

"I do not."

Seahorn raised his hand deprecatingly. "It don't make a damn bit of difference, Mr. Murdock, whether you admit it or not; it is true nevertheless. In the second place, Mr. Murdock; Mr. Murdock, in the second place, are you not a White Cap?"

"I am not."

"You are not. Very good, very good; you say you are not; but I am constrained to believe, Mr Murdock that you are telling me a damn lie."

"Why waste time in questions," asked Martin. "We have found our man and we know what we came to do."

Hawkins brought his horse nearer the gate, saying they had enough talk, but Seahorn waved him back.

"You confess then, Mr. Murdock," asked Seahorn, "that you murdered Eli Hawkins?"

"I admit that I killed him." A ~~very soft~~ stifled cry of pain came from the vine embowered porch.

"You admit it," said Seahorn. "then that much is settled. Will you tell us why you took his life."

"I will not."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Murdock, if you will go with us a little ways, so that we may not disturb the repose of your family, we will transact our business with you and get back to our homes; for the night is wearing away."

Murdock asked if he might first speak with his daughter.

"Certainly, you may do so," said Seahorn. We will take your parole of non-

or that you will not attempt to escape. We will await your pleasure."

The parting was brief and being over the girl continued to watch her father until he could no longer be distinguished from his captors. Then

her manner changed and with marvelous quickness she began making preparations for a journey into the mountains; donning a riding skirt, a red cloak, a pair of mittens and a ~~wide~~ <sup>straw</sup> hood. Hurrying to the stables she caught and gaddled a roan colt and quickly mounting rode away at a gallop in search of her brother.

Murdock's captors carried him down the Ohassee to a point at which a pair of draw bars opened into a field of wheat, beyond which a little used road passed into and through a thicket of pines, dark and forbidding of aspect. Hawkins was for proceeding at once to extreme measures; first shooting him and afterwards tossing his body into the river and making off as rapidly as possible. Seahorn on the contrary was for doing their work leisurely; with deliberation; as became the representatives of their noble order of the Blue Bills; saying that they had all night in which to kill the man, that he himself was in no hurry, that Murdock was not and that he would be blest if he could see why Bill Hawkins should be.

After much wrangling they decided to take him across the wheat field ~~to the~~ and despatch him among the pines.

They dismounted on the outskirts of an abandoned field, overgrown with sedge grass and looking ~~extremely~~ desolate in the moonlight. Here again they fell to wrangling, Seahorn contending that if they had hunted the world over they could not have found a more unsuitable spot for their work.

"Well, for God Almighty's sake,

"Well for God A'mighty's sake, Seahorn," demanded Martin, "tell us what will satisfy you?"

"This is too near the public road," said Seahorn; "we must further into the mountains, where we can dispose of the body."

They mounted their horses and rode for many miles into the mountains, stopping at length before an empty cabin, by the door of which leaned a spade, left behind by the former occupants of the building. Seahorn would have insisted on proceeding further still had not Hawkins and Martin demanded that the business be finished up at once.

"And if you are so damned anxious to get rid of his body," said Martin, "we'll take up the floor of the house and bury him and put the floor back. Then the devil himself couldn't find him."

To this Seahorn agreed, the digging of the grave being as he said the first sensible suggestion Martin had as yet made. It seemed indeed an ideal place in which to dispose of a murdered man's body, being desolate beyond all description.

The house was full of ghostly suggestions, as abandoned houses usually are; with an evil odor emanating from the damp walls and the moonlight entering through great open spaces in the roof, showing where a wild vine had crept in through an open window and overspread the inner walls.

Having removed a portion of the floor they set to work to dig the grave, it having been tacitly agreed that it would be dug more satisfactorily while their victim was still living, as the presence of a dead man in their midst might result in sudden and hurried flight before the full accomplishment of their purposes.

It was the idea of a dead man in his life that troubled Seahorn and led him to ~~take~~ make elaborate preparations for the execution of the work in hand; such as ~~to take~~ taking measurements and staking off the ground in which the grave was to be dug, much to Martin's disgust, who conceived that all that was need was a hole in which to dump him. For in casting lots as to who should fire the fatal shot the choice had fallen on ~~Seahorn~~ Seahorn and his cheeks paled at the thought of it.

In the gruesome work they had in hand they forced the old man himself to take part and in the dim light his body could be seen rising and falling as he labored, his companions looking on in drunken solemnity as they sat together on an old bench against the eastern wall; while the conviction grew upon Seahorn that if this old man were killed the dead would walk beside him to the end of his days; lying down and rising up with him; traveling with him; dancing, fiddling, drinking; a silent, voiceless ~~unseen~~ and unbearable presence, which he could no more shake off than <sup>olden</sup> than could those unfortunates of ~~ancient~~ times the ~~dead~~ dead to which they were bound in punishment of their crimes. ~~Not so~~ Even less so; for the dead would rot and their bones would fall away when ~~the process~~ decomposition had wrought its end; while for the spirit of the dead ~~wh~~ that should go with him there would be no decay, no processes of dissolution..

When the grave had been sunk some three feet into the earth the old man began as it were to imperceptible disappear. The talk of Hawkins, Martin and Hensly had fallen ~~upon~~ upon the merits of the dead Eli, as fighter, fid-

whiskey  
dler, boon companion; whose greatest enemy was ~~the whiskey~~, which he could never resist, being drunk about half of his time; when they gradually became aware that the light had left the cabin and that the figure in the grave could no longer be either seen or heard. Then the room suddenly grew light again and they were struck dumb as they beheld him in the attitude of prayer, with hands and agonized face uplifted, and in the coming and going of the light which followed the fear seized upon them that mighty events were taking shape in answer to his prayer. They had reckoned with the possibility of human intervention but not with that of dread the powers of the unseen world.

Then a far of, continuous and sullen roar arose and they knew that somewhere in the mountains a storm was raging, voicing it might be the ~~wrath~~ wrath of the Almighty himself. White spectral mists came down from the heights above and hovered about the spot, ~~and~~ lingered among the pines and hurried away, like ghostly spies upon their work. Tumultuous winds came out of the gorges and shook the cabin as if to test its strength, hissing and shrieking and dying away <sup>whispering</sup> into zephyrs.

They called loudly to the old man to get out and let the work alone. For the night had grown wild and tempestuous, with the thunders rolling far and wide in their anger. One half of the roof was torn away, leaving the rafters bare against the flaming sky; with the scarlet trumpet flowers suddenly aglow against the green walls, tossing wildly. It seemed as if the house itself must go, so violently blew the winds, so long and so heavily feel the rains.

Joel Murdock rose from the grave he had been digging and sought shelter under that portion of the roof which was still intact; seeing in this turmoil of the elements the hand of the Lord uplifted for his salvation. It was not for himself, however, that he had been praying, but <sup>that</sup> for the blessings of the Almighty might rest upon those whom he was leaving behind; upon her who unknown to him was out in this night of storm and darkness, seeking in her weak way to save him; and upon that other one, a stranger to his kind, whose lot had been cast among the shadows and for whom he experienced so much of sorrow and so much of love.

again

Scarcely had the storm began to abate when a dispute arose as to what was to be done with their prisoner. Seahorn was for turning him over to the courts, saying he was sick of the whole business, and in this he was seconded by Hensely, much to the indignation of the other two, who like Pharich ~~of the oppression~~ hardened their hearts the moment the danger appeared to have been averted. In the end it was agreed that the matter should be left to the decision of a man named Jack Kennedy, <sup>one</sup> a man of their own order, who lived some miles away in the mountains; and so they set out, leaving the ~~open~~ unfilled grave as an insoluble mystery to whomsoever might find it.

Nelly Murdock could not maintain the pace at which she had set out and at the end of a mile the roan colt fell into a rapid walk. They followed the course of the Chassee, with the moon and a bevy of stars riding above the mountain ranges in the east, their reflections gleaming like silver among the shadowy hemlocks which darkened the smooth surface of the river. From the woods came the ~~odor~~ faint odor of the trailing

arbutus, the cry of the wild cat and the barking of a fox, bringing a certain measure of relief, like the ~~un~~unexpressed sympathy of tried friends, from the gloomy forebodings which pressed upon her spirits.. Again and again the realization of what her father had done came upon her with overwhelming force; burning its way into her consciousness; filling her soul with wonder and amazement, and an answering love that seemed wide as the universe.

Her way led through the gorges of the upper tributaries of the Ohassee; among the gloomy shades of hemlock forests; through thickets of flowering rhododendron, heaps of drift wood gleaming white in the moonlight, rocky fords with their roar of rushing waters; through moonlit coves where the white mists crept across the meadows and stole in ghostly array through the dim colonnades of the forest. Once she was stopped by a moonshiner who stood with grounded gun beneath a spreading beech, but on learning her name he allowed her to pass on.

She came at length to the "Chimney Rock", a <sup>crowned</sup> grey, pine ~~covered~~ mass of sandstone rising out of the gloom of ~~the~~ a gorge into the full radiance of the upper air; at which point she left the Ohassee and began the long ascent of the Great Smoky Mountains. The moon had traveled far into the southern heavens, but through some unnoted change in direction seemed first to stand still, as it once halted at the command of the Hebrew in the valley of Ajalon; and then to turn back, as if the better to light and guide her on her way up the steep slopes and around the rugged spurs of the mountains.

An hour later she was riding among the precipices, with the dim form of

the Chimney Rock rising out of abysmal darkness far below. The moon had disappeared and she found her way with difficulty. Her thoughts were of her father and brother, whose idol and pride she had been since the days of her infancy, the three living happily together in their mountain home, except for a shadow, vaguely comprehended but none the less real, which hung over it. The trouble had been with George and she saw now that many things which had been obscure to her mind had been clear to her father's. "And it was to save him," she cried again and again, "that he did this."

And all through her thoughts like a scarlet thread there ran the memory of the handsome stranger. <sup>P</sup> most desirable The ~~want~~ things in life are not those which are to be obtained by labor and strife; love comes like the sunshine and the ~~precious and rare and precious~~ flowery tides of spring unsought; a thing too precious for barter and sale. The handsome stranger had but gone by, ~~like a bright winged bird in its flight,~~ and forthwith her heart was his.

Of Seahorn she thought with a feeling of bitterness bordering upon hatred; as the embodiment of all that was ungracious and unlovable; a hated Blue Bill who had taken it upon himself to hunt her father down like some wild beast. Almost she wished that he might fall a victim to her brother's wrath; yet the thought was never fully wrought out, for her disposition turned ~~was~~ to love rather than to hate.

She could no longer see her way among the precipices, except by the intermittent light that came from the west where a storm was brewing. She wondered where her father was at that hour, not knowing but that the end had already come. Fearing to go forward she brought the colt to a stop



underneath an overhanging cliff, against whose grey walls in vivid illumination could be seen ~~the~~ purple colias and pale green trailing mosses; dwarf cedars rooted among the crevices and banks of ferns tossed by the winds. ~~The storm raged and howled~~ Behind the pine crowned spurs and domes of the Smokies the lightnings played back and forth incessantly across the storm's front, presenting a scene so terrible that the girl instinctively raised her hand to her eyes and prayed for deliverance. And it pleased God, as she thought, <sup>to hear her prayer</sup> to divert the storm from its course, and in her simple faith she found comfort in the thought that she and hers were in the keeping of <sup>the</sup> a loving and all powerful Father above.

