

A DESERTER.

Reginald Horseley, in Chambers' Journal.

The proud Tecumseh had called his red brothers to arms. The voice of the prophet the voice of Ellikwatawa—the fire that rushes through the land—had shrieked denunciations, a forecast of the doom and invader of the red man's territory, the exterminator of the red man's race. Everywhere throughout the Gulf region the dogs of war were loose, and two races fought savagely at one another's throats. Hamlets burned, villages abandoned, fell in ruins; the white men, horribly tortured, suffered at the stake; red men fell in their thousands, shot, bayoneted, bludgeoned, until at last the fury of the unequal contest slackened, and the Indians, broken and despairing, their chiefs slain, their warriors scattered, fled toward their arms and, sullenly from the land of their fathers.

It was early in 1812 that General Floyd, with his little army of Georgians, volunteers and 400 friendly Indians, took up his position on the heights above the swamps of the Chippies in Alabama. It was supposed that a force of Creeks was lurking in the vicinity, though the keenest eyes among the scouts had hitherto failed to discover the exact whereabouts of the cunning foe. But Floyd was too good a soldier and too experienced in Indian warfare to be deceived by appearances; and, notwithstanding the outward calm, made most careful preparations against surprise. Pickets were doubled, patrols moved incessantly to and fro, and, though worried by his long march, a brief hour of sleep was all the watchful commander allowed himself to snatch.

Far away on the outermost line of sentries Amos Duerden stood on guard. Still as a statue, he leaned against the trunk of a great tree and peered into the thick darkness that surrounded him, or strained his ears to catch the faintest sound that might break the oppressive stillness. Bravest where all were brave, strong of muscle and stout of heart, there was no one in his army whom Floyd reposed more confidence than in Amos Duerden; none who might be trusted so well to stand firm and do his duty, though death came to him in the doing. Therefore it was that he had been selected for this lonely outpost, the most dangerous of all, where his firmness and knowledge of the country would stand the white men in good stead against the craft of their dusky foes.

Yet were the thoughts of Amos not altogether with the army. Twenty miles away to the northwest lay a little village never destined to attain to the dignity of a town which bore the picturesque Indian name Whispering Pines. Towards this Duerden's heart turned as he kept his watch; for there, waiting until the war should be over, waiting in fear and trembling for her lover's return, sat the girl he loved, his wife that was to be.

No wonder Amos was anxious, for rumor had it that Whispering Pines was in the track of the Creek advance, and if that were so—He put the thought from him as one too horrid to entertain.

Away to his right a brook murmuring mysteriously, rolled through the blackness; but, save for the slumbering sound, all was still. Ahead, behind, in front, all around was inky black; but above, through the dark boughs of the pines, the stars looked down upon the watcher, and ever and anon one fell, steaming like a signal-rocket athwart the sky.

"This monstrous dark here," thought Amos, straightening his tall form, and grasping his musket firmly at the sound of a twig snapping somewhere away to the left. "A man, might he slain here ere he knew he was attacked." Then, as silence reigned once more, "I trust all is well with them at Whispering Pines. If Agnes and her mother had but followed my advice and moved north out of this cursed country, I should have no fear. As it is—"

Again a twig snapped suddenly—this time at his very feet, and, almost before he could recall his straggling thought, a dark form sprang swiftly from the ground, and a hand was laid lightly upon his lips.

"Steady!" breathed a voice in his ear, so low that he could scarcely catch the articulate words. "Steady! 'All's well! 'Im Rivington, who are you?" "I am Amos Duerden," he answered. "The redskins are coming on." "The redskins are coming in force. They are not much more than five miles away. They have swept through Whispering Pines and cleared out the village. Not a soul left," he told. Agnes Duerden, tell him, I'm off to the general camp. I think they'll attack about daylight."

