THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 15. 1890.

IN THE COUNTRY.

SECOND PART.

A Glimpse of the Young Ladies of the School of Design on Their Onting at Wurtemburg.

SKETCH OF THE QUAINT OLD TOWN.

Its Curious Collection of Old-Time Houses, Surrounded by All That is Lovely in Nature's Gift.

HOW THE VISITORS SPENT THEIR TIME.

Ekstching, Fishing and Investigating Ruraldom Made Time Pass Swiftly.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

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making.

OME, then, my lovely Those rural delicacies! -Francis Quarles. He stood alone and undaunted on the

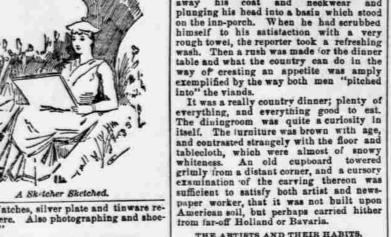
railway station. The train which had whirled him thus far from city life and its invidious civilization, was already speeding down a distant gorge, trailing

fair.



above the sun-lit river, and waking every faun and dryad in the echoing woods of





ples were somewhat too yonthful to be tempting. Presently the short cut reached the road once more, and the village of Wur-temburg began slowly to unfold itself. First

appeared a large advertisement, which ran somewhat in this style: "August Blank's jewelry establishment. Cheapest in Amer-

PRIMITIVE LITTLE WURTEMBURG. Wurtemburg, like most villages of the

small store. Trim gardens slope down to the road 'rom the cottage doorways. There is a suggestion of Rhineland about these gar-dens, with their tulips and hollyhocks; and this need not be surprising, seeing that Wurtemberg is one of the oldest Pennsyl-vania Dutch colonies in the State. The place still teems with German and Holland-

to remark that he never liked pigs till they were cooked; and then to break up the con-versation with the statement that dinner time at the inn was approaching. This inn proved to be a quaint old building, bearing every sign of having been an important road house at one time. The sign, with its dore-cote on top, was what the School of Design with one accord termed "cute." But there was little time for observation. The dinner bell had begun to clang in the hands of a stalwart bostler; and as a wash was necessary, the artist led the way by throwing sway his coat and neckwear and plunging his head into a basis which stood on the inn-porch. When he had scrubbed himself to his satistaction with a very rough towei, the reporter took a refreshing wash. Then a rush was made for the dinner was de ore sting an appetite was amply exemplified by the way both men "pitched in" the viands. DOWN IN VIRGINIA Chatty Character Sketches Along the Old Valley Turnpike.

THE FARMER AND HIS COMPLAINT

Story of a Wooden Monument That Stands Alone in a Broad Field.

AUNT JAMIMA AND HER POOR POLLY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) EAUTIFUL old Vir

ginia never grows weary of being talked about, and here are some of her unusual features. The scene was on the old Valley turnpike; the time was noon, and very warm. "Wall, stranger, how's the craps down in your districk? The' ain't good up year, this year.

The rain 1s jes' been swoopin' down so. I was jes' sayin' ter Mandy this mawnin', s'I: 'E! Marks a Tragedy. we don' hev somethin' 'sides them rains,' s'I, 'we'll all hev ter go

ter the po' house, we will.' Thet's what I say; en Mandy, she-" "But will you tell us how far it is to

Mt. Jackson?" "Wall, I don' know; 'pearing ter me,

though, stranger, that you is got a goll-durned ways ter go yet, en I wus jes sayin' ter Mandy, s'I: 'It's a awful way ter Mt. Jackson, but 'twouldn' seem fur e' it hedn't been fur them rains washin' all the roads away that a way. En the craps, stranger, is

"But, my dear fellow, will you not tell us about how far it is to Mt. Jackson?"

THE FORKS IN THE BOAD. "Them rains, I wus er sayin', is been the "Them rains, I wus er sayin, is ocen the ruination ter the craps this year. But, yas, oh yas—wall, stranger, it er 'bout nine miles down that. I ain't been down thar sence the war, I ain', an', I don' know how fur 't is, I don'. But you jes keep right on, sir, tell you come ter a fork in the road down

A Musician as Well.

thar, en they'll be three roads thar, stranger. Which leads to Jackson's? Wall, that's it derson's pupils on the occasion: Misses Bessie Young, Bertha Gill, Mary Reinhart, N. L. Shields, Annie Gray, Fannie Agnew, Margaret Farrell, Cora Lee, M. M. Lang-ley, Bertha McCracken, Mary Morrison, Annie Robinson, Tillie Whitmore and Lottie Ford.