Far up on the highest slopes a black bear crossed her path and ~~ambled~~ ambled away across a field of young corn into a wood beyond and again her <sup>heart-</sup>swelled in gratitude to the Providence that had shielded her from the perils of her long and lonely journey.

The long night ended as she rode out onto one of the bald spaces which crown the highest summits of the Smokies, the dawn being ushered in by the song of innumerable birds. She thought again of the ~~stranger~~ handsome stranger as ~~she watched~~ <sup>to</sup> as she turned her eyes westward where <sup>The</sup> crimson peaks rose above ledges of mica shining like silver among the red granites which overlooked the low lying fogs and purple isles of the Oconelufy Valley.

Others had looked upon that scene, dreaming of the day when that modern alchemist, the geared engine, should climb those rugged heights to transmute the wealth of mine and forest, kaolin and corundum, balsam and oak, into gold; when the black smoke of the furnace should be mingled with the

white mists of the mountains and the profanity of the lumber camp should supplant the song of the birds; but none had ever seen more of its beauties nor comprehended more of its meaning.

~~Everywhere~~ She rode into a region of birches where a pileated wood pecker, tearing great flakes of dead wood from a decaying tree trunk, paused in his work to peer at this moving apparition in red and white which had invaded his woodlands, and ~~thinking it best to be prudent~~ flew away, carolling as he went. Since the days of the trilobite nothing so fine had ever passed that way; nothing so spiritually beautiful, so worthy of love, so capable of loving.

She passed beneath the overhanging, dew-laden branches of a lash-horn into the open pasture lands, where the herders' cattle grazed, and lifted their eyes to the vision in white and red which moved so swiftly through their feeding grounds, greatly provoking the wrath of an old bull, who tore a young pine from the earth in his anger. A moment later she saw the smoke of George's cabin.

Word went round among the herders that Nell Murdock had come, and each one on hearing of it abandoned whatever enterprise he may have had on hand for that day. Everywhere there was lathering of faces and scrubbing of necks and putting on of clean shirts, the combing of tousled hair, merry making and the "dragging" of companions, the burden of their queries being, "What is the devil are you dressing up for? You don't suppose she is going to speak to you?"

One by one they came in, with their hats off, and looked into her sweet

~~shining face~~ as she

smiling face as she took their hands and called them by name, each flattered to know that she remembered him. They found seats on boxes and on the door steps; and talked; each having some story to tell illustrative of the folly or stupidity of <sup>his</sup> some companion; each eager to share in her favor; each ~~planning~~ planning some adventure for her amusement; each vaingloriously boasting ~~that~~ of holding her in greater estimation than the others. To see her smile was worth a week's wages and a kind word from her was an incident to be remembered long afterward. So they vied with one another as to who should show her the ~~greatest~~ most attention and indulged in good natured raillery at one another's expense.

"Did you ever see me look like an idiot?" a boy of fifteen asked, crossing his eyes and giving to his face a most idiotic expression.

"Did you ever see him when he didn't look like an idiot?" asked another, laughing.

The girl smiled sadly and they felt somehow that she was hurt. Presently they came to know that she was in trouble, though of what nature they learned but little. She might have taken them all back with her had she so wished; but it was only necessary she told them that George should go.

In the little time she was with them she noticed that they never jested with George as they did with one another. The truth was plain; it would have been unkind. He was a ~~great~~ blue-eyed giant with curling whiskers; great in heart but weak in intellect; how weak she had never dared to think before.

Two hours after her arrival she set out on her return journey with her brother, followed by the farewells of the hearers, one of whom frankly

told her he wished she had not come; it would be so lonely when she was gone.

A tipsy cavalcade rode down the quiet streets of Sharpsburg. In the lead came Seahorn, followed by Jack Kennedy, with Martin and Hensely in the rear. Behind Kennedy, who was <sup>a</sup> short black bearded man, ~~was~~ rode Joel Murdock. After listening to much heated discourse Kennedy had decided ~~with~~ that it would be best to turn their prisoner over to the courts ~~and~~ and it was for this reason they had come to town and were now seeking the sheriff's office.

The sheriff they learned was out of town nor could any of his deputies be found.

"By God, then," said Hawkins, "let's put him in jail."

This seemed not only the proper thing to do but the only thing that could be done and they cordially agreed that this should be done at once; for they were all heartily tired of the whole business and anxious to have it over with.

They therefore ~~went out~~ <sup>proceeded</sup> at once <sup>to</sup> for the jail, a squat square structure of granite with massive walls and little barred windows, at one of which a face and ~~unkept~~ <sup>unkempt</sup> head were to be seen.

Hawkins's spirits rose as he looked upon the grim walls and the face at the window, conceiving that when Murdock should have been lodged inside he could annoy him from without ~~by~~ with abusive epithets and might even heave a brick at him now and then when the jailor was off his guard.

Although the jailor was not at his office he presently appeared, coming

down an alley; having in some way heard of their arrival. Without any delay he took a key from his pocket, unlocked the door and ushered them into his office. Having told them to be seated he removed his hat and asked them abruptly what they wanted.

Having been informed that they wished to lodge Murdock in jail he asked to be shown the warrant authorizing his arrest.

They regarded one another with looks bordering upon consternation, having had no thought that a warrant might be demanded of them.

"Is a warrant necessary in making an arrest?" asked Seahorn.

"Not in all cases," said the jailor. "Where a man is known to be a murderer f'rinstance he may be arrested without one. In this case the law presupposes that there is not sufficient time to obtain one."

"There is no doubt about his being a murderer," said Hawkins. "He admits it. All we ~~we~~ want is to turn him over to you and let him be tried ~~before~~ in the courts."

"Who did he kill?" asked the jailor.

"Eli Hawkins."

"I thought Eli suicided;" the jailor replied.

"It was thought so," said Seahorn, "but we have since learned differently."

"Where did you capture him?"

"At his home."

"How long after Eli's death?"

"Something like a week."

The jailor mused for a time in silence. "So you captured him without a warrant. Has he been given a preliminary ~~hearing~~ trial?"

"No," admitted Seahorn, " he has not."

"Then I can't receive him," said the jailor emphatically.

"Not receive a murderer?"

"I do not know that he is a murderer," he replied, " and if he were I ~~was~~ could not receive him ~~without~~ without authority from some source, and you do not seem to have any." He put on his hat and pose to go.

"But what are we to do with him?" asked Martin. "We can't spend the rest of our natural lives looking after him."

"Do what you please with him," said the jailor, ~~opening the door~~. He held the door ajar for them to pass out, locked it and went his way; leaving them crestfallen and indignant in the open space in front of the jail, with the face behind the bars looking down upon them with a sardonic grin. Hawkins had at no time much respect for the law and he now had less than ever, baffled as he was by the apparent impossibility of getting a confessed malefactor into jail. What he asked were prisons for any way, and fell to cursing the jailor, the courts, his own soul and the face at the window. ; being especially severe on that large class of mankind who are to be lost on account of their folly; in which category both he included himself and Seahorn.

"All this," he declared " comes of one infernal fool listening to another."

Then the man behind the bars ~~substantly~~ lifted up his voice in profane vituperation, directed chiefly to the maintenance of the proposition that Hawkins was an idiot; continuing to rail after them as they moved down the alley with a crowd of ragamuffins at their heels.

Seahorn counseled patience and proposed that they look up a justice of the

peace; to which they agreed; but it was night before they found one.

~~young men at the inn walked over to hear the proceedings.~~

A number of young men came over from an inn to listen to the proceedings.

Fugate was a man of few words and undemonstrative and the trial dragged slowly along until he asked the prisoner if he had anything to say;

at which juncture there came the sound of hurried questions by some one

in the street and soon a giant in a short coat was seen to stride into

the room, followed by a girl in a red cloak and brown curls. At sight

of his son and daughter the old man fell to trembling violently. An anx-

ious frown rested on the girl's face and her eyes aches with unshed

tears; but there came a lightening of her burden when in looking about

her she ~~the room she~~ became aware that the stranger of whom she thought so much

was in the room.

George Murdock had been instructed as to what he should say and striding forward he began abruptly:

"There has been a mistake, 'Squire. I am t'e man as killed Eli Hawkins; it war not my father at all, an' he mus be sot free. I'll tell you how it wuz, 'Squire. When I found it nec'ssary to kill Eli Hawkins I shot him wi' my rifle. And my father say there war no law in t'e land any more; only t'e White Caps and t'e Blue Bills, and if t'e Blue Bills find it out they will kill me, for he war a Blue Bill. And my father persuade me to go to t'e mountains and herd cattle and he would take t'e body across t'e river and and let <sup>at</sup> pass for a suicide; for he say there were no longer any law in t'e land. So I did. And ~~last~~ last night my sitser came for me, and she say my father left his own pistol by t'e dead man, instead of his own; so't he might take t'e murder on himself. Which my sitser say war not right and which I would not"ov' gone had I known it And when t'e Blue

Bills ketched my father he say he war t'e man as killed Eli Hawkins; but it war not so; I am t'e man. So that is t'e way of it. My sitser say there was much talk as why Eli came back from Oklahoma. I can tell you why, 'Squire; he got drunk and he come back to see my sitser and he was raisin' hell wi' her when I found it ~~nee~~ nec'ssary to kill him. And so-

"Let me say a few words, Squ, re," said the father when the girl had suddenly pulled her brother into a seat beside her. " All that my son says is true and I am as you see an accessory after the fact to the killing of this young man. I regret it deeply. The act itself was justifiable ; nor should I have attempted to ~~conceal~~ cover it up had it not seemed to me that in no other way could I save my son from ~~the~~ death at the hands of the ~~secret~~ organization known as the Blue Bills. And the impulse came upon me, 'Squire, I know not why, to draw suspicion on myself; being as you see an old man and having at best only a few more years to live. It was to save my son that I did it, and ~~it~~

The justice interrupted him to enquire if the sheriff had returned and on being answered in the affirmative sent for him.

"And now Mr. Murdock," he said, " I wish to ask you a few questions, and you will please remember that you are on oath. What, in so far as you could judge, was the condition of these men when they arrested you?"

"They had been drinking."

"They had been drinking. Were they disguised in any way?"

"The upper part of their faces were concealed with black masks."

"They were in disguise then. Did they say for what purpose they had come?"

"I understood from their talk and their manner that they had come in-



tending to take my life."

"Did you inders and that they had come to arrest you with the intention of turning you over to the courts for trial?"

"Not at first; that idea came later."

The sheriff appeared in the doorway.

"Have a seat, Hedrick," said ~~the~~ Fugate. "Did they subject you to any indignities, Mr. Murdock, while they had you in charge."

"Squire," he said, trembling with abger, "they set me to digging my own grave, in ~~the depth of the mountains~~; I suffered every sort of indignity which it was in the hearts of drunken men to inflict, and but for the intervention of the Almighty himself I doubt not I should have suffered death at their hands."

George was struggling to rele ase himself from his sister's <sup>hold</sup> ~~hals~~ upon his hand, but she whispered some word in his ear which had the effect of rendering him quiet.

"Hedrick," said Fugate, "you will please put these five men under arrest and commit them to jail for the night. Tomorrow I will consider the question of bail!"

Again George made a violent effort to break awy from his sister and again she quieted him ~~by~~ with a whisper.

"If your honor plese," said Seahorn, getting to his feet, while Nelly relaxed her hold on her brother's hand." "It seems to me that we are not all equally guilty."

The girl regarded him with an expression of horror and amazement, while George's hand slipped from her grasp.

