



A YANKEE IN GRAY

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS ("A. QUAD")

CHAPTER XXI.

Well, made no note of time. A year or two seems to fly more swiftly than a month of peace. The minutes of war are made up of its dead, its hours of battle, its days of battles, its weeks of campaigns which move a nation, its months of black figures relating the number of widows and orphans and the tens of millions of dollars expended, its years of desolation and devastation, its long and heavy.

Winter had fallen upon mountain and valley, upon the blackest of hills of once happy homes, upon blood spots and burial grounds. While things had gone very quietly at West Haven they had not gone well. Now and then a detachment of Federal soldiers would be posted just on the edge of the town, but they had not the family in years. (Latter he had longer and went. The country was in the hands of the Federal, and many of the Federalists had fled west. The Federalists were gone, but the Federalists were not the only ones who had fled west. They were waiting and hoping that they would be sent that they could be sent, but they did not.)

One afternoon a party of soldiers had taken away the horses, and after that Uncle Ben had to make his trips on foot as far as a week's journey in seven or eight days to reach the family goods. In spite of the high prices and general scarcity of all necessities he managed to get what he needed. He had a good deal of money, but he was not a rich man. He had a good deal of money, but he was not a rich man. He had a good deal of money, but he was not a rich man.

When Marian became a widow that if Mrs. Bower had any plan after it was to play the spy and demand the count of Captain Wyle, she did not let the matter worry her. A set of hands had been sent to her, and she had a good deal of money, but she was not a rich man. He had a good deal of money, but he was not a rich man. He had a good deal of money, but he was not a rich man.

Uncle Ben, I have heard something to fall. Captain Wyle told me he had heard that Mrs. Kenton was dead—killed over at Harrisburg a day or two ago.

"I shall neither believe it," he exclaimed. "But Mrs. Kenton is dead," wrote no more, but that didn't seem to be good. "It's worse," he said, "it's all true, I repeat it to you."

"But they had a letter a day or two ago, Uncle Ben, and Mr. Kenton was killed again."

"What would that be?" "New Harrisburg." "That's a right name, step back from me, as we don't look at you. Make a good deal of money, but that doesn't seem to be good. "It's worse," he said, "it's all true, I repeat it to you."

"But I am—I'm afraid it's true!" she added, looking down at her feet. "How young, how young," said the old man after a bit, with tears in his own eyes, "you'll keep quiet till we find out all about it. I'll be as close fixed in ten minutes, and then I'll start for Harrisburg. When I get there, I'll find out if Mrs. Kenton was killed."

"But it's almost dark now, Uncle Ben." "Makes no difference, honey. I know the road, and I'm feeling pretty good. By the time tomorrow I'll be back with the news."

"But what if you should discover that—that?" "That Mrs. Kenton was really killed? Nobody can't discover what isn't so. In a day I'll be back with the news. "Uncle Ben," said Marian as she placed a hand on either shoulder and looked into his eyes, "if you can bring me news that Mr. Kenton is alive, I'll make you a free man before the week is out!"

bravely down the frozen highway and vanished into the dusk of evening, and as she turned away fresh tears came to her eyes, and she murmured: "Have and noble old slave! God grant that he may bring a message to relieve my anxieties!"

He Was Too Honest. A Detroit life insurance agent recently received a letter from a man in the interior of the state who said he was thinking of taking out a policy, and he asked that a blank be forwarded him. It was returned yesterday, and the following is a specimen of the man's honesty:

"What did your father die of?" "Consumption." "Your mother?" "The same." "Ever had heart trouble?" "Yes, very bad." "Lost any brothers or sisters by death, and if so what did they die of?" "Lost five of them, and all died of consumption and heart disease." "Did you ever get blood?" "Throats of times." "Ever had any serious accident?" "Yes. That is, all my bones broken two or three times." "Menstrual?" "No." "Sleep well?" "No." "Have your appetite?" "Very poor."

Several other important questions were answered after the same candid fashion, and the agent had to write him that there is no life insurance for so truthful a man.—Detroit Free Press.

A New York woman thinks she has solved the question of managing servants. "I've done too much talking heretofore," she says, "given too many orders, and depended too much upon their not being carried out. Two or three months ago I got a French maid who speaks no English. My French is very limited, but I have never got on so beautifully with any person in my employ before. The first day she came I showed her how I wished certain things done, and being unable to engage verbally upon the subject I gave her object lessons. When the things had been done I returned to the work in the usual way, and for my first and last time I was not disappointed. The result is, my French is very good, and I am feeling my weakness in the matter of my English. I have looked after her daily, and almost without exception. The result is, I am able to do my work, which I attribute largely to my inability to give elaborate orders."—New York Times.

A Place for Bad Compliments. The threshold of the monkey house seems to be the great exchange for every bad compliment between favorite occupants. "See your brother?" "Mind they don't keep you there?" and the like personalities, which age does not wither nor custom stale for those who utter them year after year.—All the Year Round.

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Scranton Tribune, Scranton, Pa., April 21, 1894.

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