CAP4.1

THE ABTISTS AND THEIR HABITS.

ferent houses where the ladies were staying. The following were the names of Miss Hen-

After dinner a tour was made to the dif-

tie Ford. Every morning, after breakfast, which began at 7 A. M., the class separated into parties; each division being assigned to a particular point. Then the sketching com-menced. Miss Henderson proved an inde-fatigable instructor. She hurried from group to group, correcting, altering or com-mending the work done by those under her mending the work done by those under her charge. The pupils must have entered heartily into their teacher's spirit, for their sketch books and portfolios were filled with excellent "bits" from the neighborhood. When the gloaming set in and supper had been disposed of, it was customary to take short strolls by the river or through the town; and to wind up the evening with music. Altogether the week spent by these

music. Altogether the week spent by these budding Bonheurs and Butlers in drowsy Wurtemburg must have been a delicious one, after the stiff conventionality of their winter existence. Indeed they all declared that they had never felt so near fairy land

before. That artist in the brigand clothes proved to be quite a facetious fellow. He sketched everybody and everything. Winsome maiden and village gamin, picturesque hillside and tumble-down barn, all were re-produced in his sketchbook.

son there stands in an open field by the roadside a small wooden monument. The fact that no battle was ever fought there awakens curiosity. Over in the field it stands alone; but one can read upon it the following story, for it is a story, and what is not told is easily imagined:

Captain George W. Summers and Sergeant N. Koontz, of Company D. Seventh Virginia Cavalry, were here executed on June 37, 1865, by order of Lieutenant Colonel Huzzy, One Hundred and Second O. V. M. L. without the privilege of any kind of trial; they having been arrested at their homes in Page county, brought here, and shot.

The, Work Done by a Committee of the Yes, it was on a beautiful Sunday morning, they say, while visiting the homes of their parents in adjoining counties, that they were arrested—no one ever knew upon what charge—and carried to that little hill. AN ENTERPRISE IN BIBLE TEACHINGS.

The tragedy, then, occurred at sundown. And when the parents came over the next morning, no one was near. This killing had attracted no attention; and they found (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The approaching International Sunday School Conventions naturally excites some curiosity as to the "how" of the Interna-



Aunt Jamima's Tale of Woe. but the liteless bodies of their boys. It was murder, cold, base, devilish, say the good people of Shenandoah; for their sequel to it is that these three men—the two killed and the captor commanding—were rivals for the hand of a beautiful Southern girl.

OLD AUNT JAMIMA. Yesterday we heard of a singular thing. And the result was a ride of four miles under a sweltering midday sun to see old Aunt Jamima. By the side of a panel fence, smoking, nodding, half asleep, we found her. Not far away in an old weedy pasture was an old well; and it was the mystery of this well which smelt to us and to heaven more profoundly ghastly than all the oily fumes exhaling from the chinks of the old darkey's cabin nearby. For here was a suicide, cruel, intentional and willful suicide. In the middle of the night be had gone down into that green hideous well and held his head deliberately under water until dead, quite dead. Polly was his name, and poor old lonely Jamima tells how it was and gives expression to her grief in heart-broken tones; for Polly, poor Polly, was her only companion. OLD AUNT JAMIMA.

printed and phonaned at a time. Into his is printed by Mr. L. H. Bigelow, the treasurer of the committee, and furnished the various concerns publishing lesson-helps. The Lesson Committee does not prepare "Deed I don' know, marster, hu come h

the lessons ready for printing and teaching. It does just four things: It designates what verses shall constitute the lesson text, it names the lesson or gives it a title, it selects a golden text and appoints certain verses to be memorized; only this and nothing more. do dat thing. I'se been good ter him all dese yeahs, I is; dat dee all knows, dee do. The members of the committee receive noth-ing for their services; only traveling expen-ses are paid, and these not after the fashion of Congressional committees. This expense and others of the convention is met by various resources. First, there is the fund raised by popular subscriptions in the con-vention. Then each publishing house using the list of lessons is asked to contribute. In addition to this the statistical secretary of the convention receives in his report the addresses of a large number of superintendent all over the country, and it has been pos-sible to dispose of this for advertising pur-poses to dealers in music books, and other supplies for quite a round sum.



mas candy, knows that the same lessons are used in all, and perhaps many adults know There is a writer across the seas, called little more of the mysterious source, except Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who make most delicate inlaywork in black and white, The International Lesson Committee i and files out to the fraction of a hair. He the creature of this convention. It is comhas written' a story about a Suicide Club, posed of representatives of nearly all of the wherein men gambled for death because Evangelist denominations. The present committee was appointed in 1884, though other amusements did not bite sufficiently. My friend Private Mulvaney knows nothing many of its members had served be ore, and about Mr. Stevenson, but he once assisted is constituted as follows: President, Rev. informally at a meeting of almost such a Warren Bandolph, D. D. (Baptist), Bishop club as that gentleman has described, and J. H. Vincent (M. E.), Rev. John Hall his words are absolutely and literally true. (Presbyterian), Mr. B. F. Jacobs (Baptist), As the Three Musketeers share their sil-Rev. D. Berger, D. D. (United Brethren), ver, tobacco and liquor together, as they Chancellor S. H. Blake (Protestant Episco protect each other in barracks or in camp, pai), Moses Hoge, D. D. (South Presbyand as they rejoice together over the joy of terian), W. G. E. Cunnyngham, D. D. (Southern Methodist), Prof. John A. one, so do they divide their sorrows. When Ortheris' irrepressible tongue has brought (Southern Methodist), Prof. John A. Broadus, D. D. (Baptist), Prot. H. L. Baugher, D. D. (Lutheran), John Potts, D. D. (Canadian Methodist), Rev. E. A. Densition D. D. (Constructional) Prof. J. ments, or Mulvaney has indulged in strong waters, and under their influence reproved Dunning, D. D. (Congregational), Prof. J. I.D. Hinds (Cumberland Presbyterian), Rev.

