

A PAPER BULLET

It Was Fired With Great Success

By ALBERT KENYON

One evening during the war between the states, when we were lying in face of an enemy, I stole away from camp and in the darkness succeeded in passing the pickets. Climbing a tree, where I could hear if not see what the Confederates were doing, I heard so much going on that I believed they were preparing for one of those attacks just before dawn, the hour usually chosen for an intended surprise. I got down from the tree, choosing a moment when the coast was clear, and, crawling through underbrush, retraced my steps, got safely through the pickets and returned to my own lines. There I made myself known and, making for my captain's tent, told him the whole story.

He was too much impressed with the importance of getting it to the general to reprimand me for leaving camp without permission and hurried me to headquarters. It was midnight, and all were asleep there. But the captain called an aid, and the aid awakened the general, who gave orders that the command should be called (without beating the long roll) and formed in line of battle behind such natural defenses as the location afforded.

At 3 o'clock—dawn did not come till nearly 4—we heard the tramp of men and when their shadowy forms appeared astonished them with a storm of lead and iron that drove them back in confusion. They returned, but were again driven back, after which they retired to their camps.

This rally of mine gave me all the adventure I wanted for the rest of my term of service, for it made me the general's chief scout. I almost always went out for information in uniform. In the first place, I preferred being captured or shot to being hanged for a spy, against which death my uniform was a protection. I have ridden into the enemy's lines rigged as a Federal trooper, acknowledged myself to the people as such and was not believed. "You can't come that on us," they would say. "You're one of Mosby's men." When I would deny this they would insist that I had adopted the Yankee uniform for secret service.

After one of our fights, in which neither side seemed to have got an advantage, I was sent into Confederate territory with a view to determining whether the enemy were taking steps to continue the fight or withdraw. But a far more important object was to carry an order to General B., on our flank, to join in a simultaneous attack without command in case I found the enemy inclined to retreat. If I found them in good condition to renew the fight and preparing to do so I was to destroy the order, and if the reverse I was to deliver it. It was written on tissue paper, giving details of time of attack, etc., and rolled into a ball about the size of a pistol bullet. I carried it in my holster in order that I might have it ready to throw away or destroy in case of expected capture.

I went out, as usual, in my blue jacket with yellow cavalry facings, my carbine slung to my saddle and a revolver at my hip. I emerged from our lines into a wood, through which by the general's direction a skirmish line had been sent to determine whether it was occupied by the enemy. It was free, and after riding through it for half a mile I came to a clearing. Before entering upon it I looked over what was in front of me, for, being on an eminence, I could see quite a distance. There were no camps in sight nor any large force, only stray bands, mostly cavalry. So I started out, intending to ride forward, keep my eyes open and be guided by circumstances.

Descending a slope through a cornfield, I struck a road leading southeastward, the direction in which the enemy were supposed to be. I could see approaching bands or persons and directed my course so as to avoid them. One would have had to come near me to see that I wore a Federal uniform, for mine was by no means a new one—rather dingy, in fact—and needed close inspection to tell whether it was Confederate or Union. So, while I saw all I cared to see, no one saw me with sufficient distinctness to know that I was a Yankee soldier.

I rode on over low ground till I came to a ridge from which I could see the Confederate camps. A wagon train was heading southward. If it was loaded with supplies that meant that the enemy were preparing to retreat. If the wagons were empty it meant that they were engaged in hauling supplies to the army; that they had brought a load and were returning for another. I could see the white line of the road over which they would pass and that it made a turn not far from where they were. By riding across fields I could intercept them. I pushed forward and, taking them on the flank, rode along by them toward their rear.

"What yo' doin' in that uniform?" called a teamster.

"To k it from a Yank killed in the fight yesterday," I replied. "My buttent suit was ragged. And look at the boots! I never let a Yank git away with his boots, especially if he's dead."

"Tll give you a hundred dollars for 'em."

WHO BLEW UP THE MAINE?

Written for The Centre Democrat by Arturo Grant Pardo, of Forta Rico, a senior student at Penna. State College.

Some people say that the direct cause of the Spanish-American War was the blowing-up of the Maine. It has been a matter of discussion as to who blew it up. Contradictory reports have placed the blame sometimes on Spain, sometimes on the United States. Spain herself had no motive to perpetrate such a terrible crime and as yet, it has not been proved conclusively where the blame lies. Impartial critics assert that it was neither the fault of official Spain nor the fault of official United States. The disaster was casual; this is the safest ground to take.

