURSE GIRL WANTED AT 2508 Capitol avenue. C—M397 24

WANTED, STENOGRAPHER OWNING MAchine; light work. In answering give references; show sample work and state weekly salary required. Address L 45, Bee. C—M415 24

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

HOUSES IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. THE O. F. Davis Company, 1505 Farnam. D—473

HOUSES, BENEWA & CO., 108 N. 15TH ST. D—474

MODERN HOUSES, C. A. STARR, 925 N.Y. LIFE D—475

CHOICE HOUSES AND COTTAGES ALL OVER the city, $5 to $50. Fidelity, 1702 Farnam St. D—476

HOUSES, WALLACE, BROWN BLOCK, 16TH and Douglas. D—477

HOUSES, COTTAGES & STORES, ALL PARTS of city. Brennan, Love Co., 450 Paxton block. D—478

MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND PIANOS. Om. Van & Storage Co., 1415 Farnam. Tel. 1559. D—479

LARGE LIST. M'CAGUE, 15TH & DODGE. D—480

HOUSES, FLATS, GARVIN BROS.1613 FARNAM D—481

HOUSES FOR RENT. BEMIS, PAXTON BLK. D—482

TURKINGTON. 605 BEE BUILDING. D—483

STANFORD CIRCLE COTTAGES—6 ROOM—All modern. Apply 204 Bee building. D—772

TEN-ROOM MODERN BRICK HOUSE. 2414 Cass St., $30.00. W. B. Meikle, 504 1st Nat'l bank. D—M604

ELEGANTLY FURNISHED HOUSE—DELIGHTful home of ten rooms; best of locations; West Farnam. Price very reasonable to right parties. M. J. Kennard & Son, 310 and 311 J. J. Brown block. D—667

5-ROOM HOUSE. INQUIRE 2709 DOUGLAS street. D—M766

2011 HARNEY; 10 ROOMS; STEAM HEAT. D—M783 June7*

FOR RENT, ELEGANT FIVE-ROOM STEAM heated flat. Apply Flat 9, Davidge Bldg. D—M905

10-ROOM FLAT, DOUGLAS, NEAR 24TH; MODern; steam heat; also 5-rooms at 216 So. 15th. Inquire Linquist, 316 S. 15th. D—917

FURNISHED HOUSE. DELIGHTFUL HOME. West Farnam St. Price very reasonable to right parties. M. J. Kennard & Son, 310 and 311 Brown block. D—M943

HOUSES, J. H. SHERWOOD, 423 N. Y. LIFE. D—M178

SIX-ROOM MODERN FLATS. 1112 S. 11TH. D—M247 25*

8-ROOM MODERN FLAT, 709 S. 16TH., $17.50. Detached 6-room dwelling with water and sewer connections at 1128 N. 17th; rent, $12.00. W. B. Meikle, room 504 First Nat'l Bank. D—334

FOR RENT, NICE HOUSES. 1109 MARCY. D—332 29*

FOR RENT, 1512 DODGE, LONG LEASE choice business location. Globe Loan and Trust Co. D—M385 24

TWO 8 AND 9-ROOM HOUSES, MODERN, close in. $22.00 and $25.00 J. D. Zittle, 210 S. 13th, Om. Nat. Bank bldg. D—792-22

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS.

STEAM HEATED ROOMS, TELEPHONE AND all conveniences; rates reasonable. Pundt Residence, 212 S. 17th St. E—703

FURNISHED ROOMS. 1708 DOUGLAS ST. E—742

NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR en suite. Apply 1817 Leavenworth street, 3d floor. E—M240 25*

FURNISHED ROOMS, 1516 HOWARD. E—M281

NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, 1921 DODGE. E—M387 24*

FRONT ROOM, WITH ALCOVE, FOR ONE or two gentlemen. 524 S. 26th ave. E—M386 29*

FURNISHED ROOMS, HOUSEKEEPING, 2623 St. Mary's. E—M416 24*

FURNISHED ROOMS AND BOARD.

NICE ROOMS, GOOD BOARD, RATES REAsonable. The Rose, 2020 Harney. M—F192 30*

MODERN BRICK, ROOMS AND BOARD; $3.50 week. 514 N. 19th. F—M217 24*

ROOMS AND BOARD, 1724 DOUGLAS. F—271-25*

FOR RENT FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR ensuite with board, 1042 South 29th St. F—M—336—24

UTOPIA, 1721 DAVENPORT. F—M360—29*

FOR RENT—STORES AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT, THE 4-STORY BRICK BUILDING at 916 Farnam St. This building has a fireproof cement basement, complete steam heating fixtures; water on all floors, gas, etc. Apply at the office of The Bee. I—910

FOR RENT, STORE 44x90, 2 STORY AND basement, long lease; Capitol ave. and 16th st. Best business location in Omaha. Globe Loan and Trust Co., 16th and Dodge. I—M—372—24

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED, AGENTS; $75 PER MONTH AND expenses paid active men if right; goods sold by sample only; samples, also horse and carriage furnished free. Address Jobber, Box 5308, Boston, Mass. J—484

STORAGE.