He dropped to the ground, and glided away, while for an instant Amos drew himself up again, his tree still with horror. There could be no mistake; Mark Rivington was too careful a scout for that and he was an old friend of Duerden's too. Hence his anxiety to impart his fateful news to the first man he met. And the enemy was but five miles away, and coming on in force. The camp, too, was attacked. What of that? What was that to him? Agnes! Agnes was in the hands of the brutal redskins. Rivington had heard that, and yet had done nothing to save her. In the bitterness of his grief and dismay Amos cursed the friends who not recognizing him in the dark, had imparted the gossamer news.

As these wild thoughts coursed through his brain, yet another sound, close to him, startled him. No rustling branch nor snapping twig this time, but a dull, smacking sound, a low moan, and a sharp thud as a tomahawk blade of a tomahawk was buried in the trunk of a tree an inch from his face, and Amos found himself nudged against the brawny chest of a greasy savage, whose hot breath panted against his cheek, and who strove mightily to bring him to the ground. His musket dropped to the ground at the shock; but with a twist Amos freed his left arm and drove his knife deep into the throat of his assailant who sank with a gasping sob to the ground.

"One!" muttered Amos grimly, and waited for the next. But none came, and presently he became aware that whatever his purpose, the Indian had been alone. Then it flashed upon him—"Rivington! The redskin was after him. The spy had been spied upon. Mark where is he?"

Cautionously he moved in the direction of the first ominous sound. Not far; for ere he had gone a dozen paces his foot struck against something soft and

yielding. He stooped down, groping and his hand touched the body of a man. He felt for the face and drew back his hand with a gasp. His friend, Mark Rivington, bold and trusty scout, lay dead beside him, slain by one more crafty than himself.

One moment Amos spared to lament his lost comrade, and then he sprang to his feet, remembering that the dead had carried off. Agnes was in the Creek camp. Even now she might be—He thrust the thought from him and sped with swift, silent steps in the direction indicated by poor Rivington as the position of the foe.

Suddenly he stopped. What was this he was about to do? He was a soldier, and behind him lay his post, one spot of all other which the Creeks would choose for their point of attack, should they make it at dawn. That the attack was contemplated, he knew. He alone, however, possessed the fateful knowledge. Floyd, though he had not neglected precautions, was secure in the belief that the Indians were far away. Only through Rivington could the mistake have been corrected, and now Rivington was dead! The secret was in the possession of Amos and none other. The lives of some two thousand men were in his keeping. Floyd trusted him; his comrades slept at ease, relying upon his skill and caution; and now he was about to betray his trust, to sacrifice them for an end of his own.

Behind him lay his duty—his duty, wherein till now he had never failed. Before him lay his hopes, shadowy, undefined, forlorn; for that he could reach the Creek camp ere death, or worse, had befallen him, he knew, was almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

But, slightly probable though it was, there was yet the bare possibility; and, oh, God! to picture her there alone, weeping, despairing, praying, waiting for the help that he alone could bring; to see her alone, in that desperate position. He thanked God that she knew not that he knew. He cursed himself that he should hesitate for one moment between his duty and his love. He execrated the general, who held him bound to his post by every tie of honor, friendship, and knowledge, with bitter emphasis what concerned his wife where the lives of the 2,000 men behind him, men of whom nine out of ten were unknown to him, when the one life, dearer to him than those of thousands of millions of others, dearer to him than all the rest, was at stake. Why should he hesitate? He was bound by no stringent military rule. He was but a volunteer, who had joined more for the sport of the thing than for any other. He, at least, had no quarrel, save that of race, with the persecuted Indian. Not until now, and now, following with swift foot had overtaken him, and Nature was to avenge her slaughtered children. Why should he stay? Were there not other points at which the Creeks might make their attack? Were there not other points at which Rivington, who might have borne the news to Floyd, who might even now be alert and preparing? Were there no other sentries who could and would give the alarm as well as he? Might not, after all, Rivington have been mistaken as to the threatened advance? It was not until the stars were rising, and the moon in the sky, that he decided to move to battle. But what less likely? Their successes had not been so conspicuous as to hold out much inducement to them to attack a strong position. Most likely they were but a marauding party moving on. Moving on! Moving away! And bearing Agnes with them. The thought unmanned him, and he sank to the ground, covering his face with his hands.

