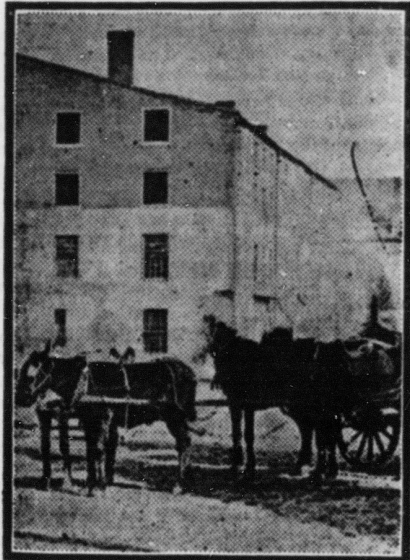


Shenandoah.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4.)

"And whom have we here?" asked the captain, staring at the young stranger who had proffered the flask and paying no attention to the wounded man.



Libby Prison.

two soldiers were required to hold him while Thornton minutely searched his person.

"Letters—Washington and New York postmarks—and—ah! What have we here? Pretty little sentimental keepsake, eh? Where have I seen the lady's face? Pardon me if I read this inscription on the back of the case."

What he had found was a miniature, the portrait of a lady, carefully protected in a morocco case. The owner resisted so desperately the taking of this treasure that he finally sank to the floor, livid, panting, foaming and cursing, as Captain Thornton mockingly read the lines inscribed on the back of the picture:

The flashing light may lighten thy form In living lines of breathing grace, May give each tint a tone as warm As that which melts o'er thy dear face But in my soul and on my heart With deeper colors, truer aim, A loftier power than meager art Hath graven thy image and thy name.

"He is dead," said Dr. Ellingham, letting the hand of poor Sam Pinckney, which he had been holding, fall limp and lifeless to the ground.

"Well, major, that relieves you from duty here. I'll have an ambulance sent around at once. As for the Yankee gentleman, I will take good care of his valuables while he is escorted to Richmond and put up at the Hotel de Libby."

With these taunting words Captain Thornton laughed diabolically, then lit a cigar and stood in the doorway of the cabin gazing reminiscently upon the miniature which held the fair features of Mrs. Constance Haverril.

The old warehouse of the Libbys, down on Carey street, near the James river, was the largest structure of its kind in Richmond. It was a vast, dingy, four storied red brick building, with nothing but naked walls, bare timbers and low raftered drying rooms, whose small windows were not intended primarily to admit light. A few iron bars across these windows and a flimsy partition here and there to divide the floor space into "rooms," had sufficed to transform into a capacious military prison for Federal captives whose official rank saved them from the unsheltered pens and stockades of Belle Isle or of Salisbury and Andersonville farther south.



Playing Cards For Scraps of Tobacco.

Only officers were immured in Libby prison, and most of the time there were from 1,500 to 2,000 motley, ragged, pale faced men pining there, cramped and squallid and liable to be shot down relentlessly if they crossed a "dead line" within two or three feet of the barred windows. Some of these poor fellows listlessly carved crucifixes

and wooden toys with their jackknives; others played cards squatted on the floor or checkers on boards marked off in rude squares on these same rough, unswept planks. All hoped against hope and conversed endlessly on two topics—"exchange" and "escape."

Letters from home were rare, gifts and provisions still rarer. Nevertheless some fortuitous combination of circumstances and outcropping of ordinary human kindness did on certain memorable occasions permit a suit of clothes or a box of sweets and other creature comforts to escape Confederate confiscation and get past the drawbridge of the military bastille.

One of these occasions that brought reasonable rejoicings to a certain loft of Libby occurred just before the date of national thanksgiving, in the latter part of November.

The blood red rays of sunset were streaming through the one small, high, grated window that lighted a bare room where some men were dejectedly playing cards for scraps of tobacco, while others sat around on rough benches and watched or smoked or dozed. One who was either sick or wounded lay on a couch, with a coarse blanket over him. Two or three of the card players joined their unmelodious voices in crooning an old fashioned Methodist hymn.

"That's right, boys," said the hymn leader, an unctuous looking Hoosier whom they addressed sometimes as "chaplain" and again as "deacon," "cheer up a bit. If you can't be cheerful, be as cheerful as you can. Think—think of your heavenly home."

"Too far off," muttered Captain Cox, a Kentuckian.

