

"HER YANKEE"

There is a long lapse of years between that time and this, but the incident has lost none of its pathos or beauty, because of that.

I can see her now as she sits along to school, a sweet little girl of 7 years, her sunny curls blown back from a fair forehead, her bright blue eyes gazed in the innocent happiness of childhood.

It was in 1864 that there were a few prisoners of war brought to G— for incarceration and kept here several months, well guarded. Little Sallie passed the prison every morning on her way to school, and with childish curiosity, though not evincing any fear, she would look at the gloomy place of confinement giving a glance of commingled pity and awe at the prisoners, peering hopelessly from the small windows of the forbidding house.

The men, weary of the monotony of captivity, were glad to see the little sunbeam as it flitted by, morning and evening, though it left them in shadow.

There was one, however, pale and sick, whom the child gazed at in mute sympathy, and he in return would smile at her until once he called her, saying: "Come bid me good morning, and tell me your name."

Attracted by his gentle manner and refined appearance, she approached and said: "My name is Sallie, and what is your name?"

"Charlie," he answered; then he said, "My dear little girl, if you have anything in your bucket please give me something to eat, for I am sick and cannot eat prison fare."

"I will give it all to you, but I don't know how to get it away up there."

"Ask the guards to let you pass,"

With childish confidence she went to the nearest guard, but was courteously refused, and going back, told the Yankee. He then bade her ask the guards to pass the bucket to him.

Returning to the sentinel, she said so earnestly, "Please carry this to that poor man, who is so sick," that the Confederate soldier could not resist the pleading eyes and manner, or the compassionate feelings of his own heart, and taking the lunch passed it as requested. So it continued for a week, until the child was seen coming with two buckets, one for herself, the other for "her Yankee."

She was afraid to reveal her secret at home, fearing she might be denied the privilege of feeding her Yankee, and when her mother asked her why she carried two buckets and why she chose the daintiest and best of all on the table, she replied: "Oh mamma, it is for a poor person not able to buy nice things to eat." The evasion was pardonable under the circumstances. Often did she deprive herself of delicacies to put into the "other" bucket; and so it went on for four months, the guards allowing her to pass freely and her mother encouraging her in her charitable deed, but never dreaming who was the recipient.

At last Sallie passed one evening and the prison was empty. Her Yankee and his companions had been exchanged and had gone to join their respective commands. Sallie quietly stopped taking her lunches and her mother supposed she had simply become tired of it.

Four months passed in comparative peace, when the dread cry was heard, "The Yankees are coming!" Everybody tried to be calm and collected, but very few succeeded. Soon the town was "blue," and Sallie's mother had her front yard and porch full of the blue coated strangers and among them two Lieutenants and one Captain. The lady had shut all her little children into the bedroom with the injunction, "Be perfectly quiet."

The Captain announced that he would like to have dinner for himself and men. Pale and solemn, not afraid, but feeling that the intruders were her enemies, she left them, and going to her room to see after the children found them "mute as mice," with the exception of Sallie, who would run to the window and turn the blinds. Her mother begged and scolded in an awful whisper—"Don't do that, Sallie?" "Just a little bit, mamma. I won't let them see me," and suiting the action to the word, she turned the blind very carefully and caught a glimpse of a face that she and she alone of all the family, had ever seen before,

"Oh! mama, there's my Yankee!" she exclaimed, forgetting all precautions and instructions. "Let me go and see him; I'm not a bit afraid!" The poor mother, already in a state of bewilderment, thought that her bright and beautiful child had suddenly become bereft of her senses, and cried out, "Hush, Sallie! You have no Yankee, and they'll kill you if you go out there!" Being compelled to superintend the dinner, she locked the door to keep the child safe and returned to the kitchen.

When dinner was ready Mrs. — went through the room into the hall where the soldiers were assembled. Sallie slipped her golden head out and stood partly in the door, while the men slowly and silently, marched to the dining-room. When the seventh man passed he glanced at the child, and in a moment of glad recognition, caught her up in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Mamma, I told you this was my Yankee."

