

A YANKEE IN GRAY

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS "M. QUAD"

CHAPTER IX.

When the troop had disappeared up the dusty highway, Kenton returned to the house to say good-by to its inmates, and half an hour later he had turned his face southward, satisfied that he had secured all information possible for a scout to pick up. The farmer posted him as to where he would likely strike the Confederate outposts and warned him what highways to avoid, but on that very day McClellan was pushing his cavalry forward and seizing new territory. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon as Kenton, who had been traveling in the fields and under cover of the forest, was about to cross a highway he heard the click, click of a carbine, and a voice called to him:

"Halt where you are, or you are a dead man!"

It was a Federal vidette, dismounted and posted among the bushes which fringed the highway. Kenton looked up to find himself covered by a carbine. Both were on the same side of the road. He had approached the vidette in rear, and had he exercised more vigilance would have detected his presence in time to avoid him. The men were not over 30 feet apart when Kenton got the summons to halt.

Many of the Federal troops were still dressed in the gray uniforms supplied by their respective states, while the Confederates had a variety of uniforms, and it was difficult to detect one side from the other. The vidette had done his duty in halting the prowler, but he was not sure what sort of game he had bagged.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded as he advanced.

Kenton obeyed. He was armed only with a revolver, and as that was hidden from sight he appeared defenseless.

"Now, then, who are you?" asked the Federal as he came to a halt scarce six feet away.

"I might ask you the same question," replied the scout, making a great effort to appear cool and indifferent.

"I know you might, but I guess you won't. Answer my question!"

"I have information to give."

"What is it?"

"Which side are you on?"

"Oh, it makes a difference, does it? Well, I'm a Confederate. What's your news?"

Kenton looked about him in an uneasy manner as if he had fallen into a trap and contemplated making a bolt to escape.

"Say, you look like a rebel, but act like a Yankee," laughed the man as he loosed his carbine. "I guess you've got news, and I guess you want to go to headquarters."

"Will you kindly tell me which way to go to strike headquarters?"

"I'll do better'n that—I'll go with you to the picket post and see that you are passed along. Have you been scouting?"

"Yes."

"Seen any rebels?"

"Plenty of them."

"Well, come along, and I'll ride down the road with you to the post. We are posted along here in hopes to catch a rebel scout who's been sneaking along our front for two or three days. What did you say your name was?"

"Kenton."

"And mine is Fisher. Hear anything about when we are going to move?"

"Not a word, though the army seems to be all ready."

"It is ready, and why McClellan doesn't push down and walk all over the

country?"

"Say, Johnny, that's a square deal!" joyfully exclaimed the Federal as he received his weapons, "and I want to shake hands with you! Put it there! Can't tell but what we may meet again before this row is over, and if we do I hope it'll come my way to do the fair thing. So long to you!"

Kenton watched him out of sight and then walked down to the highway to find himself at the post of a vidette. He was directed back to the reserve, his pass examined, and he was then within the Confederate lines and ready to push on to Manassas and Jackson's headquarters. When his information had been laid before the stern faced man, whose title of "professor" had been changed to that of "general" within a few brief months, he quietly said:

"You have done excellently. My command is ordered into the valley. I shall have further need of your services in this line, but you may return to your company at present."

"Thank you, general."

"I'm independent," replied the scout as he suddenly snatched at the carbine and twisted it out of the other's grasp.

"Now throw up your hands! Up higher! I see you have a revolver, but if you drop your hands by so much as an inch I shall fire on you! Forward March into the woods!"

"By George, but you don't tell me you are a rebel!" exclaimed the astonished and bewildered cavalryman.

"I don't know yet whether I am or not," replied Kenton. "I'm a Virgin-

ian and in the Confederate army, and whether we are rebels or patriots is a question I haven't settled. Keep to the left."

"And you may be the very rebel scout we were hoping to capture!"

"You are pretty near right about that. Keep right on—I'm coming! Now halt and keep your hands still up!"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man as he was disarmed and permitted to face about.

"How far is it to the nearest Confederate outpost?"

"About two miles down this road."

"How many videttes between us and the post?"

"Three or four. You are not going to kill me out here in cold blood?"

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Kenton. "A year hence war will mean devastation, destruction, murder and assassination, but men's hearts are not brutalized yet. I must reach the Confederate outpost, but I can't do it by the road."

