A YANKEE IN GRAY.

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

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Uncle Ben had started out bravely enough, but after he had traveled a mile or so he found himself growing faint and weak. He was not only an old man, but the exciting scenes through which he had passed in the last few hours, together with the physical pain he had endured, were quite sufficient to tax his strength to the utmost. He fought against the feeling until at length the rocks and trees seemed to be whirling round and round and the frozen highway to be sliding from under his feet, and then he dropped to the earth and gasped:

"O Lawd, doan' let it cum jest yit! Give de ole man strength 'auff to reach dem Yankees, an den yo' kin take him away! I dun can't stop yere, O Lawd! I'ze got to keep trabblin till I finds Mars Custer an tells him dat Miss Sunshine wants him!"

After a rest of three or four minutes he rose up and moved on. He slipped and staggered as he advanced, but he shut his teeth hard and would not yield to the weakness seeking to pull him down. Two events happened to brace him up and restore a portion of his strength. He had gone a distance of about two miles and was just passing the cabin of a "poor white" which had been deserted for the last month when Mrs. Baxter suddenly appeared. She had traveled two miles toward the Yankee lines after leaving Rest Haven instead of going the other way, but it was to strike a pass leading over the range into the Shenandoah. She had been waiting there in hopes to hear from Ike, who had told her that he would return for his revenge. Uncle Ben was no doubt possessed of the information she longed for, and though realizing his feelings toward her she made bold to step out and accost him.

"What, yo' yere!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice as soon as he set eyes on her. "Fo' de Lawd, woman, but if I ever git hands on yo' I'll kill yo' far shore!"

"Had Ike cum when yo' left the place?" she asked, pretending not to notice his outburst of anger, but at the same time preserving a respectful distance between them.

"Yo' ole cat! Yo' ole she debbil!" he exclaimed as he rushed at her. "Yo' am de one who brung all dis trubble to Miss Sunshine, an I'll broke ebery bone in yo'r body!"

She retreated before him and held up her hand as a caution to him to listen. The soldiers and guerrillas had begun firing on the camp. The distance was two miles or more, but the morning wind was blowing from the south, and the reports of the muskets came plainly to their ears. Both realized at once what was going on. The woman laughed as she observed:

"Ike's goin to git 'em fur shore! Ike will be an ossifer now and ride the best critter in the company. Reckon yo' must 'a' bin hidin out when Ike got thar, or yo' wouldn't be yere now. He was goin to burn yo' un alive."

The reports of the guns told Uncle Ben that the two men in camp had been attacked, and that he had not a moment to waste with the woman. All his strength and resolution had returned, and without heeding her words he started off at a stout pace. She felt certain of his mission, and she was determined to detain him if possible. Mrs. Baxter was not only a fearless woman under all circumstances, but in such a crisis as this she was desperate. If Uncle Ben brought help, all that had been gained would be lost, and Ike might be killed or captured with the rest of the gang. She stepped aside to let the old slave pass and then followed at his heels, threatening, taunting and commanding by turns and almost daring to lay hands on him. If she had been armed with knife or pistol, she would have attacked him at once. As she was not she continued to follow him in hopes of encountering some one on the highway. If a white man, and she cried out to him that the black had dared to raise his hand against her, Uncle Ben would be seized, if not shot down in his tracks.

Aggravated and annoyed by the pain of the blows inflicted by Ike Baxter, maddened by the woman's words and her continued presence and rendered desperate by the danger of the general situation, it was no wonder the old man suddenly turned at bay with the glare of a hunted wolf in his eyes. She was too close to him to escape. Springing forward, he seized her by the shoulders, lifted her from the ground, and with a mighty effort he flung her clear of the road. At that point the ground sloped sharply away toward a ravine, and as the woman struck the earth with stunning force she rolled over and over until she finally brought up against a bush 50 feet away.

"De Lawd fargive me, but I couldn't dun help it!" groaned Uncle Ben as he continued his way. "Dey's arter Miss Sunshine, an dey's arter me, an dey's arter Mars Kenton, an de good ole missus am lyin dead in de house, an what's gwine to becum of us all I dunno!"

With eyes fastened on the pathway, with teeth hard shut, with words of prayer rising to his lips and a constant struggle against the feeling of despair seeking a lodgment in his heart, the faithful old slave pressed on, mile after mile, and suddenly found himself confronted by a party of horsemen in blue uniforms. The goal had been won, and as he realized it up went went his arms, and he sank down on the icy road.

"Runaway darky, but he isn't pursued that I can see," observed the captain of the troop as he ordered a halt. "Some of you men liven him up with a sip of whisky."

A sergeant dismounted and put a flask to Uncle Ben's lips and forced some of the contents down his throat. In a couple of minutes the old man sat up and looked around.

"Were you running away?" asked the captain as he rode closer.

"Whar—whar's Mars Custer?" gasped Uncle Ben in reply.

"General Custer? Oh, he's some miles away. Did you want to see him?"

"Miss Sunshine dun wants him, sah—wants him to cum quick! De gorrillas an de sojers am up dar tryin to burn de house an kill eberybody!"

Uncle Ben was so overcome that it took 10 minutes to get his story straight. The troopers numbered only about half a company and had been sent out to intercept a Confederate mail courier who was expected to enter that valley through Hempstead's gap, three miles away. The captain wrote a note and sent it off to the Federal lines by courier, but could do no more in the matter. Uncle Ben was given some rations to make a breakfast of, provided with a blanket by a kind hearted trooper and instructed to wait for the force which would be sure to come up within two or three hours.