Mrs. — stood in a state of amazement bordering on stupefaction, and the men were as much astonished. "This is my sweet little Sallie!" the Yankee exclaimed, and the child wound her arms around his neck whispering, "Charley I have that Yankee dollar you gave me yet." "Madam," said the soldier, "I must explain this scene, as you seem to be in total ignorance of my acquaintance with your little daughter. While I have never had the honor of seeing you before today, I am no stranger, as you see, to this dear child. She saved my life by feeding me daily for months when I was sick and feeble for want of proper nourishment while a prisoner in this town." With tears filling his eyes he continued, "Ah! you would not be surprised at my loving her if you only knew, could comprehend, the dreariness of prison life and how this little angel brightened it by her visits and her charity. Do not have any fears, madam. I would protect your interests and this child with my life."

I do not know how long the soldiers remained in G., but they left to join in other battles and Charlie was killed in one some time after.

Sallie is married, has a lovely home two beautiful and interesting children and is a kind neighbor and friend.—New Orleans Picayune.

TWO WALL STREET PICTURES.

A speculator in four years has paid one firm in Wall street the sum of \$250,000 in commissions, says a New York letter. He was a wealthy man when he went into the street with a laudable but unwarrantable desire to increase his patrimony by speculating in stocks. Now, so heavy has been his losses that he would be satisfied if he possessed the sum he has paid out in commissions. As it is, he will cheerfully accept a clerkship in the said firm, who wish to avail themselves of his numerous acquaintances to increase their custom. If he had been contented with a handsome sufficiency for the day, amounting really to a superabundance, he would now be in affluence instead of in the position of comparative destitution he is.

On the other hand, a young clerk a few years ago commenced to speculate in the street with \$200, the savings of a year's abstinence from smoking, and now is worth in real estate over \$1,000,000 and several more in securities. In Wall street speculation, more than in anything else, what is game for man is ruin for another.

PROVIDENCE AND QUAILS.

"They were discussing in the Illinois legislature," said a gentleman from Springfield, "a bill to prevent the destruction of quail for three years. Speeches of various sorts were made. One farmer advanced the suggestion that there were too many quails. If they should be preserved for three years they would eat up all the crops. Then rose up an honest Granger, who had not opened his mouth before, with this valuable contribution to natural history, delivered in a drawing, squeaking voice; 'Mr. Cheerman, I've lived in Illinois, man and boy, for forty years. Enduring all of which time I've followed agricultural pursuits exceptin' for seven years, when I was a runnin' of a saw-mill, and I have observed this about quail: Whenever there is too many quail the good Lord He freezes them all out. That settled it.'—Philadelphia Record

HUNTING LEOPARDS.

It was here that I witnessed the only instance I ever saw of the black buck being run into and killed by the cheetah, or hunting leopard. Many consider this a low kind of sport, but I think it is quite equal to patridge shooting, besides being a beautiful sight. I shall therefore describe as well as I can what I saw. On arriving, with my friends, at the place of meeting in the jungle, we found a few rough and ready looking natives in charge of three carts, or rather small two-wheeled platforms, drawn by two bullocks. On each platform sat, in an erect attitude, a beautiful leopard, strongly chained and with a hood over his eyes, similar to those used for hawks. We were soon under way and driving toward the heard of antelopes which could be seen grazing in the distance and which had been marked down beforehand. There was no difficulty in getting the carts to within 120 yards of the deer. Then one of the cheetahs, a fine male was unhooded and set free. Its departure from the gharry and its decision in choosing the most covered line on the open plain for rushing on its prey were so instantaneous and rapid as to be quite marvellous. It seemed to vanish from the cart and appear simultaneously halfway toward the fine black buck it had sighted out for attack. When at about thirty yards from the unsuspecting troop, they suddenly became aware of the deadly peril they were in. One and all sprang into the air with galvanic bounds, and no doubt expected to escape easily by flight. But the hunting cheetah is, I suppose, for a hundred yards, by far the fleetest of all wingless things; and this one was soon in the midst of the affrighted throng, which scattered wildly and panic-stricken in all directions, as struck leader—a fine black buck—was struck down in their midst. There he lay, alone, in his death agony, in the deadly clutch of his beautiful and resentless foe. We all ran as hard as we could, and were soon surrounding the strange group.