PACIFIC STORAGE AND WAREHOUSE CO., 908-910 Jones. General Storage and forwarding. M—486

OM. VAN & STORAGE, 1415 FARNAM. TEL. 1559 M—485

FOR SALE—FURNITURE.

SOLD AT PUT AUCTION TUESDAY, MAY 25, the furniture and contents of the Arlington hotel, between Dodge and Capitol avenue, on Thirteenth street. Sale to commence at 10 a. m. sharp. Nebraska Commission and Auction Co. O—M391 24*

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS.

HARDWOOD CRIBBING, HOG AND CHICKEN fence, cheaper than "all wire." C. R. Lee, 901 Douglas. Q—487

CHICKEN, HOG & LAWN FENCE; ALL WIRE; cheaper than wood. Wire Works, 402 S. 14th. Q—666—J-2

CARPETS, DRAPERIES, DRESSGOODS, SILKS $2 monthly on $10 purchase. Send postal; will call with samples. E Hirsh, 1629 Kyner Ave. Q—693-J3

2 STOCKS GROCERIES, 1 MEAT MARKET, 1 drug stock, farms, eastern Nebraska; acreage in and around Omaha, Omaha city property. B. R. Ball, 901 N. Y. L. Q—795 J7

STANDARD BRED MARE, DELIVERY wagon, harness, high grade bicycle, phaeton, good work horse, fresh Jersey cow, buckboard; all bargains. Frank Hart, Center and 53d streets. Q—M245 25*

$85.00 WILL BUY A KIMBALL UPRIGHT piano, in good condition. Omaha Mortgage Loan Co., 306 South 16th street. Q—M300

FOR SALE, FENCE POSTS, ON THE RIDGE road, between Florence and Calhoun. Thomas Donelly. Q—M375 25*

FOR SALE CHEAP—COUNTERS, TABLES, show cases, cashiers' desks and shelving. 2223 Leavenworth st. Q—M414 24

MISCELLANEOUS.

GARDENS & FARMS TO RENT. T. MURRAY. R—M840

CLAIRVOYANT.

SPECIAL ARRIVAL, FIRST VISIT TO OMAHA of the marvelous full life-reading clairvoyant and trance medium,

PROF. CLARENCE S. CHESTER.

The occult wonder. Plain, practical, clear-brained information. The master mind leads, others follow.

FEE—50C—50C—50C—AND UP FOR ONE WEEK. He tells your name, age, occupation, advises in business, speculation, love and all family troubles, unites the separated, names of friends and enemies. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. If you have been disappointed by incompetent clairvoyants call and be convinced of Prof. Chester's ability. No matter what others have been, remember he is exactly as he represents himself to be. Fee, 50c, 50c, and up. Hours, 10 to 8 daily.

PARLORS, 1915 FARNAM ST., first floor. Letters with stamp answered. S—313 24*

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

(Continued.)

GREAT BARGAINS IN HOUSES AND LOTS in any and every part of the city, north, east, south and west, ranging from $500 to $5,000 or $8,000 and upwards. Any terms desired. Bemis, Paxton block. RE—479

KOUNTZE PLACE BARGAINS, $2,500, $3,750 TO $6,500; see photos at 16th and Farnam; Morse Bldg. J. J. Gibson, 514 First Nat. Bank Bldg. RE—50*

FOR SALE, LARGE LOT WITH TWO HOUSES can sell one or both, the rent of one house pays interest on the whole investment; a bargain if sold at once; terms easy to right party. Address L 29, Bee office. RE—212 26

5-ROOM HOUSE, BARN, ETC., 2418 HAMILTON St., $2,000.00.
6-room house with 1½ acres land, 5504 No. 24th St., $2,000.00.
5-room house, S. E. cor. 28th and Pacific Sts., $2,000.00.
5-room house, 3421 Burt st., $1,200.00.
4-room house, barn, large lot, north, $500.
10-room house, barn, etc., 1503 Yates st., $2,000.00.
5-room house, 3018 Lindsey ave., $750.00.
160 acres in Sarpy county, improved, $3,000.00.
100 acres in Sarpy county, improved, $2,200.00.
40 acres ½ mile from Millard, $1,800.00.
53 acres on Boulevard near Bellevue, $2,250.00.
20 acres with fine grove, spring water, etc., suitable for stock feeding purposes, $1,500.00.
6½ acres 5 miles southwest, $1,000.00.
40 acres within 4 miles of postoffice, $2,400.00.
POTTER AND GEORGE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. 16th and Farnam Sts.
RE—M—373—26

4-ROOM COTTAGE AND LARGE LOT, AT half the value. 1812 North 21st. RE—M367

FINE RESIDENCE, MOST DESIRABLE LOcation, north of Hanscom park.
8-room house north with all water conv. and full lot, $1,600.
Good lot with old house, near Hanscom park for $550. F. D. WEAD, 16th and Douglas. RE—295—22

ASTROLOGY.