The brook bubbled on to join some moving north out of this cursed country, I should have no fear. As it is—"

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His face sank between his hands as he realized that he was a deserter, and so this result he had turned his back upon his post; it was for this that he had persisted in refusing to hear the clear-voiced call of duty; it was for this that he had sacrificed his honor; his right for all times to hold up his head to the slight breeze and honest men. He had betrayed his trust but to himself and his journey life after all. He wished himself with bitter upbraidings. For him to be so taken in! Agnes! that was a certainty. Intent upon battle, would burden themselves with prisoners? He ought to have known better. Whispering Pines was not a strong place, and now Rivington was dead. And he, by this vain pursuit, had lost not only her—that was already accomplished—but all that he would have gained. He flung himself face downward upon the damp ground, not striving to stay the harsh dry sob that shook his body. He was a strong man, and he was weak, not the weakest woman. He could not get back, he knew, though it might be the Indians would not attack before day. How could he break through the cordon of red men, even now surrounding the devoted Floyd? That was impossible. He would have to wait, equally impossible in point of time. No; all was lost—Agnes, his honor, his comrades, his general. He alone would remain in the world, and that was not a life. Should he? No, never. At least he could die, even as those he had brought to their death. The thought comforted him somewhat and he rose to his feet.

His decision was instant, his action prompt. With a rapid movement he crept from the ground, and, with a quick end round his foot, and attached the other to the trigger of his musket. Then he put the muzzle in his mouth. For an instant he stood, eyes closed, breath coming and going rapidly, for even to a brave man death comes not wholly without terror. "Agnes!" he called, "I have done my duty, and I have dashed the muzzle from his face, and flung the musket to the ground. My God!" he exclaimed, half-writhingly, half-farfully, "what was I to do? If I must die, let me meet death as a man, not as a coward. It is not yet too late. It cannot be. It shall not be. I will go back. I will speak through the Creek lines somehow. I may redeem my honor in part; if not, then let death come how he will, but not by my own hand."

The darkness of the night had deepened, though it wanted but an hour to dawn, and the Creeks were growing in the dense pine woods before Floyd's position, waited for the first lifting of the shadows to hurl themselves upon their unsuspecting foe. The general, who had retired after their long march, slept soundly, ignorant of the proximity of their bloodthirsty enemies, unconscious that he was being watched by a man who had been slain—his eye one, and that one a deserter from his post, a traitor to his trust.

In grim silence and sanguine of success, the brave Creeks, their faces painted hideously for war, awaited their opportunity. A faint breeze, herald of the dawn, stirred the leaves of the pine-needles. Sage for that time the occasional strunt of a hog roving here and there among the mast, and the low, half-hoarse breathing of the red men broke the stillness.

The first faint trembling streaks of pink wavered up into the sky, the white mists curled and swirled, and the air grew perceptibly in the gloom, and the fog wandered on, grunting and rooting, too careless or too stupid to avoid the red men's arrows. More than once it seemed to the darkness, with the least of some watchful warrior, to dart away with a squeal, followed by the curses of the brave, who dared not move for fear of exposing his position. And the fog, bitter and thither in its search for food, the best hundred on to where Bald Eagle and his fellow-chiefs, with their plans for the coming attack, terrified, apparently, the fog stood still for a moment, and then, with a short, discreet, swung itself back, and hovered indignantly. Its back turned, however, its terror seemed to be overcome, and once again it halted and began to crawl, but in a leisurely fashion from one tree to another.

The two chiefs raved wildly at the animal for a moment, and then Whistling Hawk drew up, raised his quiver and fitted it to his bowstring.