Isaao Errett, D. D., deceased (Christian), with five corresponding members in Europe.

SEVEN YEARS IN A COURSE.

Series Published

AND DISTRIBUTED EVERY WEEK.

Sunday School Convention.

tional Lesson Series, now so popular. Al-most every tot old enough to "make the

riffle" with two or three schools for Christ-

that there is some sort of a committee.

This committee maps out the lesson for a Bible. The present course, which is the third, began in 1883. Seven times 52 is 364. Getting up that many lessons is a formidable task, but it is not all done by the committee as a whole, or at one session. A meeting is held at which different parts of the work are assigned to the respective members, and, after agreeing on the general features, they separate to complete the work assigned, meeting annually, or as required, at their homes. Only one year's lessons are com-pleted and published at a time. This list is

The list of lessons for the ensuing year

The footsteps within ceased. I heard the dull thud of a knapsack failing on a bed-stead, followed by the rattle of arms. Ten minutes later Mulvaney, faultiessly attired, his lips compressed and his face as black as a thunderstorm, came into the sunshine on the downbridge Learned and Ortheriz the drawbridge. Learoyd and Ortheris sprung from my side and closed in upon him, both leaning toward as horses lean up on the pole. In an instant they had disap-peared down the sunken road to the canton-ments and I was left alone. Mulwaney had not seen fit to recognize me; wherefore I felt that his trouble might be heavy upon

him. 1 climbed on one of the bastions and watched the figures of the three musketeers grow smaller and smaller across the plain. They were walking as tast as they could put foot to the ground, and their heads were bowed. They fetched a great compass around the parade ground, skited the cavalry lines and banished in the belt of trees that fringes the low land by the river. I fol-lowed slowly and sighted them, dusty, his commanding officer, you can see the trouble in the faces of the untouched twain. And the rest of the regiment know that comment or jest is unsafe. Generally the three puffs of white smoke rise and die out in the clear evening air and knew that peace had come again. At the bridge head they waved me forward with gestures of

"Tie up your 'orse," shouted Ortheris, "an' come ou, sir. We're all going 'ome in this 'ere bloomin' boat." From the bridge head to the forest offi-cer's bungalow is but a step. The butler drawbridge of the main gate of Fort Amara with his hands in his pockets and his pipe, bowl down, in his mouth, Learoyd was lying at full length on the turf of the glacis, kicking his heels in the air, and I



came round the corner and asked for Mul- half a dozen bottles of the latter, but since the Sahih was a friend of Ritchie Sahib an the butler was a poor man-Ortheris spat into the ditch and shook his I gave my order quietly and returned to the bridge. Mulvaney had taken off his head. "No good seein' 'im now," said Ortheris; "'e's a bloomin' camel. Listen!" boots and was dabbing his toes in the water, Learoyd was lying on his back on the pon-I heard on the flags of the verandah opposite the cells, which are close to the guardroom, a measured step that I could have identified in the tramp of an army. There toon and Ortheris was pretending to row toon and Ortheris was pretending to row with a big bamboo. "I'm an ould lool," said Mulvaney, re-flectively, "dhraggin' you two out here be-kaze I was under the Black Dog sulkin' like a child. Me that was soulderin' whin were 20 paces crescendo, a pause, and then 20 diminuendo. "That's 'im," said Ortheris. "My Gawd, Tha's 'im. All for a bloomin' button you ould see your face in an' a bit o' lip that a bloomin' harkangel would 'a guv back." Mullins was shquealin' on a counterpin for foive shillin's a week, an' that not paid Mulvaney was doing pack-drill — was compelled, that is to say, to walk up and down for certain hours in full marching Bhoys, I've tuk you four miles out of natural pervarsity. Phew!" "Wot's the odds as long as you're 'appy?" said Ortheris, applying himselt afresh to the bamboo. "As well 'ere as anywhere order, with rifle, bayonet, ammunition, knapsack and overcoat. And his offense was being dirty on paradel I nearly fell into the tourth ditch with astonishment and else." Learoyd held up a rupee and an eightanua bit, and shook his head sorrowtullyt "Fower mile from t' canteen, all along o" wrath, for Mulvaney is the smartest man that ever mounted guard, and would as soon Mulvaney's blarsted pride." "I know ut," said Mulvaney penitently. think of turning out uncleanly as of dispensing with his trousers. "Who was the sergeant that checked "Why will ye come wid me? An' yet. wud be mortial sorry if ye did not -any time him?" him?" "Mullins, o' course," said Ortheris. "There ain't no other man would whip 'im on the peg so. But Mullins ain't a man. 'E's a dirty little pigscraper; that's wot 'e -though I am ould enough to know But I will do penance. I will take a dhrink of wather. Ortheris squeaked shrilly. The butler of the forest bungalow was standing near the "What did Mulvaney say? He's not the railing with a basket, uncertain how to make of man to take that quietly." "Said! Bin better for 'im ef 'e'd shut 'is clamber down to the pontoon. clamber down to the pointer. "Might a knowd you'd a got liquor out o" a bloomin' desert, sir," said Ortheris grace-fully to me. Then, to the butler: "Easy mouth. 'Ow we laughed! 'Sargint,' 'e sez, 'ye say I'm dirty. 'Well,' says 'e,' 'when your wife lets you blow your own nose for fully to me. Then, to the butler : with them there bottles. They're worth their weight in gold. Jock, ye long-armed yourself perhaps you'll know wot dirt is.' 'You're him perfectly eddicated, Sargint,' sez 'e, an' then we fell in. But after p'rade beggar, get out o' that an' hike 'em down?" Learoyd had the basket on the pontoon in an instant, and the three musketeers e was up, an' Mullins was swearin' 'imself black in the face at Ord'ly Room that Mui-vancy 'ad called 'im a swine an' Lord knows gathered around it with dry lips. They drank my health in due and ancient form, and thereafter tobacco tasted sweeter than ever. They absorbed all the beer and diswot all. You know Mullins, 'E'll 'ave 'is 'ead broke in one o' these days. 'E's too big a bloomin' liar for ord'nary consump-tion. 'Three hours' can an' kit.' sea the posed themselves in picturesque attitudes to admire the setting sun, no man speaking for Colonel; 'not for bein' dirty on p'rade, but for 'avin' said somethin' to Mullins; tho' I a while.