"I don't think you could fool all the others as you did me," said the cavalryman, with a sickly smile.

"The question is what to do with you? If I set you at liberty, you'll raise an alarm."

"Guess I would—in fact, I know I would."

"And I have nothing to tie you up with until I can get safely away."

"That's so. You remind me of the chap who caught the bear and didn't let go."

"I must take you along with me to the Confederate outpost. We shall cut across the fields and woods to reach it. You go ahead, and I will follow. It is needless."

"I'm no fool!" blantly interrupted the Federal. "When I'm down and the other fellow has got his thumbs in my eye and my nose in his jaws, I know enough to cave. You won't have to shoot me, and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Well?"

"Don't walk me in a prisoner."

"I'll see about that. Let's go on."

They struck through the woods, crossed an old field, skirted a meadow and entered another piece of woods. As they were traversing this they came upon a negro cutting firewood, and he informed them that the Confederate outpost was only 20 rods below them on the highway.

"At this stage of the game one prisoner more or less is of no earthly consequence," said Kenton as he looked at the cavalryman. "I'm going to let you return."

"And I've concluded to be taken prisoner and sent to Richmond," replied the man.

"For what reason?"

"Plain as a pumpkin on a gatepost. If I go back without my arms, what can I say? I'd just have to admit that a Johnny reb came along and played me for a sucker and got the best of me. That would mean ridicule and disgrace forever. If I don't go back until exchanged as a prisoner, I'll be all right. I'll sort of give out that I was tackled by about six of you, you know."

"I am sorry that I was obliged to deceive you to save myself," said Kenton after a moment of thought, "and there is no need to disgrace you. Here are your weapons, and you are free to return to your post. The war has not fairly begun yet. There will be hate and bitterness and rancor after awhile, and there will be few opportunities to extend courtesies."

"Say, Johnny, that's a square deal!" joyfully exclaimed the Federal as he received his weapons, "and I want to shake hands with you! Put it there! Can't tell but what we may meet again before this row is over, and if we do I hope it'll come my way to do the fair thing. So long to you!"

Kenton watched him out of sight and then walked down to the highway to find himself at the post of a vidette. He was directed back to the reserve, his pass examined, and he was then within the Confederate lines and ready to push on to Manassas and Jackson's headquarters. When his information had been laid before the stern faced man, whose title of "professor" had been changed to that of "general" within a few brief months, he quietly said:

"You have done excellently. My command is ordered into the valley. I shall have further need of your services in this line, but you may return to your company at present."

"Thank you, general."

"I'm independent," replied the scout as he suddenly snatched at the carbine and twisted it out of the other's grasp.

"Now throw up your hands! Up higher! I see you have a revolver, but if you drop your hands by so much as an inch I shall fire on you! Forward March into the woods!"

"By George, but you don't tell me you are a rebel!" exclaimed the astonished and bewildered cavalryman.

"I don't know yet whether I am or not," replied Kenton. "I'm a Virgin-

ian and in the Confederate army, and whether we are rebels or patriots is a question I haven't settled. Keep to the left."

"And you may be the very rebel scout we were hoping to capture!"

"You are pretty near right about that. Keep right on—I'm coming! Now halt and keep your hands still up!"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man as he was disarmed and permitted to face about.

"How far is it to the nearest Confederate outpost?"

"About two miles down this road."

"How many videttes between us and the post?"

"Three or four. You are not going to kill me out here in cold blood?"

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Kenton. "A year hence war will mean devastation, destruction, murder and assassination, but men's hearts are not brutalized yet. I must reach the Confederate outpost, but I can't do it by the road."

"I don't think you could fool all the others as you did me," said the cavalryman, with a sickly smile.

"The question is what to do with you? If I set you at liberty, you'll raise an alarm."

"Guess I would—in fact, I know I would."

"And I have nothing to tie you up with until I can get safely away."

"That's so. You remind me of the chap who caught the bear and didn't let go."

"I must take you along with me to the Confederate outpost. We shall cut across the fields and woods to reach it. You go ahead, and I will follow. It is needless."

"I'm no fool!" blantly interrupted the Federal. "When I'm down and the other fellow has got his thumbs in my eye and my nose in his jaws, I know enough to cave. You won't have to shoot me, and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Well?"

"Don't walk me in a prisoner."

"I'll see about that. Let's go on."

