

HERE squatted in one corner of Wallett's plantation a little hut occupied old Granny Brown, who had lived by herself nearly twenty For the years. past few years her only work had

been to knit such articles as "Ma'am Wallett" had directed. Granny's house was built of logs. At one end a rough stone chimney rose two or three feet above the moss-covered roof; at the other a wooden door swung on great hinges and a small window, covered with greased paper, admitted a few rays of light into the single room. A stone threshold, scrubbed to a pearly whiteness, leaned to one side, threatening to lose its place, and near by a single moss rose bush nodded and waved.

Inside old granny sat in a great armchair, her needles clattering busily. Her gray, wavy hair was parted in the middle and drawn back over her large forehead. Her eyes were little and deeply set, but they sparkled and blinked as they supervised the work of her large, hardened hands. Unconsciously her large red lips moved about as she worked, displaying a white row of teeth, which occasionally parted, showing a thick tongue. She was clothed in a red checkered gingham wrapper, of which she was evidently very proud, for now and then her knitting would cease while she carefully smoothed some wrinkled place in her dress. On a table near by a few pieces of chinaware were arranged with precision on a small blue and red mat. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned bed, whose coverlets were spotlessly white. The earthen floor had been swept, but was uncovered.

It was dusk when granny carefully put away her work and settled back in her chair for a nan. She was nearly asleep when she heard a noise, Thud! thud! it went, then was still for an instant, when it was repeated Visions of ghosts, hobgoblins and other unearthly things came into her mind. She walked to the door. Nobody was outside. She looked around the room, but saw nothing unusual.

"Wat yo'se 'fraid of, nohow? Ar'n't nauthin' roun' hyah," she mumbled to herself as she sat down again. Some time passed. The old woman was dozing again, when suddenly the floor near her began to crack. She stared in terror. A dirk, grasped by a human hand, appeared. hacked at the ground, until a white man's face and shoulders appeared in the gap.

"Oh, God! hab mahey!" granny cried, gathering up her skirts and preparing to run.

'Be quiet, my good woman," came from the stranger. "I am nothing but a wounded soldier. Be quiet now, I'll reward you. Close your

Keeping her eyes upon the unwelcome visitor, she reluctantly did as she was bid. The soldier stretched out his hand, saying, "Now, help me



Thus she worked over him for two days and pights.

out, aunty." Granny took his hand in hers and pulled him to his feet. His face was thin and pale and be-

smeared with mud. His eyes were surrounded by dark circles and blood came from a cut in his forehead. One arm dangled uselessly at his side and his clothes were torn and bloody.

'How'd yer get hyah, chile?' asked granny, eyeing the poor man from head to foot. "I'll tell you all afterwhile," he feebly answered; "the rebs will be after me again. No place to hide here, is there?" looked despairingly around the room. Granny brought out a pot of tea that she had had hidden somewhere and offered a cup to the man, who gripped the chair as he drank. "What's that e?" he asked, setting the cup on

"Git back in thet than hole quick," granny said, pointing to the place from which the stranger had "It's th' whole ahmy."

Further direction was unnecessary, all preparations were made to leave. Into the gap jumped the frightened | He thanked granny again and again man. Granny pulled the table near, placed her chair over the hole in the floor, sat down and spread her In answer to her question about himdress out around her. Seizing her | self he said: needles she began to knit rapidly, singing loudly:

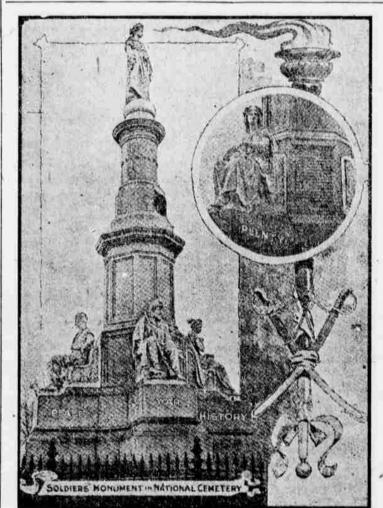
"De sun shines bright in de ole Kaintucky

home,
'Tis summah an' d' darkies are ga---"Don't make so much noise, niggah," spoke a young officer, poking his head in the door. "Show us that clevah rascal you've got in hyah or we'll whip you soundly."