Which leads to Jackson's? Wall, that's it; ef you go down the road to the right erbout a mile you come ter a big hickory tree down thar; wall, that ain' the road, stranger. Ef you go down the one ter the left hand, 'to long you'll come ter my Betsy —that's the ole sow and seven the purtiest pigs—wall, s' I wus sayin', she'll be eatin' 'long down thar 'bout three miles, she will; but thet ain' the right road, stranger. It's the middle one you'll take ter Jackson's the middle one you'll take ter Jackson's; an', yas, you keep right on ter yer come ter a young gyrl thar ridin' a horseback name' Belle-sne's mos' always ridin' out thar in the road-an', stranger, she'll fix you; she's a jimdandy, she is. Wall, s' I was sayin',

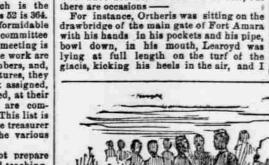
dess yeahs, I is; dat dee all knows, dee do. I guv all de po' ole nigger had ter eat, I did, many's the time, en-but yisterdy Polly kip pestering tel I whip him-I jes drest him down lightly, marster, I did'n' beat him much, I did'n'. 'Fo' Gord I did'n', marster; 'deed I did'n'. En Polly jes did'n' git over dat. All de evenin' he look metty sow'iul like. I giv 'im cracker, an' hoe-cake, an' de bes' de wus in de house; but he would'n' eat sub: he would'n' eat nuffin would'n' eat, suh; he would'n' eat nuffin, he would'n'. "Long in de middle of de night I year

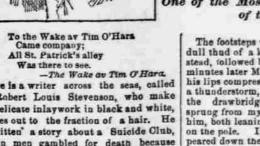
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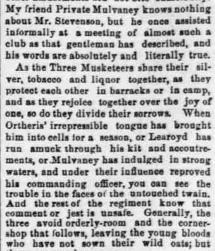
sumpin strange, metty strange; en dreckly it come ter me dat dee was sumpin done got in de well, en wus plashin' in de water. Sho' nuff, when I git dar, dar wus Polly sittin' on a rock in de water en pokin' he hade in en out, en screamin' ter de top o' his might. I jes did'n' know whut ter do, I did'n'. I jes call ter him.

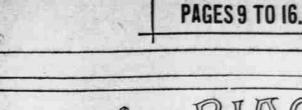
POLLY IN THE WELL. "'Polly, Polly, what iur yo' mek all dat

THE MILL BEGINS TO GRIND,











Connoquenessing.

The silent Senators of the neighboring village had assembled, as was their wont, to witness the arrival and departure of this With them were many rednoonday train. checked prchins arrayed in costumes picturesque and cool withsl, though decidedly scanty and somewhat insecure.

Dave Hall Barry Milling 111

Not one face in the little crowd was know to the adventurous explorer. As he looked around with disconsolate eyes he felt like Casabianaca on the burning deck, and even essayed a pose expressive of heroic desperation. Meanwhile the village fathers had been scrutinizing the newcomer to their hearts' content, and still were puzzled to determine his avocation.

THE ONLY VISITORS.

Commercial travelers, amateur fishermen and artists are the staple visitors to their locality, and this sad-faced youth was peither sketchist, rod-weilder nor drummer. He carried no suggestive gripsack, shoul-dered no fishing-rod and bore neither paint-box nor easel. The Senators were waxing curious; the small boys were already wild with excitement. Finally a bold resolve filled the breast of the mysterious stranger. He addressed the most important-looking the staring council and requested to be told the shortest cut to Wurtemberg.

