

have the value of his life to the utmost farthing.

Meanwhile, the horsemen crowded around the foot-print, and one of them inadvertently trod upon it. The Kentuckian looked long and earnestly, but at last he said:

"Taint the track. That ar' mar' has a sand-crack on her right fore-foot. She didn't take kindly to a round shoe; so the Yank, he giv' her one with the cork right in the middle o' the quarter. 'Twas a darned smart contrivance; fur you see, it eased the strain, and let the nag go nimble as a squirrel. The cork ha'n't yere—ta'n't her track—an' we're wastin' time in lookin'."

The cork was not there, because the trooper's tread had obliterated it. Reader, let us thank him for that one good step, if he never took another; for it saved the scout, and, may be saved Kentucky. When the scout returned that way, he halted abreast of that tree, and examined the ground about it.—Right there, in the road, was the mare's track, with the print of the man's foot still upon the inner quarter! He uncovered his head, and from his heart went up a simple thanksgiving.

The horsemen gone, the scout came down from the tree, and pushed on into the misty morning. There might be danger ahead, but there surely was danger behind him. His pursuers were only half convinced that they had struck his trail; and some sensible fiend might put it into their heads to divide and follow, part by one route, part by the other.

He pushed on over the sloshy road, his mare every step going slower and slower. The poor beast was jaded out; for she had traveled sixty miles, eating nothing, and been stabled in the timber. She would have given out long before, had her blood not been the best in Kentucky. As it was, she staggered along as if she had taken a barrel of whisky. Five miles on was the house of a Union man. She must reach it, or die by the wayside; for the merciful man regardeth not the life of his beast when he carries dispatches.

The loyalist did not know the scout, but his honest face secured him a cordial welcome. He explained that he was from the Union camp on the Big Sandy, and offered any price for a horse to go on with.

"Yer nag is wuth any two o' my critters," said the man. "Ye kin take the best best I've got; and when ye 'r' ag'in this way, we'll swap back even."

The scout thanked him, mounted the horse, and rode off into the mist again, without the warm breakfast which the good woman had half-cooked; and at twelve that night, he entered Colonel Cranor's quarters at Paris,—having ridden a hundred miles with a rope round his neck, for \$13 a month, hardtack, and a shoddy uniform.

The Colonel opened the dispatch. It was dated, Louisa, Kentucky, December 24, midnight; and directed him to move at once with his regiment (the Fortieth Ohio, eight hundred strong), by the way of Mount Sterling and McCormick's Gap, to Prestonburg. He would incumber his men with as few rations and as little luggage as possible, bearing in mind that the safety of his command depended on his expedition. He would also convey the dispatch to Lieutenant Colonel Woodford, at Stamford, and direct him to join the march with his 300 cavalry.

Hours were now worth months of common time, and on the following morning Cranor's column began to move. The scout lay back till night, then set out on his return, and at day-break swapped his now jaded horse for the fresh Kentucky mare, even. He ate the housewife's breakfast, too, and took his ease with the good man till dark, when he again set out, and rode through the night in safety. After that his route was beset with perils. The Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own in; or, as he expressed it: "Ye see, the Lord, He keered more fur the dispatch nor He keered fur me; and 't'was natural He should, 'case my life only counted one, while the dispatch, it stood far all Kaintuck."

Be that as it may, he found his road a hard one to travel. The same gang which followed him out waylaid him back, and one starry night he fell among them. They lined the road forty deep, and seeing he could not run the gauntlet, he wheeled his mare, and fled backward. The noble beast did her part, but a bullet struck her, and she fell in the road dying. Then—it was Hobson's choice—he took to his legs, and leaping a fence, was at last out of danger. Two days he lay in the woods, not daring to come out; but hunger finally forced him to ask food at a negro shanty. The dusky patriot loaded him with bacon, brown bread and blessings, and at night piloted him to a Rebel barn, where he enforced the Confiscation Act, to him then "the higher law"—necessity.

With his fresh horse he set out again; and after various adventures and hair-breadth escapes, too numerous to mention—and too incredible to believe, had not similar things occurred all through the war—he entered one rainy midnight (the 9th of January), the little log hut seven miles from Paintville, where Colonel Garfield was sleeping.

The Colonel rubbed his eyes, and raised himself upon his elbow.

"Back safe?" he asked. "Have you seen Cranor?"

"Yes, Gin'ral. He can't be more'n two days ahind o' me, nohow."