PROF. A. MASER" OF EGYPT, PALMISTRY and astrology; the wonder of the age; past, present and future told or no charge; at 2026 Harney street, Omaha, Neb. —M322 28*

TYPEWRITERS.

LATEST MODEL TYPEWRITERS; SUPPLIES. United Typewriter & Supplies Co., 1612 Farnam —M628 Jy21*

He was an artist, quite calm and serene,
And painted queer posters in purple and green,
By way of divertisement,
He tried an advertisement,
And now he's so busy he seldom is seen.

—R. B. W.

MASSAGE, BATHS, ETC.

MADAM SMITH, 1617 HOWARD, MASSAGE, steam baths. T—M285 26*

MRS. DR. LEON, ELECTRIC MASSAGE BATH parlors; restful and curative. 417 S. 11th, upstairs. M—390 25*

PERSONAL.

VIAVI FOR UTERINE TROUBLES, 346-8 BEE Bldg.; physician, consultation or health book free. U—489

BATHS, MASSAGE; MME. POST, 319½ S. 15TH. U—490

RUPTURE CURED, PERMANENTLY; NO pain; no detention from business; we refer to thousands of patients cured. Call or write The O. E. Miller Co., 932-3 New York Life building, Omaha. U—M625

BALDNESS CURED. 326 BOARD OF TRADE. U—M635 J1*

MISS MAYER, SURGEON-CHIROPODIST, manicure. R. 400 Paxton block; diploma 1886. U—M249 J18

EXPOSITION INVESTMENTS, FOR PLEASure and profit see L. P. Judson's want ads, Council Bluffs page. U—M264

NELLIE F. RYLEY, MANICURE AND CHIRopodist, 7 yrs. with Miss Mayer, 201 Karbach bk. U—M382 J 22

MONEY TO LOAN—REAL ESTATE.

ANTHONY LOAN & TRUST CO., 315 N. Y. L.; quick money at low rates for choice farm lands in Iowa, northern Missouri, eastern Nebraska. W—493

LOANS ON IMPROVED & UNIMPROVED CITY property. W. Farnam Smith & Co., 1320 Farnam. W—495

6 PER CENT MONEY ON NEB. & IA. FARMS. W. B. Meikle, 1st Nat'l Bk. bldg., Omaha. W—498

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES. THE O. F. Davis Co., 1505 Farnam St. W—496

FARM LOANS, 1 TO 10 YEARS; LOWEST rates. Garvin Bros., 1613 Farnam St. W—833

ON OMAHA PROPERTY; LOWEST RATES; building loans wanted. Fidelity Trust Co. W—494

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA real estate. Brennan, Love & Co., Paxton block. W—492

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED OMAHA property. Pusey & Thomas, 207 1st Natl Bk bld W—235

FROM $100.00 UP. F. D. WEAD, 16th & Douglas. W—297—J19

$2,000 TO LOAN ON IMPROVED PROPERTY in Omaha. A. B. DeLong, 437 Board of Trade building. W—M325 24

MONEY TO LOAN—CHATTELS.

MONEY TO LOAN 30, 60, 90 DAYS; FURNIture, pianos, etc. Duff Green, R. 8, Barker blk. X—500

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, horses, wagons, etc., at lowest rates in city; no removal of goods; strictly confidential; you can pay the loan off at any time or in any amount. OMAHA MORTGAGE LOAN CO., 306 So. 16th St. X—499

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR RENT—SMALL WATER POWER MILL. Can also handle grain. Address box 55, Lincoln, Neb. Y—851-J9

FOR EXCHANGE.

WANTED, A HARDWARE OR IMPLEMENT stock in exchange for stock in a jobbing house; good opening; making money; good reasons for selling. Address M 100, Bee office, Council Bluffs. Z—M101

WILL TRADE NO 2 REMINGTON, NO. 58,000, for a gent's wheel; will pay part cash if necessary. L. 32, Bee. Z—318—24*

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

SNAP, ON 18TH ST., NEAR DODGE, 45X66 feet, $2,700. John N. Frenzer, opp P. O. RE—M688

HOUSES, LOTS, FARMS, LANDS, LOANS Geo. P. Bemis Real Estate Co., Paxton Block. RE—502

BARGAIN, ONLY $300.00 FOR LARGE LOT ON grade, at 38th avenue and Corby street. Garvin Bros., 1613 Farnam street. RE—M633

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING.

A. C. VAN SANT'S SCHOOL, 513 N. Y. LIFE. 504

AT OMAHA BUS. COLLEGE, 16TH & DOUGLAS 505

FOR RENT—HOTELS.