"Mr. Kennedy here," continued Seahorn, "had nothing whatever to with the arrests, not having been present. He has been connected with the affair only to the extent of deciding a dispute which had arisen among us as to what disposition should be made of our prisoner; and his decision was that we should bring him to town and deliver him up to the sheriff until such time as he could have a fair trial for his life. And I submit, your honor, that he should not be included in the sentence which you have just passed."

The girl's amazement increased. The handsome stranger was Seahorn himself. "Kennedy will not be included in the sentence," said the 'squire." As for the charges against Mr. Murdock, they are dismissed. The killing seems to have been justifiable."

"If your honor please," said Hawkins with a defiant air. What he intended to say none ever knew, for George Murdock had also risen and with a terrific blow in the face he sent him somersaulting through a window into the street.

Hawkins had no clear idea of what followed. Wherever he looked he saw golden stars floating through the darkness, and there was an incessant ringing in his ears, the sound of rushing waters and the trampling of innumerable feet. There was <sup>a</sup> dull throbbing pain in his head <sup>and</sup> in a sudden flare of light he beheld a sea of human faces whirling around him while the ground seemed to be slipping from beneath his feet. Then he set out on what seemed an endless journey and had his attention fixed on the ceaseless turning of wagon wheels. He wondered why he should be in a wagon and was conscious of a hiatus in his thoughts as he made out

the outlines of some animal in harness for which he could find no name. He could not remember now when the journey in the wagon began and conceived great fear of the figure beside him, who was not to be antagonized in any way, lest he should increase the horrible pain in his head. He had trouble with his hands and wondered why he could not get them apart. Then he saw the face of the jailor again and fancied he meant to do him some injury.

At length he was lying down upon a bed which went steadily round and round, always to the left, as did the faces ~~of the room~~ <sup>the</sup> about him and walls of the room. His hands were free now and he liked that; but when he had adjusted his pillow and thought he might sleep he suddenly found himself in a green walled room with waving trumpet flowers and lurid flames issuing from a newly made grave. So he was dead at last and in torment; he understood at all now; the hammering and the voices and the pain. Raising himself upon his elbow he saw as he thought the face of the dread being in whose service he had spent the greater part of his life; strangely like George Martin's and like his full of vile oaths. Then the hammering was heard again and a voice like that of the man he had seen at the grated window called out,

" I say, you must be a hot tempered cuss. But 't'will do you no good to swear. You had best get a lawyer and be tried before the new judge takes his seat. You will stand no show with him."

He wondered what it was the man had said and listening intently heard him say that either the bed was too short or he was too long and he would have to cut off his legs before he could sleep comfortably. He wondered

which he was capable; disappearing and reappearing behind a hedge of wild roses; but never once slackening in his pace.

"Mother, mother," he cried as he sped up the path to the house. "Eli Hawkins is dead. They ha' found him in Morgan's barn."

The mother laid her hand on his shoulder, stopping him in the torrent of his speech.

"Johnny, what are you talking about?" she demanded. "Eli Hawkins is in Oklahoma."

"He's dead, he's dead," cried the boy. "I seen him. He's dead in Morgan's barn."

The mountaineer expressed surprise, astonishment, incredulity; but the mother and the boy set off at a run without waiting to hear him. Then he mounted his gaunt horse and ~~set off at a run~~ followed at a fast trot and with such a show of haste as seemed becoming under the circumstances.

Again he climbed the ~~wooden~~ little ladder, and ascended through the trap door and stood beside the dead man.

"Is it the man you thought it was?" he asked of the ~~mother and the boy~~ boy's mother.

"Yes, it's Eli Hawkins," she answered; but how did he ever get here?"

"He must have grown tired of life," the mountaineer suggested.

"Do you think he killed himself?" the woman asked.

"It would seem so," he said. "There is a bullet hole through his breast and a pistol by his side."

"Poor boy," said the woman, "and he was not ready to go. He died in his sins. Do you think a suicide could be saved?"

"As to that I can't say," he replied, closely eyeing the pistol and wishing that he might turn it over. "You say he had recently gone west?"

"Only a week ago," she answered. "I had not heard of his return."

"It is very strange," said Murdock.

"Young man leaned forward as if to examine the pistol.

"Don't do that," said the mountaineer. "You must never touch anything

of a man that's found dead until the ~~man~~ cor'ner's jury sets on him. it's against the law."

"I haint a gwine to touch it," the young man said, getting down upon his knees beside it. "This ain't Eli's pistol. It's got J.M. on the handle. I wonder who J.M. is?"

Murdock appeared not to have heard the question, but he made no effort to divert the conversation into other channels.

As the crowd increased the mountaineer and the woman with whom he had been talking went below.

"I am afraid," she said as they stood apart from the others, "that this is the work of the White Caps."

"You think then it is not a case of suicide?" he asked.

~~"That's a suspicious look."~~

"The pistol, they say is not his,"

"That has a suspicious look."

"I would not want you to repeat what I say."

"Of course not."

"They say he was a Blue Bill and the White Caps had threstened ~~him~~ him."

Murdock's face white<sup>d</sup> and a tremor appeared upon his lips, but the woman had turned her eyes down the road to where a gaunt, griggled man on horseback came at a gallop, followed by a young man of a heavy build.

"Here comes his father," said the woman, "and his brother Bill. They will be terrible men to deal with if they think there has been foul play."

A silence fell upon ~~the~~ all as the ~~men~~ men climbed into the loft. The father knelt beside his son, sobbingly audibly, while his other son stood erect with folded arms and scowling face, at heart suspicious and ~~yearning~~ yearning for some object upon which he might wreak vengeance for his brother's death.

"I feel sorry for the old man," the woman resumed in a low voice. "During the war he was a desperado and ~~he~~ he

... and is known to have killed two men in cold blood. For ~~twenty~~ <sup>twenty</sup> years he has never slept without a candle burning beside him. That's because his conscience hurts him he is a fraid of the dark. But of late years he has joined the church and is trying ~~to do better~~ make amends for the past."

A jury was being empaneled by the coroner, the trap door having been closed.

"He was the worst of a bad lot," said the woman.

"Who was?" asked Murdock.

"Eli Hawkins."

"Do you know why he went to Oklahoma?" he presently asked.

"As I say he was a Blue Bill and the Blue Bills hate the White Caps worse than the devil hates holy water. But in my opinion the pot's as black as the kittle. Anyway the Blue Bills recently beat an old woman ~~and~~ to death, all but; and he had a hand in it."

"Who did?"

"Eli Hawkins. She was seventy six years old. She may not ha' been a good woman byt she didn't deserve to be beat to death. "I would not want you to repeat what I been saying."

"Of course not."

"It is a strange thing to me that all these secret associations ~~begin~~ begin by beating women."

"It is becace they are a set of cowards."

~~They are cowards, and they are cowards, and they are cowards.~~ "It would seem so," she answered, "but that ain't the reason. I know a lot of the Blue Bills and they are not cowards. Eli Hawkins was not a coward, and Bill Hawkins is not, and Link Seahorn is not. That ain't the reason."

"You think not?" he answered absently.

"It must be that in the outset there is something good in them."

"In who?"

"~~They~~ in these secret societies; the White Caps and the Blue Bills."

"There is not the leest color of good in any of them," he answered warmly.

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With the assistance of Aunt Peggy the old man concocted a stew of honey, vinegar, butter and other ingredients which he said would relieve the tightness in his chest, and which he heated in a tin cup over a little bed of coals in a corner of the great fireplace. Tiny wreaths of vapor, laden with pungent odors, soon began to rise from the cup, and expressing Micajah's satisfaction with the result the old man went away. Presently Peggy went off to bed and Jennings was left alone with his the capacity of nurse and doctor for the first time in his life.

He pinned his faith to the vinegar stew, which he attended sedulously, and to the assurances of the old man that a night's rest would leave Micajah much improved. His mind would have been at rest had it not been for a vague uneasiness caused by the ~~man's~~ incoherent talk which now and then came from the bed in the corner. Micajah seemed to be having trouble with a flock of sheep which ~~he~~ broken into a meadow.

At intervals he laughed wildly; so that Jennings felt like flying from the room. "I want you to take this medicine," he said, approaching the bed with the stew.

"Is dat you, Marse Tom?" he asked.

"This is Marse Tom," Jennings said, passing his arm underneath the negro's neck in order to raise him upon his elbow.

"What is we Marse Tom?" Micajah asked, peering ~~through~~ into the dark shadows that filled the room. "Is we back at de ole place? If ve is I wish you tell Miz Kate I like to speak ~~de~~ her; if yo' please, sur." "Kate is not here," Jennings answered sorrowfully. "Here is some medicine I want you to take. Are you ~~awake~~?"

"Yes, sur, Is awake," said Micajah. "Is it bitter medicine, Marse Tom."

"No, it is not bitter. It is a stew made of vinegar and honey. It has a pleasant taste."

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to answer his accusers, with his own mind filled with doubts, his soul cried out, 'Yet I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

"There it is. Job's intellect said, 'I don't know'; his soul said, 'I do know'. And that is the ~~answer of the soul~~ soul's answer to the infidel.

"But how do you know? Nicodemus said 'Master, how can these things be?' Jesus said, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whether it goeth. So is every one that is born of the spirit.' We can't explain how we know it, but nevertheless we know it."

Johnny turned <sup>a</sup>gin to his sister to see what effect his words had upon her."

"I remember once," she said, "that at a camp meeting a young man who had been at the mourner's bench for a week rose to his feet and began shaking hands with those around him and then sat down. ~~And~~ Afterward the preacher came to him and asked him if he were satisfied that he had obtained the blessing, and he pointed to his heart and said, 'I know it!'. "Yes," said the blacksmith, "'I know it'. That, you remember was the cry of the dying Jacob. He was old and blind and at the point of death and he called his sons about him to receive his blessing. He had said to Judah, 'The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor the lawgiver from between his feet till Shiloh come,' a prophecy which had continuous fulfillment through many centuries, and then he turned to Joseph's sons. And when Joseph sought to guide his hands saying this was the older and the younger he cried out impatiently, 'I know it, my son, I know it.' It was his soul that spoke, for he was blind.

"And that, my friends, is my philosophy; that I have worked out for



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for myself; a little ~~stitching~~ by little; as I found time; over my anvil; or lying awake at night. It may not be right, but it satisfies me. I find comfort in it, and it offers me a full and complete explanation of all the injustice I see in this life."

Thenceforward it was to be Johnny's philosophy also. ~~and of his children~~  
~~astorship~~

Nukkie Kowana.

"You want buy dawg?"

It was Nukkie Kowana, the friend of the <sup>Jack Philips</sup> ~~Miterson~~, who spoke, sitting on a black pony and holding in his arms a small dog whose appearance he had sought to improve by cutting off his tail. His question was addressed to Jack Philips who was in the act of unharnessing his horses.

"No, don't want to buy no dog," said Jack. "No way to keep him."

"He mighty good dawg," Nukkie Kowana insisted.

"What is he good fur, Nukkie?"

"Oh, tree squul', run after Jack rab't, bark at buffalo."

"He is a regular, all round good dawg then," said Jack. "What do you ask fur him, Nukkie?"

"Oh, fift' cent, dollar, dollar an' half."

"Well, now, Nukkie, tell me," said Jack, "does he bark in English or Cherokee?"

