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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEAD ACHE
ELY BROS. NEW YORK

IF YOU KNEW.

You say I'm making game of you,
That goes for granted nothing said,
Ah! if you knew, if you but knew,
How I had listened for your tread,
Had you but seen me flush and start,
To feel and know that you were drawing nigh,
Or felt the sinking at my heart,
When footsteps, not your own, went by.

If you knew that my thoughts, each day,
Defied the mandates of my will,
And from its guidance stole away,
To cluster fondly round you still;
That in my sleep you hold the key
That opens to my sweetest dreams;
That you were oftener with me,
Than all their angel band, it seems.

Would you be glad if you had read
My letter wrong? My fooling you
Was in the sharp things I had said;
And not the sweet ones; if you knew?
Would you be surer to forget,
In knowing I was fond and true?
Or would you be more cruel yet,
Or kinder, gentler, if you knew?

The unattained is always rare,
The gained not always; does it pay
For what it costs, that with no care,
We trifle human trust away?
Yet since I cannot tell unless
The years should prove your heart untrue,
Just which I ment, you can but guess,
If you could know if you but knew.

—From Vogue.

WHAT THE CAP HELD.

The night had closed in about an hour. A keen wind had risen to westward on the Thames, beating up gustily against the strong flood tide. Hard by London bridge a small skiff could be dimly seen nearing the headlight at Queenhithe stairs.

At the foot of these stairs stood a man in a pilot cap, peering down stream. His face expressed a contradictory look of the hunter and the hunted. It was as though a sense of intense fascination and dread had been simultaneously roused. From his point of view one could see the broad back of a man who worked at a pair of sculls and beyond, in the boot's stern, the eager uplifted face of a girl.

The girl, who was steering, suddenly uttered a cry.

"What's up, Sue?" said the man at sculls.

"Look, look, Martin! It's Andrew Mawle."

"What?" The other cast a quick glance over his shoulder.

At this moment Mawle crouched down and dropped into a boat alongside the stairs. The tide carried him out into the darkness.

"Step ashore, Sue. I'll not lose him to-night."

She stepped lightly on to the lowest stair that the tide had left uncovered. Catching at the chain, she leaned forward over the water and whispered. "You'll be wanting dad's help, won't you?"

"Yes, at ebb tide."

"Where?"

"The two red lights."

The girl nodded, and then, having watched Martin's boat glide into the shadows where the other boat had vanished, she began to ascend the steps.

At the top of Queenhithe stairs there is a narrow roadway. On one side stands a row of small houses at right angles to the river, and on the other side there is a low wall. Over this wall lies the diminutive dock or harbor of Queenhithe.

The girl unlocked the door of the house nearest the riverside. She found herself in a cozy little room where the fire was burning cheerfully. She locked the door and then sat down beside the hearth without removing her hat or cloak. She sat for awhile looking anxiously into the fire. Presently she glanced at the case clock and started up.

"Why, it's near ebb tide. I wonder" said she, stepping to the window and staring out, "where's father?"

An impulse entered Sue's head. Why not go and meet Martin Cartwright at the two red lights in her father's place?

She stood hesitating, even shrinking back from the window, as the project began to take clearer shape in her brain, and a scared look came into her dark eyes. But she quickly mastered her fears and, having wrapped a woolen scarf about her neck, as less cumbersome than her cloak, she went out into the night.

Her father's boat was moored alongside the stairs. She quickly loosened the rope, and with a twist or two of the sculls she had the skiff out in midstream. The two red lights marked the spot where a vessel had been recently sunk.

"Sue!"

She looked round, recognizing Martin's voice, and under the glimmer of the two red lamps she saw his boat lying against a barge hard by. She glided alongside, and he stepped into her boat.

"Yes, Martin," she said, "it's me."

She then hastened to explain why she had resolved to come. "Have I acted right?" she asked. "I'm ready to face any danger. Tell me what's to be done."

Martin had sunk down in the stern. He held a dark lantern in his hand, and while Sue Lawson still spoke he threw a flash from it upon the girl's face. He thought at that moment that he had never seen a braver.

"Yes. I'll tell you what's to be done. Help me if you will. I'm going to capture Andrew Mawle at ebb tide."

"To-night?" Sue whispered eagerly.

"In ten minutes' time," was the reply. "I've discovered his hiding place and"—

"Where?"

"I'm going to steer there now," said Martin. "Keep your place at the sculls."

"Are you ready?" said Sue.