HOTEL FOR RENT OF 30 ROOMS, AMES AVE. and 24th st., opposite exposition grounds; almost new; rent reasonable. Bemis, Paxton blk. M649

MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGE.

GEORGE F. GELLENBECK, BANJO, MANDOlin and guitar teacher. 1807 Farnam street. Tel. 228. 908

FURNITURE PACKED.

M. S. WALKIN, FURNITURE PACKING, UPholstering, repairing, mattress, feathers renovated; prices reduced. Tel. 1331. 2111 Cuming. 507

SIDEWALKS.

FOR NATURAL STONE WALKS, TEL. 492 OR send postal to A. Stutzer, 330 Board Trade. —M731 June5*

SIDEWALKS.

SAWED NATURAL STONE, ARTIFICIAL brick. Tel. 1689. W. J. Welchans, 309 S. 17th St. 113—

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

AMERICAN AND GERMAN EMPLOYMENT bureau. 1524 Dodge. Telephone, 876. —M863 Jy13

DRESSMAKING.

TO THE LADIES OF OMAHA: THE MISSES Lenser will open their dressmaking parlor Monday, May 24. Stylish and first-class work guaranteed. Prices to suit the times. Ground floor, 1613 Douglas st. M368—24*

LOST.

LOST, BUNDLE OF DRY GOODS, MARKED Hayden Bros., between 14th and Webster sts. and Hayden Bros. Return to Johnson Bros., 1008 Farnam, for reward. Lost—M394 24*

LOST, FOX TERRIER, ONE BROWN EAR, brown around one eye. Reward. 109 S. 32d. Lost—M388 24

LOST, FOX TERRIER, SCAR ON RIGHT shoulder. Reward. Henry Copely, Jeweler, cor. 16th and Farnam. Lost—M404 21

LOST—BETWEEN 24TH AND CALDWELL and 23d and Cuming streets, black seal purse containing small sum of money and city warrant valuable only to owner. Reward for return to 819 N. 24th st. Lost—M413 24*

PASTURAGE.

HORSES ONLY, BOARD FENCES, SPRING water. A. W. Phelps & Son, 207 N. Y. Life. 561 31*

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

WE MAKE FINE HALF-TONES, ZINC ETCHings, embossing dies, tri-color plate or anything in up-to-date engraving. We guarantee time, quality and wormanship. Woman's Weekly, Nineteenth and Farnam. —M945 June 12

FINANCIAL.

LIFE INS.POLICIES BOUGHT. W. F. HOLDEN 508

PAWNBROKERS.

H. MAROWITZ LOANS MONEY, 418 N. 16 ST. 503

SUES & CO., PATENT SOLICITORS
Bee Building,
Omaha Neb
Advice and Patent Book FREE

NIP AND TUCK FOR THE SPY

A Strangely Complicated Incident of the Rebellion.

FRIENDSHIP BEGUN UNDER DIFFICULTIES

How the Spy, the General and the Murderer Happened to Be in the Room at the Same Time—A Thrilling Escape.

He was a house carpenter, say about 60 years of age, and the man for whom he was working was probably ten years older. It was just at the noon hour, and the carpenter with his dinner bucket in his hand was walking with his employer toward the street, where the carriage was waiting. The social position and wealth of the two men was noticeably different, but as they walked toward the rich man's carriage it was apparent that they were equals in friendship.

I was sitting on a bundle of shingles in the shade as the carpenter, after the carriage drove away, joined me and opened his bucket, relates a writer in the New York Sun.

"It isn't any of my business," I said, "but if it's all the same to you, I've been noticing all along how friendly you and the old gentlemen were, and I'd like to know what's behind it."

"Nothing much," smiled the carpenter in reply, "except that we are under obligations to each other in a little matter that happened thirty-five years ago."

"Anything private?"

"Not exactly. We saved each other's lives, that's all."

"Huh," I grunted, "that ought to make men feel friendly toward each other, but how did you do it?"

"Well, take your muddy feet off those shingles and sit over there on that rough stuff and I'll tell you."

As I changed my location the carpenter fished an appetizing hunk of bread and cold roast beef out of his bucket and stuck his teeth into it with a satisfaction many a man does not experience when he bites into a hunk of terrapin and drives it into his system with a sizz of champagne.

"In 1861," continued the carpenter, "I was ready, as were most of the young men of my age, to drop the drawknife and hammer and take up the musket, and the crack of the first gun at Fort Sumter had hardly died away before a lot of us had applied for places and were duly accepted as soldiers in case the war turned out to be a serious matter. As you may be aware, it turned out that way, and as we came back toward Washington from Bull Run, it seemed to a good many of us to be about the most serious matter we ever undertook. However, we got over that first attack in the course of time, and a year later those of us who were still living and able were doing very well at the business.

TICKLISH BUSINESS.