Be it as it may, we can not overlook the real situation of Cuba in those critical days of her rebellion. For a second time in ten years she has brave sons of the Great American Republic voicing against the tyranny of her mother country. Butcher after butcher had been sent there to quell the revolutionists. Thousands of Cubans were killed every week. The gallant Maceo followed the Martyr Jose Marti as a victim of the deadly Spanish bayonet. Millions of dollars worth of American property had been destroyed, and the natives had exhausted most of their resources. General Weyler, the King of Butchers, began his work of extermination. He violated the sanctity of the home; with his ferocious disposition he committed acts well worthy of a Nero.

One day General Maceo had a chance to wreck Weyler's train, and kill him; but Maceo told to his soldiers: "Do not kill Weyler; while there is a Weyler there, is a revolution in the making." The Cuban spirit was animated to continue the fight each time that Weyler executed his infernal designs. The following story shows the Butcher in his own relief. The daughter of a rebel delivered herself to him under the condition that he would pardon her father. The Butcher consented. A few days later while he had her in his quarters well under his personal control, she heard a gun discharge. "What does that mean, general?" she asked. "Your father," was his reply.

The American people learned with impatience of these atrocities. Their human feelings were aroused in the face of such a carnage. Only the slightest opportunity was needed for a declaration of war. Their recognition of belligerency to the Cuban patriots exasperated the Spaniards who were eager to deal a blow to the hated yankee. Such was the state of affairs when the Maine exploded.

A cry of horror burst from the throats of the offended American people. War seemed inevitable. President McKinley asked Spain for an indemnization of \$20,000,000, and the immediate granting of independence to the Cubans. To the former request, Canovas del Castillo, who was the Prime Minister, answered: "Spain will send you 20,000,000 bullets." To the second request he responded by reinforcing the number of soldiers in the island.

There was nothing left for this country to do but to declare war. Judging by its effects, it has been one of the most beneficial wars ever fought. It resulted in the complete liberation of Cuba, the freedom of Puerto Rico and the Philippines, the saving of Spain itself from utter ruin, and the stopping of an unnecessary wholesale killing of brave men and women.

By granting independence to the Cubans, the American people gave a lasting proof of their good faith. The history of the world is without parallel in such a wonderful act of generosity.

No man is Stronger Than his Stomach

LET the greatest athletes have dyspepsia and his strength will soon fail. One's stamina—forcefulness and strength of mind or muscle depend upon the blood, and the blood in turn, requires a healthy stomach, for the stomach is the laboratory where the food is digested and such elements are taken up—or assimilated—which make blood. In consequence all the organs of the body, such as heart, lungs, liver and kidneys, as well as the nervous system, feel the bad effect if the stomach is deranged.

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Sold by all medicine dealers in liquid or tablet form or send 50 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, and a trial box will be mailed you.

CELEBRATED 75th BIRTHDAY.

Saturday, August 16th, a number of friends and relatives of Mrs. S. Peck gathered at her home in Huston to help that good lady celebrate the 75th anniversary of her birth. It proved a complete surprise for Mrs. Peck, and the pleasures of the occasion will long be remembered by all who participated in the event. A sumptuous dinner was served at the proper hour, and greatly enjoyed. The following were present: Mrs. Meyer and daughter Rose, of Lock Haven; Mr. and Mrs. H. Corman, Mrs. Musser and two children, C. Bartges, of Rebersburg; Miss Tessie Yearick, of Madisonburg; Mrs. Yearick and daughter Mollie, Mrs. Cooke and two children, Mrs. Bechdel, Mrs. Holter, Mrs. Weber and Mr. J. Robb, of Howard; Mr. and Mrs.

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Boys' \$5.00 Blue Suits, \$4.00.
Boys' \$12.50 and \$13.50 Unfinished Worsted and Serge Suits, \$8.50.
Boys' \$15.00 Blue Suits, \$10.00.
Boys' \$10.00 Serge and Unfinished Worsted Suits, \$7.50.

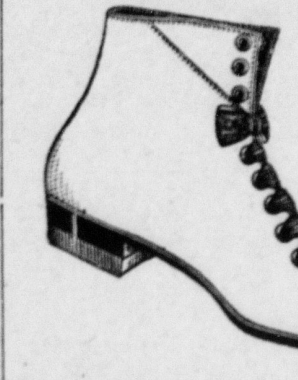
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Junior and Misses' \$7.50 and \$8.50 White Lingerie Dresses, \$3.50.
Fine white voile, marquisette and embroidery dresses, several models, daintily trimmed, silk girdles.
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