At this name the reader must not permit his imagination to run riot among the foaming beer fingons and mysterious gutturals of the "Vaterland." For this Wurtemberg wanted by the lone voyager was not the one we wot of in distant Germany, but merely a quaint little village on the banks of Slip pery Rock creek, 'way up in Lawrence

The elderly Senator addressed, smoothed

6

out his gray beard, and smil-S cuuningly 20 ing upon his fellows 2 gave the required (and information. Red. Then another gentleman, who from the air of importance he assumed might have been mayor, or rather burgomeister of Wurtemburg, PA lifted up his voice and said: "Comin' to fish, haint you?" The stranger shook his head deprecating-"Tray'lin man then?" queried his burgomeistership. Again the strang er replied in the

as negative, and he- The Only Male Artist. gan to edge slowly away from the puisitive senator. But the burgomeister was not going to yield up his prey without a last effort. "P'raps your goin to make pic-tures?" he cried. The stranger vigorously denied any practice in art, and leav-ing the station, hastened down the foliageshaded road in the direction of lesser Wurtemburg.

NATURE IN HER SUMMER LOVELINESS He had been lonely during the voyage from Pittsburg, among the morose, un-speaking passengers, buried behind their newspapers or slumbering sonorously along the cushioned seats. But here, on the yellow road track, under the swaying branche lopeliness departed. The winds whis pered to him through the leaves; the birds saug for him from the treetops. Down in the glen, below the undergrowth, Slippery Rock creek langhed and prattled, bounding merrily over every obstacle to join its swirl-ing playfellow, the Connoquenessing. There was a short cut through the fields

to the town, and this track the explorer fellowed. Climbing over a queer, old-fashioned stile he found himself in the midst of a newmown meadow, where the scent of the hay filled all the air with fragrance. A little further on there was an orchard, but the ap-

linger yet in the houses. As the explorer was proceeding leisurely up the single street, he became aware of a gentleman dressed much after the fashion of an Italian brigand, and carrying a large portiolio, and an unjointed easel. "An artist of course?" Here was a per-son who could give some valuable informa-tion anent the town, its principal hotels and whith a full street the principal hotels and points of interest. It was the work of an ustant to cross the road, and a moment FULL OF STORIES, TOO.

Then his stories! There was one pleasant tale about Mr. George Hetzel, Pittsburg's well-known landscape painter. It appeared that while Mr. Hetzel was in Wurtemburg

ment forthwith.

friend, the artist.

arm. It was the Burgomeister.

bers.

with some other artists, not long ago, a practical joke was played on him. A sign was carefully painted and hung up on a deserted frame but by the roadside. The sign read: "George Hetzel, cobbler. Old boots and shoes mended while you wait." On the day after the hanging of this sign, the hat was besieged by hordes of good people with broken footwear. They were all sent down to Mr. Hetzel's residence, and the luckless

artist had to flee to the woods in order to escape them. Supper at the inn proved much the same as dinner had been, and after supper the broad-shouldered host requested his two guests to join in a "gigging" party. To the uninitiated it may be well to state that "gigging" means spearing fish. The giggers wade out into the river, toward evening,

The Senators Were Inquisition

On the Rocks.

later the artist and the stranger were in con versation. The latter individual introduced himself as a Pittsburg reporter anxious to glean some information relative to the artists then in Wurtemburg, their mode of life and labor.

PRETTY LADIES FROM PITTSBURG.

The man of brush and pallete proved quite a pleasant fellow. Having removed a short briar-root pipe from his mouth he remarked that the Twelve-Mile Inn was his present place of abode, and a very agreeable present pince of about, and a very agreeable one at that. He was the solitary male artist in town, but the ladies of the Pittsburg School of Design had come up to Wurtemburg in full force

all a

for a week's sketching. They were under the surveillance of Miss Henderson, the design school principal, and had located themselves in several of the prettiest Up the Connequenessing there louses. was a camp of Philadelphia art students, and a few well-known landscape painters were staying in larm houses down the same river.

During this conversation the reporter and his new friend pursued their way up the street, and presently reached the bridge which spans Slippery Rock creek, and leads to the more elevated part of the town. From the bridge there was a splendid view. A cluster of houses, among which was the inn referred to, crowned the bluff summit; while the creek wound through the valley, turning an ancient mill wheel on its way, and finally taking a great bend to the left and being lost to sight in the woods. On the right of the valley rose hills clothed to the top with trees of every size and hue, while through a ravine, a small, but noisy, mountain rivulet came romping down to

wrestle with the creek. THE ARTISTS AT WORK

The artist caught sight of a party of ladies sketching on the brow of a hill, and immediately led the way thither. After a short ascent the top was reached, and the object of the ladies' endeavor wer revealed. They were drawing a small and grimy

boy perched for the nonce on a shaky grindstone. The reporter baving been grindstone. The reporter having been introduced, there was a temporary suspension o work, and the mir sketchers talked rap-turously about the glorious time they were having. One was exchanted with the river and the woods; another with the rambling architecture of the village. But the third member of the party had quite a peculiar reason for happiness. "Of course," she observed, lifting a very

pretty face and a pair of eloquent eyes to-ward the intruders, "of course the scenery is charming and the town a dear old place; but oh, you should see the little pigs! Mr Leilendorfer has such a lot of them, and they're the sweetest, funniest little things you ever saw!