"M-m. I see you want joke with me, Mr. Jack Philips. Well, dass all right. I like you because you jokey man. Sometime I joke with you. When I not like a man I not joke with him. Hoting. He bark in all languidg'. Ha."

"Get down, Nukkie and take supper with me and we'll crack some more jokes."

"Kanikitie. I go home; ride thirt' mile. You frien' Nukkie Kowana? M-m?"

"Yes, I am, Nukkie," said Jack. "We 've been good friends, you and me."

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"You not learn, speak Indian yet. I like not that English langwidg'. Too much words. ~~You say I wish and I want and you have a word, I would.~~ You say I wish and I want and you have a word, I would. In Indian it is all ogatoula. You see that line trees? Beyond that is Osage. This side Cherokee. My mother was Osage."

"Was she," said Jack, "So you are half Osage."

"Yes, yes," said Nukkie Kowana. "My grand father was Osage chief. Old man; come see us; sit up late in wigwan. Talk about old times; ~~about~~ ~~times~~ when Cheraik live' beyond the Mississip'; bout Leni-lenapees, Aljonquin; Seminole; Indian wars, Tecumseh, Black Hawk. Grandfather was mad, mad. Old men for peace; young Osage all for war."

"Speak plainly, Nukkie," said Jack. "You can trust me."

"Nukkie Kowana ride thirt' Mile to see Jack Phillips, who was good friend of Nukkie. Bring dawg along. Now I will go back home. Sieou."

"But hold on, Nukkie," said Jack. "Do you mean to say that the Osages are going to attack us."

"M-m."

"When is it to be?"

"Oh, Frid'night, maybe. You <sup>have</sup> ~~see~~ talk with Texan; look out for coyote. Coyote come creeping, creeping. Watch out, ~~when~~ ~~but~~. Cut halter, stam-pede horse; 'cut throat, use tomahawk, take children' scalp. See Texan. Tex-an say how you know? You say friend, but not say who. If he say Nukkie Kowana? you say kanikitie; no, it was not Nukkie Kowana."

The Indian turned to ride away.

"Wait a minute, Nukkie," said Jack. "I can't take your dog, but here is some money for your trouble."

"Hoting, " said Nukkie, " No, no, no, no. I was friend of Jack Phillips."

With that the Indian turned and rode away, not once looking back.

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Chapter

The Midnight Battle.

The days which followed Nukkie Kowana's warning were days of anxiety, of ceaseless preparation ~~by the army and~~ and constant watchfulness. The wigwams of the Osages were deserted, their fields abandoned; not an Indian was to be seen.

The mountaineer's daughter had never seemed so near and dear to Jennings as in those days of danger, when at every halt he found his way to her side as she sat in the rear of her father's canvas covered wagon, to see her face light up with smiles at his coming, the color mount to her cheeks; the thing of beauty that John Buck had told him of and of which Keats sung. ~~and whose loveliness seemed to interest~~

There are smiles and looks which a man will remember for a lifetime and long to see ~~once~~ once more, things the most fleeting, the most precious and the most lasting that life can give us. For a smile and a laughing voice fortunes have been piled up and spent, lives turned from their courses, souls purified, heights scaled, evils overcome. It was the beauty and the prattle of this mountain girl which had moved the heart of the Yale graduate, holding him true to his ideals in the midst of unholy pursuits; a beauty which he never once thought of possessing but which yet called forth the best that was in him; a beauty not to be fought for, nor fought over, but to be commended to all men for its purity and its loveliness. None knew better than the slave dealer what life in its great aspects meant, what its prizes were, what courses brought joy and what might be expected to bring sorrow; what the ball room had to give, and the church and the state and the city and the sea and the plain and the mountain; he was a man of wealth, a man of business, a man capable of judging, and it was his opinion that this mountain girl, and others like her, was capable of <sup>arousing as exciting in</sup> imparting to man the keenest enjoyment of which

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...aking of Jake, as a the words of a song will sometimes do when the t  
thoughts a're busy with other matters.

"Ashburn set in the centre," the voice said, "with an ox gad four to six  
feet long; our writing deck was a slab fastened to the wall with hooks;  
our windows was a chink pashed out between the logs, a newspaper paper  
over the crack, then greased. Our pens we would catch an 'ole fender, take  
quill from his wing, then Ashburn would make a pen. As for our slate  
we would go to the creek, get a piece of soap stone, shave it  
off with it was the size of a woman's little finger. As  
spelling book called the United States spelling book  
he called Cobbs. Then a great many took the new testament, I for  
one. The teacher had no watch. We would listen for some one of the farm-  
er's ladyies to blow the horn; then the teacher would make a noon mark  
in the door by the sun. We used to have some great spelling school, go  
two or three miles to spell. We had some gay times, you ought to have n  
heard them-"

She wondered why that conversation kept ringing in her ears and had a  
hard time keeping the old man out of her thoughts. Then she thought of  
the next day when Jake helped her across the river; of the boulders in  
the stream, as large as cabins; of the scholla of red mirrors with gold  
and silver reflections; of the banks of laurel and ivy on the mountain  
side; of a hawk pursued by noisy crows. She thought of how good Jake was  
and that it would not be hard for her to love him. Then as she  
drow her thoughts became disconnected and she saw squirrels following  
feather rows, small waterfalls in dark hollows, men hawling saw logs, oxen  
knee deep in the river. She roused up for a moment and thought of how she  
was going to love Jake and fell asleep.

She awoke before it was and with a feeling of relief thought again  
of Jake at some strange reason which made her uncomfortable.

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thoughts would not stay with him, but reverted instead to a certain rain-day at her old home ~~by the mountains~~ and with singular distinctness she saw the mists rising from the mountain sides, the steady fall of the rain, the pools of water in the grassy yard, the bubbling bubbles ~~in the stream~~. She saw the swaying of a rose bush with a score of buds and a single full blown roseswaying in the wind, the rain swept garden, the ~~shadow be-~~ and it and the clouds upon the mountains beyond. She ~~entered~~ ~~now~~ she should think so constantly of that particular ~~day~~ ~~she~~ could not ~~forget~~ ~~it~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~life~~. Then ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~old~~ ~~fear~~ took hold upon her that ~~to~~ ~~what~~ ~~she~~ ~~would~~ ~~she~~ ~~could~~ ~~not~~ ~~escape~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~fate~~ ~~of~~ ~~loving~~ ~~a~~ ~~man~~ ~~who~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~love~~ ~~her~~.

Day after day she fought a losing battle, her heart stubbornly refusing to give up its idol. She became nervous, starting at sudden noises, hearing strange voices uttering strange expressions; such as, "Why don't you keep your end up," "It's rolled under the bed," "If I was you I wouldn't go."

She became listless, pallid and grew despondent again. Her appetite became capricious, her head ached and she began to grow weak. And in the end she who had been accounted so beautiful seemed wasting away onto a shadow of her former self and would sit ~~with~~ with head bowed upon her knees, like a weeping Niobe, utterly miserable.

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of a joyous spirit and a gurgling laugh. The king's riches included all that ~~the~~ the earth could give or his heart could wish for. Ruth's riches were limited to a half dozen faded and tattered gowns and a few ribbons. Solomon's power was felt over half the earth; Ruth's over the half of a little band of emigrants. Solomon's wisdom was the despair of the Sheban queen; Ruth had scarcely ~~more~~ more than the lilies. Yet when the Hebrew king was crying "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," Ruth in the joy of her heart declared that everything was good, as the Creator had said of his works in the beginning.

Ruth had learned the lesson of the lilies, that she was to be taken care of, and despite her poverty and the fact that she lived in a wicked world in which the poor beign ground into atoms by the rich, she was a very happy girl, or a happy woman as she would have said, and would have continued to be such, had it not been for that skeleton in her closet, so remorselessly dragged forth by Nan Marshall on the night at the forge. Before that storm Ruth bowed her head like the lilies and felt that she could never raise it again. She could never go back now to the forge, nor listen to the merry talk about it, nor join in the laughter, nor ever be happy any more as long as she lived; and all on account of a foolish little speech. Nan ought never to have told on her, but the fault was mainly hers for having made it. She had not a doubt that the whole camp was talking about it and thinking what a foolish woman she was. She could look forward to nothing now but a miserable life.

But in Life's arrangements it was never intended that Ruth should direct the course of affairs, her part in the play being one of acquiescence only, and at the end of a week John~~s~~ hunted her up, and took her out for a walk, and dissipated the clouds, and brought out the sunshine, and set her to gurgling, ~~and~~ and made a happy woman of her again.

the Haunted Mine

hope that he would ever live to cross the

and in his conversations with Ned he had dwelt much upon the kindness of his young Mistress and had more than once exacted a promise from him that if he should ever return to the old home he would explain to Miss Kate that it was not of his own accord that he had left her, and that if he should ever meet with Steptoe again he would make him understand that he had not intended to keep the things he had bought for him in Lexington. He had become too weak at length to sit up and a cot had been fitted up for him in the wagon, for which he expressed the utmost gratitude, and as they journeyed Ned would amuse him by the hour talking of the good times they had had on the old Shenandoay. Miss Kate had never talked much of Micajah to Ned, but the few things she had said had been kind and he had heard of her saying others and these he told over and over to ~~the~~ Micajah whose weak eyes would sparkle at the recital. Kate was the scarlet thread in Micajah's life. Sometimes he dreamed of rescuing her from dire peril, but more often his thoughts were of when he might say to her that he had overcome this or that temptation for her sake. Her smile was a continual benediction, her face beautiful beyond all expression. Sometimes he had hope of being set free from bondage, but only that he might voluntarily continue in a service that was to him inexpressibly sweet. He believed that he could make as good a fire as any negro that ever lived; he could sweep, he could tote water, he could <sup>curry</sup> ride a horse, he could black boots until he could see the reflection of his own face in them; he could even tell a tale.

These ~~things~~ made up the sum of his accomplishments, and out of ~~the~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~these~~ of their regular performance he derived an exquisite happiness.

~~He knew all kinds of work and he was very good at it.~~

When they came to put Micajah to bed Sis returned to the sitting room

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business ~~and~~ and when I look back over it it seems all a horrible night mare. I have made a stack of money, but if my life were to live over again I would ~~choose~~ choose some other calling; something less disreputable."

The girl up in the boat who had manifested such violence ~~had bowed her head~~ bowed her head to hear what was being said to her by a boy of fifteen who was like her in chains.

"Don't talk to me of patience, Charlie," she said as she struggled again with her fetters. She tried to raise her hands in supplication and failing in this she fell upon her knees and with uplifted face cried, "O God, how long, how long must we suffer? Is there to be no end? O our God, we beseech thee, come in the fullness of thy love and the plenitude of thy power and set the poor suffering negroes free. We may have sinned; but O, God, have we not suffered? O, Almighty God; hear my poor prayer, and send down thine angels, ~~this day, this hour,~~ dis day, dis hour, and break dese chains."

"Baylor," said the slave trader when the girl had ceased, "go over to and tell Simms that if he don't take those chains off that girl I will ~~come~~ come over myself and break his neck."

"What does he have her chained for?" Jennings asked with some asperity. "God only knows," said the trader. "It is all Simms's doings. Only a brute or an idiot would think of chaining such a girl as that."