"God bless you Jordon! You have done us great service," said Garfield, warmly.

"I thanks ye, Gin'ral," said the scout, his voice trembling. "Thet's more pay'n I expected."

To give the reader a full understanding of the result of the scout's ride, I must now move on with the little army. They are only 1,400 men, worn out with marching, but boldly they move down upon Marshall. False scouts have made him believe they are as strong as he; and they are; for every one is a hero, and they are led by a general. The Rebels had 5,000 men—4,400 infantry and 600 cavalry,—besides twelve pieces of artillery,—so he says in a letter to his wife, which Buell has intercepted and Garfield has in his pocket. Three roads lead to Marshall's position; one at the east, bearing down to the river and along its western bank; another, a circuitous one, to the west coming in on Paint Creek, at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, on the right of the village; and a third between the others, a more direct route, but climbing a succession of almost impassable ridges. These three roads are held by strong Rebel pickets, and a regiment is outlying at the village of Paintville.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and designs, Garfield orders a small force of infantry and cavalry to advance along the river, drive in the Rebel pickets, and move rapidly after them as if to attack Paintville. Two hours after this force goes off, a similar one, with the same orders, sets out on the road to the westward; and two hours later still, another small party takes the middle road. The effect is, that the pickets on the first route, being vigorously attacked, retreat in confusion to Paintville, and dispatch word to Marshall that the Union army is advancing along the river. He hurries off a thousand infantry and a battery to resist the advance of this imaginary column.—When this detachment has been gone an hour and a half, he hears from the routed pickets on the right, that the Federals are advancing along the western road. Countermanding his first order, he now directs the thousand men and the battery to check the new danger; and hurries off the troops at Paintville to the mouth of Jenny's Creek to make a stand there. Two hours later the pickets on the central route are driven in, and, finding Paintville abandoned, flee precipitately to the fortified camp, with the story that the Union army is close at their heels and occupying the town. Conceiving that he has thus lost Paintville, Marshall hastily withdraws the detachment of 1,000 men to his fortified camp; Garfield, moving rapidly over the ridges of the central route, occupies the abandoned position.

So affairs stand on the evening of the 8th of January, when a spy enters the camp at Marshall, with tidings that Cranor, with 3,300 (4) men, is within twelve hours' march at the westward. On receipt of these tidings, the "big boy,"—he weighs 300 pounds by the Louisville hay scales,—conceiving himself outnumbered, breaks up his camp, and retreats precipitately, abandoning or burning a large portion of his supplies. Seeing the fires, Garfield mounts his horse, and with a thousand men, enters the deserted camp at 9 in the evening, while the burning stores are yet unconsumed. He sends off a detachment to harass the retreat, and waits the arrival of Cranor, with whom he means to follow and bring Marshall to battle in the morning.

In the morning Cranor comes, but his men are footsore, without rations, and completely exhausted. They cannot move one leg after the other. But the canal boy is bound to have a fight; so every man who has strength to march is ordered to come forward. Eleven hundred—among them 400 of Cranor's tired heroes—step from the ranks, and with them, at noon of the 9th, Garfield sets out for Prestonburg, sending all his available cavalry to follow the line of the enemy's retreat and harass and delay him.

Marching eighteen miles, he reaches at 9 o'clock that night the mouth of Abbott's Creek; three miles below Prestonburg,—he and the 1,100. There he hears that Marshall is encamped on the same stream, three miles higher up; and throwing his men into bivouac, in the midst of a sleety rain, he sends an order back to Lieutenant Colonel Sheldon, who is left in command at Paintville, to bring up every available man with all possible dispatch, for he shall

force the enemy to battle in the morning. He spends the night in learning the character of the surrounding country and the disposition of Marshall's forces; and now again John Jordan comes into action.

A dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen honest men come upon them, steal their corn, and make them prisoners. The miller is a tall, gaunt man, and his clothes fit the scout as if they were made for him. He is a disunionist, too, and his very raiment should bear witness against this feeding of his enemies. It does. It goes back to the Rebel camp, and—the scout goes in it. That chameleon face of his is smeared with meal, and looks the miller so well that the miller's own wife might not detect the difference. The night is dark and rainy and that lessens the danger; but still he is picking his teeth in the very jaws of the lion,—if he can be called a lion, who does nothing but roar like unto Marshall.