DINNER AT THE INK. It was really eruel of that dreadful artist

一般 6 The Home of Fleicher

that's Jackson's, right thar. Wall, good day, stranger; I go up this a way." Nine miles from Mt. Jackson, and he had not "been down thar sence the war,"

70

he hadn't! "Wall, now, hello thar! I say, stranger ef you come across a black heifer cow down thar, with five tits, one smaller than the res', an' a bob tail, you'll drive her back this a way, won't you?"

A SWEET VIRGINIA BELLE.

But we did not, be assured. For we had not gone far before we came upon another phase and coincident noteworthy. There, directly in front of us, riding down through the beautiful country toward Mt. Jackson, was one who answered eminently to the description of "that young 'gyrl down thar name' Belle' "; and we quickly discovered the interpretation of Uncle Esek's "jimsome with lanterns, otherstarmed with long tridents, or three-pronged spears. When the gigger sees a fish by the lamplight he dandy" to mean simply a dream of loveliness. One indeed she was whose beauty and personal attractions were truly remarkable. strikes at it with his spear, and a good deal of precision is required. The artist and the reporter were the veriest tyros at the busi-And there was such a hearty, healthful reedom of grace and manner in the saluta tion of this typical Virginia girl that the in-quiry about the distance to Mt. Jackson led ness. They jabbed unsuccessfully for a full hour, at the end of which the newspaper man accidentally drove his spear into the other's foot. This ended the gigging experito an interesting conversation; and one hour after that, at sundown, we rode slowly, ver lowly, into the village, and were already the best of friends. It was an interestin Night had now began to fall upon the

episode, indeed, but more's to follow. little village, and there being no lamps the That night was beautiful and moonlit roads were soon in utter darkness. The inn, and we-this friend of the alternoon and Iwent loping along the roadway by the banks of the Shenandoah. Once she checked her rein and gave vent to a little, light laugh We had been talking of some of the local

> "Last fall," she said, "over yonder in the valley between those mountains nearly everyone was ill with chills and fevers, and papa and I drove over one day with a few little comforts, for they were very destitute. At one of the cabins every member of the family was ill-father, mother and seven children.

NOT UP IN BIBLICAL MATTERS. NOT UP IN BIBLICAL MATTERS. "Well, we went in—but I am not going to try to tell you what a miserable hovel it was; and in the room with a dying woman was a great, big, hungry-looking fellow who had come from a distance out of the mount-ains. But this is the funny part: Striding up to a picture on the wall—the familiar print of the head of Christ and the thorns— be incuired "Who thet wur?" thinking it and two or three were attempting the ascent of the opposite bluff. The two inn guests surveyed the scene for fully half an hour, and finally took courage to saunter down into the valley to admire the sketches and assist in the fishing. But they had scarcely reached level ground when the clanging of he inquired, 'Who thet wur?' thinking it the likeness of some member of the family. And when we told him who it was bis eyes a bell disturbed the peaceful scene and sent sketches, fishes and climbers, alike in hot opened wide. Surely he had never heard of Christ, for he remarked, 'The ole feller's haste toward their various boarding houses. It was the summons to breakfast, and breakhevin' a metty hard time o' it, ain' he?"" And then my little triend laughed; but it was odd, witchy. On the river bank, on the fast often proves more interesting even than

About 9 o'clock it came time to bid goodby to Wurtemburg, its sketching club, and all its other pretty features, its Liebenmost beautiful night of a year, in the mo beautiful land of America, in halloo dis-tance of some of the purest Old World sristocracy yet in the land, and within three miles of this, people who had never heard of dorfers, Hicksenbaughs, Hengstellars and doriers, hicksenoudens, hengstenars and Houghs, those stalwart scions of old Hol-lander families, whose fathers sailed from Haarlem years and years ago. But "must is must," and bidding all the available members of Miss Henderson's class goodby, Christ!

Over in the mountains not far from Mt. Jackson lives an old desperado. Fletcher is the name he now bears; but a number have gone before it and were each in their our reporter hastened toward the railway in company with his two days disgraced. He has been thrice in turn the State's prison, has killed two men an The newspaper man was in the act of getting on board when he felt a touch on his one woman, and bears a record of "little" crimes unequalled, it is said, by any of his class now living and free. He has done something now for which he is expecting the arrival of the authorities every day; for "Beggin' your pardon," began the village father, "but haint you a land surveyor?" "Certainly not, sir," replied the reporter, the arrival of the authorities every day; for when we rode up to his hut a woman, young and fair long ago, and fallen, informed us that "Mr. Fletcher was sway," conveniently away; while she kept the hotel with two long shining revolvers dangling from her belt. These mountains have long been a sate retreat for criminals, and they are now full of retired boys with shady records and old men desperadoes of many kinds and much counting. in injured tones. "Then," cried the Burgomeister, "you must be runnin' for office. Now haint But the reporter had fled into the cars, and the question was left unanswered. As he worked forth from his coign of vantage he found that the Burgomeister had captured the artist and was apparently much cunning. drawing him out to some purpose. And so auf wiedersikn Wurtenburg.