The din on the boat increased to a tumult, the fervor of the girls prayer touching the hearts of all who heard her, except perhaps the man known as Simms. The two boys below put up their fishing poles and came upon the upper deck. The preacher's voice rose into a quaver as he lifted his voice in prayer. Then ~~came~~ a woman of forty, large and stout, and having her head covered with a red and yellow handkerchief began shaking her fist at the couple in the window as she leaned over the rail-



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ever she dared to express it, except where her brother Johnny was concerned. He was a great hearted boy of seventeen, blue eyed, light haired, & overgrown, who meant no harm to any living soul, much less to his sister; <sup>yet</sup> but he was one of those who went astray.

Johnny would get drunk and this failing of his cost his sister many bitter tears. When in his cups Johnny's speech took an explanatory turn.

~~whether he failed with~~ He would explain at great length how he came to get drunk and how he was going to quit; to Sis, to Jennings, to Lucille, to Micajah; and after these explanations were over he always felt better; for no amount of experience served to teach him that to resolve was one thing and to carry out a good resolution quite <sup>something</sup> a different one.

Sis would talk with him for an hour at a time, with her hand laid upon his shoulder and with her tender blue eyes gazing into his, pleading, reproaching and begging until the tears came into his eyes and rolled unrestrained down his cheeks. Then her own eyes would fill and pressing his hair back with her hand she would tell him of how he had been her pride and of how his conduct was breaking her heart. How eagerly he promised to change his course, for it seemed to him the thing was done when once he had given his word, each last time being somehow different from all that had gone before. With a light heart he would set out to tell everybody in camp of the new life he was to lead. And again he would fall, as so many have done before and since, and the whole miserable experience would be repeated.

It was at a time when he was getting well along into another spree that Jack one afternoon went to see old Billy Whitlock about having the tire cut on one of the wheels of his mother's wagon fixed, the old man being a blacksmith.

"This is Mr. Whitlock, I believe," said Jack when he arrived at the old

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man's tent." My name is Phillips. I have seen you frequently but I believe I have never had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"Won't you have a seat?" said old Billy. "I've just been fixin' a gun for a man named Pore, Marry Pore; you may know him? Don't? Well, it's no matter."

"Is this your little girl?" asked Jack, referring to a child who sat in a small armchair nursing a rag doll. She was <sup>clad</sup> ~~dressed~~ in a dull red "linsey" dress checked with brown. Her hair was long and yellow and hung in curls about her shoulders. She was engaged in getting the doll to sleep, and near by was an array of smaller dolls, made by tying a strip of red flannel around a roll of white cloth, <sup>each</sup> representing a ~~five~~ little baby in a white dress and a red cape.

"No, that it not my child," said the old man, "but my son's, who is in California. He went to California about a year ago now and has been doing so well that he wrote back for me to bring his wife and child out. He sent the money for us all to go on. I thought I was gittin' pretty old for sich a long journey but my son wanted to see his wife and child and it looked as if the only thing to do was for me to go along. So we've started and we've got this far."

"I believe you were in the Mexican war, Uncle Billy?"

"Hank? In the Mexican war? Oh, yes, I was in the Mexican war. I 'm a leetle hard o' hearin'. Yes, I was all through the war. In eight battles. Wounded twict." He lowered his voice and moved a little nearer. "My little grandchild here is a great mimic?"

"She is?"

"Yes, she can imitate anybody she ever heard talk. She'll imitate you when you're gone. She' is getting up now to ~~put~~ <sup>seed</sup> walk her baby to sleep. Don't let on as if ye ~~heard~~ her. I want you to hear her."

The child threw the doll on to her shoulder and went to the tent door

## TO FOCUS THE CROSS-WIRES OF THE TELESCOPE.

While looking through the telescope, turn with the hand the milled-head that will be found at the eye-end of the telescope until the cross-wires are seen sharp, distinct, and without parallax.

## TO PLACE THE <sup>Level</sup> TRANSIT ON ITS TRIPOD, ETC.

See that the clamp-screw that binds the two plates together is fast, and the clamp-screw underneath, that clamps the instrument to the spindle, is also tight (in other words, see that both clamp-screws are tight). Place the instrument on the tripod-head so that the three lugs rest between the corresponding recesses in the centre-flange; turn the instrument until the pin on the side of the centre-flange touches a lug, and then screw up the movable lug by means of the milled head on the side of the parallel plate. To prevent accidents from placing instrument on the shoulder while unclamped, a snap-spring is placed on the tripod-head; this snap must be pulled back before the instrument can be taken off the tripod. In placing tripod-head away in the box, loosen the four leveling-screws in order to allow the parallel plate to accommodate itself to the box.

In placing the tripod head on the tripod, see that the large screw-cap is placed **fair and square** on the large male screw of the tripod; turn the cap **backward** (as if unscrewing) until the two screw-threads are heard to snap into each other, and then screw up. Do not screw the cap too tightly on to the tripod; for if forced too tight, it is apt to set, and is then difficult to unscrew. When the zero of the vertical arc cuts  $30^\circ$ , and the index of the opposite clamp made to cut the line on the brace of its standard, a right angle sight is had through the slits of the clamps. It is best to keep the wing-nuts on the side of the tripod-legs slightly loosened; only screw them tight when the instrument is set up in position for use.

To keep magnetic needle as sensitive as it is at present, preserve the fine point of the centre-pin by checking needle at "mean of swing." (See pamphlet, page 12.)

If the axis of telescope should in time turn too easily or too stiffly in the standards, slightly tighten or loosen the blocks on the tops of the standards by means of the forked screw-driver that will be found in the box (doing this will alter none of the adjustments of the telescope or cross-wires). Keep the screw-threads of tripod-head and tripod-cap clean by brushing the dust out at the end of a day's use (keep a toothbrush in the box for this purpose); with the same brush also keep clean the bottom of the centre-flange and the face of the three lugs that clamp it. Any dirt that may settle on the leveling-screws, clamp-screws, flanges, etc., that cannot be removed with the brush alone, may be instantly removed by using the brush and benzine; if benzine cannot be procured, ordinary lamp coal oil will answer; if neither of these is to be had, soap and water may be substituted. In putting screws together again, a little plumbago scraped from a good lead-pencil will lubricate them, or they may be slightly greased with pure ox-marrow or tallow. Never unscrew the object-glass of telescope unless unavoidable, as the only parts of the telescope that require attention are the **outside** surfaces of the object-glass and eye-glass; brush dust off these with a camel's-hair brush or soft, clean rag, and even this brushing will not be necessary if the slide of the eye-glass and the cap of the object-glass be kept on when telescope is not in use. (See pamphlet, page 11, Telescopes.)

In using the lower tangent or opposing-screws, leveling-screws, clamp-screws, etc., merely bring them to a firm bearing, but do not overstrain them. It is a common error to believe that any of the adjustments, and more particularly those of the cross-wires, will be firmer the more tightly the screws are screwed; this is not so, as the parts are then in a strained state, and any change in the temperature, or any jolting, will change the adjustments. Bring the cross-wire screws to a bearing merely, recollecting also, before tightening, to first loosen the opposite screw, and that in the ordinary erecting telescope the real motion of the cross-hairs is the reverse of the apparent one; bear in mind while adjusting the cross-wires that one-fourth of the apparent error is to be corrected by moving the capstan-head screws, instead of one-half the error, as is necessary in all the other adjustments.

It is best to keep the instrument and tripod head in the box when not in use—but in case it is left standing on tripod, if a small linen, calico, or buckskin cover or bag be placed over the instrument, it will protect it in a great measure against flying dust, etc. This bag (which any seamstress can make) need not be more than 13 inches long and 15 inches deep (or deep enough to cover the instrument down to the tripod legs), and if it has a "drawing string" below can be drawn close to the legs. This same bag, if folded up and carried in the pocket, can be placed over the instrument in case of a sudden shower of rain. A similar bag should also be provided for the Leveling Instruments.

The engineer in using the telescope, in order to obtain the full distinctness of the telescope, and to avoid "instrumental parallax"\* (or the "traveling" of the cross-wires across the object when the eye is slightly moved from side to side), will find it necessary to focus more carefully than he has been in the habit of doing with the ordinary low-power telescope. Turn the milled head of the pinion that moves the object-glass slide, quickly until the image appears, then move **very slowly** until the image is shown **sharp and distinct**, and if the slide is moved the **least distance** either way from this point the image should become indistinct.

On first using his instrument the engineer had better practice a short time the focussing of his telescope, and, especially, trying how small a movement of the object-slide from the point of distinct vision will cause indistinctness. †

\*"Instrumental parallax is an apparent movement of the cross-hairs about the object to which the line of sight is directed, taking place on any slight movement of the eye of the observer. It is caused by the image and the cross-hairs not being precisely in the common focus, or point of distinct vision of the eye-piece and the object-glass. To correct it, move the eye-piece out or in till the cross-hairs are seen clearly and sharply defined against any white object. Then move the object-glass in or out till the object is also distinctly seen. The cross-hairs will then seem to be fixed to the object, and no movement of the eye will cause them to appear to change their place."

†"After precise focussing of an object the slightest pushing in or drawing out of the object-glass (by means of its milled-head pinion) from the point of distinct vision should render the image confused and indistinct, for a telescope that will admit of much motion in the sliding-tube without affecting sensibly the distinctness of vision will not define well at any point, for its object-glass has spherical aberration." (From pamphlet, page 11.)

## Constant to be added to every Recorded Stadia Reading.

Constant of the object-glass focal length to be added to every reading of the rod to bring the measure to a plumb line dropped in front of the object-glass 10 inches.

If to these 13 inches there be added  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches (being the distance from the object-glass to the centre of instrument) — total  $21\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the measurements will then be from the centre of instrument or plummet. (See pamphlet, page 16, Stadia.)

Santa  
The nicest present you  
ever saw, and we never  
did have as good a time  
in our lives as we did  
Christmas day playing  
with our things, and  
we are not going to break  
our things. My ted-die  
and toboggan & gold pin  
& doll & ring were so  
pretty. We are playing  
out in the sun-suit

I found ~~that~~ the library  
has a different lense that  
works better.

These have many a. b. c. d.  
sections you need to fit  
together - 14a to 20d.

Did I send you a copy  
of 1a + 1b that I wrote <sup>by hand</sup> work off  
from machine? Let me know if  
I didn't

I reprinted most of first  
batch of papers much more  
readable. ~~2 thru 12~~ 2 thru 12.  
and copied off more words from  
the machine by hand.

Stim  
Mar.

My dear Brother.

What in the world has become of you that you never write to me anymore.

Have you completely forgotten me? I certainly believe you have.

Maybe you have written and I never got your letter as far as I know has about coming out but

I am getting real well & doing in school. I think

a fine teacher.  
Large boys had  
hit last week to  
the. I wish <sup>to</sup> much  
into a great deal  
better, and I know  
do one.

Everyone speaks as  
highly of the school.

I want to stay at  
the school-house all  
the time, for I get hate  
the Ube lehuanga, and  
I can't help it.

I do hope you will  
get off sometimes and  
take the overcasting  
out of him.

I would tell you  
subjects if I could  
do so.

I would give the world

to see you this evening  
and have a good  
fashioned talk.

I would tell you  
love story. Would  
like to hear it & of  
love of a "black eyed"  
man for a little plain  
uninteresting girl?

If you would, I will  
likely tell you some-  
time. I guess though  
the girl will say the  
"black eyed" man  
was & think her heart  
was gone out to another

Of course its the most  
uninteresting ever

I have been studying  
Spanish this winter  
and I like it. I  
just studied the good



Think I can read  
the wall when I  
am reader.