Neither animal moved, for the buck was paralyzed by fear—his starting eyeballs and dilated nostrils alone gave evidence of life. The cheetah on the other hand, with his body spread out over the prostrate form of his victim, seemed to strain every nerve in pressing his prey against the earth as, with his long sharp fangs buried in its delicate throat, he continues the process of strangulation.

He was very motionless, but his eyes were fixed upon us with a glare of extraordinary ferocity that became intensified as his keepers rushed forward and seized the deer by the hind leg. The brute now growled fiercely, and, tightening his clutch, looked so extremely dangerous that I was far from envying those who were in such close proximity to him. But they knew their trade. With a long sharp knife they cut the deer's throat and caused the warm blood to spout in torrents into the face of the half-wild beast, whose whole frame now seemed to thrill with ecstasy. One of the operators, in the meanwhile, caught a quantity of the crimson life stream in a wooden bowl, and forced the steaming fluid under the very nose of the excited leopard, who quitting his hold, at once began to lap with avidity. While engaged in this process the leather hood was swiftly clapped over his eyes, and the collar with two chains attached, was adjusted round his neck. While this was going on a third man had cut off one of the buck's hind legs, and this "lion's share," was held close to the bloody chalice, which was no sooner emptied than the brute seized the meat thus provided with a vice like grip. Each chain was now grasped by a different man, who by keeping apart so that the tether remained taught, kept the leopard between them in such a way that neither was within reach of his claws or teeth. Then the third individual, who had ever retained his hold of the shankbone of the leg of venison, gently drew the cheetah to the little cart that had now been brought close up. As soon as the beast felt himself against the edge of his own familiar chariot he sprang lightly upon it and proceeded to demolish his succulent morsel at his ease. I now inspected the carcass of the deer, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, how the cheetah

had been able so instantaneously to strike down such a powerful animal immediately on getting up with it. I at once observed a single long deep gash in the flank, which was evidently caused by the decisive blow. But I could not imagine with what weapon the leopard had been able to inflict this very strange looking wound, for the cheetah has a foot like a dog, and his claws are not retractile. Turning then to the beast, as it sat on the cart, I inspected it closely, and saw that the dew-claw, which in the dog appears such a useless appendage, is represented in this brute by a terrible looking talon exactly suited to the infliction of such a gash.—Our Indian Stations.

HUMOROUS.

Charley (to Clara, who had already eaten two dishes of ice cream)—Will you have another dish, dear?

Clara—Thanks, Charley, no more.

Charley—Just one more for my sake?

Clara—Well for your sake, I will just take one more.

To explain the apparent impossibility of Charley's conduct it is necessary to add that the conversation did not take place at a restaurant, but at an evening party.—New York Sun.

An old maid at least seventy years of age was helped into a chair in the office of a New York police justice. She was very much excited.

Do I understand you to say that you think your pocket was picked by a young man who sat alongside of you in a Third Avenue car? asked the justice.

Yes, I'm sure of it. He squeezed me up in the corner so that I could scarcely breathe, and he kept smiling at me, and smiling at me, as if he knew me.

Why did you permit him to do that? Why did you not complain to the conductor? asked the justice.

I— I— I—

With it.

I thought perhaps he was—he was— Was what?

Going to propose to me.—Sittings.

A farmer from the romantic region of the Chenango valley was being shaved in a barber-shop on Chathan street the other day, when some one spoke to one of the barbers and called him Count.

What! what's that? exclaimed the farmer as he sat up on end, with the lather over his face. Have you a Count here?

Yes sir.

Is he alive?

O, yes.

French or Italian?

Italian.

By George! but I want him! Here, you, Count—are you married?