"Not so, my brother," interposed Bald Eagle, laying a restraining hand upon the other's wrist. "The fog is not to be trusted. It will lead us to our death. I will tell those upon the right."

"Waugh!" was all the reply Whistling Hawk uttered, and the red chiefs moved away.

But as they disappeared, the fog sat up on his haunches, its forepaws dangling idly, while from its mouth it issued a hideous snarl. Then the mist was cautiously raised, hung back from the face it concealed, and out from the greeny skin crawled a man, who cast himself upon his face, and lay still. But the Indians were behind him now and his friends in front, and though he moved slowly, he returned once and reached a sentry, who passed with a whispered word, and hurried to the general's tent.

He was a deserter, and so this result he had turned his back upon his post; it was for this that he had persisted in refusing to hear the clear-voiced call of duty; it was for this that he had sacrificed his honor; his right for all times to hold up his head to the slight breeze and honest men. He had betrayed his trust but to himself and his journey life after all. He wished himself with bitter upbraidings. For him to be so taken in! Agnes! that was a certainty. Intent upon battle, would burden themselves with prisoners? He ought to have known better. Whispering Pines was not a strong place, and now Rivington was dead. And he, by this vain pursuit, had lost not only her—that was already accomplished—but all that he would have gained. He flung himself face downward upon the damp ground, not striving to stay the harsh dry sob that shook his body. He was a strong man, and he was weak, not the weakest woman. He could not get back, he knew, though it might be the Indians would not attack before day. How could he break through the cordon of red men, even now surrounding the devoted Floyd? That was impossible. He would have to wait, equally impossible in point of time. No; all was lost—Agnes, his honor, his comrades, his general. He alone would remain in the world, and that was not a life. Should he? No, never. At least he could die, even as those he had brought to their death. The thought comforted him somewhat and he rose to his feet.

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on, not without emotion. "You saved my life, Amos, and I would fain be of service to you. There is nothing you will do for me?"

"General," was the answer, "let me face my comrades' fire with my eyes unbound, and let you see to it that Agnes knows that I atoned for my fault and died as a brave man should die."

"I will," promised Floyd. His voice was gruff upon instantly, and his keen eyes were moist as he left the tent. Ten minutes later Amos Duerden stood in front of the firing-party told off to do him to death. His regiment, drawn up, looked on, and all the superior officers were present.

Amos stood with his handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the signal for the volley which was to cut his throat off his neck. He glanced at his comrades, and some of the rough fellows were weeping. He looked at the sky, the woods, the river, for the last time, and drew in a long breath of the sweet, fresh morning air. "For the last time," he thought, "I breathe the air of the last time," and braced himself for the coming shock.

Suddenly, far away, his eye caught sight of a man, who was running toward a gallows. There was a flutter of skirts somewhere in the midst of them, and Amos, forgetting to give the signal fixed his eyes upon the man, and he held them there, fascinated.

Nearer and nearer they came, until at last he could distinguish the familiar features of a man whom he had known since his boyhood, and who was his brother, Amos Duerden, in a uniform, and he held them there, fascinated.

"Amos Duerden," he said in a voice so loud that every man assembled there could hear him, "I have done my duty, and I have dashed the muzzle from his face, and flung the musket to the ground. My God!" he exclaimed, half-writhingly, half-farfully, "what was I to do? If I must die, let me meet death as a man, not as a coward. It is not yet too late. It cannot be. It shall not be. I will go back. I will speak through the Creek lines somehow. I may redeem my honor in part; if not, then let death come how he will, but not by my own hand."

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HOT AFTER TAMMANY TIGER.

Hill's and McLaughlin's Forces United Against Croker's.

New York, Sept. 6.—War of formidable proportions has been declared on Tammany hall by the allied up-state forces of ex-Senator David B. Hill and those of Hugh McLaughlin and his Kings county organization.

Frank Campbell, chairman of the Democratic state committee, will in a few days open a permanent state headquarters at the Hoffman House. He will be in charge and the management of the state organization and the campaign for assemblymen this fall will be controlled by Hill and McLaughlin.

