

A YANKEE IN GRAY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. QUAD.")
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CHAPTER VII.

After Bull Run the Federals and Confederates began making earnest preparations for war. The holiday was over. There was no longer talk of 60 or 90 day campaign, of soldiers returning to the farm in time to harvest the crops. While the Federals gathered on the plains of Arlington to learn the tactics of war the Confederates remained on the fields where their first victory had been won and prepared for what was to come. There was fighting in the west, armies were being raised and troops moved in every direction, but we follow only those which had confronted each other on that famous field.

Organized and reorganized, drill, scout, reconnaissance, arm and equip. In the beginning the various companies had been allowed to select their own officers by ballot. After Bull Run all commissions came from the secretary of war; all noncommissioned officers were duly appointed. Duke Wyle was commissioned captain of the Stenographic Guards, the second lieutenant was advanced, and the orderly sergeant was promoted to a lieutenant. Among those who secured brief furloughs were Captain Wyle and Steve Brayton. The latter reached home first. The story of the battle was known, but the story of the rally—the incident which had directed General Jackson's attention to Royal Kenton—was news to the people and a great surprise. Brayton had no need to exaggerate facts to compel cheers for the "Yankee," as Kenton was still called. He told the story over and over again, always to an interested audience, and he always wound up with the observation:

"I reckon you all know that I was s'gin him and kinder hoped to put on the tar and feathers, but I've changed my mind. Durn my hide if I don't wish he was captain of our company!"

One day as he paced the Percy mansion Marian was at the gate, seemingly waiting for him.

"I have read of the battle and heard a great deal of talk about it," she said. "but would you mind telling mother and I of the part taken by our own company? We are naturally more interested in them than any other participants."

Sitting on the veranda with mother and daughter for an audience and using a piece of chalk to draw a rude diagram on the boards, Steve Brayton kept them deeply interested for an hour.

"You were at first driven back?" queried Marian when he had finished.

"Driv' right back like a flock of sheep, and thar' hain't no use to deny it," he replied.

"Where were your officers?"

"Runnin' as fast as the rest of us."

"And Mr. Kenton rallied you?"

"He did, ma'am. Abner Jenkins was carryin' our company flag, and he tumbled down and left it lyin' on the ground. I was right behind him with Kenton, and the Yankee lifts it up, waves it about and yells for us to halt and rally."

"And did the officers rally, too?" persisted Marian.

"Waal, yes, but they was purty slow about it. We had got the cannon and were drawin' it off afore I saw any of 'em. Reckon they fell mightily cut up over it, fur they allus said the Yankee wouldn't stand fire."

Steve Brayton was not a close observer, or he might have discovered a secret that afternoon. Both mother and daughter exhibited the greatest interest and asked him many questions, and when he took his departure he said to himself:

"Durn my hide if they wasn't more interested than half the men!"

Two or three days later Captain Wyle appeared, and Steve Brayton vanished. The captain expected to create a sensation, but was bitterly disappointed. Everybody was friendly, but Brayton had told the story of the rally and put the credit where it belonged. He had plenty of excuses to urge, and his story was quite different from Brayton's, but somehow it failed to go. While he was congratulated on his promotion, which was strong evidence in itself of his good standing with his superior officers, he did not rally his flying company and led it back, and no one could be quite satisfied with his record. On the second evening of his arrival he called upon the Percys. His sole reason for stirring home at that time was to take this call. The victory which he had helped to achieve, his promotion, the laudatory notices he had received in his home newspaper, all these things went to make him believe that he would accord a frank welcome by mother and daughter and that opportunity might be given him to plead his cause. The captain's welcome was cordial enough, and after the first salutation conversation naturally turned to the war. He took an early opportunity to obliquely remark:

"Well, I suppose you have heard all out our Yankee?"

"To whom do you refer, captain?" inquired Marian.

"Why, to Kenton, of course. I believe you both knew him? I had no idea

I am surprised that he did not desert to his friends before the battle opened."

"Mr. Kenton believed it his duty as a citizen of Virginia to take up arms in her cause," replied the mother.

"And instead of deserting he seems to have led your company to victory," quietly added Marian.

"He was simply in the rear as we faced about and was carried along with the rush," explained the captain. "Nevertheless he is a brave man, and I hope he is in earnest."

"Why shouldn't he be?" asked the girl.

"Blood will tell" is an old saying. I shan't be surprised to wake up some morning and find that he has deserted to the enemy."

"You do Mr. Kenton gross injustice!" exclaimed Marian as her color came and went, and her eyes looked brighter than he had ever seen them before. "I have seen nothing in him to lead me to believe that he would countenance anything dishonorable, and brave men are never recorded as deserters."

If the captain had planned to make her betray her true feelings toward Royal Kenton, he had succeeded. Her looks and demeanor, added to the words she uttered with so much spirit, satisfied him that his own cause, unless something unforeseen should arise, was hopeless. While he was a man of hot temper he had a great self-control, and when he left the house neither mother nor daughter suspected his bitterness of feeling.

"It's no use to deceive myself!" he muttered as he walked slowly down the street. "If the Yankee doesn't desert, and if he is not killed in battle or otherwise, he will return to wed her. With him removed my path is clear. It will be my fault if something doesn't happen to him very soon!"