No, sir.

Good again! Want to be spliced? Maybe I like to.

Of course you do! I've got a gal nineteen years old, who is crazy to marry an Italian Count. She's a handsome, healthy, good natured, and I'll give her \$10,000 as a dowry. What d'ye say?

I'll see about it.

Good! Go on with your shaving, and arter I'm scraped I'll have a talk with you. Woosh! Aunt Jerusha, but I'm in luck! Saves me trottin' that gal clear over to Italy, and we get a husband for her who is both a Count and barber! Scrape me off quick.—New York Star.

The deacon told me a good story the other evening at one of our regular swapping matches. He said he didn't know it had attained the venerable character of a chestnut or not, but he vouched for the literal truth of it.

Fifty years ago, said he, we (that is to say my father's family) lived in Northwestern New York. One day there came to our house a poor man whom we had been in the habit of helping in a small way from time to time. We knew somehow, that he never wore socks. That shocked us children, and we became very curious to know the reason for his eccentricity. Father shared our curiosity, and before the old fellow left the house he (father) said to him:

Mr. Mann, I don't want to be impertinent, but I am sure you will not

take offense if I ask you why it is that you never wear socks?

Mr. Deacon, was the reply, I have seven good reasons for it.

Seven reasons! exclaimed father. Sir, if you will give me seven reasons why you do not wear socks I will give you a \$5 gold piece.

Old Mann's eyes danced.

Well, he began, in the first place I have no socks. Secondly—

Hold on, cried father, you needn't mind the six other reasons. Mother give Mr. Mann that \$5 gold piece in the stand drawer.—Detroit Free Press.

Several years ago, while the people of West Tennessee were alarmed at the approach of yellow fever, Judge F. convened court at Bolivar. Court had been but a few days in session when the reports from Memphis caused additional excitement. There were many witnesses attendant upon court, and very naturally, they imperturbed the judge to permit them to go home. The business part of the community, willing to run any risk for the sake of trade, declared that the disease was not yellow fever. A number of physicians with it soon appeared, more learning than judgment, repaired to the court room and assured the judge that no danger of epidemic was to be apprehended.

The disease, said one of the medical gentlemen, is not yellow fever, but is zipporastory.

You are wrong doctor, said another physician, for investigation proves it to be posurentiscait.

No, said another doctor, you are both wrong. I admit that it is not yellow fever, and that it can never become an epidemic, but is nothing more or less than an exaggerated type of costinetordigpi.

Then there arose a heated discussion in which the judge was unable to take a part. He waited patiently until the discussion cooled down, then turning to the doctors, said:

I have been much entertained and greatly instructed by the discussion which you gentlemen have so ably conducted. I do not pretend to say that the disease is, for I am not versed in such sciences. It may be acute jehosiphath, exaggerated pollywog, inflammatory jim crow or a mild type of epluribus unum, but there's one thing I do know. It's awful ketchin' and I'm going to adjourn this court.—Arkansas Traveler.

RESULT OF IMAGINATION.

My health got run down, I failed in trade and I thought I would go to farming. I bought me a piece of land in Aroostook, built myself a cabin and set to work clearing it. This was forty years ago. It was in the fall. I didn't have time to build a house, so I just clapped shingles over the cracks. It was rather cold for us—my wife and me. We didn't sleep very comfortable nights. A friend told us to get an airtight stove put a big chunk of wood in when we went to bed, and the coals would keep us warm all night and warm the cabin. These round sheet-iron airtight stoves had just come into fashion then. I got me one and set her up. A short time before I turned in, I put in a heavy chunk of beach wood that I sawed right off a log. We turned in early and began to talk over our new prospects in our new life.

"What a grand thing that air-tight stove is for us," Mary Ellen says I.

"Yes says she, "but ain't it getting a little too hot for comfort?"

I told her I didn't know but it was, and so I turned down one quilt. Before we got to sleep we had to turn down another quilt. It was a cold night but that new air-tight seemed to heat up tremendously.