"Ready!"

The boat began to more quietly up stream.

The girl was fully aware that the expedition upon which she had now embarked, in response to a word from Cartwright, was one fraught with considerable danger. The very thought of Andrew Mawle had more than once roused in her the most serious inquietude. While the man was still a clerk at Sherwood's bank, where Sue Lawson had lately lived in the manager's service, his dark, evil eye had frequently excited in her woman's nature a sense of inexplicable repulsion.

She was no coward, but the recollection of Mawle's face one night—the face of one pursuing and pursued—in a crowded, lamplit street had caused her to run homeward, with terror at her heart, as hurriedly as though there had been no one to defend her within sight or call.

Upon that very same night, as she had reason to remember, Sherwood's bank had been robbed. A box containing a large sum in notes and gold had disappeared from Sherwood's strong room. No doubt existed that Andrew Mawle, who had failed to report himself at the bank since the affair happened, was the sole culprit. A big reward had been offered for his arrest.

For some days past Sue had known that Martin was on the man's track. But she had shrunk instinctively from taking any part in the pursuit. Her terror of him had increased. It was only her passionate love for Martin Cartwright that had given her the courage of which she had such desperate need to-night.

They were now gliding into the black shadow under the archway of a huge bridge. When fairly on the other side, Cartwright said: "Sue, we will now turn about. Easy, Sue. Now, mind, be ready to unship the moment I give the word."

The boat was moving upon an almost motionless tide and soon dropped down stream under another arch of the same bridge. Then Cartwright whispered:

"Now."

The sculls were instantly unshipped, and by the light of his lantern Cartwright contrived to steer alongside the masonry. Next moment he had seized a rope dangling against the side and was standing up, with the boat stationary beneath him.

"Catch hold, Sue. I'm going up hand over hand on to a ledge in the ironside overhead. That's where that precious box is stowed. Steady. Now give me three minutes, and the thing's done."

He left her no time for possible vacillation. There was no choice but for her to grasp the rope with a desperate grip as he began to ascend.

A few moments of intense anxiety followed. Sue Lawson felt the rope go slack. Martin had hoisted himself up, and she concluded that he was perched safely on the iron girders. But no sound reached her from overhead.

She was on the point of whispering, "Is all well?" when a cry, as though some one had received a keen tap, caught her ear. Next moment something fell heavily beside the boat. The water was splashed up upon her hands and face.

The first thought that came into the girl's head was about the box. It had dropped out of Cartwright's hand and had fallen into the river, but next moment she became aware that some one was struggling in the water within a yard of the boat. Had Martin Cartwright lost his foothold and tumbled between the beams into the Thames? In an instant she had let go her hold upon the rope and had seized the lantern lying in the stern ready at hand. She cast a searching light into the river in the direction in which she had heard the splash. Nothing crossed the circle of light.

And now the tide had turned. The boat was drifting. She bent eagerly over the stern, still searching. A sense of dread lest Cartwright should be carried away, carried beyond reach of her aid, had taken a hold upon her. She had opened her lips to utter his name. But of a sudden the light fell distinctly upon the face of a man, his head uncovered, vigorously breasting the ebb tide. She uttered a stifled, cry and the lantern which she still held over the water fell from her hand.

It was the face of Andrew Mawle.

Sue Lawson's boat had drifted almost within touch of Queenhithe stairs upon the increasing ebb tide before the girl had fully recovered from her sense of overmastering stupefiction. It now crossed her thoughts to go and secure her father's aid in the rescue of Martin Cartwright from his perilous position. As she landed the girl looked back, dreading she might find Andrew Mawle at her heels. She peered down—down into the dark river on all sides—but he was nowhere to be seen.

At this moment a stalwart figure with a lantern appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Why, girl! What's to do?"

"Father! Martin needs you. Come."

It was not until she had seated herself in the stern of their boat, her father at the scull's, that she could find breath to tell him everything.

They had brought the boat alongside, at last, under the dark arch. Lawson had found the rope still dangling against the wall. This rope was fixed to one of the iron girders, and the ascent by this means was mere child's play to a man like Sue's father, accustomed to riverside work.

Sue watched him intently as he went up with the handle of the lantern between his teeth, but she spoke no word. Presently her father's shadow fell upon her.

"Steady there!"—and he looked down between the girders—"I'm a-comin aboard."

"Isn't," she asked falteringly, "isn't Martin there!"

"Steady girl—steady! There ain't nobody up here."

Sue clutched at the rope with which she was holding the boat against the ebbing water under the arch—clutched at it with a frantic grip. Then she raised her face, and the lantern in her father's hand showed upon it a wild look of despair.

"Father, he has murdered him. Andrew Mawle has murdered him up there where you are kneeling now."

Days went by. No tidings of Martin Cartwright came to the little house at Queenshithe stairs, and Sue, no less than her father, began to regard his disappearance as a mystery that would never be solved. But one night, while Sue sat brooding over the hearth, her father burst in upon her.

"Sue, I've found him. Come alonger me.

Some boats' lengths below the bridge Lawson indicated a great barge toward which he instructed the girl to steer. Presently Sue found herself shivering over the galley fire on board, while her father helped to make the boat fast.

"Sue, my girl," said he, pointing to the barge cabin, "step aft and go below. There! There ain't nothin to be afeered on, nothin at all."

Still shivering, for Andrew Mawle's face was haunting her mind's eye, she hesitatingly obeyed. The cabin was lighted by an oil lamp, and when she reached the last step on the ladder she looked about. A man was lying in the berth on the larboard side. She went noiselessly forward and peered down into the face.

"Martin! Can it be?"

He lay with closed eyes and a face so worn and pale that she almost doubted if he lived. Cartwright, however, soon recovered, and one day, while still aboard the barge, he related how the bargee, dropping down stream in his boat, had heard his groans and had hastened to his rescue. He had received a serious stab from Andrew Mawle which had almost deprived him of his life.

"Did you discover the box?" Sue asked.

"No, nothing," said Cartwright, "nothing except Mawle's cap. I must have knocked it off his head during our struggle on those iron girders. There it is."

He pointed while speaking to a pilot cap which hung from a peg against the cabin wall. She took it down and turned it over in her hand.

"Is that all?"

But suddenly she started and stared at the cap with wide open eyes.

"Martin, there's something in the crown. It feels like—shall I look?"

Scarcely waiting for his reply, she broke the thread that bound the inner lining, and next moment she drew forth a flat, circular packet. Upon opening this packet a number of bank notes tumbled out.

"Here's luck!" exclaimed the girl. "You will get the reward yet."

The pilot cap was found upon closer investigation to contain the bulk of the stolen property, and Cartwright was recompensed beyond the wildest dreams. Some months afterward, when Sue had become his wife, he was engaged as head porter at Sherwood's bank. As for the missing Andrew Mawle, nothing more was heard of him, and everything pointed to the surmise that he had gone silently out with the tide.—Liverpool Mercury.

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Proceedings of the Somerset County S. S. Association.

The Sunday School Association of Somerset county held their Second Annual Convention at Confluence, Pa., June 24-25.

There were 40 sunday schools of the county represented, by 56 delegates.

The convention was called to order by the President, Hon. E. D. Miller, and was opened with devotional exercises led by Rev J. W. Brown.

A. G. Black, in behalf of the Sunday schools and citizens of Confluence, delivered the address of welcome, in which he warmly welcomed all delegates and friends to their town, their hospitality and to participate in the proceedings of the convention, the address was earnest, and filled with good suggestions.

The address was responded to on the part of the visiting friends and delegates by Rev. Hiram King, of Somerset. In the response the speaker pointed out the good that might be accomplished by this Association and this means of educating the young in the study of the Bible and of instilling in the minds and hearts of the children a greater reverence for God's House, his people and his word, and thanked the good people of Confluence for this warm greeting and generous hospitality.

The President, Hon. E. D. Miller, delivered his annual address, in which he briefly outlined what had been done during the year, the encouragement he had received in the work and the interest manifested by all for the success of the movement.

Mrs. J. Woodbridge Barns was then introduced and made a very pleasing address on the objects, purposes and goods, to be accomplished by these conventions.

Rev. C. J. Kephart, Secretary of the State Sunday School Convention was introduced and gave a short history of the organization of the State Sunday School Association in the various counties that were auxilliaries to it, the convention being held, and the influence these Associations were exacting upon the young as well as society throughout the state.

EVENING SESSION.

Devotional exercises led by Rev. H. M. Cameron. Mrs. J. W. Barnes gave a class drill in primary teaching, illustrated on the blackboard, which was instructiive and interesting to young and all alike.

Rev. C. J. Kephart delivered an address on "The Advantage of County Organization."

The services were interposed by music led by W. H. Ruppel, Esq.

FRIDAY MORNING SESSION.

Devotional exercises led by Rev. H. King.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the assessment on all sunday schools an amount equal to one cent for each member of the school for the use of the county organization.

The Committee on Constitution reported, recommending the adoption of the constitution as printed and sent out by the State organization for use of county organizations, which was adopted.

The Committee on place of holding next convention reported, recommending Berlin as the place for holding the next convention. On motion the report was received and referred to the executive committee.

Mrs. J. W. Barnes delivered an address on the subject "Right Beginnings."

W. H. Ruppel spoke on the songs we should sing in Sunday school.

Rev. C. J. Kephart addressed the convention on "Difficulties in the Sunday School."

The addresses all were able and filled with rich thoughts.

After the answering of a number of queries by Rev. Hiram King, Rev. L. S. Wilkinson, Levi Lichliter, Elder Wm. Mullendore and others.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Devotional exercises L. S. Wilkinson.

The committee on officers for ensuing year reported as follows:

President, Hon. E. D. Miller; Vice President, Rev. L. S. Wilkinson; Secretary, A. L. G. Hay, Esq.; Recording Secretary, L. C. Colborn, Esq.

Home Department: Secretary, W. H. Ruppel, Esq.; Treasurer, M. J. Beachy.

Executive committee: Rev. F. P. Saylor, Geo. H. Love, D. D. Maust.

On motion the report was adopted and the persons named declared the officers elect.

Elder Mullendore delivered an address on "The Pastor, Superintendent and Teacher of the Sunday School."

Miss Bertha Davis read a paper on "The Preparation of the Lesson in the Sunday School."

Rev. T. E. Helrick spoke on the subject of "Sunday School

Remarks were made by Mrs. J. W. Barnes, Rev. C. J. Kephart, W. H. Ruppel, Esq., Rev. Hiram King, Levi Lichliter, Rev. G. H. Hann, Rev. Long and others.

On motion the role of delegates at the close of the convention was called and fifty six delegates answered; every denomination was represented in the county.

On motion the executive committee was empowered to appoint ten delegates to the State convention to be held Oct. 12-14, 1897.

On motion the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, the Sunday School Association of Somerset county having about closed its second annual convention. And

WHEREAS, heretofore, there having been some doubts in the minds of some of the feasibility, practicability and good that might be accomplished by such Association. Therefore be it

Resolved—That the second annual Association of the Sunday Schools of Somerset county has been a great success in point of numbers and interest a source of much and usual information, and we earnestly solicit all pastors, superintendents and sunday school workers to co-operate, deeming it to be best means of bringing about a greater interest, a more perfect work and system, and study of God's word, in the Sunday school, thereby aiding and building up the church and cause of Christ.

Resolved—That the thanks of the public and this Association are due Mrs. J. W. Barnes and Rev. C. J. Kephart for their presence and their beautiful talks, wise instruction given, and encouragement during this convention.

Resolved—That the thanks are due to the citizens of Confluence, for the interest they have shown, and in their general hospitality to the visiting delegates to the convention. And would pray the Father to bless and prosper you all.

Resolved—That we do most earnestly indorse the State organization and urge upon the Association of electing their quota of delegate to represent this Association at their next annual meeting.

Resolved—That we do most cordially commend the work and objects of this Association to all churches and sunday schools, without distinction of denomination, and call upon all to join in perfecting the work, incurring the interest in the sunday schools and a means of Grace through which the young may be reached and prepared for the work of the church, and subjects for the Master's Kingdom.

L. C. COLBORN,
REV. HIRAM KING,
W. H. RUPPEL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORTS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Number of delegates present, 56; number of schools represented, 40; number of teacher and officers in these schools as reported, 550; number of scholars, 3320; total number of officers, teachers and scholars, 3846; number of scholars that connected themselves to the church from the sunday school, 295; amount of money contributed for benevolent purposes, $1291.94; amount expended for supplies, $1286.24.

No further business the Convention adjourned to meet at such time and place as the executive committee shall designate.

STUDY OF THE LESSONS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

While every family is a little empire, every father a monarch, and no authority so absolute as that of a parent; every household is also a church and every father should be a prophet and priest. No house should be without its altar to God, and no family without its band of worshipers, but knowing there are many families to whom this sacred character does not belong; where the immortal soul has no training for the fellowship of saints on earth, and the felicities of still higher associates in heaven. How important it is then, that the time spent in the study of the lesson in the Sunday-school in all departments, should be to influence life and train for eternity. The true and noble things in life and in every department of action, is to reveal and interpret the things of God to man.

The work done upon the human soul is immortal.

The principal thing in the study of the lesson in the Sunday-school is the application. The teacher, the chief factor, should before taking up the study of the lesson, pray God's Holy spirit, the teacher in the things of God, to consecrate his heart in the taking up of the lesson and to give him light in the application of it, to the good of each individual.

It is a grand thing to have good books for our work. There are lesson leaves, histories and commentaries, prepared with care and learning. No teacher can afford to be without them, but they should not all be taken in the school-room. Carry the material in them in a heart glowing with love to Christ. The design of the lesson book is to render efficient help in the preparation of the lesson, and not as a mechanical aid when you come to study it in Sunday-school. Let those around you see, and make them feel that you are master of the situation. In a bible or normal class, as it were, have a different teacher for each Sabbath. Let each one come prepared to teach, the leader being chosen after the class has assembled. With this experience there will be no trouble to secure proficient teachers, when they are needed. The lesson should be studied in a conversational manner.

Each one expressing his own views on the subject. Teachers and members should by all means carry their bibles with them to the S. S. and study the lesson in connection with them. Often only fragments of scripture is displayed on the lesson leaf. In teaching junior pupils, do not follow the questions too closely, change the form, or frame new ones. Reach out in all directions for suggestions from the scholars. Explain only what requires explanation. Awaken the interest of scholars by illustration of the truth and endeavor to aid them to form the habit of acquiring knowledge by thinking and searching for themselves. The more we search, the more the value the truth and the deeper will be the impression. It clothes teachers with fresh power, if they come before their classes feeling they have something to communicate that has cost them the labor of search. A prepared mind and a full heart will demand attention. Afford pupils opportunity to ask questions on the lesson and be ready to elucidate any parts that may not be understood by them.

Always aim to make the lesson effective, so the scholars will go away impressed and with a desire to live the truth, or longing that Christ might be theirs.

Every portion of the lesson implies to this present life, although the surroundings may be for the Old World. The principles are as true for us to-day as then. To discover and realize these, they must be studied until the jewels of truth, covered by the dust of circumstances are found and glow and sparkle again. The study of the lesson in the Primary Department is no doubt of the greatest importance. Some one has said, "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth." A teacher of experience with the young, may make the study of the lesson very pleasant and interesting by illustrations, bible stories, chalk talk, etc. Drawing pictures in imagination as it were, before the mind, makes vivid what must otherwise be reasoned out by the child. Interesting incidents and experiences often help greatly to make the lesson plain to them.

Christ very often taught by parables. The story of the lesson as given in the papers for the little ones is very good and should be read and explained, using black-board illustrations if possible. Ask them original questions and draw out their ideas concerning the things of the lesson, keep them interested, if you fail to make the lesson interesting, you fail totally.

High, holy and responsible is the work of one, who even for an hour a week, takes the place of a parent and becomes an interpreter of God to a child. He has, however, this incentive and encouragement. The God whose love has provided a holy sacrament, wherein children may be covenanted as His, will never fail to give the aid of his Holy Spirit to those who faithfully try to so train them, that their whole lives may be a growing and blessful realization that they are God's.

LIEUT. KUPP WAS VERY COOL.

He Walked out of Libby Prison Without a Quiver.

Lieutenant Kupp, of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was captured, with many of his regiment, at Gettysburg. He was known as a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and he came from Berks county, in that State, where German colonists settled nearly two centuries ago and where their descendants cling to the old customs and the mother tongue even unto this day.

As it was summer at the time of Gettysburg, the men captured in that battle were in light attire, and the long march down to Richmond and the wear and tear on their thin blouses reduced them to rags, and this Pennsylvania lieutenant seemed to be the most ragged of all.

Kupp was considerably over six feet in height, lank, long limbed and inclined to be round shouldered. He was about 24 years old, and the gray eyes, long, dark hair, and fuzz-covered face gave him the appearance of a North Carolina mountaineer. His comrades jokingly called him "the tar heel," but he took it good naturedly. The resemblance was much in his favor when he made up his mind to leave Libby, and, to use his own language, "make a bee line for God's land," as the prisoners called the North.

The two subjects that engrossed the minds of the men were exchange and escape. Nearly every day the report spread that the exchange cartel had been resumed, and that the men were to be sent North under a flag of truce within twenty-four hours. On such occasions groups of excited men would rush through the six divisions of the dark, dreary old warehouse, shouting frantically:

"Pack up! Pack up! All exchanged! Hurrah for God's land!"