Went down to see  
my. He is liked  
well. I had  
my pleasant time.  
Saw them over last  
Friday night. I was  
so glad to see them.

I have not seen  
them for three months  
I hope they like coming  
down. I think <sup>they expect</sup> to make  
it their home.

Now you will enjoy  
I want to see them. You  
see Mattie will have  
a good old time.  
I think

W. G. Miller. We got the  
some preacher says  
we are to have quarterly  
meeting soon. We  
are also to have  
an Entertainment for  
night. Gordon was  
the artist who  
to say and I have  
just finished her  
a nice white hair  
to wear with the  
little black suit  
I think the little  
your sent of Eubatis is  
just a nice as can be  
and she certainly lost  
part in it. It was  
it right with a



Mr E. C. Tully  
Smithsonian Institution  
Washington  
D. C.

My darling old man,

You can't  
write to me I know, but as I  
am getting along so well it will not  
hurt me, so I will do the writing  
for the family at present.

The doctor was here about two  
weeks - after taking out the  
tubercles - leaving numerous di-  
rections for us to go by, dismis-  
ed the case - said I must sit  
up some tomorrow, but not all  
day - I don't fancy I shall want  
to sit up long, at a time the  
first day - as I will be pretty  
weak. He thinks little pills  
not good with the cough & Maria  
was using the medicine at



CHI  
18  
FENN.

Mr E. C. Huggaker  
Washington  
Smithsonian } D. C.

1008-8<sup>th</sup> N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. C. Howell  
Memphis City  
Mississippi

**READ THIS CONTRACT.**

Form 15.

**SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY.**

**EXPRESS FORWARDERS.**

**DOMESTIC BILL OF LADING.  
NOT NEGOTIABLE.**

Received of *E. C. Sawyer*

Valued at *2.00* DOLLARS.

and for which amount the charges are made by said Company, Marked *2.00 Sawyer*

Which it is mutually agreed is to be forwarded to our Agency nearest or most convenient to destination only, and there delivered to other parties to complete the transportation.

It is part of the consideration of this contract, and the shipper and owner hereby severally agree, that the said Express Company is responsible for any loss or damage to said property while being conveyed by the CARRIERS, or arising from the dangers of Rail, River Navigation, Steam, Fire in Stores, Depots, or in Transit, Leakage, Breakage, or proved to have occurred from the fraud or gross negligence of any or their servants, unless specially insured by it and so specified on the bill of lading. The limit of the liability of the SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY described is not stated by the shipper at the time of the receipt of the property above described, and if the receipt, the holder hereof will not demand of the SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY a sum of Dollars for the loss of, or damage to the shipment hereof, the holder shall be held responsible therefor. If the same is entrusted or delivered to the Southern Express Company are hereby designated exclusively as the agent of the Express Company shall not be, in a

such Company or person; and the shipper and owner hereby severally agree that all the stipulations and conditions in this receipt contained, shall extend to and inure to the benefit of each and every Company or person to whom the Southern Express Company may intrust or deliver the above described property for transportation, and shall define and limit the liability thereof of such other Company or person. In no event shall the Southern Express Company be liable for any loss or damage, unless the claim therefor shall be presented to the Company in writing at this office, within thirty days after this date, in a statement, to which this receipt shall be attached. All articles of GLASS, or contained in glass, or any of a fragile nature, will be taken at the shipper's risk only, and the shipper agrees that the Company shall not be held responsible for any breakage or otherwise, nor for damage to goods not properly packed and secured for transportation. It is further agreed, that said Company shall not, in any event, be liable for any loss, damage, or destruction caused by the acts of God, civil or military authority, or by insurrection or riot, or the date of the time of war.

If any sum of money, besides the freight and charges for transportation, is to be collected from the consignee on the delivery of the above described property, the same is not paid within thirty days from the date thereof, the shipper agrees that the consignee will pay the charges for transportation both ways, and that the liability of the Company shall not be affected by such conditions.

Charge on Value



# THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY

EXPRESS FORWARDERS TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

## THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY

AND ITS IMMEDIATE CONNECTIONS.

Represent 117,000 Miles of Express Routes,  
and over 15,000 Agencies,

WITH

Lines in 46 States and Territories and the British Provinces,  
and Connections with European Expresses.

All matter shipped by Southern Express Company is forwarded in charge of experienced Messengers by the fastest trains.

Goods are handled at offices and en route with due care and consideration.

This old and responsible Express Company and its connections afford the QUICKEST and the SAFEST means for the transportation of CURRENCY, GOLD, SILVER, BULLION, JEWELRY and VALUABLES of all descriptions, FREIGHT, PARCELS, &c.

Collections made with or without charge.

Favorable Rates on Farm Products, Fruit, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Etc., and for Carriage and Oysters.

### PRINTED

Books, Sheet Music, Seeds, Engravings, Lithographs, Posters, and all kinds of printing.

Manufacturers' and Merchants' Packages, and all kinds of freight.

Special rates for all kinds of freight.

## REDUCED RATES ON CURRENCY OR GOLD COIN REMITTANCES.

25c or less	15c	\$150	25c to 60c
	20c	175	30c to 75c
	25c	200	30c to 85c
	25c to 30c	250	35c to 90c
	25c to 40c	300	35c to \$1.00
	25c to 45c	350	35c to \$1.25
12c	25c to 50c		SUMS IN MUCH SMALLER PROPORTIONS

## Merchandise Packages at Low Rates where the Value does not exceed \$50

1 pound	25c
Over 1 pound to 2 pounds	25c to 30c
Over 2 pounds to 3 pounds	25c to 45c
Over 3 pounds to 4 pounds	25c to 60c
Over 4 pounds to 5 pounds	25c to 75c
Over 5 pounds to 7 pounds	30c to \$1.00

According to distance.

Buy all your Money Orders from the Southern Express Company.

### RATES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Express Co.'s Charges	.08
Not over \$1.00	.06
Not over \$2.00	.08
Not over \$3.00	.10
Not over \$4.00	.12
Not over \$5.00	.15
Not over \$6.00	.18
Not over \$7.00	.20
Not over \$8.00	.22
Not over \$9.00	.24
Not over \$10.00	.26

JAN  
1837  
P.O.

Mrs. E. C. Huffaker

825 Main St.

Bristol  
Tennessee

5112

Mr. E. C. Huffaker  
Chucky City

Box 23

Tennessee

5

Mr. Huffaker,  
University of Va.,  
Virginia.

Dear Sister Carrie  
Anne & I  
How would you like  
this for a crowd  
if you have any objections  
hear now or forever more  
hold your peace  
Anne  
Steve

not at  
the best time open always

H. M. LIPPINCOTT,  
President.

A. G. BIRD,  
Secretary.

JOHN O. FOERING,  
Treasurer.

MORETZ N. HOFFAKER

SOCO LUMBER & MINING COMPANY  
BALSAM, N. C.

F. A. LINCOLN,  
V. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,  
574 BOURSE,  
PHILADELPHIA.

An invitation is extended by Dr. Pierce to every sick and ailing man or woman to consult by letter. There is absolutely no charge or fee for this consultation. Every letter is carefully considered, fully answered, and its statements held as strictly private and sacredly confidential.

Persons who prefer, may, in consulting us, make use of the following list of questions, filling out such of them as suit their purpose. Mail to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

C. S. M. A.

LIST OF IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Have you ever written us before?....., when?.....

What is your name?.....

What is the name of your post-office?..... In what County?..... In what State?.....

Where is your nearest express-office?..... What is your age?..... Sex?..... Are you married?..... What is your complexion?.....

What is your height?..... What is your present and former weight, if known?.....

What is your occupation?..... Have you been a hard worker?.....

Is it necessary for you to labor hard now?..... Were your ancestors long lived?.....

Is there any hereditary disease in your family?..... How long have you been out of health?.....

..... What do you think was the cause of your disease?.....

What name do doctors give your disease?..... From what particular symptom do you suffer most?..... Do you experience fever, chills, or night-sweats,.....

Do you have cold feet and hands?..... Does your heart at times beat excitedly and more strongly than usual?..... Is your skin soft and moist, or rough and dry?.....

Have you any eruptions, blotches, pimples, or sores, upon your skin?..... Have you had rheumatism?..... Were the joints affected?..... Have you ever had convulsions (fits) or spasmodic affections of any kind?..... Do you suffer from any severe trouble of mind?.....

If so, what is the cause?..... Have you ever overtasked yourself with study or other severe mental labor?..... Is your memory weakened?..... Have you ever met with any severe disappointments, great anxiety, or fear, which nearly or quite prostrated you?..... Do you sleep well?..... Have you any swellings or tumors?..... If so, where are they located and how long have you had them?..... Are you regular in all your habits?.....

..... Do you drink strong tea or coffee?..... Do you smoke, chew, dip, or snuff

tobacco?..... Do you use alcoholic or other stimulants?.....  
If so, to what extent?..... Do you suffer from pains in your head?.....  
If so, what is the character of the pain; is it dull and heavy, or sharp and lancinating?.....  
Is it in the front, back, top, or sides of the head, on one or both sides, in the face, or just over the eyes?.....  
..... Do you have dizzy or oppressed sensations?.....  
Do you suspect that you have catarrh?..... If so, state if there is any obstruction in the nasal passages,  
or a discharge falling into the throat?..... Is the discharge profuse,  
watery and acrid, or thick and tenacious?..... State if it is purulent (mattery), bloody, putrid  
or offensive?..... Are the nasal passages dry?.....  
Is your breath offensive, and your sense of smell or taste impaired?.....  
Is your sight good?..... Can you hear well?..... Do you have any  
discharges from the ears?..... Do you experience ringing or roaring sounds?.....  
Is your tongue coated?..... If so, is it white, yellow, or a dirty-brown color?.....  
Are your bowels loose, costive, or regular?..... How often do they move?  
..... Have you any bloating of the abdomen (belly) or any soreness noticeable  
in that region?..... Do you suffer from piles?.....  
If so, are they external, internal, blind, bleeding, or itching?..... Have you anal fistulae?  
..... (If not able to answer the last question, read the symptoms of that affection found in the  
Medical Adviser or Invalids' Guide-Book.) Do you have sour, watery, or windy eructations ("risings") from the stomach?  
..... Do you have any pain, "gnawing," burning, soreness, feeling of emptiness, or trembling,  
in the region of the stomach?..... Are you frequently troubled with nausea, or a distressing  
sensation of fullness and heaviness in the stomach?..... What kinds of food distress you most?  
..... Are you low spirited and hypochondriacal (subject to the "blues")?  
..... Are you troubled with hoarseness, weakness or suppression of the voice?.....  
Do you take cold easily?..... If so, where does it affect you most?.....  
Have you a cough?..... If so, does it trouble you most at night, soon after retiring, or in the morning?  
..... Do you feel any weakness, tenderness, or pain, in the chest?.....  
Do you expectorate ("raise") much?..... If so, does the expectorated matter float upon or sink in  
water?..... Is it streaked with blood?..... Do you ever have

attacks of bleeding from lungs?..... Are your feet and ankles swollen?.....  
 Have you weakness, soreness, lameness, or pain, in the lower part of your back?.....  
 Do you have any pain or soreness in the region of the bladder or lower extremity of the bowels?.....  
 Do you have a desire to urinate often?..... Do you suffer pain or a smarting  
 sensation in passing urine?..... Is the stream smaller than formerly?.....  
 Does it lack force?..... Is it slow to start?..... Does the urethra  
 retain a few drops of urine that afterwards dribbles away?..... How many pints of urine do  
 you pass in twenty-four hours?..... Does it contain any sediment?.....  
 If so, is the sediment white, red, brown, or yellow?..... Does it settle at the bottom of the  
 vessel and feel gritty?..... Does pus (matter), blood, or gravel, pass with the urine?  
 ..... Is the urine of a white and milky, red, yellow, or natural color?.....  
 Have you ever had any private venereal disease (gonorrhoea or syphilis)?.....  
 If so, how did it affect you?.....  
 Do you have any perceptible symptoms resulting from that infection?.....  
 Do you have any unnatural discharge from the genital organs?.....  
 Do you suffer any pain, weakness, soreness, numbness, or other disagreeable sensations in any part of the body?.....  
 If so, where, and what is its character?.....

**FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.**

State if you have seminal emissions at night?..... If so, how often?.....  
 Do you have a discharge of semen when at stool, or does the semen pass off with the urine?.....  
 Are the emissions the result of masturbation (self-abuse) or excessive sexual intercourse, or both?.....  
 ..... Is the erectile power enfeebled, or wholly lost, or are the erections perfect?  
 ..... If married, is the semen prematurely discharged when you have sexual  
 intercourse?..... If married, state if you were troubled with emissions before  
 you were married?..... Are your testicles diminished in size, swollen, enlarged, painful and tender, or  
 do they feel like a mass of earth-worms in the scrotum (constituting varicocele, see the Medical Adviser or Part VIII of  
 our Dime Series)?..... Have you a very strong desire for  
 sexual intercourse, or are your amative passions weakened by disease?.....  
 Are you gloomy and despondent?..... Are you nervous and easily irritated?.....



C.S.H.

WAS.

Mrs. E. C. Huffaker

826 Main St.

Bristol

Tennessee

Return in Five days to  
TAYLOR & PARROTTE,  
ADAMS & MARKET STS.  
CHICAGO.

BOOK

Mrs. E. C. Huffaker -

Chucky City

Tenn.



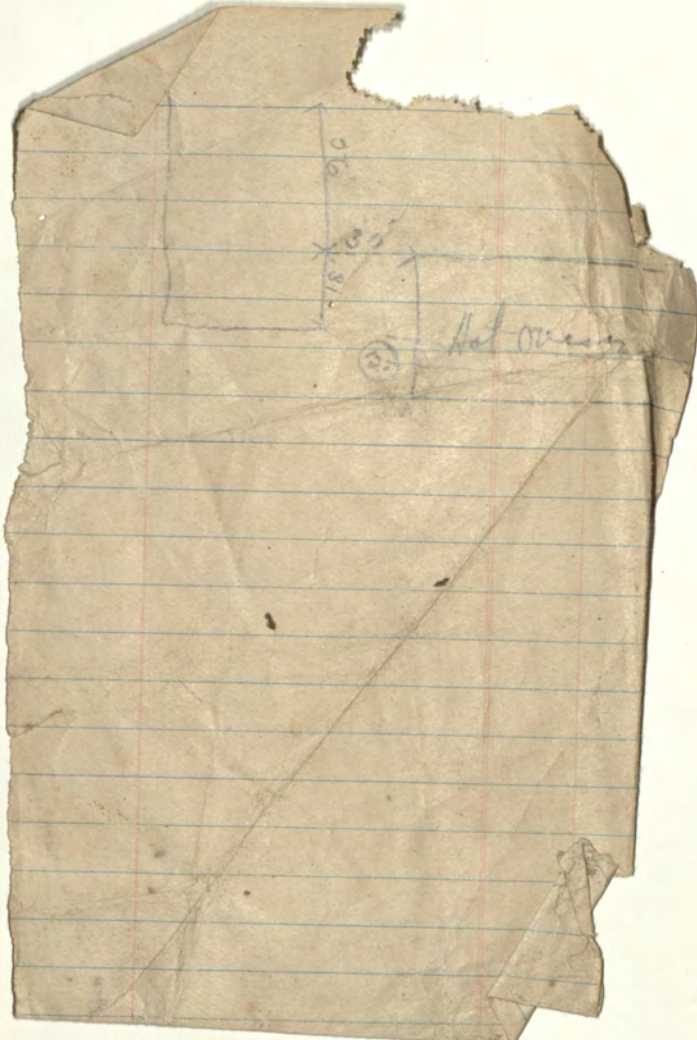
not deliv-  
in five  
s return

HIRSHBERG ART CO.  
SUCCESSORS TO  
Hirshberg, Hollander & C  
ARTIST DEPARTMENT,  
334 NORTH HOWARD  
BALTIMORE, MD.



*M*

*Please forward.*



90  
18  
35

3

Not over

Post Office Department.

No. 3540.

A penalty of \$300 is fixed by law for using this card on other than Official Business.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

POST OFFICE AT

Baltimore

Mr. A B Emerson

Whittier

Swain Co

N.C.

If the sender of a valuable package of other than first-class matter places his name and address upon the wrapper, he will, in case the matter is found to be undeliverable, be notified of that fact.

POST OFFICE AT Balsboro Md

May 1, 1903

A parcel of 4 class matter addressed to A B Emerson and bearing your name and address upon the cover, remains unclaimed in this office.

Upon the receipt of 23 cents for postage it will be <sup>remailed</sup> returned to you or forwarded to a new address if you so direct; otherwise it will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Under the Act of Congress of June 13, 1898, no undelivered second, third, or fourth class matter is returnable to sender or re-mailed until the postage for returning shall have been prepaid.

Please return this card with your reply.

A A Warren, Postmaster.

If stamps are sent, they must be loose—not attached to letter of transmittal—and the postage on letter must be prepaid.

LUMBER AND MINING COMPANY  
BALSAM, N. C.

E. C. Hufferaker  
Whittier  
Phila

Think of Howes and  
other men you best keep  
enough men to finish <sup>this</sup>  
work to a finish because  
the importance of it is very  
great even if you need  
an extra man or two to  
help out I don't think to  
anything will be done by  
~~or~~ with Fuller we want  
at least less than 10  
men find out just  
how many men

E. C. Hufferdun  
Dear Sir

I have instructed Clay to see  
how he can handle Ferguson  
& Botts also I think best  
get Ferguson leave from all  
hands along line by paying  
so much a year at payment  
when contract is signed &  
then each year how suppose  
let Clay talk with them because  
they may not feel just  
right with you any way I

want this done or tried by  
Clay right now & you push  
your work close & fast  
as possible this week do not  
fail to write me every hour  
it is very important to  
do so If Clay finds out  
work in Durie then get  
his father to go over  
but under instructions  
I have given him I think  
he may be able to do so

Yours Truly  
F A Lincoln



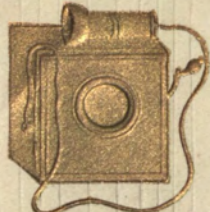
DON  
55

Miss Carrie Reed  
Hagley, N.C.



Juddie tonight - and  
tell her about - I wish  
I ~~were~~ also write to  
Boz and tell him  
about - I wish I had  
a letter from them  
this week. They were  
are well. They were  
Allie and Effie were both  
back at school - she  
is glad to get back  
to her school. She  
had a right good  
school yesterday  
singing the band

earlier. We are just  
having more snow than  
than a bushel.  
Mr. Midence was here  
this afternoon to see  
up his little engineering  
book. Well here I looked  
every place for it but  
could not find it. I think  
you must have taken  
it with you. I am  
to write and ask  
if you had it. I  
please send it to M.  
L. Midence, 472 Main.  
I must close now.  
Hoping to hear from you  
soon and with a whole  
bushel of love, on your side



HELLO! HELLO!!

There were  
several up  
to spend the  
day There  
yesterday, from  
Knoxville I mean,  
Ida Davis & Mr Rose  
Liza Keener  
and one  
Mamma  
off for over a week.  
Paula and I hairent  
yet decided which  
one is "Loss". Of course  
we both feel our  
own importance,  
We get Pro telegrams  
(back)

I me one that I  
wuld never take any  
more use for him  
when he and monks  
can get up courage  
to be gentlemanly  
Let them to  
hands  
order for  
very rude  
great merit then I  
will treat them as I  
was great gentleman  
till then they "may  
go". 'Tis getting late  
and my room cold  
so good night, write my son

your cousin John

— THE —

**SEMI-CENTENNIAL CATALOGUE**

AND HISTORICAL REGISTER OF

**EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE**

**Just printed and will be Mailed to Applicants.**

— : o : —

This work contains the names of between FIVE and SIX THOUSAND Students, giving their present address and occupation, as far as known. The book contains nearly two hundred pages, illustrated by a splendid panoramic steel engraving of the COLLEGE VALLEY with all its buildings, giving a view of more than one mile in extent. It also contains well executed likenesses of twenty-four members of the Faculty and Trustees, with brief life sketches of each, and a running History of the College for its first half-century.

The book will be sent, by mail, to applicants on receipt of Sixty cents for single copy. Two copies for One Dollar, or five copies for Two Dollars.

Apply at once to the undersigned.

JAMES A. DAVIS,  
EMORY, VIRGINIA.

.....  
\* \* \*  
→ Fiftieth Anniversary. ←

.....  
\* \* \*  
EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE.

JUNE 5TH, 6TH, 7TH AND 8TH.

.....  
\* \* \*  
*You are Cordially Invited to Attend. If you can be present, send  
your name to Prof. S. M. BARTON, Chairman of Committee  
on Entertainment, and a Home will be provided.*

.....  
\* \* \*  
All FORMER STUDENTS will be admitted to ALUMNI LUNCH by Ticket.

.....  
\* \* \*  
.....

the has  
you in  
I can't see  
family now than  
much unless it is  
uncle Fayett.  
Two young men called  
on us last night and  
the first thing they  
said about they  
began running down  
our country. We were  
a good match for  
them though and  
they were glad to say  
stop before we get  
done with them.  
Will you be at home  
I heard that  
Ed would be  
inclusion Bend  
Xmas.

...  
time.  
... as love  
... the long letter

Your cousin  
Lula T.



Tuesday Aug 1

Dear Mr. Eli:

Here an entire week  
has passed and your  
letter is not answered,  
and as it was such  
an interesting one I  
meant to answer at once  
were you only to realize  
what the post week  
here has been I am  
sure you would be glad  
to excuse me.

Epworth League Conference  
commenced here 21<sup>st</sup> to 24<sup>th</sup>  
and we had only 25-

Delegates besides other  
visitors. One day we  
had to prepare dinner for  
150 persons.

On the evening 23<sup>rd</sup> we  
had the "Baby Cottage"  
dedicated. Dr. Tipton, Adkins  
Cook and others were  
present.

The Sunday School after  
the services were open  
to more than 400 persons.  
Methodist preachers  
most took of us, and  
it seemed as though  
they were all Backslows  
to Wisconsin that were  
"putting wires"

Of course this made it  
 extremely pleasant in  
 both of (the) Old maids?  
 Of course Eulalie was  
 lucky as I had the  
 honor and pleasure of  
 explaining "Orphanage" to her  
 and she was kept  
 busy. Am confident that  
 I answered 100 000 000 questions.  
 Patience happens to be  
 one my charges? so I  
 sure would have lost  
 my temper and disgrace  
 -ed my self.

But hope to be blessed  
your Methodist teachers  
in the future.

Enough of this.