They struck through the woods, crossed an old field, skirted a meadow and entered another piece of woods. As they were traversing this they came upon a negro cutting firewood, and he informed them that the Confederate outpost was only 20 rods below them on the highway.

"At this stage of the game one prisoner more or less is of no earthly consequence," said Kenton as he looked at the cavalryman. "I'm going to let you return."

"And I've concluded to be taken prisoner and sent to Richmond," replied the man.

"For what reason?"

"Plain as a pumpkin on a gatepost. If I go back without my arms, what can I say? I'd just have to admit that a Johnny reb came along and played me for a sucker and got the best of me. That would mean ridicule and disgrace forever. If I don't go back until exchanged as a prisoner, I'll be all right. I'll sort of give out that I was tackled by about six of you, you know."

"I am sorry that I was obliged to deceive you to save myself," said Kenton after a moment of thought, "and there is no need to disgrace you. Here are your weapons, and you are free to return to your post. The war has not fairly begun yet. There will be hate and bitterness and rancor after awhile, and there will be few opportunities to extend courtesies."

"Say, Johnny, that's a square deal!" joyfully exclaimed the Federal as he received his weapons, "and I want to shake hands with you! Put it there! Can't tell but what we may meet again before this row is over, and if we do I hope it'll come my way to do the fair thing. So long to you!"

Kenton watched him out of sight and then walked down to the highway to find himself at the post of a vidette. He was directed back to the reserve, his pass examined, and he was then within the Confederate lines and ready to push on to Manassas and Jackson's headquarters. When his information had been laid before the stern faced man, whose title of "professor" had been changed to that of "general" within a few brief months, he quietly said:

"You have done excellently. My command is ordered into the valley. I shall have further need of your services in this line, but you may return to your company at present."

"Thank you, general."

"I'm independent," replied the scout as he suddenly snatched at the carbine and twisted it out of the other's grasp.

"Now throw up your hands! Up higher! I see you have a revolver, but if you drop your hands by so much as an inch I shall fire on you! Forward March into the woods!"

"By George, but you don't tell me you are a rebel!" exclaimed the astonished and bewildered cavalryman.

"I don't know yet whether I am or not," replied Kenton. "I'm a Virgin-

ian and in the Confederate army, and whether we are rebels or patriots is a question I haven't settled. Keep to the left."

"And you may be the very rebel scout we were hoping to capture!"

"You are pretty near right about that. Keep right on—I'm coming! Now halt and keep your hands still up!"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man as he was disarmed and permitted to face about.

"How far is it to the nearest Confederate outpost?"

"About two miles down this road."

"How many videttes between us and the post?"

"Three or four. You are not going to kill me out here in cold blood?"

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Kenton. "A year hence war will mean devastation, destruction, murder and assassination, but men's hearts are not brutalized yet. I must reach the Confederate outpost, but I can't do it by the road."

"I don't think you could fool all the others as you did me," said the cavalryman, with a sickly smile.

"The question is what to do with you? If I set you at liberty, you'll raise an alarm."

"Guess I would—in fact, I know I would."

"And I have nothing to tie you up with until I can get safely away."

"That's so. You remind me of the chap who caught the bear and didn't let go."

"I must take you along with me to the Confederate outpost. We shall cut across the fields and woods to reach it. You go ahead, and I will follow. It is needless."

"I'm no fool!" blantly interrupted the Federal. "When I'm down and the other fellow has got his thumbs in my eye and my nose in his jaws, I know enough to cave. You won't have to shoot me, and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Well?"

"Don't walk me in a prisoner."

"I'll see about that. Let's go on."

They struck through the woods, crossed an old field, skirted a meadow and entered another piece of woods. As they were traversing this they came upon a negro cutting firewood, and he informed them that the Confederate outpost was only 20 rods below them on the highway.

"At this stage of the game one prisoner more or less is of no earthly consequence," said Kenton as he looked at the cavalryman. "I'm going to let you return."

"And I've concluded to be taken prisoner and sent to Richmond," replied the man.

"For what reason?"

"Plain as a pumpkin on a gatepost. If I go back without my arms, what can I say? I'd just have to admit that a Johnny reb came along and played me for a sucker and got the best of me. That would mean ridicule and disgrace forever. If I don't go back until exchanged as a prisoner, I'll be all right. I'll sort of give out that I was tackled by about six of you, you know."