"I had got to be a spy of considerable importance, though when I enlisted I didn't know that I had any particular ability in that direction, and I was intrusted with the gravest secrets by commanding officers of all grades. By 1864 I was probably the leading man in my profession in the Army of the Potomac, and I had become so well known by reputation among the enemy that my usefulness was getting narrowed down to a risk that was anything but pleasant. My officers were advised of it and they did not send me through the lines nearly so often as before and then only on the most important ventures. I may say here that all of a spy's service is not spent among the ranks of the opposing army, and I made many trips to Washington on secret service, for there were foes within as well as without in those dark days.

"In November of 1864 it became necessary for me to go over to the enemy and see what he was going to do in the event of the union forces coming somewhat nearer to Richmond, and, with some doubt in my mind as to the outcome of the trip, either in the matter of my personal comfort or the value of it to our army, I slipped out one dark night and at daylight I was an escaped confederate soldier looking for my regiment, which I knew was down in the neighborhood of Atlanta. I couldn't find it of course, and, being a red-hot southerner, I joined the first company that wanted my services, and there wasn't a company in the entire confederate army at that time that didn't want me and a hundred thousand like me. I got along very nicely for about a week without finding out much of importance, but hoping to do so, when all of a sudden I was pounced upon without the slightest warning and charged with being the notorious spy, Jack Norton. I had no witnesses to swear to the contrary, nor could I take refuge in an alibi, but there was no proof that I was the spy, and I was held till an investigation could be made.

ARREST AND ESCAPE.

"My arrest took place one evening about 6 o'clock, and by the next afternoon two men had been found who identified me beyond all question. My trial was set for next morning, and the chances were that by dark of that day my darkness would be perpetual, for spies were given short shrift. Still, my life was worth fighting for, and that night at midnight or a little before I made a break and got a start of fifteen minutes. A young fellow scarcely more than a child was my guard, and he was so worn and tired out that he could not keep his eyes open, but would now and then fall into little cat naps. In one of these I caught him and very quietly tied his hands and feet, and putting a gag in his mouth covered him with a blanket and walked away with his gun. I headed for the river, calculating on floating and swimming down it as far as I could before daylight and waiting for night again to finish the trip.

In fifteen minutes or less after I had made my start I heard the long roll beating, and before I had time scarcely to think the enemy was hustling after me in great shape, and it seemed as if they actually rose out of the ground to head me off. I hadn't an idea there were so many rebels in the whole southern confederacy, and I made up my mind if I got out alive I would call the attention of the commanding general to the fact that our side was making a miscount somewhere. Guns began banging and blazing away, and I soon saw that getting to the river was not to be as easy as I had hoped. I made it, though, and, plunging in, I swam as quiet as I could down past a crowd of men at a bend just below, and a little further down I passed a boat not a dozen feet away by holding my head under water and breathing through a pipe stem which was about ten inches long. It was a rank old stem, and the air I got was not pleasant, but it was better than capture, and I held on to my pipe stem for future emergencies. I suppose I must have gone half a mile down the river when I discovered that a line of boats was patrolling clear across, and that further progress, even with my pipe stem's assistance, was impossible, so I took to the shore.

ONE HAD TO DIE.

"As it happened, the boats were so close up that the shore just along there was neglected and I managed to slip through and get into a field beyond. I had gone about a hundred yards when I ran slap into a man, for it was pitch dark now, though the sky had been clear when I started. He thought I was a friend and cursed me for my carelessness in frightening him, and then as he happened to touch me again and found my clothes wet he said something about being the spy they were after and caught me by the throat. I was no slouch at that sort of thing, though after a fierce tussle in the stubble and weeds, in which I prevented his giving the alarm, he settled back on the ground, and I felt that it would perhaps be a long time until he could do me any harm. It was in self-defense, of course; life against life, but after that the night seemed to be darker and I thought I saw shadows and heard disagreeable sounds of gurgling and could feel warm and squirming flesh in my hands."

For a minute he stopped eating, and began to look disturbed.

"War is a dreadful thing," I said.

"I should say it was," admitted the carpenter, and hastily proceeded: "I ran from this point as fast as I could in the dark, and without any direction, trying to get away from I didn't exactly know what, and after rising a small hill about three hundred yards from the river, I saw a light just below me. I shied at it and veered away to the left, where, after going about a hundred yards, I ran plump up against the back part of an old house, such as are stuck all around Virginia. As I stood there hesitating what to do, the sentinel on the beat leading that way came into hearing, but not into sight, and I slunk down into an old cellarway and waited till he went around the other corner. Then I began to think, and I thought first that if I could get into the house I might hide in some crack or cranny, such as are always found in those old houses, and stay there until night came again, with another chance for me to escape. It was so infernally dark, though, that I could only go by guess work, and I was mortally afraid that I would stumble upon the very thing I wanted to be furthest away from. I felt that if I could find an old darky I would be as nearly safe as it was possible to be, but the darky supply seemed to be exhausted and there wasn't so much as a sign of one.