Something did happen—two or three days later—before the captain's return to camp. Ike Baxter thoroughly understood what Captain Wyle desired, and he was eager for an opportunity to carry out his wishes. One night when both were on guard about the camp he wheeled in his beat, drew up his musket and deliberately fired to kill. Kenton was hardly 20 feet distant, face turned away and completely at his mercy. The heavy bullet passed between his arm and side and sped across the camp and killed a poor sergeant as he lay sleeping on his bed. The would-be assassin pleaded accident, and it was natural to believe that it was such. Kenton was one of the first to excuse him, and not the slightest suspicion of the soldier's murderous intentions found lodgment in his mind.

Another incident, and one with far more pleasant surroundings, occurred the very next day. A message came to the commanding officer of the guards from Stonewall Jackson to send Private Kenton to his headquarters. The general looked at the young man before him for half a minute before saying:

"You headed the detachment which captured the gun in a hand to hand fight. You did nobly. Who is captain of your company?"

"Captain Wyle, sir."

"Ah, yes. Captain Truesdale was wounded and crippled for life. I see. And you are still a private?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm! I ought to have remembered you, but I have been busy—very busy. Is your captain with the company?"

"No, sir. He left several days ago on furlough."

"H'm! And haven't you asked for a furlough too?"

"I have not."

"Well, we'll see about it later on. Tomorrow I shall be away. The day after at 10 o'clock in the morning I wish you to report here to me. Stay! I will write an order to that effect, which will be your authority for leaving camp. Show it to your commanding officer."

And when Kenton returned to the guards and related his interview and exhibited the order all congratulated him—all except Ike Baxter. That individual felt himself greatly wronged, and his mutterings took the form of words:

"Drat that damned Yankee, but he's jest gwine to boss this hilt army if the captain don't dunn hurry back to camp!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As with the Federals at Arlington, so with the Confederates on the fields and meadows to the south. Battles were fought on the eastern coast and on the western rivers—battles which made history were fought in North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, but the Army of Virginia remained in its camps. Its leaders realized from the beginning that Virginia would be the real battleground of the war, and that the Army of Virginia would be called upon to render heroic defense. Every hour gained was an advantage, every day a gain of men and material and experience.

When Royal Kenton reported to General Jackson as per order, he was asked if he knew the country to the north of the Confederate outposts. He was forced to reply that he was entirely ignorant of it.

"This is a disadvantage, but one you can overcome," said the general. "We are in need of a few more brave men at the front to act as scouts. Would you have any objection to serving in that capacity?"

"I—I should not like to act the part of a spy," stammered Kenton in much confusion.

"Nor would I ask you to. A spy is generally a brave man and often moves solely by patriotism, but few of them are soldiers, and the profession is under a stigma. As a scout you go in your uniform, secure such information as you can in a legitimate way, and if captured you are treated as a prisoner of war. You can take a comrade with you or go alone, as you elect. Do not be afraid to state your objections if you have any."

"I will go and go alone," replied Kenton after a moment's thought.

"Very well, I am glad to hear it. You can now return to your company, and during the day I will send the proper order to your captain. Upon your return report to me direct, and I have no doubt you will bring information of value."

That afternoon Captain Wyle returned to his company, and when he received the order detailing Private Kenton for temporary duty at headquarters he learned its object he was almost tempted to congratulate him. As between captain and private or between man and man, he would have done so with great heartiness, but as a rival lover he could not. When Ike Baxter had related the story of the attempted "removal," as he called it, he expected words of praise, but they were not uttered. On the contrary, his action was severely criticized, and he went away to sulk and growl.

"Understand me," said the captain as he betrayed his disappointment by word and look, "I don't want murder or assassination. I hate him because he's a Yankee and because he is an enemy among us. I want to drive him out—force him to desert to his own side. I want the news to go back home that he has deserted and is a traitor to us. Bring that about, and I'll do anything I can to reward you, but don't shoot him down in cold blood. Now that General Jackson has taken him under his wing we must be more careful than ever."

Armed with a pass that would take him through the Confederate lines and pickets, Royal Kenton made his way toward Washington. When he reached the last outpost, the officer in command gave him the lay of the country along that front, the position of the Federal videttes so far as known, and named many farmers who sympathized with the Confederate cause and would give him shelter. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when Kenton left the last post behind him and disappeared in the woods. He knew in a general way what was required of him. It was, first, to push as near the Federal lines as possible, and then to estimate the strength of camps or marching columns, locate forts and earthworks and seek to discover the strength of positions. Spies go in disguise and often remain in a camp for days. Scouts are saved from the halter when caught only because they are not "an enemy in disguise." The spy is detested simply because he is generally moved by a financial consideration and is often a person who will work for the side paying him the best.

The neutral ground between the two armies was a strip of territory from three to six miles wide. Reconnoissances were almost of daily occurrence from one side or the other, and cavalry commands patrolled the highways at frequent intervals.