STORY OF A MONUMENT. Three miles southward from h

"But he did'n' pay no 'tention, sub; he jes kep hollerin'. Dreckly I say: 'Polly, po' good Polly, come out o' dar, an' shet yo' mouf; chile, whut in the worl' do yo' ean by dat?' "But, sub, he did'n' pay no 'tention ter

me, suh, he did'n'; en den I 'member 'bout de whipping. I say: 'Polly, do come out fer yo' old mammy. Please, Polly, 'deed, I ain' nuver gwine whip yo' mo', Polly, yo' mos' brek yo'ole mammy's heart eryin' dah. Polly, chile, po' Polly, ain't yo' gwine come out? Come to yer mammy while she hol' her ahms.' "En, marster, 'fo Gord! I-I-I dunno whut ter do. "Well, Polly, look up en say,

'You whipped Polly, Polly goin' ter drown hisself." "En, marster, dat he did. He wouldn' come out o' dah, he wouldn'. It de Lord's

truff, suh, he wouldn'. He jes kip pokin he hade down in de water, twill he was dead -dead. And Jamima laid her head back against the fonce panels, the pipe again sough her mouth and she cried in low, smothered tones about "Polly, "Po' Polly," "Polly gwine drown hisse'i." And thus we let her.

This is true, and very singular indeed. WILMER WELLINGTON. A COURTEOUS PRISONER.

On Escaping Jall He Apologizes by Letter for Not Visiting the Sheriff.

The other night the only prisoner in the jail of Tattnall county, Ga., opened the jail door with a wooden key he had whittled from a broom stick and walked out, He left this letter for the sheriff: "Before suprise to-morrow I will be on

out of your county. As I am in somewhat of a hurry you will please excuse me for not calling and paying my respects. If I stay here in jail all summer my muscles will get soft and I will not be able to do a good day's work when I get out in the fall. Then, there is no use in my being at an expense to Tattnall's tarpayers for months, when I might just as well be out making my own living and a little for my family, who live in another State. For your uniform courtesy please accept my sincere thanks. The people of Tattnall have been kind to me and I appreciate it. Yours re-spectfully. JOHN F. FRABER. "P. S.-I will be back in October to stand my trial, and I hope to be acquitted.

FIRE IN FLOURING MILLS.

11 the Firemen Try to Do is to Save the Adjoining Properties.

"When a flouring mill gets on fire," says John Lindsay, chief of the St. Louis fire department, in a Globe-Democrat interview, "the department is satisfied to save the adjacent property. There is nothing outside of a powder mill or a paint shop that is as combustible as a flour mill. I have heard a great deal about the explosive nature of flour dust, but I know nothing on the sub-ject. My own idea of the reason why a flour mill burns like a boufire is that it is built of wood in the first place, and that

every part is connected by conveyors, flues, elevators, etc.

and within five minutes the whole structure is in flames. The department never did save but one mill. In that case the fire commenced on an upper floor and we kept it there. There has been more money lost in flour mill fires in St. Louis within ten years than from all other forms of large fires."

A Rat With a Sleigh Bell.

If your house is full of rats catch a fullgrown rat in a wire cage, then tie a little sleigh bell about his neck and let him go. There is nothing in the world so timid as a rat. They will fice from the rat with the bell, and within two days you will not find

es into the and compilers of help on the lessons som time in the summer. Now the real work of preparing the lessons as they appear in printed form begins with the usual amount of fault-finding and kicking over the com-mittee's work. Some of the titles are ob-jected to as misleading; the Golden Texts may be pot metal in some instances, so far as adaptation to the particular lesson is con cerned, or the lesson text itself too fragmentary or too long. In 1886 the Congre-gational, Methodist Episcopal and others of the leading denominational Sunday school editors "put their heads together" and decided that their pages were being imposed upon by the inconvenient length of some of the texts, and sgreed to print only so much as they had room for. Only one house in the country, it is believed, was enterprising enough to add the extra pages necessary and print the whole text.

The number of copies of the prepared resson in circulation every Sunday is some-thing enormous. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone put out about 3,000,000 Sunday school papers and helps, 1 for ever 12 persons in the land. The Southern Metho-dist Church publishes about 1,000,000, the Presbyterian (North) Church about 500.000 the Lutherans 250,000, the Baptists over 1,000,000. Altogether, there must be dis-tributed every Sunday not less than 15,000,-000 Sunday school papers and lesson books so that by two holding on and two mor n books ooking over their shoulders, every fello of the 60,000,000 might study his lesson if he wanted to. But the distribution is not so equal as that. It is estimated that only 10,000,000 are engaged in Sunday school work.

THE FINANCIAL PART OF IT.

Think of the capital invested in such a susiness! When the International lessons first began to call for so much printing it was nearly all done by the church publish ing houses. But a shrewd Illinois Yanke saw a chance for profit, and went into busisaw a chance for pront, and went into busi-ness on his own hook. He used cheap tinted paper, flashy, illuminated covers, and cut rates away down as a bid for patronage. And he got it at first. Then the denominational houses had to come down in their prices and up in the quality and attractiveness of their goods to hold their own trade. This they did gracefully and readily until now the modern Sunday school lesson help is a imper ectly digested board school, came over the bridge and most rudely asked thing of beauty mechanically, as handy over the bridge and Ortheris what he was doing. Ortheris "Owl I'm waitarrangement as a pocket in a shirt, and a marvel of cheapness. For about one-fifth of a cent one may have the lesson text for the Sunday, all the cross references an \$8 Oxford Bible gives, a section of a \$5 Bible dictionary, the cream of a hundred or two dollars' worth of commentaries, an instalment of catechism and a pieture or two and some nice songs thrown in, to keep him from being a heathen and help him live in the image of his Maker.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

THE SPOTTED IRON FRAUDS.