"I am sorry that I was obliged to deceive you to save myself," said Kenton after a moment of thought, "and there is no need to disgrace you. Here are your weapons, and you are free to return to your post. The war has not fairly begun yet. There will be hate and bitterness and rancor after awhile, and there will be few opportunities to extend courtesies."

"Say, Johnny, that's a square deal!" joyfully exclaimed the Federal as he received his weapons, "and I want to shake hands with you! Put it there! Can't tell but what we may meet again before this row is over, and if we do I hope it'll come my way to do the fair thing. So long to you!"

Kenton watched him out of sight and then walked down to the highway to find himself at the post of a vidette. He was directed back to the reserve, his pass examined, and he was then within the Confederate lines and ready to push on to Manassas and Jackson's headquarters. When his information had been laid before the stern faced man, whose title of "professor" had been changed to that of "general" within a few brief months, he quietly said:

"You have done excellently. My command is ordered into the valley. I shall have further need of your services in this line, but you may return to your company at present."

"Thank you, general."

"I'm independent," replied the scout as he suddenly snatched at the carbine and twisted it out of the other's grasp.

"Now throw up your hands! Up higher! I see you have a revolver, but if you drop your hands by so much as an inch I shall fire on you! Forward March into the woods!"

"By George, but you don't tell me you are a rebel!" exclaimed the astonished and bewildered cavalryman.

"I don't know yet whether I am or not," replied Kenton. "I'm a Virgin-

ian and in the Confederate army, and whether we are rebels or patriots is a question I haven't settled. Keep to the left."

"And you may be the very rebel scout we were hoping to capture!"

"You are pretty near right about that. Keep right on—I'm coming! Now halt and keep your hands still up!"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the man as he was disarmed and permitted to face about.

"How far is it to the nearest Confederate outpost?"

"About two miles down this road."

"How many videttes between us and the post?"

"Three or four. You are not going to kill me out here in cold blood?"

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Kenton. "A year hence war will mean devastation, destruction, murder and assassination, but men's hearts are not brutalized yet. I must reach the Confederate outpost, but I can't do it by the road."

"I don't think you could fool all the others as you did me," said the cavalryman, with a sickly smile.

"The question is what to do with you? If I set you at liberty, you'll raise an alarm."

"Guess I would—in fact, I know I would."

"And I have nothing to tie you up with until I can get safely away."

"That's so. You remind me of the chap who caught the bear and didn't let go."

"I must take you along with me to the Confederate outpost. We shall cut across the fields and woods to reach it. You go ahead, and I will follow. It is needless."

"I'm no fool!" blantly interrupted the Federal. "When I'm down and the other fellow has got his thumbs in my eye and my nose in his jaws, I know enough to cave. You won't have to shoot me, and I want to ask a favor of you."

"Well?"

"Don't walk me in a prisoner."

"I'll see about that. Let's go on."

They struck through the woods, crossed an old field, skirted a meadow and entered another piece of woods. As they were traversing this they came upon a negro cutting firewood, and he informed them that the Confederate outpost was only 20 rods below them on the highway.

"At this stage of the game one prisoner more or less is of no earthly consequence," said Kenton as he looked at the cavalryman. "I'm going to let you return."

"And I've concluded to be taken prisoner and sent to Richmond," replied the man.

"For what reason?"

"Plain as a pumpkin on a gatepost. If I go back without my arms, what can I say? I'd just have to admit that a Johnny reb came along and played me for a sucker and got the best of me. That would mean ridicule and disgrace forever. If I don't go back until exchanged as a prisoner, I'll be all right. I'll sort of give out that I was tackled by about six of you, you know."

"I am sorry that I was obliged to deceive you to save myself," said Kenton after a moment of thought, "and there is no need to disgrace you. Here are your weapons, and you are free to return to your post. The war has not fairly begun yet. There will be hate and bitterness and rancor after awhile, and there will be few opportunities to extend courtesies."

"Say, Johnny, that's a square deal!" joyfully exclaimed the Federal as he received his weapons, "and I want to shake hands with you! Put it there! Can't tell but what we may meet again before this row is over, and if we do I hope it'll come my way to do the fair thing. So long to you!"