HIDING IN A CLOSET.

"At about 1:30 o'clock the sky cleared a little and in the flits of starlight between the scudding clouds I found there was an open door and a porch above where I had dodged in, and when the sentinel gave me an opportunity again I slipped into the house and went ahead in the dark, feeling along the walls and trusting to Providence. It was apparent that the house was empty, for I could not even hear the sound of breathing sleepers and the doors were everywhere open. In one room a lamp was dimly burning and by its light I could detect that the place was occupied by an officer, though it did not seem to be an official headquarters.

"While I was hesitating here I heard the sound of voices and approaching footsteps and without a thought of what the result would be I jumped for a big closet on the far side of the room and hid there. It had a glass front with thin silk curtains over it and had once been used as a book case, though it was now empty and was only about deep enough for me to turn around in. When the voices and footsteps reached the room I discovered that they belonged to a brigadier general and two junior officers, who, after a brief consultation as to what they should do in the search for the escaped spy, left him as the sole occupant of the room, and, as far as I could hear, of the house. In a few minutes he was ready for bed, and, going to a window, he rapped on it a time or two, in response to which a corporal appeared and saluted. The general gave him instructions as to greater vigilance and to keep a watch, not so much on the spy, as I thought it ought to be, as on some one he referred to as Jackman, whoever that could be and whatever he had to do with the peace and dignity of the brigadier general.

THE VILLAIN APPEARS.

"Then the corporal got out of the room, the general got into bed, and the place was left to the dimly burning lamp and myself. The Lord knows what an amount of thinking I began to do at this point. Here I was, hunted to the death, with only a pane of glass between me and capture, and the general in command, altogether in my power. I might capture him and hold him as hostage, or I might kill him and thus do as much harm as I could to the enemy before I died. I might threaten him and compel him to sign a pass for me through the lines, or I might make him take me to a safe place and let me go. I thought of everything I could think of and had about concluded that the best thing I could do was to capture the general and force him at the pistol point to give safe conduct out of his lines, when I was startled by seeing a shadow pass the door leading into the hall through which I had come from the rear of the house. What it was I could not make out, and not having much else to do just at that particular time I waited for developments. There was not long to wait, for almost on the instant a figure shot out from the doorway, stooping low, and glided like a snake into the shadow of the table in the middle of the room. It was a man's figure, though white or black I could not determine. For a minute, fully, I could see him, and then he rose high enough to peek over the table, and I could look squarely into the face of a mulatto—and it was not a pleasant face. On the contrary, it was as ugly a countenance as I ever looked into, and it gave me the shivers, so distorted was it with passion, as it looked toward the bed where the general was snoring away unconscious of how many guests he had in his room.

"So absorbed was I in watching the mulatto's movements that I forgot what I was there for and my own peril became entirely secondary to what really did not concern me in the least. As I stood behind my glass and silk screen peering through the shadows at the mulatto he moved from behind the table, though still crouching below it, raised his hand and very cautiously turned up the light of the lamp—just enough to show the figure of the general in the bed in the corner about ten feet away, and not enough to add greatly to the illumination of the place, but you know the effect of light on some sleepers, and the general responded to even this slight increase and turned over, muttering something in which I could hear the name Jackman, which I had heard him mention to the corporal. Then I heard the mulatto curse in a deep whisper and I came to the conclusion that the corporal had not received Mr. Jackman's card when he came in and Mr. Jackman would be likely to have it out with the general, though what was at the bottom of it all was not known to me.

THE ASSASSIN BALKED.

"The next thing that attracted my attention was a movement on the part of the mulatto, who had dropped flat on the floor as the general moved and muttered in his sleep, and as he came up on his hands and knees and peeped over the table from the other side, I saw a long knife in his mouth. I wondered what he would do next, and also when my turn, as an unarmed man, would come to take a hand in the scrap, or would it be the better plan to keep my own counsel and not get mixed up in a matter of which I had no knowledge except what I was then picking up. I was not interested at all, and I merely put my own life in double danger, for if I attacked the negro he might kill me; and if I killed him, of course, I would be identified as the spy they were after and even my heroism would not save me. Under the circumstances my position was one requiring a most careful study and I was giving it that in the very short time at my disposal. A man can think a good deal when he gives up his whole time to it, as I was doing just then.

"While I was still debating the point at issue as to my duty in the premises, the mulatto rose again to a crouching position, and with the knife in one hand and a sandbag or a short club in the other, he started quickly for the side of the bed, evidently intending to drop in its shadow and wait a moment for the final deed. But it was not to be as he intended, for there was a small foot stool between the table and the bed and this he struck with his foot and fell over, creating such a disturbance that the general started up in bed and called out to know who was there. Then he jumped suddenly out of bed with a heavy comfort over his arm and breast as a protection, and as he struck the floor the mulatto was upon him. The yellow man was a giant in size and the general was a child in his hands, as I could see, and before I could do any more thinking I had flung open my glass door and had walloped the mulatto over the head with a musket to such good effect that he tumbled down in a heap beside the general, who was bleeding from some kind of a cut, I couldn't see or say where.

"But he was in much better condition than the mulatto, and a rapid search showed that the mulatto's knife had gone through the heavy comfort and made a slash over his ribs near the heart, cutting open the skin, but not doing any serious harm. The general was for calling the corporal at once and having a surgeon dress his wounds, at the same time expressing his gratitude to me for saving his life, but too much excited to ask how I happened to be there or who I was, although I could see he took me for one of the guards who had come in from the outside in the nick of time.

ARRANGING A TREATY.

"However, when the general ordered me to call the corporal and send for a surgeon I declined to do so, much to his surprise, and in a very few words I explained to him who I was and what I was doing in his room at that time of the night.

"'Now, sir,' I said, with the gun still in my hand, 'I have saved your life and you ought to save mine by all the rules of fair dealing. I understand that you owe certain things to your position and that I am a spy who will be shot on sight and that by all rules and traditions you should hand me over to be dealt with according to military usage. At the same time I would call your attention to the fact that without obligations or rules or traditions or anything except the dictates of a plain humanity, which is the same between us whether in gray or blue, I have risked my life to save yours and have saved yours, even going so far as to take the life of another man, who, for all I know, may have been doing only justice in putting you out of the world. He was doing it inhumanly, though, and I responded to the higher call. Now, what are you going to do? I can kill you as the mulatto would have done, but that would not do you or me any particular good, and I would much rather we could arrange some other way.'

"He looked me over for a minute, holding the comfort to his side to keep the blood back, and then he spoke.

"'I'll not be outdone in generosity or bravery by any d—n Yankee on earth,' he said, with a laugh, and you get back in that big closet, where you'll have more room than in the other one, and see what I'll do for you. Be quick, too, for this thing in my side hurts.'

"It was the tone of a man who would act square with me and without a word I slipped into the closet and he locked the door on me, leaving me in darkness, but with plenty of air through a slatted transom, in which I could hear all that might be said in the room. Then the general called up the corporal, and, after reprimanding him for his carelessness, sent him for the surgeon. In a few minutes the surgeon arrived, with an assistant, and, after fixing up the general with a stitch or two in his side, the mulatto was examined and pronounced senseless from a cracked skull, with the chances against his recovery.

BACK TO THE UNION LINES.

"And the beautiful story the general told the surgeon of how he had been awakened out of his sleep by the mulatto, who had threatened his life a week before and had been in hiding in the swamps since, and how he had caught the bed clothes, and, all unarmed, had tackled the giant and in the struggle had got hold of the gun and by a lucky stroke had been able to knock the mulatto's head in, with a lot more of the same sort, all of which I could forgive most heartily from my place in safety.

"At 5 o'clock in the morning the general was sleeping quietly, with the assistant surgeon on a cot near him, and I was boxed up, very much alive, but not at all comfortable, and entirely unable to see where I was going to get out at. At 8 o'clock the general had toast and tea, which he did not take, but which I did at 9, along with some cake and a slug of whisky he had in his room for more expected callers. He was enabled to attend to me in this way by ordering everybody out of the room, as he said he wanted to sleep. By 10 o'clock we had arranged that he would take me as a confederate spy that night to the river, and in a government boat he would let me go out with credentials from him and once more rejoin my own people; at the same time, which he said with a smile worthy of consideration, my life would be saved for future usefulness. Still he made me swear that when I got back I would not again come into the confederate lines as a spy. I promised willingly, for I had all I wanted, and in conclusion he told me he was prompted to do what he was doing because from every indication then in sight he firmly believed that within another year or much sooner we would all be living together once more, anyhow, and he didn't want to have my blood on his hands.

"The rest of it was easy, for there is not much trouble getting away from the enemy's lines when a man is fixed with the proper papers, as I was, and you can bet I never gave it away how I got them or what happened on that night, either in the lonely field or in the general's room. Neither did I ever go into the confederate lines again until in a few months I went in when the boys walked into Richmond with flags flying and the rebellion was knocked out. There I saw my friend, the general, too, and I had influence enough to make it easy for him then and later. Now that he has come north, and has money and work to do, he makes it easy for me, and we are as good friends as men in our respective positions can be."

"And each of you," I remarked, "is glad he saved the other's life?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the carpenter, biting a horseshoe out of the side of a piece of apple pie two inches thick.

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MULES AND MINING.

How the Kick of a Mule Led a Prospector to Fortune.

"The luckiest man I ever knew in any diggings," said Dan Randolph to a party of bar-room gossips in Randsburg, writes a California correspondent, "was Bill Hawkins, who came out from Chicago along about 1875, as poor as Job's turkey. Any man without his luck would have been kicked plumb into kingdom come instead of the fattest diggings down in the territories. It was like this: Bill was hauling freight from Tucson over to the little silver and gold camps in the Sonora range, and he considered himself mighty lucky to have few layoffs by his boss at Tucson. He was about as clumsy as they make a man, and never made a trip without being kicked, bitten or trodden on by his team. But he was so blamed poor that he had to stand all that or die of starvation.