Last year Tammany and the Kings county organization were united and as a result Richard Croker controlled the state convention and defeated the campaign that ended in the defeat of his candidate for governor, Frank Campbell, who is a friend and follower of Hill, was a spectator at Democratic state headquarters during the campaign last fall. He was not consulted by Croker and had no part in the conduct of the canvass.

The Hill-McLaughlin combination will control the state committee and the Tammany leaders will not be consulted in the management of the campaign for members of the assembly and for delegates to the state convention that will elect delegates-at-large to the next national convention of the party.

A Poem of Punctuation.

Young Jenkins was a printer man,
 A likely soul, but rash and vain,
 He thought he ought to shine in life,
 And tried to cut a —

He loved his master's daughter; she
 Adored him, so he thought;
 But oh! the ways of womankind!
 His love it came to —

He wrote a note, in which he let
 Her dotting fancy free;
 She cried, "Oh, what a risk to run!"
 "Tis quite —"

Now in the note he erred, "if you
 Don't let me be sending back,
 I'll die! I'll die!" but she old dot
 His —

She put the note straight in the fire,
 The flame but slowly stole on;
 She broke another coal in two,
 And put a —

And so the note was burned and she
 Retired to bed, quite weary;
 Meanwhile poor Jenkins waited for
 The answer to his —

It never came. He mused away,
 And fairly went to rackets;
 One rope end he tied around his neck,
 The other round some []

For once, around some testard, he
 Allowed himself a drop;
 And, quite out of his wits, when cut down,
 Had come to a —

—Anon.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

How Senator Mason Had Fun with the Office-Seekers.

Senator Mason, apparently in a great hurry, bustled into the office of Secretary of the Interior Ellis a few days ago. The secretary was out for a few moments, but Congressman Landis, the smooth-faced, boyish-looking member from the Ninth Indiana district, occupied a chair near the Secretary's desk. The room was full of office-seekers, all of whom were everybody who came in, and waiting for the Secretary to make his appearance. Senator Mason is a great practical joker, and so is Mr. Landis. As soon as the senator saw Landis sitting in the office he stepped forward, removed his silk hat, and greeted him cordially. "I hope you are well this morning, Mr. Secretary?" said the Senator, with a sly wink.

Only a Woman for a Starter.

A brassy Swede visited the Chicago city hall the other day to procure a marriage license, and a couple of clerks who, he once merrily dangled the keys directed him to the department where dog licenses are issued.

A Rainbow Wedding.

A couple from Dillonvale took a day off last week, went to Martin's Ferry and were married, says the Wheeling Intelligencer. They were accompanied by one best young man and two little girls, and after the wedding the party called on the bride's folks. The bride was a brunette of about twenty, and wore red shoes, a brown skirt, pink waist, straw hat, trimmed with flowers, and she also wore a long white veil, on the streets and elsewhere, as is characteristic of the Italians. Hans, Flavs, Bohemians, Austrians and people of several other foreign languages at Dillonvale. The groom wore a seven-dollar black suit, lined shirt, red-clothed hat, white necktie, a ninety-cent hat and a pair of Dillonvale shoes. The best young man did not look nearly so pretty as the newly married man, and the two girls wore white-trimmed with turquoise blue, yellow, lobster green, old rose and Long Run red, and the party looked very staid and picturesquely. They took in Martin's Ferry and walked to Aetnaville, ate peanuts, sweet cakes and cheap candy, and drank beer, water and soda water, and rested 4 minutes at the Wheeling and Lake Erie depot before returning to Dillonvale.

Foraker's Gentle Rebuke.

Senator Foraker strolled across to the desk of Senator Hanna just after the bill had been reported.

How an Ohio Man Caught the Bass.

There are a great many fishermen and relators of fish stories in Columbus, most of whom make their headquarters at the county house. Here is the latest story told there, according to the Columbus Dispatch: