

Capture of Jeff Davis.

Not the least notable of the events associated with the Civil War was the capture of Jefferson Davis, the whilom President of the Confederate States of America.

The band of men who carried the plan of this capture to successful termination were few in number, and in the years since the war their ranks have been thinned so there are probably now no more than a dozen at most, of the men who forced the surrender of the rebel leader, and these are scattered in all parts of the land.

One of them, Marshall Hepner, a member of Company D, First Wisconsin Cavalry lives in Chilton, Wisconsin, and to the Sentinel correspondent he gave the following account of the pursuit through the pine forests of Georgia and the final capture of "Uncle Jeff," as he was known to the soldiers of both the northern and southern armies.

Mr. Hepner's account differs in some points from the popular stories regarding his capture, but being an eye witness an actual participant, he is qualified to narrate the exact circumstances. The Fourth Michigan Cavalry, under Colonel Pritchard, was the first to arrive at Jeff's camp and seize him, but the men employed by Pritchard were not, according to Mr. Hepner, befitting a soldier, and his assertions are corroborated by his comrade of the First Wisconsin. Mr. Hepner's account is as follows:

"As nearly as I can remember now, we were on a running fight with the rebels when we reached Mason, Georgia. There we learned that hostilities had been suspended for sixty days. We remained in camp near the city for some time, and after word came of the surrender of Lee we supposed that we would be sent home as the war was over as far as any fighting was concerned. However, sixty-two of us were detached from the regiment, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Henry Harnden set off upon an expedition the purpose of which, until later, we were not acquainted with.

"In the first days march we entered a dense forest of pine, and about 11 o'clock went into camp. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the command moved forward, and Colonel Harnden told us we had been detailed to pursue Jefferson Davis, the fugitive President of the Confederacy. We had not proceeded far when we came upon the track of a number of wagons. That was what we were looking for. The trail was plain in the loose, sandy soil, and for two days we followed it, leaving men along our line of march. From many inquiries we learned we were on the right track. Soon after crossing the Ockmulgee river we came upon the Fourth Michigan Cavalry under Colonel Pritchard. We halted, and in the conversation between the two colonels that we were following Davis' trail, Pritchard offered to let part of his men accompany us but we had thirty-two men left, which our colonel thought was sufficient to effect a capture.

"Pritchard knew our course, and after rejoining his command he selected twelve men from each of his twelve companies and hurried through the woods to a point where he was sure Davis would pass through.

"We soon saw that we were gaining rapidly on the object of our search, and the advance was continued with the utmost caution. At noon we halted for lunch near Irwingsville, but did not dare kindle fire. At 2 in the afternoon the order to mount was given and six men were sent ahead to reconnoiter. We had gone perhaps half a mile and the advance guard was not twenty yards away, when we were fired on from ambush. Colonel Harnden formed the men in line of battle and charged upon the ambuscade, killing as we supposed, one enemy. As soon as it was over upon them we saw that it was our own men who had fired upon us. Pritchard, mistaken as to where the fugitive would pass had undertaken to return, and quite by accident had blundered on Davis camp just as our advance reached it. Still intent on reserving the honor of the capture for himself, he had directed his men to fire on us, telling them

it was the enemy. As soon as he saw the mistake we stopped firing.

"Mr. Davis was not, as most people believe, disguised in woman's clothing. At the sound of the fighting outside the tent he tossed an old shawl over him, and as he wore a dressing gown, the illusion was complete enough to deceive the men in the excitement of the moment. He and a negro passed out of the tent, each carrying a pail, and Mrs. Davis asked the soldiers to 'please let the servants go to the spring for water.' For a moment we were deceived, but a sight of a pair of top boots aroused our suspicions, and he was seized. He offered some resistance, but he was soon placed under restraint."

Dangers of Pneumonia.

A cold at this time if neglected is liable to cause pneumonia which is so often fatal, and even when the patient has recovered the lungs are weakened, making them peculiarly susceptible to the development of consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar will stop the cough, heal and strengthen the lungs and prevent pneumonia. All dealers.

Akersville.

February 27.—The meeting at Wesley is still in progress.

Mr. C. R. Akers has been suffering from neuralgia in his face for some time.

F. F. Crooks, Foor Bros.' new boss and general manager of the woods has gone home to spend a few days with his family.

Emanuel Mills and Samuel Hart of Emmaville were in the Valley some time ago looking for the "Beaver" seen here. They say they can capture him if the snow holds out.

F. D. Grove and H. A. Foor while hunting one day last week tread a coon and, it is said, worked nearly half a day but failed to get his coonship. Better luck next time, boys.

G. E. Householder is wearing a happy smile and singing, all day long. A charge to keep I have, all on account of a big boy.

J. B. Foor visited friends in Rays Cove Saturday and Sunday.

C. E. Hixson has contracted the log job from D. E. Akers. He expects to do a rushing business.

Miss Ina Akers and mother were visiting friends in Bedford county last week.

The general health of the people is good at present.

A Severe Cold For Three Months.

The following letters from A. J. Nusbaum, of Batesville, Ind., tells its own story. "I suffered for three months with a severe cold. A druggist prepared me some medicine and a physician prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I then tried Foley's Honey and Tar, and eight doses cured me." Refuse substitutes. All dealers.

Left-over yolks of eggs if put at once into a tumbler of cold water will keep fresh and soft for several days. If dropped into a cup and covered, the yolks would be unfit for use the second day. The left-over whites of eggs may be made into macaroons, kisses, or used for meringues. The whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pound of sugar and the same quantity of almond paste will make two dozen macaroons. Where hard-boiled yolks are wanted it is much better to break the eggs, separate carefully the yolks from the whites and drop the yolks into water that is boiling hot; cook slowly for twenty minutes. In this way you save the whites for another purpose.

"Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the March Ladies' Home Journal.

People who have always been under the impression that a physician must go post-haste to the scene of any and all kinds of sickness will have to change their minds. We notice that by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the state of Indiana, that it is optional with a physician whether he shall go or not when sent for—that he is not morally or legally bound to go unless he desires to do so. The case is one in which the doctor was called three times but refused to go and the patient died. The country physician braves more storms and exposes himself more for the sake of humanity than most people realize.

CONDENSED STORIES.

Reasons For His Admiration of the Redoubtable Dewey.

Not long ago a party of Washington people took a yachting trip along the coast. Among the guests was a daughter of a prominent senator, who during the day found herself next to a modest, quiet looking young man, who seemed a stranger to most of the party and whose name she had not quite heard, relates the Chicago Chronicle. In some-way or other their conversation from the ordinary chitchat and small talk that new acquaintances usually begin on drifted into politics, and the young girl found herself soon smartly quarreling with the young man on the subject of Admiral Dewey, for whom she seemed to feel immense disdain, possibly sharpened by the fact that her companion took a directly opposite point of view, contradicted her constantly and even stood up for what she considered the admiral's most glaring defects. Finally in sheer desperation she left his side and, crossing to the hostess of the yacht, said in a thoroughly impatient voice: "Who on earth is that stupid man I've been talking to?" "Stupid!" said her hostess. "Why, I never found him so. He's rather quiet and unassuming, but never stupid, indeed."

"Oh, well," said the girl, "he has such a slavish adoration and admiration for the redoubtable Admiral Dewey."

"Well, and why shouldn't he have," exclaimed the other lady, "and the admiral his own father?"

McNulty and Laura Keane.

A story is told of Laura Keane, the actress, who while playing in New York occupied a room in a hotel opposite a liquor saloon where Barney McNulty, the comedian of her company, who was a favorite of hers, spent much of his time. Barney was often called on to do such favors for Miss Keane as the forwarding of telegrams, mailing of letters and making any little purchase for personal or stage use. One morning McNulty called to see if he could make himself useful and instead of an errand received a lecture, and he stood up and took it very much as a big boy would, with many an interjected "Yes, ma'am."

Miss Keane went on to tell Barney how he was injuring his health in keeping such late and convivial hours, and, although it was fun for the boys, it was death to McNulty, the same as to the frogs in the fable. Thereupon Barney put on a bold front and with the airs of injured innocence exclaimed:

"What! Me up late in a barroom telling stories?"

"Yes," said Miss Keane. "I heard you with my own ears. Don't I know your voice?"

"Oh, you might have heard my voice, Miss Keane; I admit that. I have a habit of talking in my sleep."

Unmindful of Advantages.

Robert Love, afterward Lord Sherbrooke, once saw a deaf member of parliament trying his best to catch with his ear trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Love, "throwing away his natural advantages."

Paderewski's Kindness.

This is what happened to Paderewski in Bristol, says a London newspaper. He received a letter from a lady who said she had an invalid friend who was anxious to hear the great pianist perform, but she could not possibly attend a public recital.

"My friend," she wrote, "would come anywhere you like to name to hear you play privately. As we are not rich we cannot afford a high price."

Andrew Carnegie a short time ago was in conversation with a friend who was inclined to be very complimentary. He told Mr. Carnegie what a splendid gift his library was to Edinburgh and so much more needed than any other charity in the city, as the statistics showed that for a great many years there had not been one death by starvation.

"That," answered Mr. Carnegie, "does not arise from the number of charities in Edinburgh, but from the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."—New York Times.

Stole His House.

Charles Kirman of Chicago at one time had a frame dwelling at Twenty-second and Lincoln streets. He thought it was still there until he visited the place recently and was surprised to find the house gone. All that remained of his property was the vacant lot. Kirman claims the neighbors carried away the house piece, and the police arrested several nearby residents and charged them with the offense.

He—I suppose you know I'm singing at your church, now. She—No, I didn't. He—But surely your brother Jack told you I had joined the church there. She—O! yes, he did tell me that.

Even an automobile entails running expenses.

Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the widow of General U. S. Grant, celebrated her 76th birthday anniversary at Washington D. C., on the 15th inst. Mrs. Grant has had with her this season her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, her granddaughter, Miss Miriam Grant, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant. Mrs. Grant is in unusually good health this winter and thoroughly enjoys her quiet life. She drives each morning with Mrs. Sartoris.

HE PRAYED FIVE OR SIX PIECES FOR HER fee, but we shall be happy to pay you half a guinea for your loss of time."

Paderewski told his secretary to write to invite the lady to come to his hotel the next morning. She came, and he played five or six pieces to her. She was delighted, and on leaving she gratefully tendered him 10s. 6d., which, needless to say, Paderewski politely declined.

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THE GLACIERS ARE GOING.

According to Professor Forel, who has made a special study of the Alpine glaciers during the past twenty-five years, the day of the glacier is gone. They are deteriorating slowly, but with steady persistence, and diminution becomes more marked from year to year. There is only one exception to this rule—that of Bovier, in the valley of Entremont, which since 1892 has shown continuous growth. The famous glaciers of the Rhone have shrunk 755 meters since 1874, or an average of twenty-nine meters a year. Many have so changed during the past few years that old tourists after a few seasons of absence have failed to recognize them. Some hotels once standing in the immediate proximity of glaciers are now at a considerable distance from them, to the serious loss of the proprietors.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Consistent Hater.

Mateo Renato Imbriani, the Italian politician, who died a few weeks ago, was noted, among other things, for his rabid chauvinism. He hated particularly the Austrians and Germans. When he was editor of the Pro Patria, the news editor one morning got a telegram that Richard Wagner had died in Venice. He forthwith took the speaking tube and informed Imbriani. The reply was a volley of abuse, in which he made out a few words like: "Canaglia, musica italiana! Todesco! La morte! Ignominia! Il nostro Bellini! Miserabili!"

The news editor ventured to suggest that, all the same, a daily paper was obliged to take some note of happenings in the world of art.

"Not a word!" came back the answer, and not a word was printed about the death of Wagner.

Who Was the Poet?

The name of a poet, together with the bulk of his only notable work, is lost. People in literary circles remember just one verse, and that a very striking one, describing the stars as follows:

Above the clouds and tempest's rage,
Across you blue and radiant arch,
Upon their long, high pilgrimage
I watched their glittering armies march.

Efforts have been making for some time past to ascertain who wrote this verse, where it was published, what is the name of the poem from which it was taken and where the remainder of the verses can be found. The poem is said to be an old timer, of American origin, but the facts about it are shrouded in mystery.—New York Herald.

A Candid Bookseller.

President Roosevelt was once traveling in Idaho and passed a bookstore in the window of which was a copy of his "Winning of the West." Going into the bookstore, he inquired, "Who is this author, Roosevelt?"

"Oh," said the bookseller, "he's a ranch driver."

"And what do you think of his book?" asked the president.

"Well," said the dealer slowly and deliberately, "I've always thought that if he had stuck to running a ranch and given up writing books he'd have made a powerful more of a success at his trade."

Such a Treasure!

The Philadelphia Record tells of a prominent woman in that city who claims to have one of Paderewski's tears in a crystal locket, which she wears around her neck. While claiming by all she holds sacred that it is one of Paderewski's tears, she is equally reticent as to how it came into her possession and how it found its way into her locket. Moreover, she is quite indignant if people joke about it. One young woman asked if Paderewski had wept in his handkerchief and then loaned it to her to bring a tear from. She promptly cut that young woman from her visiting list.

Hardy Scotchmen.

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ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Brooms That Sweep Clean and Dusters That Do the Work.

For hardwood or stained floors and those covered with matting a hair broom should be used. The hardwood floors need to be dusted after sweeping. A very easy way of doing this is to make a cotton flannel bag of some dark color and tie it over a common broom. A vigorous rubbing with this covered broom will add considerable polish to a dim floor. For wiping floors heavy cotton flannel makes a good cloth. Cut a convenient size and overcast the edges coarsely. This is also an excellent plan for cleaning paint. Dusters made of cheesecloth with the hems run in are soft to use and wash easily. Old India or foulard silk is the best thing I have ever tried for bric-a-brac and small articles. All dusters should be washed and dried after using. There is nothing gained by using a cloth filled with dust. It will not make anything clean. If brooms, both large and small, are often washed and dried, then turned up on their handles, they will sweep cleaner and last longer. There should be a convenient place for keeping brooms, dust pans and cloths. It will save many steps if a set is kept on each floor.—Mary Graham in Woman's Home Companion.

English Muffins.

The regulation English muffins are made of raised dough and are baked in muffin rings and on a griddle and are turned during the baking so that the muffins come out flat on both sides. Put one-third of a compressed yeast cake into one-third of a cupful of cold water and let it dissolve. Have one and a half cupfuls of water heated to blood heat and add to it a teaspoonful of salt and the dissolved yeast. Sift one quart of flour and gradually stir into it the yeast and water. This forms a dough that requires thorough beating. Cover and set in a warm room for about five hours, when it will be light and spongy. Now shape the dough into cakes about one-third of an inch thick and put in the rings on a warm and slightly greased griddle. The heat under the griddle must be very little indeed at first, for the muffins must rise and bake slowly. Later on, as they begin to rise, pull the griddle toward the front of the stove and cook a trifle more rapidly. Thirty-five minutes is none too long to allow for the cooking. When ready, break the muffins open, butter them and serve.

To Preserve Cut Flowers.

A bouquet sprayed with water and placed under a bell glass will last many days longer than if simply placed in a vase or bowl, while if a buttonhole or a spray for the hair is required to look fresh all day or at an evening fete a dab of sealing wax at the end of the stalks will keep the flowers fresh for many hours.

Violets, primroses and many other simple flowers, if placed in a bed of sand and kept moist, will keep fresh for some weeks, while such flowers as foxgloves, campanulas, etc., if placed in water, with the bottom leaves on the stalks kept under water, will last thrice as long as if the leaves were stripped off the stalks.

Ferns when placed in water should always have some of the fronds left in the water, as it has been proved over and over again that no nourishment can be taken through the stem alone.

A Way to Warm Up Cold Mutton.

Take one teaspoonful of chopped onion, put into a stepwan with one ounce of butter, place it over a slow fire and keep the onions stirred till rather brown, but not burned. Add some flour, which mix well in, and fry for five minutes; then pour in one-half pint of gravy seasoned with cayenne and salt, let boil to thicken and add brownings. Add one teaspoonful of sugar, one of vinegar, one of Worcester sauce, some chopped gherkins and capers and a few button mushrooms; put in the mutton, which you have previously cut into thin slices, perfectly free from fat, let it remain a few minutes and simmer, not boil; then serve.

The Matchbox.

Matchboxes have a peculiar knack of vanishing from their proper places. Very often the housemaid's pocket can deliver up three or four such boxes. The maid takes them from the mantelpiece or wherever they may be to light a fire or the gas perhaps and forgets to replace them. For this reason it is a good plan to attach matchboxes to gas fixtures, so that a match is always to be found when it is wanted. Pass a string of sarsenet ribbon through the case of the matchbox and suspend the gas bracket or over the chimney-piece. The matchbox can thus be slid in and out of the case without disturbing the suspender.

"Young man," said her father, sternly; "you don't seem to have any object in life."

"O! yes, I have," replied the suitor.

"And what is it?"

"To become your daughter's subject."

The helm of a ship has a stern duty to perform.

G. W. Reisner & Co. Coats and Capes Less Than Cost. Will sell, while they last, their Capes and Coats at less than cost. CAPES that sold for \$12, now \$8; \$9 Capes at \$6, and cheaper ones at a proportionate cut. COATS, This season's goods—that sold for \$10, now \$7; \$8 coats for \$5; \$6 coats for 4. Children capes as low as 25c. Children's capes as low as 75 cents. The stock of these goods is limited. If you are interested, come quick. Men's and Boys' Winter Suits and Boys' Overcoats. Overcoats that sold for \$14, now 10; and so on down to 2. In boys' we have them for 1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and up—not many left. We will close out a lot of Ladies' Rubbers at 20c. just half price—that are are as good as the best—if we have your size. Come soon. Respectfully, G. W. REISNER & CO.

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE.—Nov 25, 1901.

Leave No. 2 No. 4 No. 6 No. 8 No. 10 No. 12

Table with columns for station names (Winchester, Harrisburg, Hagerstown, Greenock, Mercersburg, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, Shippensburg, Newville, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg, Arr. Harrisburg, Arr. Philadelphia, Arr. New York, Arr. Baltimore) and times for various train numbers.

Additional east-bound local trains will run daily except Sunday, as follows: Leave Chambersburg 9:00 a. m., leave Carlisle 9:45 a. m., 7:35 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 8:15 p. m. Leave Mechanicsburg 6:00 a. m., 7:25 a. m., 12:45 a. m., 1:04 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:27 p. m.

Trains Nos. 8 and 10 run daily between Hagerstown and Harrisburg and No. 8 fifteen minutes late on Sundays.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Leave No. 1 No. 3 No. 5 No. 7 No. 9

Table with columns for station names (Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Dillsburg, Mechanicsburg, Carlisle, Newville, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, Greenock, Hagerstown, Martinsburg, Ar. Winchester) and times for various train numbers.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg as follows: For Chambersburg and intermediate stations at 5:15 p. m., for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 8:37 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 8:15 p. m., 8:37 p. m., 11:00 p. m., also for Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.

Nos. 3 and 9 run daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown. Pullman palace sleeping cars between New York and Knoxville, Tenn., on trains 1 west and 1 east. Through coaches to and from Philadelphia on trains 2 and 4 east and 7 and 9 west.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 8:30 p. m.

SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

Table with columns for station names (Pa., Md., Va., W. Va.) and times for various train numbers.

Connection for all stations on Cumberland Valley Railroad and Pennsylvania Railroad system.

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