

piece, and in two minutes was given a place at the board. The man was old and crippled, being the father of the woman's husband, who belonged to the regiment then at Stevensburg. As soon as she found out that I had been down to the river, she plied me with a hundred questions concerning her husband, and to make matters a little more interesting, I claimed to know all about the man, and to have talked with him only the day before.

The old man was a bitter hater of Yankees, and the woman a strong believer in the Confederate cause. This did not trouble me any, as it was my business to accept and coincide with their opinions, from the fact that I was their guest if nothing more. Two or three hours passed off pleasantly, and then I expressed my desire to go to bed. After consulting together, they decided that I would have to sleep with the old man, as they were rather short of accommodations. Agreeing to the arrangement, we two went to bed up under the eaves, and I was soon sleeping like a bear.

About an hour before daylight the old man gave me a punch, and informed me that soldiers were tramping about the house and asking for admittance. Listening, I could hear them calling to him that they would burst the door open if he did not admit them, and I made up my mind that some one had discovered my identity and tracked me to my lodging place.

"I don't know what you want," complained the old man; "there's no one here for them to arrest."

"I'll tell you my friend, what I think is the cause," I replied following him out of bed and beginning to dress. "I had a duel the other day with a captain at Stevensburg, who charged your son with aiding a Yankee spy to escape, and as I killed him, I suppose they want to arrest me."

"My son aiding a Yankee spy?" he exclaimed, greatly angered. "I would challenge any one who said so, old as I am. You did just right."

"Now you go to the window and tell them that you'll be down in just a moment," I continued; "and then, if you want to aid me, do you go down and let them in, while I escape by the window at the other end."

He obeyed me very cheerfully, and by the time that he was ready to descend the stairs, I was all dressed. He went down, and I stood a moment to hear the result. The soldiers, some eight or ten, rushed in as he opened the door, and I heard two or three of them tell him to "trot out that d— Yankee spy!"

"There haint no Yankee here!" he replied, hotly. And while they were all shouting and scolding, I tiptoed across to the other window, raised it, and in a minute had dropped to the ground. Some one was just coming up stairs as I reached terra firma, and I therefore started across the fields at a hard run. Had I known what I did a year later, I should have made haste back to the Rapidan. After a run of half a mile without seeing any signs of pursuit, I turned into the road. Just as I came out a number of soldiers came along on horseback, and each leading a spare animal.

A word with one of them secured me a mount. They were going through to Old Tavern, and nothing could have happened better for me. We rode at a hard gallop nearly all the time. I had not the trouble of answering questions, and I had a fine chance to secure valuable information as we passed along.

We reached Old Tavern without halt or accident, and I bade my companions good-by. There were thousands of troops in the vicinity, and a good many were passing down the road which led to the United States Ford on the Rapidan. Everything betokened the opening of the campaign on the part of the Confederates, and I could not help but see that all were in good spirits. Taking a seat at the door of a house beside a lieutenant who had been ill, and was just able to crawl out into the sunshine, I entered into conversation. He did not know where the troops were going, but thought Chancellorsville their destination. He was certain that the Union forces on the Rapidan would shortly advance on both these roads, and he supposed the troops were going down to defend the one I had travelled. There were but few defences at Old Tavern, although new ones were being commenced that day. I learned from my companion that the road at Mine Run was heavily guarded, and that if the Confederates were obliged to fall back from the Rapidan and clear the roads, a stand at Mine Run would give them victory over the advancing Federals. In our hour's talk I got close figures on the Confederate strength, secured all the information I wanted about defence, and then concluded to change my programme. I had intended to go up to Mine Run in person, but I now concluded to start for the Rapidan by the other road. A trip back on this road would tell me where the moving troops were bound, and what new plans were making, so I procured breakfast and started.

On leaving the Tavern, the morning being warm, I forgot my military cape, and did not think of it until a mile down the road. I did not then like to return, and so kept on with the stream of troops flowing down the road. The infantry regiments

were somewhat broken up with the march. We made but slow progress, as the mud was heavy, and about noon a number of officers and men turned into the field and began cooking dinner. I had neither utensils nor provisions, but turned in with the rest, and sat down near a group of officers. When their coffee was ready, one of them beckoned to me and handed me a cupful, and some bread and meat, as I sat down with the group.

I had half finished the meal, and we were chatting together, when, right before me, and not fifty feet away, I caught sight of a soldier coming towards me—a soldier with great black eyes, high cheek bones, long black hair, a bad bruise on his face; my evil genius, whom I had left tied in the farmer's cellar! I knew him in an instant, but I did not move. Flight was death, and before he was ten feet nearer I had made up my mind to brave it out, and try and "bluff" him off. He came straight to me those ugly eyes looking straight into mine, came close up, reached out his hand, and, turning to the amazed officers, he hoarsely whispered:

"He is a Yankee spy! I have followed him all the way from Stevensburg. He has got his notes in his boots!"

The officers looked from one to the other, smiled, and I saw that they thought the man crazy.

"Hare you!" I shouted to a private soldier, not far away; "if you see the provost guard, tell them to take this lunatic away!"

"I tell you he is a spy!" exclaimed the man, waving his arms to give his words emphasis. "He tried to murder me—he came from Stevensburg. I can bring half a dozen men to prove it!"

"Gentlemen," I replied, turning to the officers, who now took the affair in a more serious manner, "does this look as if I were a spy?" And I pulled out my pass and handed it to them.

It was a fatal mistake. Two of them had documents signed by Lee, and the informal way in which the pass was written, as well as an evident counterfeit of the general's signature, settled my business.

"It may be all right, lieutenant," remarked one of the officers, as they all rose up, "but we think the case a little strange, to say the least. What regiment do you belong to?"

I gave a name which seemed to satisfy them, but then they wanted to know why I had not kept on to Richmond instead of going north again, and my answer hurt my case. The soldier then gave a detailed account of my case, reiterated his assertions, and I was given in charge of the provost guard. Riding until near dark a halt was made at cross roads, and I was thrust into a small stable, three or four guards stationed around, and was told that on the next day I should have a chance to face my accuser before a court-martial.

Before leaving me, the guard made me pull off my boots, and when they took them away I knew that my case was settled. The notes would hang to me in spite of any defence I could make. I realized my position as fully as any one could, and made up my mind that I had got to pull a rope. Troops were coming all about me, the guards around the stable had orders to shoot me if I looked out, and escape seemed impossible. There was a little hay in one corner of the stable, and I stretched out on that with a heavier heart than I ever knew before or have known since. A court-martial would be called early in the morning, conviction was sure, and the job of hanging me would not long be delayed.

After all, I soon felt tired and sleepy, and at last dropped off in a slumber as sound as I ever enjoyed in my life, and did not awaken until daylight. Breakfast was brought me about seven o'clock, and shortly after ten a messenger came with the information that I was to be conducted to a court-martial. I found a large tent full of officers and witnesses, and there was not five minutes delay in starting my trial. As I could make no reasonable defence, I had determined to fall back on my dignity, and give them all the trouble I could. After asking a number of questions the president asked:

"What about these boots? We have unwrapped the heels and found your notes."

"Bought 'em of a captain in Richmond two months ago," I responded, "and he took them off the feet of a dead Yankee."

There were no dates to the notes, and, to my great astonishment, found that my story was not deemed altogether improbable.

"What about your being at Stevensburg?" he continued, after a time.

"Never was there in my life," I replied.

"What about this soldier's story?"

"He is either drunk or crazy."

"How about this pass signed by Lee?"

"Telegraph him and see."

So I answered, my great object being to gain time. Of course the testimony of a private soldier could not convict an officer before a court-martial, and after several hours of sitting, it was decided to send to Stevensburg for the lieutenant-colonel and the landlord, and to bring on the two farmers, it appearing that a stand was to be made by the troops at the cross roads. If all went against me, that was enough.

Two days went by with nothing to break the monotony of my imprisonment, and then I was taken out again. The witnesses were all there. Lee had telegraphed that

I was an impostor, and in less than an hour I had been convicted, and was blandly informed that I would be executed the following morning. On returning me to the stable, two men were put inside to guard me, so that the last hope of escape had vanished. The men were intelligent gentlemen fellows, and when I found that I must go to the limb, I owned to my identity, and got a promise from them that, after the war, they would carry my message to my mother. They seemed to feel a sympathy for me, but no promises of reward could touch their integrity.

Two hours before evening there came a rumbling of cannon from the north, and there was confusion in the Confederate camps. Troops were despatched down the road, batteries were galloping about, and the cry, "The Yankees are advancing!" was heard on every side. But it made no difference in my case. The guards remained, their regiment remained, and I was to be hung.

The firing ceased at dark, and I heard that it had been caused by a raiding party. The night wore away, the morning came, and my fate was at hand. I expected to be taken out at sunrise, or soon thereafter, and I probably should have been, only the firing commenced again, and in a little time all the troops were on the move, officers urging them to the front. I knew that Kilpatrick was coming up the road, followed by infantry, but they would be too late to save me. Would they? The hours dragged along. At nine o'clock the wounded began to go by, and I had a hope. Fifteen minutes later a file of soldiers came to the stable. I was ordered out, and marched straight for a tree in a field about thirty rods away.

"That's right! Don't forget to hang him!" yelled hundreds of soldiers, as I passed along.

I knew the Union troops were slowly advancing, because I heard it reported, and once a shell flew over our heads with a scream. Batteries were taking positions and replying, cavalry dashing around, infantry moving or waiting for orders, and I was so excited that I nearly forgot my own case.

We were at the tree at last, and in a moment a rope was dangling from the limb. Just then an officer came up, shouted some order, and all but four of the men left. These were enough to hang me, and they finished the preparations. The noose was thrown over my head, my hands tied, and then they took hold of the rope, backed back to the other side of the tree, and all was ready. The little soldier who had hunted me down was one of the four. I saw them sag back, heard the cannons roaring, a shouting, and shut my eyes. The rope tightened, it choked, and I was swinging, when I heard a great shriek, an awful "thud," and I fell down. Jumping up I found myself in a cloud of smoke, saw men running past, saw the batteries limbering up and dashing off, and then I fell over and knew no more until a Union cavalryman dashed water into my face. It was some time before I could speak or comprehend the situation, but it all came around at last, and then I knew that a cannon ball had cut down all or part of my executioners just as they were pulling me up.

Two days afterwards I found the Union farmer and his wife. The soldier had escaped from the cellar on the night of his capture, got out of the window, and the family fled as soon as they found out what had happened, knowing that he would bring a force to arrest them. They did not have occasion to regret the aid extended me, as those who employed me were liberal and just in cases of the kind.

Secret Literature of Vagrants.

In a recent sanitary report in England the curious subject of vagrant literature was opened up, illustrated by strange and somewhat startling statements. That there is such a literature both in Europe and the United States, common to both continents, and perfectly well understood by the initiated, whether conveyed by hieroglyphic marks or pantomimic signs, recent inquiries show to be beyond doubt. In every large city, as well in New York as London, in Cincinnati as Berlin, the vagrant's marks may be seen on pavement and doorstep, street-corner and boundary wall. There are simply chalk-lines, attractive of no attention, suggestive of no meaning.

Let any one examine the entrances to any respectable court, the areas before kitchen-doors, or the passage into squares, in any considerable town here or in Europe and he will find the vagrant's chalk mark. Unmeaning as these marks appear, they nevertheless inform succeeding vagrant's of all their require. A cipher with a twisted tail projecting toward the place, indicates "Go on," projecting from the place, indicates "Go away." A cross is "Too poor," a square or parallelogram, "Cross, mind the dog;" a triangle, "Used up;" the letter O, with a centre dot, "Dangerous," and, with a central cross, "Religious;" a diamond-shaped figure, "Good, but cheese your patter!" (don't talk much).

A traveler in the West, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agorsquerd," asked the woman what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that "agues were cured here."

The world does not go far wrong when men sleep.

Disgraceful Traffic.

A STEAMER arrived last week from Hong Kong, at San Francisco, bringing the passengers 19 women. A Correspondent from there thus describes the scene: When the steamer was telegraphed it seemed as though the entire Chinese population had turned out to greet her, prominent among them being the lately arrested members of the Hip Yee Tong. Inquiry as to the cause of this great turnout led to the revelation that there were nineteen women on board.

I hastened to the mail steamers' wharf, where I found several police officers, who had been sent there by the chief with full power and instruction to arrest every Chinaman who was on board of the steamer. As soon as the lines were made fast the officers boarded her and called the names of the unfortunates, who then were placed in closed carriages and conveyed to the City Hall. There they were taken into the Probate Court room, where the Chinese interpreter, Rev. Dr. Gibson, of the Chinese Mission, a native Chinese missionary, two police officers, and your correspondent had preceded them.

The hallways and vestibules were crowded with members of the Hip Yee Tong, who attempted to enter the room, but were prevented from so doing. Your readers can gain but a feeble idea of these females from a pen description. Some were stout, some lean, some blooming with health, while others were apparently in the last stages of consumption, old, young and ugly, though three or four from a Celestial standpoint would be and doubtless were considered beauties.

Being beyond the reach of our Infant act they were discharged after receiving a caution not to pay tax to the Hip Yee Tong and the following notice from the Chief of Police, viz.: "You have each been offered a good home and protection if you desired it, but have voluntarily chosen an evil life. You have doubtless been told how to answer; but remember that if any of you are caught in houses of ill repute hereafter, you will be punished to the full extent of the law." The doors were then opened and they were permitted to leave.

Desirous of seeing the sequel to this social drama I followed the crowd and noted the house where the girls went (for unless I was greatly deceived several among them were still in their teens), and then sought Ah Chin Suey, my old comrad. He requested me to wait until ten o'clock, and said: "Him waitie dark; bimby dark come; him Hip Yee Tong man sell him public auction. You go with me; can catch good see; him no see you."

I waited, and at the hour named was stowed away in a room of a Chinese house on Bartlett alley. I have often seen negro slaves sold in the Southern States, have seen Turks at a slave mart in Constantinople, Arabs in Alexandria, at an auction of eunuchs and Eastern jockeys at a horse sale, but never in my experience as a journalist has it been my lot to witness such a scene as I did last night. Each woman was brought in by herself in a state of absolute nudity, and after passing in review before the entire multitude was put up for sale to the highest bidder.

The prices opened low, and gradually increased until the hammer dropped. The prices realized ranged from \$250 to \$425. Sick and disgusted I left with my comrad and found out, still further, that just after the women had been housed in the mart or slave corral, that two leading members of the Hip Yee Tong received \$40 apiece for them, making \$700, and that they received 10 per cent. of the purchase money, which, with the head money reached nearly \$1,500.

"Sweet Home."

A correspondent writes to the London Musical World, saying: "Most persons in England believe that the question as to who composed the ballad 'Home, Sweet Home,' was settled long since. They will therefore be surprised to hear that it has been again taken up in America, where some individuals now assert that John Payne, to whom a monument is about to be erected in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, wrote both the music and the words." The writer then goes on to state that: "Up to the present moment, I always labored under the impression that Sir Henry Bishop composed 'Home, Sweet Home,' as well as the opera of 'Clari,' in which the song was sung for the first time. At any rate, Sir Henry, in a letter dated the 17th December, 1849, and sent by him from London to Mrs. Scarisbrick, of Liverpool, says he did so. He states, moreover, that Madame Pasta was so fond of the song as to induce him to believe that, on her return to Italy, she begged Donizetti to introduce it into his 'Anna Bolena,' on which he was then employed. This, Sir Henry adds, will account for a part of the melody being found in Donizetti's work. Sir Henry's letter was published in the *Athenaeum* about the beginning of last year."

A colored preacher in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended, and thy soul is not saved," put it: "De corn has been cribbed, dere ain't no more work, and de debil is still foolin' wid dis community."

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New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children.

The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$6.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10.00 per month.

Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$6. and \$18. per month.

Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates.

Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions.

The undersigned having had over 10 years experience in the Claim Agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act.

Call on or address
LEWIS POTTER,
Attorney for Claimants,
New Bloomfield,
Perry Co., Pa.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name of Kough, Snyder & Co., is dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the firm will be found with J. W. S. Kough, and notice is given that accounts must be settled within thirty days from this date.

J. W. S. KOUGH,
W. S. SNYDER,
W. H. KOUGH.
Newport, Aug. 20, 1875.

The business heretofore conducted by Kough, Snyder & Co., will be continued by the undersigned.
J. W. S. KOUGH,
W. H. KOUGH.