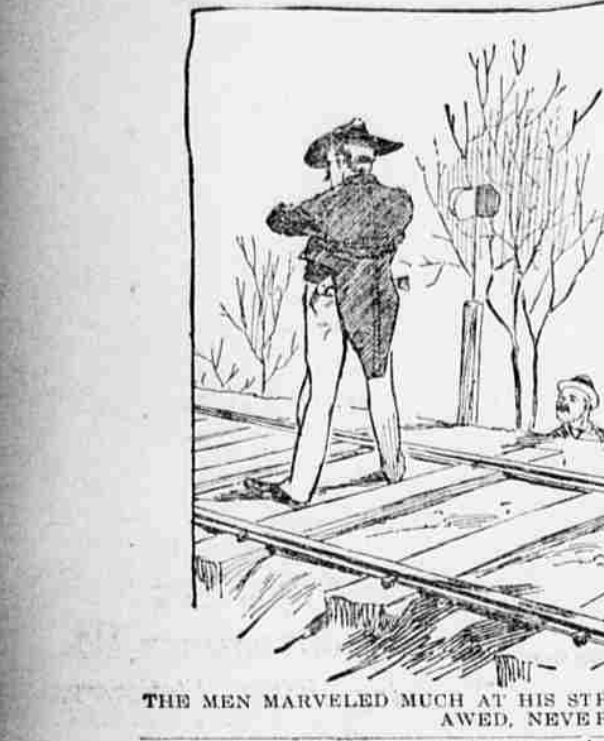


TER, MURPHY'S SWALLOW TAIL... served a Useful Purpose as a Cloak for Hip-Pocket Artillery...

COOLED THE ARDOR OF SECTION HANDS... A Scrap Among the Dagoes and the Jerries and the Outcome—The Surrender of Weapons of War.



THE MEN MARVELED MUCH AT HIS STRANGE ATTIRE, BUT THEY WERE AWED, NEVERTHELESS.

low, stayed upon the track until High Henry pulled the whistle, and then made a dive for his hole. His big boot being maled with snow, slipped and he was unable to get to clear, and the plug being extra wide, gathered him up and put him over the telegraph poles and down the mountain in about fifteen feet and he went to the hill one afternoon, beneath a mackerel sky, the Italians waited until he was close upon them, and then put themselves in the nick in the wall. One of the gang, a short, fat fel-

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MOsbY'S WAR-TIME RUSTLERS... A Daring Guerrilla Campaign Which Greatly Harassed the Army.

It was almost a month after the fight that Terrance got up one Monday morning and declared his intention to go to work. When he had dressed up to his vest, he took down the swallow-tail coat that Sam McMurtrie had given him, wearing a \$75 dress suit to do it, and put it on. He then took a pair of pistols, put one in either hip pocket, and backed up to McMurtrie's mirror, as a woman does dressing for church. He twisted his shoulders, threw up his arms, leaned forward and back, but never for a moment did the tail of the coat come between the guns and daylight. "That's good," said Terrance, and he strolled up the track to where the Italians were waiting for him. At first the men marveled at the extravagance of his attire, but when Terrance paused, turned and stood looking back down the road as though he were inspecting the work, with the ready hands of his six-shooters sticking up through the under half-craps of his coat, the men were awed.

There had been orders from the general office that no man should carry arms on the works, and now the Italians said they would not work under Terrance, so envied. Antone said they would fight first. Terrance threatened and swore, but the snow brigade refused to budge. After a lot of talk it was agreed that the men be searched, and if they were all unarmed, then Terrance would lay away his shooting irons.

Sam McMurtrie, the engineer, stood at one end, George Leipp, the contractor, at the other, and Terrance headed the men between. McMurtrie looked up one side at the man and Leipp looked down the other, and in a little while they had three or four old pistols of unknown design and any number of shrimply large pocketknives. The last man to pass between the inspectors was Antoine. From one of his big boots they brought a spring clasp-knife, a razor from the other end in the bosom of his padded coat. That part of Virginia which is included in Fauquier and Fauquier counties was known as Mosby's Confederacy, and in a short time was practically under the control of his men. Ceaseless were the adventures in which the plucky leader and his half-breed escapers they were encountered, but once perhaps as remarkable as the affair in which they went boldly into the center of a city, they took out from its midst a stumbling general, escaping with their prey under the very eyes of the federal forces.

AMONG THE ENEMY. The soldiers belonging to Stoughton's force were soundly sleeping, artillery, cavalry and infantry being quartered about in the center of the town. The general was in the center of the town, his quarters being extensively celebrated at a supper at which there was a liberal supply of champagne. Mosby, with twenty men, rode slowly into the town about two hours before dawn, and trotting up to the court house, rode the little party divided, some going to get supplies that were procurable, as well as the horses of the enemy while the other two or three of his men rode down to the headquarters of the general. No sound was heard in the foggy darkness but the slight splash of the hooves in the muddy road, and even had any of the enemy been awake they would never have dreamed for a moment that the leader and his men were calmly riding, about in the midst of their camp, having eluded by stratagem the pickets posted along the lines. Mosby, at the head of the party, generally knuckled at the door. The house was shrouded in darkness and silence, but presently a head was seen in an upper window and a sleepy voice inquired "What is it?" Mosby replied that he was a bearer of dispatches for General Stoughton. The head disappeared, and a moment later an officer in uniform came down the narrow stairs and opened the door. In a moment he found himself a prisoner, and was told in a low voice to conduct the men to the general's room.

STORIES REVIVED AT THEIR REUNION... Kidnaped a Union General and His Staff, Captured a Pay Train and Foraged on a Union Commissary.

The reunion of Mosby's Rangers, which took place in Baltimore recently, recalls most vividly the stirring times of the war, when these same men were not the peaceful citizens of today, but the much-feared bold spirits that spent their days and nights in harassing the boys that Uncle Sam sent out to capture them. It is a long time since the lads in green have been in a fight; many of those who had been, however, did not go sleeping undisturbed by the sound of strife, and over the heads of all Father Time had cast a frost that, while it silvered the hair, touched not the heart of those who met around the festive board to talk of the adventures of the days of old.

The band known as Mosby's Rangers were formed in Fauquier County, Virginia, which was in fact the headquarters of the band, a regularly organized troop, which the officers were commissioned and under the personal supervision of Mosby, who was subordinate to General Stoughton, one of the other officers of the confederate army. These rangers, however, were gathered for a species of warfare, which being exercised in an independent way, was the means of harassing the enemy and of keeping the large armies of the union constantly on the alert. As a line in only as strong as its weakest point it was necessary to keep several thousand federal troops to guard a road or communication, when they were in truth numbered by only a few hundred. The rangers, who were composed of the young men of the state, received no compensation from the confederate government for their independent way, as the spoils of war taken by their own efforts from the pockets of the soldiers were but boys, some scarcely out of school, but the flower of the south would be found in their ranks, while for daring and absolute fearlessness they had no equal.

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Attempt at Murder Fails. DETROIT, Nov. 30. W. J. Hurst shot a revolver at his wife today, but succeeded only in slightly wounding her. He then shot himself dead. The tip of the thumb of the woman's upraised hand was stuck off and the bullet grazed her head. Hurst had been drinking heavily. He was apparently jealous of nearly every man who came into the little store which the couple kept.