I had the pleasure of  
attending my Cousins  
wedding Wednesday Eve  
and had a lovely time  
the house was beautifully  
decorated and of course  
the Bride looked sweet  
and so so happy I had the  
honor of being Maid of Honor  
and — — — — —

You may use your  
imagination and fill  
these blanks as you  
think best.

It seems that you entertain  
 an idea of my work being  
 easier than yours. Hence if  
 you wish I shall be so glad  
~~to~~ to exchange this  
 for a month at least.

I am very fond of the moun-  
 tains and would very  
 much like to go  
 a trip there just now and  
 am sure Mr. W. would be  
 glad to go on a mountain trip.

Almost daily regret that  
 I couldn't go with Acla  
 am getting very anxious to  
 see "Little Sister".

How long will Acla stay  
in W. Va.?

May I have some proof  
of that Snake Story?  
My little patient is slowly  
improving but yet very  
sick she has never got  
up any at yet and Mr. Fox  
comes out daily while  
two quarts were there we  
moved her up stairs.  
I could have taken no more  
care of her had she been  
my own Sister and when  
Mrs. Wiley <sup>came home</sup> I was so worn  
out she sent for a nurse  
and tried to keep me idle  
in it I refused but that  
was impossible.

But Mrs. Wiley is so appreciative  
of my efforts that she tries  
to make my life here  
pleasant and she is so  
desiring for me to stay here  
should I decide to stay  
here I am going to school  
Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> and take a course  
in Kindergarten for Cook  
County in a free course  
at the school in Kansas City  
but the entire family  
are so opposed to my  
being away from home  
that I can't decide

just what is best,  
Believe you I wish you  
were old in wisdom etc  
So please tell me which  
would be wisest, stay  
here, go home or go to  
Kansas City for 2 years?  
I don't care to stay here  
under present circumstances  
but think the other work  
might be more congenial,  
I have to decide in the  
near future as to whether  
I shall go to Kansas City  
This Conference can only  
be a help girl and Aida  
Hawley is an applicant  
and Jerry and I to go  
while I never thought



of such a thing as til  
 the. Look game like the  
 Artistic signed etc.  
 Greatly doubt as to whether  
 I could learn "mother and  
 try usually" for so long  
 a time.

I am a great baby and  
 get home sick here.

Three new babies have  
 just arrived. There  
 is a great commotion in  
 the hall and porch.

Am expecting to hear a  
 call for Miss Eulalie.

What a long letter I am  
writing and I sincerely  
hope you will have  
some of desperate times  
reading this letter as  
it will say just one  
thing you had to take  
it up in the amount  
2 or 3 miles.

With my letters come  
you to fill me with  
logs, boards etc.

Don't get away from  
you are enjoying that  
lonely mountain scenery  
and you might gather  
me a bunch of those  
lonely flowers.

HORACE A. MANN  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
ROOM 16 DEADERICK BLOCK  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

you were as old as he  
 is & he is 45 - so now  
 old man you can told  
 your wish with one big  
 persuasion for which you  
 will have to answer - it was  
 too young - he talked that  
 way when the girls were  
 not of the order, & when  
 he left & a bad storm  
 about it they were very  
 indignant. I know you  
 was mistaken but I should  
 have let things have their  
 way. I told him, though  
 that if you were that  
 old I did not mind, as I  
 preferred you older than  
 younger, as he made  
 nothing of me -  
 I do in fact, I think I  
 will want this for  
 me, as I will have

stop - After I receive  
your letters this evening  
I will write a long  
letter - Perhaps will  
write tonight so can  
collect my thoughts -  
letter - They are all sitting  
around waiting for you  
I am sure that is -

Cassie Frank promised  
to stay with the girls a  
good deal while I am  
down - they promised  
me to get some one every  
night - I am sure they will

when I write this letter -  
my unsatisfactory day,  
I shall try to do better next  
time - Write me every day  
tell me all about yourself  
I wish - it loves you all  
waiting - Good by -

Your devoted wife  
Cassie Sue H -

W. H. Armitage, President.

H. L. Milligan, Vice Pres.

C. C. Armitage, Cashier.



# Greene County Bank

CAPITAL \$ 75,000.00.

Greeneville, Tenn.

KENTUCKY PUBLIC SQUARE

#2

never to make a mistake.

When we do make a mistake we are always

ready and willing to correct it and if your account was not correct why did you not, like a gentleman, call our attention to it and go about it in a business manner?

dence in our statements."

You ask, how do you expect a man to have any con-

dence in them, if you do not want to have.

We do not ask you to have any confi-

ments in black and white for you to investigate for your self and then if you discover a mistake all you have to do is to call our attention to it and it will be made right at once.

We send you your state-

check on this Bank.

That is all right if it is your wish.

The Greene County Bank, <sup>will</sup> run on just the same as if you were one of its customers.

We have always tried to treat you and everybody else right and if this will not satisfy a man we do not want his account.

We seldom make mistakes, but when one does occur it is wholly unintentional and not done purposely.

Of course, I am sorry that the check of Effie C. Huffaker was accidentally charged to your account, but our book-keeper did it and I was not in anywise responsible for it and could not help it.

We would have found it when we would have balanced up her account but had no way of finding it before only by you calling our attention to it for which we thank you but which should have been done in a different spirit from what you manifested.

Yours very truly,

W. H. Armitage  
President.

#608  
Fairbank  
St.

Nashville Tenn

Sept 29/22

Your letter received  
today glad to hear from you  
as I always am. Also glad  
to know that you recovered  
your \$1.50 from P. R. Co. What  
Morrill is well via for  
all the good news you  
contained.

Now as to the letter I ask  
you for it was not wanted  
for the purpose of ordering  
a dress for B. at least  
not for the present. but we  
will remember your request  
if we do order from her.

Mrs. Mai & baby went out to St Louis with Harry over  
two weeks ago, & they are still there, & have to remain  
until the frost is over, - unless they come back here

On 27<sup>th</sup> I rec'd telegram from Mr M<sup>e</sup> asking if I could  
come to Nashville - I answered yes with health certificate  
have heard nothing further but expect him up in few  
days - His house was burnt down in Tenn & K.

... the year ...  
too, while he is here at Spunessu -

Mrs. Kill's baby died - and while it grieves all  
still we can't help but feel that under the circumstances  
it may be best as it is, - but what hurts you is  
that after holding out so long battling for his life  
bravely - & after going through so much suffering  
& pain - when he desisted & lived; one will  
be comfort in the thought that had

...ght have been afflicted for life -  
... - but I am sure might not & so  
the first, that the Dr. was able to do  
I expect Kill & Nelson were some  
writers. In reference to the letter  
sent by Dr. & Shan tried to find  
but have failed so far & don't



Blue - one in town +  
the white ones that we  
have seen are 25<sup>cts</sup> each  
would have sent one  
of them, only you were  
so particular about it  
my blue I see

as the  
I will look further for  
the Blue - send above  
we find it  
I'll give me in love  
I stand all  
at Ed when

2000  
Bro  
15

ORDER FORM  
 —FOR—  
**MATERIALS**  
 —FROM—  
**HIRSHBERG ART COMPANY.**

334 N. Howard Street,

Baltimore, Md.

Date, ..... 190

Sender's Name .....

Post Office .....

**MONEY ENCLOSED.**

SHIPPING ADDRESS:

Town .....  
 County .....  
 State .....

Postal Money Order, \$ .....

Express Co.'s Order, .....

Check, .....

Bank Notes, .....

Silver, .....

Postage Stamps, .....

**METHOD OF SHIPMENT,  
 AND WHICH ROUTE.**

VIA .....

Express .....

Mail .....

Freight .....

Total, \$ .....

**REMARKS.**

**Remittances.** Remittances may be made either by bank draft payable to our order, or by postal money order, or by cash sent by any of the express companies. If cash is forwarded by mail, the letter should be registered. A part remittance must accompany the order, if goods are ordered **C. O. D.**, and express charges for collecting will be added to the amount of the bill. Collection charges will be saved and goods delivered quicker by *remitting in full with order.*

**Opening an Account.** If you have never had an account with us, and wish to order goods, send a remittance with order, or first-class reference, to insure prompt attention. Failure to remit or sending reference, compels us to make inquiry as to the responsibility of the party ordering, and delays the shipment of goods until we receive satisfactory information.

All bulky or heavy packages should be ordered "By Freight," unless wanted quickly, (Express charges being very high). Small packages can be sent by Express, **when prepaid**, at regular postage rates, namely: **one cent per ounce**, except that no package will be taken for less than 15 cents, and should it be necessary to go through several companies, an extra charge is made of 10 cents, for each company, beyond the initial one.

**MAIL SHIPMENTS** are at **Purchaser's risk**, unless insured, for which a charge of 5 cents is made.

Specify clearly whether you want your goods by "*Freight*," "*Express*," or "*Mail*," and, where possible, give exact directions. When no Shipping Directions are given, we send Goods according to our best judgment.





334 N. HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Quantity.

Names of Articles Wanted.

Price.

Amount.

Amount Brought Forward,

---

Don't fail to give your Name and Address.

So today she couldnt come  
back. Excuse my pencil  
The point is off & I am  
so sleepy I cant see the  
lines distinctly

Write soon & tell me all  
about yourself. I could  
fill this Tablet but will  
save a little for next time

All send love

Regards to Mrs Heppaker

Yours Affly

Aunt G.

Friday 15<sup>th</sup>

Mum is up this morning  
& I hope will soon be  
well. All well I believe  
Mary has gone up town  
Yours  
Aunt G.

SOCO LUMBER AND MINING COMPANY

BALSAM, N. C. June 18th

OFFICE, 574 BOURSE BUILDING

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

H. M. LIPPINCOTT  
PRESIDENT  
F. A. LINCOLN  
VICE-PRESIDENT  
ALBERT G. BIRD  
SECRETARY  
JOHN O. FOERING  
TREASURER

C. C. Kuffeler Esq  
Dear Sir

Your letter of the 14th duly noted in reply  
You mention the very opinion of Fuller I  
have a full commercial report on him  
and he is quoted as a good promoter  
with about \$15,000 and stock in various  
companies he has promoted and a  
good business man - Now stop just  
a little & go slow There are many things  
to consider & why we should or should  
not join him further than on the 5 miles  
up Crooked Creek or whether it is  
advisable to do that I have several  
reasons that are entirely justifiable  
in my opinion why we may not do any  
thing with him except to haul his  
freight over our line if he so desires  
There are some reasons for the other  
course all to be taken up by the board  
of directors when your estimate of cash  
comes in & I expect to be present at

# SOCO LUMBER AND MINING COMPANY

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

that meeting now before we go any further  
let me say right here I wish all reports  
and statements first submitted to me  
here before going to Philadelphia & you  
will please do this so I may know upon  
what basis to act in advising the Co & a  
purpose for which I am there and  
wishes personally requested to make  
reply to their letters on something of that  
kind all matters should come here &  
I so desire and when Mr Fuller returns  
I wish to be notified of once and will be  
there please bear in mind I did not  
designate Mr Fuller as my friend for  
frankly put to you his position as  
for as I am & see. Now show further  
reasons to be believe there will be quite  
a delay in his matters. You must not lose  
sight of the Soco Lumber Co's position as  
to a Rail Road to our own benefit as well  
as all else I will be over as soon as I  
can but I am tied up with Surveyors  
over here right now. Would like a night  
in camp - Yours truly J. J. Lenoir