"One mule in the string, Old Sam, was a regular devil; the brute knew that Bill was afraid of him and never missed a chance to bite or kick at him. One day Bill started from Tucson with a heavy load, bound for John Smith's camp, eighty miles off. Part of the way the road was hardly more than a trail along the side of the mountain. Half a dozen good teamsters had refused the contract, but Bill took it because the price offered was more than double what he could obtain on any other route. Bets were made that the outfit would go over the grade, but Bill succeeded in getting over sixty miles of the road without a single hitch. Then he was at the Porcupine, a narrow ridge along which the road ran, and on each side was a deep canyon. At no place is the road more than a couple of feet wider than a wagon and the grade is very heavy. Half way across something started Old Sam, the mule, and he began to kick.

"Bill whipped and swore, but Sam only made his heels fly faster, and at last managed to get outside of the traces. Then, as if satisfied with the fun he had, the brute lay down in the middle of the road and defied Bill's every effort to get him up. A couple of Mexicans happened along, and at Bill's invitation they took a hand. One of them gathered a lot of dry grass and piled it close to the mule's hindquarters and set it on fire. It took Sam about two seconds to change his position and land his heels on Bill's stomach with a force which sent him over the edge of the road and down the bank. He dropped twenty-five or thirty feet down the side of the mountain.

"Where did he land? Why, on the edge of the Daylight, of course. The Mexicans, in pulling away the grass, had torn away some earth that revealed pay ore beneath it. Bill had sense enough to keep his find a secret, and wrote to his brother in 'Frisco to gather up all the cash he could and get down to Arizona as soon as possible. The first thing we knew in Tucson and Tombstone a gang of men were at work developing the Daytime mine. The property paid $1,000 a month almost from the start, and along about 1880, when the shaft was down 800 feet, it paid $3,000 a month. Bill died in Europe ten years ago, where he married a French woman, and he had dead loads of money. What became of the mule? Why, you can bet that Bill never forgot that beast. He bought the finest ten-acre pasture he could find down in the Sonora mountains near a Mexican's house, built a stable for the mule to sleep in at night and paid the Mexican a salary to see that Old Sam never wanted for a mule's comforts of life. The last I knew the mule was living yet."

"Speaking about mules," remarked Colonel George Layton, the oldest man in the crowd, and one who saw more of the flush mining days in the era of the forty-niners in the diggings along the river banks than any one else in Randsburg, "reminds me of the time that Leland Stanford was tried for killing the best mule in Placer county. I remember it as well as if it happened yesterday. It must have been along about 1851. Stanford was then a young strip of a fellow with an awfully pretty girl wife out from Wisconsin. He had some money, and he saw he couldn't make a cent at running a law shop, because the miners made their own law, and book law wasn't worth a cent there. So Stanford bought a wagon load of bacon, flour, molasses, beans and dried apples at Sacramento, hauled them up to Michigan Bluffs, in Placer county, made a tent out of his wagon cover and opened a store. There wasn't much doing during the day, so Stanford used to lie down in his tent and go to sleep until some customer woke him up, for it was immediate hanging for any one to get caught stealing in those days, when any one could make $10 a day by a little industry at panning out the gold. One day a fellow struck camp on the finest burro that had been seen at the Bluffs in weeks. The fellow unpacked his belongings and turned the burro loose to pick up whatever he could find in the way of grub. The straw around young Stanford's tent attracted his attention first and then he commenced nosing around inside. It wasn't three minutes till he had his nose in the dried apple barrel. After eating all he could get away with he sauntered off down to the creek and took a good drink of water. In an hour there was a dead burro.

"The owner of the jack wanted Stanford to pay for him and Stanford got mad and demanded pay for his dried apples. After wrangling over it all the afternoon they agreed to leave it to a jury. First the stranger was tried for stealing the dried apples and acquitted on the ground that a man was not criminally liable for the acts of his burro. Then Stanford was tried for killing the jack and acquitted on the ground that he was not criminally responsible for the swelling properties of the dried apples. Then they tried the damage case each had against the other and the jury reached the conclusion that it was a split and fined them both the drinks for the court.

"A year or so before Senator Stanford died, in the summer of 1893, I was looking over his magnificent estate at Palo Alto and whom did I see walking about but the old senator himself. I introduced myself and told him how I remembered when we were in Michigan Falls together and about his trial for killing a mule. He laughed heartily over it and made me go to dinner, just as I was and in my old clothes, up at his mansion, so as to tell Mrs. Stanford what I remembered about their early struggles, for Stanford told me that he looked back on those years as the happiest and most satisfactory of his life."

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AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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