"Sakes alive, man, wha don' yo' all scah a pooah woman?" granny

for having saved his life and promised she should hear from him again.

"My name is Crawford Floyd, am one of a party of six who were sent out by Grant into the Confed's country to learn what they could for the use of the Northern army. Three of us were captured in a skirmish at Pond Fork and taken to the temporary prison at Apple Valley, where two of my comrades were shot for attempting to escape. I fared better, however, and got away after being shot in the arm. The men knew I



A NATION'S MEMORIAL TO THE SOLDIER DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

said. feigning great the soldier. "Wat yo' talkin' bout, looking angrily at the man who had spoken.

While this conversation was going on several privates had entered the room, looking behind the table, around the chair and tearing the bedclothes from their place. The old negress was bewildered. "Noth-in' in this shack." "Niggahs haven't enough wit to hide a cur." "We'll get him soon, though," and similar remarks came from the men as they left the house.

Granny kept knitting for half an hour before she moved her chair. By that time it was dark. The poor felow crawled from his hiding place. 'Gee, that was close," he whispered. as he took another sip of tea. 'Got anything to eat? I'm awful

Knock knock at the door Granny motioned to the hole and walked toward the door. "Whah yo'se bin, granny, is yer sick?" asked a bowlegged little girl when the door had been opened. "No, I ain't sick, Chloe. Nevah was feelin' bettah. Run along to yoah own maw, now,' answered granny, as she closed the door. The child's bare feet could be heard clapping against the ground as

she ran away. Cutting and buttering a few slices of bread and making another pot of tea, granny handed them to the man, who still remained in the hole. He grasped them eagerly. When he had finished eating granny persuaded him to come to the bed, where she dressed his wounds by candle light. Her patient became unconscious during this time. Granny wrapped him in a blanket, forced him to take some tea and rubbed his arms until nearly morning. Thus she worked for two days and nights, the man remaining asleep all of this time, except when awakened for

some dainty granny had prepared. Three weeks passed. The man's wounds had healed splendidly. A bullet remained in his left arm and gave him some trouble, but he determined to leave for headquarters in spite of his nurse's objections. After much trouble in getting a horse

surprise. I was a spy and sent a detachment out "Whar's that man now?" insisted to hunt me down. I was nearly caught. One night I slept in the sah? Yo' oughten know I ain't got little house over the hill. Nobody The hole grew in size, as the knife no man hyah," granny answered, lived there, because the place is supposed to be haunted, as you told me. I was in great danger of being recap-I determined to tunnel underground for a few days in order to get the beasts off my track. In my sack I had quarter rations for a week and a half. The second night I began my work, digging with the dagger you have seen. It was slow, hard work.

tured and knew that meant death, so zette.



and I often suffered for air and

drink, but after nearly giving up in despair, I happened to break through

the floor of your house, my good an-

pened until you hear from me again, which will not be long, I hope. The

war'll soon be over now. God bless

The soldler rode off in haste. Granny stood watching him until he was out of sight. "Whew-w. A

no'the'n spy. Bet this hyah niggah

gits ketched yit," she said to herself

yer know this hyah day am Decah-

rashun Day?" Early one May morn-

"Oh, Granny, Granny-y-y! Don'

as she hobbled into her shanty.

you and good-by."

Tell nobody what has hap-

ing Granny was awakened by a little urchin who cried thus in a shrill voice. The old woman rose and dressed slowly. Presently she threw open her door and, squinting her eyes in the bright sunlight, said, reprovingly: "Desecration Day! W'at yo' mean by sech a thing, boy? I nevah heerd o' the laike."

"Lookie! Lookie, Granny," the boy went on; "yondah comes a man on hoahsback." Shading her eyes Shading her eyes with her hands, Granny looked where the child pointed and saw a man, covered with dust, riding a black horse, whose sides were flecked with

The man sprang from his saddle and, leaving his horse in the road, ran up the short path to where the old negress and the boy stood, Frightened, the pickaninny ran away, but Granny waited for the man to speak.

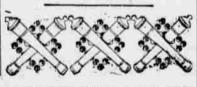
'Miss Granny?" he asked, lifting

"Evalene Harriet Brown's ma whole name, sah, but roun' hyah I's called Granny," came the answer as Granny placed her arms akimbo and looked searchingly at the new arrival.

"Oh! beg your pardon, Miss Brown," said the man, making a low "I am from Major Crawcurtesy. ford Floyd, to whom you rendered a service some time ago. He has charged me to deliver this trifle as a little token of the high esteem he has for you." So saying, he handed Granny, who was thoroughly surprised, a neat little package, which she took without answering.

The words were scarcely spoken before the man had mounted and was riding away. The old negress looked at the package with a smile. "Wondah w'at's in thah?" she said, as the package was laid on the table and slowly untied. The sight which met her eyes made her jump. Before her a circular piece of gold, the first she had ever touched. Taking it to the door, Granny turned it over and over, chuckling to herself. Slowly and tediously she spelled out the inscription on the back, which read,

'Twenty Dollars." That night the piece was placed with extreme care in an old cup and hidden away as securely as the tea had been which she the wretched spy .- Pittsburg Ga-



SAILOR DEAD-SOLDIER DEA

SOLDIER dend, soldier dend. Do you wake and know the hour When the children two and two-Rosy flag and rosy flower Stir the grave grass with their marching overhead?

Do you quicken to no sigh, Does no smallest piercing cry Break the silence where you lie. Soldier dend?

ONCE we left our books and play.
Chos we came with running feet
When we heard the stirring drum, Heard the soldiers in the street When we pushed between the knees along the line. When we saw the jackets blue,

Heard the fifer fifing true, Then we wished that we were you. Brave and fine. NOW we think how still you lie. And how low your grassy tents Think how chill the graveyard air.

And how cold the monuments So we know you must be glad to have us come. Glad of blossoms that we spill,

Glad of banners bright and still. Of the fifer fifing shrill, And the drum

SAILOR dead, sailor dead, I Prom the pastures that you knew, Where the upland plover pipes, From the woodlands where they grew, Here are garlands we have gathered, white and red,

And we cast them on the waves From the shore your valor saves, For we do not know your graves, Sailor dead

SAILOR dead, soldier dead, Though our thoughts are little worth Yet our thinking comes to this, Only you of all the earth Know the wonder that is hid from such as we, Why we draw the quickened breath Why we pant for soldier death When the trumpet cries and saith,

"Follow me!" Now the files of veterans go, Now the crowds and music pass Will you whisper to us true. Whisper through the leaning grass, As we spell among the graves the thing you know?

What we pant for you have found, Lying straightly underground. Without motion, without sound



BUT we cannot bear it plain For the trumpet frets and cries And we cannot see it clear For the banners blind our eyes. And the warm air stirs the bright boughs overhead. we think perhaps we, too, dust come here to lieswith you re get the meesage true, Boldier dend.



-FROM YOUTH'S COMPANION.



A Hint About Silk.

When silk is flimsy, its body may be restored in large measure by sponging with water in which an old kid glove has been boiled. Faded silk should be sponged with warm water and soap, taking care not to apply the water too hot; then rub with a clean, dry cloth. Iron on a flatboard on the inside, thin paper being spread over to prevent

Folding the Table Cloth.

Table cloths usually wear at the folds before they begin to show signs of wear generally. It is true that the folds are not always made in exactly the same places, even by the same laundress, but the center fold always comes in the same place. It is a good plan after a time to cut a small piece off one side and one end of the cloth, for this insures all the folds being made in new places in the future, thus giving the cloth a fresh

Wringers.

A wringing machine has two India rubber rollers fixed into a metal frame with a leverage for giving or relieving pressure. It is constructed to fit on to any washing tub at the side of

Put the cloths evenly through the rollers to get the clothes properly wrung, it does that so much firmer than when done with the hands. Keep the machine well oiled, but do not stain the rellers.

When not in use relieve the pressure from the rollers, so as to prevent the pressure wearing the rollers in parts. Never put boiling hot clothes through the wringer, as the heat injures the rollers.

When finished with the machine wipe the rollers with a dry cloth .-New York Press.

Easy Way To Mend.

"The neatest woman I know told me of a quick and easy way to mend a place that is so badly torn that it needs a patch. It sounds like a de cidedly slipshod way of doing it, but it really looks neater than a darn, no matter how small the stitches may be

"She had burned a hole in a silk dress and in mending it she simply cut off the frayed edges and under neath the hole she placed a piece of the material moistened with very thin mucilage. Then she placed the mended spot under a heavy weight until it was dry. In putting the piece underneath she matched the pattern exactly, and it is almost impossible to discover where the pieces are joined. Of course it took much less time than if she had darned it, to say nothing of its being less noticeable."-New York Mail.

Recipes.

Nut Creams.-Mix with fondant onehalf cup chopped nuts and flavor with three drops almond extract.

Finger Puffs.-Mash four potatoes, add one tablespoon butter, salt and pepper. When cool add egg and beat well. With floured hands mould into finger rolls and fry in deep hot fat.

A Breakfast Dish.-Take some slices of bread, cutting off crust. Make a batter of three eggs and one pint of milk. Soak the bread in it; put some butter in the frying pan, fry the slices of bread until brown.

Devilled Almonds.—Blanch shred two ounces almonds, brown in just enough butter to prevent burning. mix 2 tablespoons chopped pickles, 1 tablespoon each of Chutney and sauce, 1-4 teaspoon of salt and a few grains of cayenne, add to the nuts and serve when heated through.

Baked Bananas.-Put one cupful of sugar and the juice of one-half a lemon into a saucepan; cook slowly; add a small piece of butter. When it begins to thicken peel six bananas, lay them in a baking dish and pour over the syrup. Bake in a moderate oven until the bonanas and syrup are golden brown. Serve hot.

Barbecued Ham .- Soak thin slices of ham one hour in lukewarm water, drein, wipe and cook in hot frying-pan until slightly browned. Remove to serving dish and add to fat in pan 3 tablespoons vinegar mixed with 1 1-2 teaspoons mustard, 1-2 teaspoon sugar and 1-8 teaspoon pepper. When thoroughly heated pour over ham and serve at once.

A New Telegraph System. A new system of telegraphy is said

to have been invented by an American named Field. It is a modification of the Morse system, and advantage is taken of the idle time occupied by the spaces in the alphabet to store up, at each station where the transmission key is being manipulated, a small amount of energy from the line battery and relay discharge currents, this energy being utilized in the formation of the next succeeding dot or dash. The result is accomplished by means of an induction coil and condenser arranged to bridge the signal key. When the key is opened a condenser is charged through a large impedance which is formed by the primary of an induction coil the secondary of which is in the line circuit. On closing the key the energy stored in the condenser acts inductively upon the primary winding, setting up currents in a dimetion to assist the line battery in its work.—Engineer.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

Wonderful Restoration Caused Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa , says: Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a

burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was falling fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict

diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pilis. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sword Tells the Verdict.

There is an interesting point con-nected with the trial of naval offi-After the voting as cers in England. to the verdict, the officer who is being tried is brought into the room, and a glance tells him his fate. sword was placed on the table at the beginning of the proceedings, with the point toward him and the hilt toward the president of the court. If, now, the sword is re-versed, the hilt toward the prisoner, he knows that he is honorably acquitted, but is the weapon's point is still toward him, the accused knows that he has to await sentence.-Chicago Journal.

Long Hours on the Farm.

Boys leave the farm because they don't enjoy 14 or 15 hours of bitter hard work every day; they don't like to get up before daylight in the morning and toil like steam engines until after dark in the evening. The best way to encourage the farmer boys is to treat them as though they human beings; let them have sleep in the mornings; call 10 hours a day's work; let them have their evenings for themselves, without a thousand heartbreaking chores to em bitter their souls and make them old before their time.—Atchison Cham-



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