"I never saw such a heater, Jerry," says Mary Ellen.

"Neither did I," says I.

In the night I woke up and it was so warm that I turned down another quilt and left nothing but a sheet over us. Well in the morning I got up and went to the stove to stir up the coals and put on some more wood. Coals! bless you there wasn't a spark in the stove! That big chunk wasn't even charred. There hadn't been enough fire in that stove all night, to tech off my pipe with. The beach log was too soggy to warm us up, but that new air-tight stove and our imagination did the business just as well.—Old Settler in Lewistown Journal.

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W. O. McCLAREN. Sworn and subscribed before me this 6th day of June, 1885, Lafayette, Pa., Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Mifflin County, Pa. PARALYSIS AND CONSTIPATION.

Gentlemen—I deem it a pleasure as well as a duty to state that I have worn them for several months and have gradually improved from the effects of Paralysis of one side and Constipation. Since using the appliance I have been free from the trouble, beside I have improved in my general health. I therefore commend them to any who may be suffering from the same trouble.

D. M. COXNER. NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SLEEPLESSNESS. Milroy, Pa., June 2, 1885. Gentlemen—My wife has suffered for years with Nervous Prostration, so much so that life at times seemed to her a burden. Her rest at a sleep was so much broken and disturbed that she could not without much difficulty perform her daily household duties. She was induced to try the Howard Shield, has worn it over two months can now sleep well at night, and even during the day, can work with comfort that was a burden before. She has recovered in general health and complexion. I consider your appliances invaluable for nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility.

NO MEDICINE NEEDED. Belleville, Pa., May 30, 1885. Gentlemen—I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Howard Shield, No. 2, for constipation. I have worn it since May and would not like to do without it. I now feel thankful for your appliance and have advised others to use them as they find it is what they would be benefited as I have been.

C. B. PRACY. WHAT A LEADING DOCTOR SAYS. Milroy, Pa., June 2, 1885. Gentlemen—I have suffered many years with Cramps in my lower extremities, at night, often having to rise and walk the room for relief. I procured a Howard Shield and have been wearing it for Lamington or Wilmington, in my case, and have had the most wonderful relief since wearing it over the small of my back and have gained strength of muscle to a most wonderful degree. I can therefore recommend the use of these appliances to all Rheumatic and nervous complaints particularly nervous debility. I have recommended them to my patients and in every case with benefit.

A. HARBURGER, M. D. WHAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE 1ST NATIONAL BAKERS' EXHIBIT. Alland, Pa., March 9, 1885. Gentlemen—I know what your Appliances are from personal use and I therefore commend you to Mrs. Harburger some time ago for Neuritis induced her to send for one which she did and has used it for about four weeks and she is now able to bear and feel entirely cured. Yours truly, GEO. H. HELFRICH, President of the 1st National Bakers' Exhibit.

Another Aching Frontalis. GENTLEMEN—NERVOUS DEBILITY IN ITS WORST FORM. Columbus, O., cor. Friend & Sandusky, 5-2-75. Gentlemen—I take pleasure in saying that I tried almost every known remedy, as well as so-called Electric Appliances without an benefit. I was weak, nervous, dazed, despondent, almost without hope; almost entirely paralyzed, lacked power and will force, in a word, was ailing. The Howard Shield cured me. I can testify to the effects of which are so well known to every sufferer. I can truthfully say that the Howard Shield Appliance and the Howard Shield entirely cured me. I commenced using it in 1881 and was restored to perfect health. I am now married and have never had a recurrence of my former troubles. You can refer anyone to me. I shall ever feel grateful to you. Your treatment is as represented. You have proven yourselves worthy of the confidence of every sufferer.

AUG. F. ELLERMAN. Personally appeared before me, AUG. F. ELLERMAN, to me known, competent and disinterested, and certifying as to the curative powers of the Howard Electric Shield and Spinal Appliances is true. Sworn and subscribed before me this 6th day of May, 1885. THOS. H. BECK, Deputy Clerk of Courts of Franklin Co., O.

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