Let us anticipate their coming. As the fusillade had drawn no reply from the fort, the enemy at length concluded that its defenders had been disabled. They also realized that the sounds of battle might reach Federal ears and bring up a force to the rescue, and it was therefore decided to advance upon the camp without further loss of time. As Brayton had predicted, they formed on the open ground to the south. The entire force formed in two lines for a charge, and as a movement or two showed that they were about ready to advance Steve quietly remarked:

"I dunno whar Jeff Davis bought thus yere carbine, but it was a mighty cute trick in him. She's good for seven shots as fast as I kin pull trigger, and that means that sumbody's goin to git hurt. Yo' un hold yo'r buckshot till they get on this side of that bush. How yo' feelin, Yank?"

"All right."

"Of co'se yo' ar. Yo' ar' lookin jest as natural as an ole hat! Yere they cum!"

With a chorus of yells that would have done credit to a war party of Pawnees, the enemy broke cover and advanced at a run. They were hardly in the open before Steve began blazing away. His fire was fast and deadly, but it did not check them. It was only when Kenton, who was coolly waiting for them to pass the bush, let fly both barrels into them at just the right range for buckshot to do its best that the charge was broken, and every man on his feet sought safety in precipitate retreat.

"Tear is awfull" whispered Kenton as the smoke blew away and gave them a clear sight of the ground.

"Lands, but we dun hev licked the hull southern confederacy!" answered Steve.

At first sight it seemed as if half the charging force had been wiped out, but after a moment some of those who had fallen began to creep away to the shelter of the rocks and bushes. They were allowed to do this without molestation. Five remained there in plain sight, however, and not one of them would ever stand on his feet again. There was no further movement for half an hour. The besiegers realized that they were not strong enough to carry that fort, even though it held only two

Holding the fort.

defenders, and they resorted to strategy. A flag of truce finally appeared, and the soldier who bore it was permitted to approach within 30 feet of the rocks. There he halted and said that 10 more men had come up; that Ike Baxter had been sent off to the Confederate lines for artillery and more soldiers; that the men then surrounding them had become so desperate that unless the twain surrendered within 10 minutes a squad would be detailed to go and burn Rest Haven and wreak revenge on Marian Percy.

It was a threat intended to strike Royal Kenton a heavy blow, and it succeeded. As he heard the words and realized their import his face grew white as snow, and he whispered to Steve that the terms must be complied with.

"Don't you believe it!" was the blunt reply. "It's simply a game to rattle us. Don't yo' remember that Uncle Ben was to start out the fust thing this mawnin to find the Yankees? He un's had time, and it's likely they are on the way. The gal is southern and loyal, and even though sum of these chaps ar' guerrillas they dasn't go that far."

"But suppose they dared to?" pleaded Kenton.

"Then they'd do it arter they had cut us to pieces, the same as befo'. Look at them dead folks out thar. D'ye reckon they'll spare us arter that? Hark! Whoopee! By the livin jingo, but the Yanks hev showed up at last!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Poisoning from Fly Bites.

A case came under my observation in August, 1888, immediately after my removal to Nokomis, Ills. There I was called to see a young butcher, suffering from a swollen arm, high fever and severe symptoms of depression. This is the history of this case: Three days previously he had been working with bare arms among the rubbish at the slaughter house, when all at once a whole swarm of flies alighted on his arm—flies which had been feasting on the bones and refuse generally found in such places.

In driving them off his arm he crushed a number of them, and forgot the fact until three days later, when his arm became, without any visible cause, painful and swollen, causing a most serious illness. In this case I could not prevent suppuration, although I used the most rigid antiseptic measures and most careful internal treatment, and he recovered only after a very protracted illness.—Dr. Henry Bartens in Hall's Journal of Health.

WELL STRAPPED IN.

Why the Round Waist Continues Popular With Women Wearers.

The round waist promises to continue in favor and to be used not only for thin summer goods, but for street toilets made up in heavier materials. Only a slender waist can bear the tight belt confining a gathered bodice, but as long as gowns are made in two pieces so long will the tight belt hold its own and be worn by the mass of women, irrespective of their size. From an artistic

SILK STREET COSTUME.

point of view, the loose, dropping girdle is infinitely preferable, being more natural, but it can be worn only with the one piece gown.

The general public of today, however, is not particularly artistic. The feminine part of it likes to feel itself well strapped in and comfortably boiler plated, while the masculine part approves the custom as "neat" and having "go," so the round waist found favor as soon as it appeared, and it seems to intend to remain as the only alternative of the long coat, which is a rather more formal style, suited especially for middle aged and elderly women, although not confined to them. There is a juvenile air about the belted bodice, and nobody who is no longer young does well to wear it. Nearly all the separate silk waists are made in this fashion, although in trimming and finish they show such variety. The round gathered bodice is of course made over a fitted lining in all cases, as it otherwise becomes baggy and shapeless.

The great objection to this mode lies in the difficulty experienced in preventing the fastening of the skirt from slipping below the belt. Nobody has yet invented an infallible method for keeping it in place, and it is doubtful if any skirt can be persuaded to stay up by any means short of a lining waist sewed on the skirt band all the way around and fastened in the back, the dress bodice to be worn over it.

A Parisian model shows a street costume made of gray peau de soie. It has a perfectly plain round skirt and a round bodice gathered at the waist under a belt closing in front with a large steel buckle. The sleeves, consisting of a large balloon puff, gathered on the middle of the outside of the arm under a rosette of the silk, extend only to the elbow, where they are met by long gloves. A directoire cravat in white silk muslin trimmed with lace falls over the front of the corsage. A wide black hat trimmed with ostrich plumes is worn.

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