Space will not permit me to detail this midnight ramble; but it gave Garfield the exact position of the enemy. They had made a stand, and laid an ambuscade for him. Strongly posted on a semi-circular hill, at the forks of Middle Creek, on both sides of the road, with cannon commanding its whole length and hidden by the trees, they were waiting his coming.

The Union commander broke up his bivouac at 4 in the morning, and began to move forward. Reaching the valley of Middle Creek, he encountered some of the enemy's mounted men, and captured a quantity of stores they were trying to withdraw from Prestonburg. Skirmishing went on until about noon, when the Rebel pickets were driven back upon their main body, and then began the battle. It is not my purpose to describe it; for that has already been ably done, in thirty lines, by the man who won it.

It was a wonderful battle. In the history of this war there is not another like it. Measured by the forces engaged, the valor displayed, and the results which followed it throws into the shade even the achievements of the mighty hosts which saved the nation. Eleven hundred men, without cannon, charge up a rocky hill, over stumps, over stones, over fallen trees, over high intrenchments, right into the face of 5,000 men and twelve pieces of artillery!

For five hours the contest rages. Now the Union forces are driven back; then charging up the hills, they regain the lost ground, and from behind rocks and trees pour in their murderous volleys. Then again they are driven back, and again they charge up the hill, strewing the ground with corpses. So the bloody work goes on; so the battle wavers till the setting sun, wheeling below the hills, glances along the dense line of rebel steel moving down to envelope the weary 1,100. It is an awful moment, big with the fate of Kentucky. At its very crisis two figures stand out against the fading sky boldly defining the foreground. One is in Union blue. With a little band of heroes about him, he is posted on a projected rock, which is scarred with bullets, and in full view of both armies. His head is uncovered, his hair streaming in the wind, his face upturned in the darkening daylight, and from his soul is going up a prayer,—a prayer for Sheldon and Cranor. He turns his eyes to the northward, and his lip tightens, as he throws off his coat, and says to his hundred men: "Boys, we must go at them!"

The other is in rebel gray. Moving out to the brow of the opposite hill, and placing a glass to his eye, he takes a long look to the northward. He starts, for he sees something which the other, on lower ground, does not distinguish. Soon he wheels horse, and the word "Retreat," echoes along the valley between them. It is his last word; for six rifles crack, and the rebel major lies on the ground quivering.

The one in blue looks to the north again, and now, floating proudly among the trees, he sees the starry banner. It is Sheldon and Cranor! The long ride of the scout is at last doing its work for the nation. On they come like the rushing wind, filling the air with their shouting. The rescued eleven hundred take up the strain, and then, above the swift pursuit, above the lessening conflict, above the last boom of the wheeling cannon, goes up the wild huzza of victory. The gallant Garfield has won the day, and rolled back the disastrous tide which has been sweeping on ever since Big Bethel. In ten days Thomas routs Zillcoffer, and then we have and hold Kentucky.

A Curious Fight.

A novel combat was witnessed by a large crowd in Kerry Patch, St. Louis. A bantam game cock made a fierce attack upon a small bull-terrier which had approached close to a number of chickens that were feeding. At first the dog snarled and showed his teeth, but did not attempt to injure his impudent antagonist. The bantam would not be

subdued by such a manifestation of spirit. He flew upon the terrier's back and sticking his spurs in the hair to obtain a foothold, apparently, tried to put out the dog's eyes. Terrier then attempted to snap off the bantam's head, but the latter was too quick. After inflicting some slight wound, bantam flew a short distance and crew shrilly. Then he darted back again and met terrier half way. The terrier was agile and fighting hard, but was never able to get a bite of his opponent. He made a snap every five or six seconds, but the wily rooster always escaped injury. The fight lasted some five minutes, and only once did bantam's life appear to be in imminent danger. Bantam lost some of his feathers in the fight. Terrier lost one eye and considerable blood.

High Priced Fruit.

Mr. John Piper a fruit dealer in San Francisco, gives the following items regarding the price of fruit some years ago on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Piper says the first box of apples of Pacific Coast production which reached San Francisco came in the year 1855 from the ranch of Lewis Allen and Mr. Meade, in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, the owners of the same having crossed the plains in 1846 and having brought fruit trees with them.

Mr. Piper purchased the first lot from the agent, Mr. King, for \$2.50 per pound and retailed the same from \$1 to \$4 and even \$5 apiece. The next steamer, the Columbia, brought another box, for which Mr. Piper offered the same price, which was declined. He finally secured the lot for \$1.12 1/2 each and sold them again to two lads named Keeling (now in the gunsmith business in San Francisco) for \$1.37 1/2 apiece, who in turn peddled them out at \$3 to \$5 apiece.