"Well, then, think of your earthly home—of the apple trees in blossom when you left it, of the afternoon sunlight fallin' on it this minute out there in Kentuck or Ohio or wherever it is. Mine's in Indiana, thank God! I remember when I was—"

"Deacon," protested the sick man, "I'm not feeling very chipper today."

"Oh, you'll come round all right. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. As I was saying—"

"That's what poor Ralph's afraid of, deacon," interposed Captain Cox. "Monotony is what's killing him, and I'll leave it to you if the novelty isn't long since worn off those endless reminiscences of the time when you used to be."

"Bears admirer on the Wabash canal," chimed the chorus.

"All right, boys, poke all the fun at me you like, smile me on the other cheek. You know I'm meek and lowly. Darn this hand o' cards anyway. But with all your cuteness I'll bet \$5 none o' you can tell how we used to take in sail out there on the Wabash, eh?"

"Well, sir, they go out aloft on the towpath and knock down a mule."

"Ho, ho! How's that, Ralph?" laughed Cox, rising and going over to the sick man's couch. "Come, brighten up. Are you sick in mind too?"

Hunt sighed impatiently. Deacon Hart rallied again.

"Look on the bright side, what may happen any minute. Suppose, first thing you know, you get called out and exchanged, jest as soon as our army captures some of the Johnnies, if it ever does. Then you can go home on crutches, and the neighbors'll bring in a dozen different things at once to kill or cure you."

"I don't seem to care about anything," said Ralph Hunt, gloomily. "If I can't die on the field it may as well be here as anywhere else."

"It's a good thing I'm here to give you spiritual counsel," interjected Deacon Hart, turning away from his cards for a second. "Oh, is it my deal?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Libby Prison.

CAPTAIN COX sat beside Hunt's couch and conversed with him in low, earnest tones.

"There are other places," said he, "besides the field of battle, where a man can be brave."

"Oh, no doubt," was the bitter reply. "You find it easy to keep up your courage when I am in despair."

"What do you mean?"

"You know. We were boys together, and I have always put up with second best. You've always stood in front of me, Tom Cox—at school, at sport, in business, in love."

"Tell me one thing," urged Cox. "Have I ever played you false?"

"No, you haven't. You haven't need-

ed to. Your cursed fatal good luck does it all for you."

"Now you talk like a whining child."

"No, I don't. At this moment your heart's inmost thought is identical with mine. Marie Mason—great God! How my heart beats at the speaking of that name! Marie—she was the one woman in all the world to me. Why did you cross my path there, too, when it was as sure as fate that her preference would fall on you?"

"If it was fate, what's the use of talking about it now?" retorted Cox doggedly. "And to what avail to either of us now can that girl's favor be? You know she is an irrevocable southerner, like all the rest of her family. You know that I came out for the Union, as you did, when the first gun was fired on Sumter. Perhaps you don't know, but I will tell you now, that when I left Lexington she—Marie Mason—said she would rather see me lying dead on the battlefield wearing the southern gray than marching against her people in the blue uniform of the north. That was our parting, well, you and I have drunk from the same canteen. We have fought side by side in the same battles; we have both won our captain's swords—and lost them. Now, in misfortune, we are still together. And yet, on the petty pretext of disparity in our lots, you would banish the one ray of sunshine penetrat-

ing these prison walls—our old comradeship."

"You are well and strong. I am ill," pleaded Hunt.

"I don't forget that, either," murmured Cox, softening.

"I've talked too much, I suppose. It's all over now. Here's my hand, if you will take it."

Cox did not take it immediately, but answered:

"It's all right, Ralph. Only give me a little time to get over it, for you cut deep, old fellow."

At this moment a sudden silence fell, and a general movement and whisper made themselves manifest. Enter Captain Jackson Warner, the prison commissary.

"Evening, Yanks," was his gruff but not unkindly greeting. "What devilry are you up to now?"

"Talking over old times and old comrades, captain, that's all," replied Cox gently.

"Well, you may have an opportunity of seeing some more o' them 'ere old comrades o' yours, I reckon, before long."

"What? Are we going to get out?"

"No; they're coming in here. I suppose you've heard the news?"

At these words a young lieutenant who had sat silently in an opposite corner reading a copy of the Richmond Dispatch weeks old, threw down the paper and listened attentively.

"Let us know the worst, Captain Warner," urged Cox. "We're used to it—haven't got feelings any more, you know. What's the news?"

"Oh, some more fighting in the valley, you know. Yanks licked out o' their boots again, as usual. More prisoners, more hard luck stories."

"What's that?" cried Deacon Hart. "Another fight? More prisoners? Oh, Lord!"

"You're on the religious, aren't you?" inquired the commissary scoffingly.

"I'm a shouting Methodist these forty years, thank the Lord!" answered the deacon, holding his hand of cards behind his back.

"Well, your shouting hasn't benefited Abe Lincoln nor yourself very much so far. You'd better swing around and pray for Jeff Davis, I reckon, and be on the safe side."

"Never, till this right hand"—putting out his left with the cards, then jerking it back and holding up the right—"shall lose its cunning."

"Oh, go ahead, deacon, and pray for Jeff Davis if they want you to," suggested Cox. "He'll need it before this war's over."

"You can talk with your friends just from the front about that," retorted Warner gruffly. "Here's one of 'em coming upstairs now."

A measured tramp was heard approaching outside. The commissary opened the door, and the new Union prisoner was marched in between two guards. He saluted and introduced himself.

"Gentlemen, permit me. I am Colonel Cogswell of the Forty-second New York."

"The Tammany regiment of New York city!" exclaimed Lieutenant Bedloe, sotto voce.

Captain Cox returned the newcomers' salute and responded:

"We have heard of you, colonel, and we are right proud to meet you. My comrades here are Captain Hunt of Kentucky, Chaplain Hart of Indiana and Lieutenant Bedloe, from—why, from your own state, I believe. I am Captain Cox of the Tenth Kentucky."

Colonel Cogswell shook hands all around and said:

"I am fortunate to have the honor of sharing your quarters. I don't suppose you find it exactly lonesome here."

"The place is quite populous. It seems as if the fortunes of war had plucked out the flower of our army to pine away in infernal holes like this. Oh, for an hour of action!"

"Just wait till the exchange," said the hopeful Hart. "With a dozen men like us they might redeem a whole Confederate regiment."

"I understand," said Ralph Hunt gloomily, "that their idea is to get the well kept Confederate prisoners back from the Union camps and send us as living skeletons in exchange."

"Do you think, Colonel Cogswell," asked Cox, "that things are going as badly with us in the valley and elsewhere as they try to make out?"

"Yes, and a sight worse, I should say, at the present moment."

"Then," interposed Hart tragically, "all is lost save honor."

The colonel drew himself up proudly, glanced around to make sure that the commissary and guard had retired, then with a superb dramatic gesture opened the coat of his uniform, which had been tightly buttoned up to his chin, and displayed the stars and stripes wrapped around his body.

"Not all lost, sir. Our colors, by God!"

The prisoners rushed forward, their eyes bulging and cheeks glowing with patriotic ardor. Even poor Hunt rose excitedly from his couch.

"Three cheers, boys," cried Cox. "All together—let her go!"

They gave a rousing round of cheers that brought Captain Warner rushing back into the room.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Remember where you are. This ain't Washington. What are you feeling so ornery about?"

"We were just welcoming an old friend," explained Cox.

"And, besides, cap," interposed Hart, "ain't this Thanksgiving eve? How about them pumpkin pies we ordered and paid for in good United States money?"

"That's a fact," answered the commissary. "Well, the cook tackled 'em, according to directions. They ought to be pretty nigh done by this time. Queer grub, that."

At this juncture the door opened and

immediately a joyous commotion ensued.

"Pie, pie! Oh, pumpkin pie! Attention, all! Salute the pastry! Let the noble pumpkin approach its doom with military honors."

The prisoners drew up in line opposite Captain Warner, while in marched a dignified old negro with a red bandanna turban on her head, bearing aloft in both hands a platter containing an enormous pie. This she solemnly deposited on the table, then turned and made her exit in silence, saluted profoundly by the company.

"Chaplain Hart will ask a blessing—will you join us, Captain Warner?"

"No, thank you," replied the commissary, making his exit. "The atmosphere's getting too Yankeeified to suit me, and I'll beg to be excused."

Knife in hand, Hart stood in an attitude of devotion at the head of the table.

(Continued next week.)

Many a woman has to lie down several times a day because she "feels faint" or has a "spell of dizziness." Perhaps she tries to "do something" for her trouble. Dizziness is in the head, and the head is treated. The faintness seems to be caused by the heart and the heart is attended to. But the condition grows no better.

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