Kenton watched him out of sight and then walked down to the highway to find himself at the post of a vidette. He was directed back to the reserve, his pass examined, and he was then within the Confederate lines and ready to push on to Manassas and Jackson's headquarters. When his information had been laid before the stern faced man, whose title of "professor" had been changed to that of "general" within a few brief months, he quietly said:

The Art Students' Series of Multichromes

Magical Effects in Color Printing

Art Brought Right Down to the Level of the Poorest Purse

Below are specimen illustrations showing some of the subjects treated in THE TRIBUNE'S new picture offer, which is the greatest offer yet. For one coupon and one dime any reader may get FOUR gems in colors as delicate and permanent as the finest pastel. Part One, which is NOW READY for delivery, contains four handsome scenes representing "Early Morning," "Indian Summer," "A Winter Scene" and "The Country Brook." If, when you see a multichrome, you don't confess it's the most wonderful thing out, bring it back and get a medal.



REMEMBER, ONE COUPON WITH ONE DIME SECURES 4 PICTURES. THIS IS THE COUPON.

Send this coupon, with 10 cents in cash, and get four of the marvelous Multichrome Art Gems—by far the greatest offer of all. Mail orders 2c. extra.

CURES OTHERS

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. Cures morning sickness, weak stomach, indigestion or dyspepsia, "female weakness" and kindred ailments.

Mrs. MAMIE DEMMY, of 223 Broadway Street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "For three years I suffered from what my doctor called womb trouble. I cannot find language to describe the tortures I suffered. Sixteen weeks ago, I began to use your medicine, and now feel better and stronger than I have felt for years. In fact, my health is thoroughly restored and there are no signs of my former trouble. I owe it all to your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,' which I shall always praise wherever I go."

WHY NOT YOU?

Complexion Preserved

DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM

Removes Freckles, Pimples, Lice, Blemishes, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all other preparations and perfectly harmless. At all druggists, or mailed for 50c. Send for Circular.

VIOLA SKIN SOAP is equally indispensable as a skin purifier and cleanser for the face, and without a rival in the market, absolutely pure and delicate in use. As druggist. Price 25 Cents.

A. C. BITTNER & CO., Toledo, O.

For sale by Matthews Bros., Morgan Bros. and Morgan & Co.

Every Woman

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulator medicine.

Dr. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

is prompt, safe and certain in result. The pills are Dr. Peal's never-disappointed. Sent anywhere. Price 50c. Sold by JOHN H. FEELEY, Pharmacist, corner Washington and Spruce streets, Scranton, Pa.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER

HAVE YOU CATARRH OF THE NOSE, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLIC, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, MIGRAINE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE HEAD AND THROAT?

Use Cushman's Menthol Inhaler. It will cure you. A wonderful boon to sufferers from Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarse Voice, etc. It is a powerful remedy, and is guaranteed to cure. Price 50c. Sold by JOHN H. FEELEY, Pharmacist, corner Washington and Spruce streets, Scranton, Pa.

Indapo

Made a well Man of Me!

INDAPO THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY

RESULTS IN 20 DAYS. Cures all nervous, falling, tremor, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., caused by past sinning, gives vigor and strength to organs and joints, restores the system to its normal condition. Indapo is a powerful remedy, and is guaranteed to cure. Price 50c. Sold by JOHN H. FEELEY, Pharmacist, corner Washington and Spruce streets, Scranton, Pa.

HOW LIKE A MAN HE FEELS

LAST YEAR he had saved \$300. He bought a house worth \$1850—paid \$300 down, gave a mortgage for \$1,550. Today he estimates as follows:

Rent saved.....	\$300 00
Interest on mortgage.....	\$185 00
Taxes and repairs.....	\$6 00
Net saving on rent.....	\$109 00
Saved on salary.....	\$100 00
To apply on mortgage.....	\$209 00

REFLECTION—"In FOUR years that house will be free from debt and I shall have a home of my own."

GREEN RIDGE is the paradise for home-sites. Finest and best scenery to be had in a beautiful villa, which they offer on easy payments, at \$1850.

Call at our office, between Washington and Adams on Olive street.

EZRA FINN & SONS.



"Throw up your hands!" he commanded as he advanced.

Confederate army is a puzzle to me. Seems as if he was waiting to let them get a good ready. Everybody is giving him hell Columbia, but I suppose he knows what he's about. What command do you belong to?"

The pair had been slowly walking side by side down to where the cavalryman's horse was hitched to the trunk of a tree. The Federal had quite accepted Kenton as belonging to his side and was planning to do him a good turn by guiding him to the reserve. Kenton must avoid that