The sentiment of the Virginia farmers was overwhelmingly Confederate, and whenever Kenton identified himself he was given all information at hand. During the first two days he had several narrow escapes from Federal cavalry patrols, and on the third day he was treated to a double surprise. The farmer with whom he had remained overnight had recommended him to one much nearer the Federal outposts to secure additional information. He reached this place about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and the first face he saw was that of Marian Percy, the next that of

"You see the situation," said Marian as she approached Kenton, who was carefully examining his revolver. "You could not beat them off single handed, and if you are discovered here you will be taken prisoner and the rest of us subjected to annoyance and insult. You must go at once."

"And leave you unprotected?"

"Our people have an idea that the Yankees have horns and hoops," she laughed, "but I have lived among them for years, as you know. They will not make war on our men and defenses. They are surely going to stop here!"

Kenton retreated through the orchard to the cover of a stone wall 200 feet in rear of the house. He was scarcely sheltered when the troopers filed into the yard through the gate and surrounded the house. The captain in command dismounted and was about to rap on the wide open front door when Marian appeared.

"Well?" she queried as he looked at her in the greatest surprise for half a minute.

"Ah, excuse me!" he stammered. "I am looking for some one—a man—a man who is supposed to be a Confederate scout or spy."

"There is only one white man here—the old farmer himself. We have seen no stranger. You are at liberty to search."

"Oh, no, no! The word of a lady is amply sufficient. Perhaps he took the other road. Sergeant, reform the men in the highway."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIN EVENING WRAPS.

A Pretty Parisian Model With Wing Sleeves and Satin Lining.

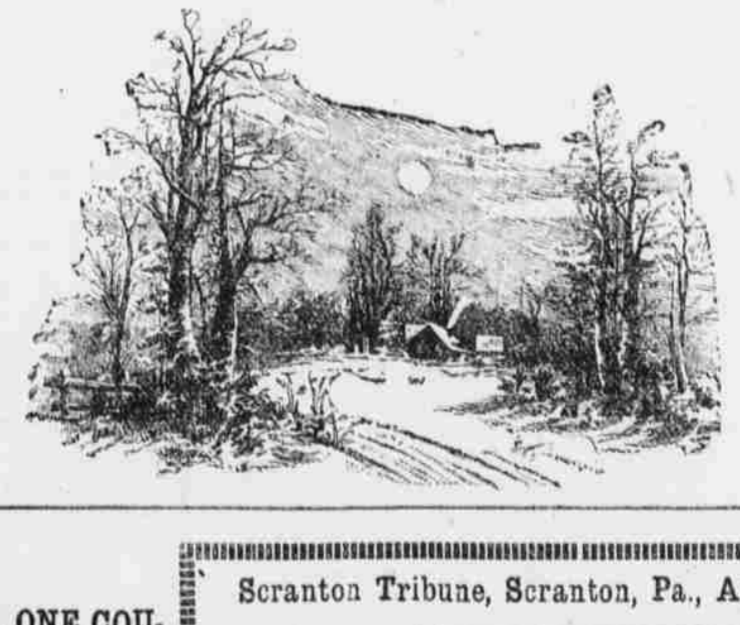
Some of the most charming dinners and dances of the year are given at the end of the season, when flowers are in profusion and windows may be left open to admit the fresh evening air, and the lace curtains embrace most pleasant retreats after the glare and heat of the daylight. It is at this time of the social year that a woman who can afford half a dozen different wraps for every degree of temperature may wear her light evening cloak of silk or thin cloth, covering her low cut dress, but neither crushing it nor burdening her. For a sea-

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side summer such light wraps are by no means necessary, as the far lined ones used in December are not too great a protection against the strong cool winds that blow in from the ocean at night. Neither does mountain air afford any excuse for a light covering to unprotected arms and shoulders, for after sunset the temperature falls amazingly and does not mount to a comfortable altitude again until several hours after the sun has risen.

Therefore winter evening wraps will be found more serviceable than those lighter ones which simply protect the woman who indulges in city festivities at this time of the year. The keen upland air has a searching quality that will not be denied once one is out of an artificial temperature. To go to the mountains or the shore with only summer weight clothing, like going to sea without flannels and warm wraps, betrays a lack of previous experience. Of course, there are exceptional years when the air in the sphere is almost uniformly warm, but a rule it is safe to count on not only chilly, but cold nights.

A sketch is given of a pretty Parisian model for a thin evening wrap. It is made of light cloth and lined with satin of the same shade. The back is loose and laid in plaits in the middle, the front is plaited at either side, while the wing sleeves form a part of the body of the cloak. A wide gathered piece of velvet forms an epaulet over each sleeve wing, and a gold and pearl passementerie ornament with a long fringe of pendants is placed on either side of the back folds. JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Skull in the Dead Letter Office.

From one of the cases grins a human skull. It is brown with age, having apparently lain under the clay for a long time before his resurrection and its journey through the mails. There was no address or postmark when it came. All that it bore was the inscription "Jimmie McDuff" carved on the frontal bone. Jimmie McDuff is the name of a murderer who perished on the scaffold only west a few years ago, but the skull is not believed to be Jimmie's. Somebody evidently sent it as a joke to some friend acquainted with the circumstances of Jimmie's taking off—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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