Constant disappointment failed to lessen these rumors, nor did it weaken the hopes of the men who heard them. Perhaps Kupp was an exception, for he never got excited, was never stirred from his stolid bearing by the cry of "Pack up!" "I have nothing to pack," he would say with a grim smile, and without raising his eyes from the bit of yellow bone he was trying to carve into a crucifix with a broken jackknife.

Plans for escape were daring and innumerable. Nearly all were impractical, yet, unknown to their comrades, twenty-five men, pledged to secrecy, were at this time digging in the darkness the great tunnel through which subsequently 110 men escaped.

"When I get good and ready I'm going to light out."

This Kupp would say to the men unfolding their schemes about him, but as he refused to tell how he proposed getting away he was laughed at and left to his bone carving.

Just before Christmas the Confederate authorities, who had refused to receive supplies for the prisoners from the United States Government, permitted friends in the North to send down a little food and clothing under a flag of truce. Uniforms were contraband, so that all the clothes that came through were of the citizen style and material.

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Lieutenant Kupp received a huge box, full of hams, sausages, preserves, cheese and other good things from the old farm, but neither the memory of past hunger nor fear of the future prevented his inviting the men who had no boxes to help themselves. Of all the things in the big box the one that most delighted Kupp's soul was a suit of butternut clothes, evidently of home manufacture, even to the cloth.

The lieutenant soon "shucked" his blue rags and donned the new suit. Thus attired he strode up and down the "upper Potomac room," a hunk of bread in one hand and a chunk of ham in the other, while his laughing companions demanded to know when he left "North Caliny."

"Hit don't mattah we'en I left," responded Kupp, with an inimitable mountaineer drawl, "the thing that's a botherin' me now is we'en an' how Ize gwine ter git back."

As old soldiers will remember, the uniforms of the Confederates were anything but clothing put aside at the beginning of the war was sent to the front from home, though a gray hat, gray trousers, or a gray coat had been retained whenever possible. Hundreds of Confederates in "butternuts" passed the prison along Carey street every day, and many of the guards about Libby, and those who came in every morning to count the prisoners, were dressed in the same material.

This prison roll call at this time was more expeditious than efficient. Every morning, in the gray, cold dawn of that bitterly cold winter, the Yankees were routed from the floors on which they lay and driven into the upper Potomac, or upper east room—the latter was the name given it by the Confederates. Through an opening in the wall the men were counted into the upper Chickamauga, or upper middle room, where they were free to do as they pleased, within the prescribed limits. The men at the head of the line, and they were usually the ones who had something to cook, made a swift rush to the lower middle room, where there were four old-fashioned rusty kitchen stoves.

When the count was over and no Yankee reported missing, the guards filed down to the west ground floor room, where "Black George," the sergeant, and the prison clerk, "Little Ross," reported to Major Turner, commandant of the prison.

One morning, it was early in January, '64, and about ten days after he had received the clothing from home, it was noticed that Kupp, who was usually among the first counted out, hung to the rear, and on this occasion was the very last.

When Kupp came into the upper Chickamauga room, the guard was forming to go. Seizing the hand of Captain Maas, of his own regiment, who stood near-by, the lieutenant whispered:

"Good-bye, Ed; I'm going to make a break for God's land."

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As this was the first intimation Captain Maas had had of his friend's purpose, he was too much astounded to make a reply. The next instant Kupp had caught step and fallen in behind the guard.

He kept safely to the rear until the sergeant of the guard had reported to the officer in charge. When the guard had passed the sentinel at the door Kupp walked over and saluted Turner, who by this time was seated at his desk inside of a railing. Hearing the shuffling of feet on the floor, Turner looked up and demanded:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I'm from North Caliny," responded Kupp.

"How did you get in here?"

"Follered the gad, an' I've been a waitin' to talk wid yo'. Ain't yo' Mistah Turnah?"

"That's my name. Now, what do you want?" asked Turner, as he arose angrily from the desk.

"I've been in hospital, jest got out yes'day, an' thought foah I left fo' the front I'd like to see the Yankee prizners," said Kupp.

"Go to the front, confound you, and you'll see more Yankees than you'll like!" shouted Turner.

"Then thar ain't no show fo' me to see any of them Yanks I helped gobble at Gettysburg