How One of Our Consuls at St. Petersbur Saved Uncle Sam Big Money.

It was William Hayden Edwards, write any'ow," said Ortheris. "I'd a sold you Frank G. Carpenter, one of our Consuls at the dorg good an' cheap, but-but I know St. Petersburg, who discovered the spotted Mulvaney 'll want somethin' atter we've walked 'm ort, an' I ain't got nothin' nor'e iron frands, by which the valuable Russian iron was being passed into this country asn't neither. I'd sooner sell you the dorg, su's trewth I would!" A shadow fell on the drawbridge and under the low tariff of damaged iron. This Bussian iron is the best in the world. It comes from the Ural Mountains, and it combige hand upon his collar. "Onything but to 'brasas," said Learoyd quietly, as he held the Londoner over the ditch; "onything but to 'brasas, Orth'ris, ma son! Ab've got one eight of ma awn." mands a high duty. The shippers, by sprinkling acids over it, made it look as

He showed two coins and replaced Orth-eris on the drawbridge rail. scraping and a slight washing took off all scraping and a slight washing took of an the spots and made it as good as new. Ed-wards in this way saved the Government tens of thousands of dollars and he is a cheap man at the \$4,000 which Uncle Sam pays him as the present Consul General to Berlin.

Mulvaney's head dropped upon his chest do not believe,' sez 'e, 'you said wot 'e said you said.' An' Malvaney fell away sayin' and we thought that he was asleep. "What on earth did you come so far for?"

nothin'. You know 'e never speaks to the Colonel for fear o' gettin' imself fresh "To walk 'im orf, o' co "To walk 'im orf, o' course. When

been checked we allus walks 'im orf. 'E copped." Mullins, a very young and very much married sergeant, whose manners were partly the result of innate depravity and partly of ain't fit to be spoke to those times, nor 'e ain't fit to leave alone, neither. So we taken 'im till 'e is."

Mulvaney raised his head and stared straight into the sunset. "I had my rifle," said he, dreamily, "an' I had my bay'nit, an' Mullins came round the corner, an' he ing for my c'mission. Seed it comin' along looked in my face an' griuned cishpiteful. 'You can't blow your own nose,' sen he. Now I cannot tell iwhat Mullins' expayri-

Mullins turned purple and passed on, There was the sound of a gentle chuckle from the glacis where Learoyd lay. ""E expects to get his c'mission some day," explained Ortheris. "Hiven 'elp the meas that 'ave to put their 'ands into the same kiddy as 'im! Wot time d'you make it siz' Eower' Mulvaney 'll be out in ence may ha' been, but, Mother av God, he was nearer to his death that minut' thau I have iver been to mise-au' that's less than

"I didn't mean to arx money o' you

the tickness av a hair." "Yes," said Ortheris, calmly, "you'd look fine with all your buttons toek orf an' the band in front o' you walkin' round slow time. We're both trout rank men, me an' Jock, when the rig minst's in 'ollow square. same kiddy as 'im! Wot time d'you make it, sir? Fower! Mulvauey 'll be out in 'arf an hour. You don't want to buy a dorg, sir, do you? A pup you can trust---'arf Rampore by the Colonel's grey'ound." "Ortheris," I answered steruly, for I knew what was in his mind, "do you mean Bloomin' fine you'd look."

"Mullins! Wot's Mullins?" said Learoyd slowly. "Ah'd take a compn'y o' Mul-linses-ma hand behind me. Sitha, Mul-

vany dunnot be a fool." "You were not checked for fwhat you did not do, an' made a mock av aither. "Twas for less than that the Tyrone wud ha' sent O'Hars to hades instid av lettin' him go by his own choosin' whin Rafferty shot him for his divilment." retorted Mulvaney.

"And who stopped the Tyrone from doing Ortheris began to rise in the air, lifted by a | it?" I asked.

"That ould fool who's sorry he didn't shtick the pig, Mullins." His head dropped again. When he raised it he shivered and put his hand on the shoulders of his two companions.

"You've walked the divil out ay me. bhoys," said he.

Ortheris shook ont the red-hot dottel of his pipe on the back of his hairy fist. "They say bades's 'otter than that," said he, as Mulvaney swore sloud. "You be warned so. "Look yonder!"-he pointed across the

though it was rotten, and it entered our ports as damaged iron. Once passed the customs officers, a little

"Start a fire in any one portion of a mill

however, was always open, and thither the amateur giggers hied them, as fast as the artist's wounded foot would allow. BEAUTY WITH BOD AND LINE. One by one the cocks were crowing along provincialities. the valley, and slowly the sun was lifting over the forest-clad hills, when the artist and reporter arose refreshed from their slum-After another bath in the inn perch they sauntered forth for a stroll before breakfast. Under the old mill on the creek several of the young ladies were fishing, their dainty tennis bats and out-oltumes being admirably suited to the place Further down there was another party sketching under Miss Henderson's direction

BRENAN,