During the Winter of 1853-4, Mr Piper and Mr. Andrews, who were engaged in the hardware business on Davis street ordered 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of apples shipped from New York City to San Francisco by steamer, paying 50 cents per pound for freight. The apples were packed in sawdust in closed tin cans. Says our informant: "The apples when first opened had a delicious flavor, but turned black in half an hour afterward from the effect of the heat during the twenty days, voyage. Mr. Piper adopted a suggestion from some one to preserve the apples by pickling them in salt water, and sold them pickled for 50 cents apiece, at which price they were readily disposed of. The fruit dealer noticed, however, that customers, after taking a bite would generally throw away the apple in the plaza (Portsmouth Square.) He was afterward advised to bake the pickled apples, by way of variety, and actually sold several hundred dollars' worth baked, for 50 cents apiece."

The first lot of peaches which reached San Francisco (1854) came from Mr. Hill's ranch at Napa, and sold as high as \$50 per dozen; retail. Cherries of Oregon growth were introduced the same year. Mr. Piper purchased the first lot for \$2.50 per pound. Putting them in a clothes-basket he retailed them on the street for 25 cents apiece, and afterwards sold them in his store for \$5 per pound. Strawberries arrived from Alameda in 1854, and cost \$4 a pound wholesale, and heaped up in French soup-bowls, holding a half pound each, were retailed at a high figure. Mr. Piper remembers getting \$11 for a single pear.—The first lot of grapes which came from Los Angeles sold at wholesale as high as 25 cents per pound.

Editors Troubles.

English editors have their troubles. The London *Sporting Times* says: "If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish readers with jokes, he is an idiot; if he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite, is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the 'outs.' If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid."

They were talking about the weights of different individuals in a certain family, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jennie ain't so very light, either, although she looks so." And he looked suddenly conscious, and Jennie became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

No Hospital Needed.

No palatial hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaried talented puffers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.—*New York Independent*. 1827

MUSSER & ALLEN CENTRAL STORE NEWPORT, PENN'A. Now offer the public A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF DRESS GOODS Consisting of all shades suitable for the season. BLACK ALPACCAS AND Mourning Goods A SPECIALITY. BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, AT VARIOUS PRICES. AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS. We sell and do keep a good quality of SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS And everything under the head of GROCERIES! Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines. To be convinced that our goods are CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST, IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK. No trouble to show goods. Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE, Newport, Perry County, Pa. TREES! Why order of unknown and irresponsible agents, when everything of known value can be had, fresh and reliable, and for FAR LESS MONEY By buying Direct from GEO. F. McFARLAND'S RIVERSIDE NURSERIES, Harrisburg, Penn'a. Our location is unequalled for shipping. Five main lines of railroad center here, giving us Cheap Freights and Quick Transit In any direction. Our stock for Spring, 1881, is the largest and finest we have ever offered, comprising Fruit and Shade Trees, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Roses, etc., etc. STRAWBERRY CULTURE Is easy and profitable. We have the best sorts, new and old, for general culture. Prices low. SEND FOR CIRCULARS. Office and Greenhouses: 1422 North Second St. Nurseries: 2 1/2 mi. north of City, on line of P. E. R. Springdale Fruit Farm: 18th, 19th, State and Briggs Streets. Rockville Fruit Farm: 5 miles north, on line of P. E. R. GEO. F. McFARLAND, Proprietor.

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, especially Female Complaints. \$1000 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything imports or injurious found in them. Ask your Druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other. D. I. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. SEND FOR CIRCULARS. All above said by Druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont. 13 45

HELP Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered. Invariably always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine 17. NO BETTER FERTILIZERS CAN BE USED THAN BAUGH'S \$25 PHOSPHATE. BAUGH'S Economical Fertilizer For Potatoes. Have Been Thoroughly Tested. For Circulars and Prices address BAUGH & SONS, 73rd St. 10 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by JONES BROTHERS & CO., Newport, Pa. EMBROIDERIES, EDGINGS, INSERTINGS, and other trimmings. F. MORTIMER. OUR STOCK OF NEW GOODS For Men's Wear is complete. Prices from 12 1/2 cents up. F. MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Pa.