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PATENTS

CASNOW



A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

BY F. A. MITCHEL.

Was it the soldier's voice? Should he turn and shoot him? No, only an explosion of a burning hand in the campfire at the platoon guard on the railroad track.

He turned to look at the sentinel. The man sat there gazing straight at him; at least so he appeared to Mark. The figure was as plain as any day in the moonlight, though too far for Mark to see the eyes. He cast a quick glance down into Jakey's face. He, too, was sleeping peacefully. While these two were in slumber, Mark felt himself suspended between heaven and hell. And how still it was. Even the hum of insects would have been a relief.

All this occupied but a moment. Mark turned his back again and moved cautiously forward. Suddenly he trod on a rotten branch. It cracked with a sound which seemed to him like the report of a pistol.

Again he paused and turned. He saw the sentinel motionless. He had slipped farther down, and his hat had fallen further over his forehead.

He moved backward, his eyes fixed on his sleeping enemy, occasionally turning to see where he stopped. He was getting near to cover. In this way he passed to within a few steps of concealment. How he coveted the overhanging bank near to him, yet far enough to be useless should the sentinel awaken to his presence.

Thank God!

This sound was real; it was a moan from the picket.

Mark knew that it was a signal of awakening. He darted behind the bank and was out of sight.

He heard the sentinel get up, shake himself, give a yawn, a grunt, as if chilled, and begin to pace his beat.

Mark moved away cautiously, a great flood of joy and thankfulness welling up through his whole nature. After going a sufficient distance to be out of hearing, he awakened Jakey.

"Jakey! Wake up!"

"The boy opened his eyes." "You're the sentinel, the picket."

"What's my gun?"

"Oh, blessed childhood," thought Mark, "that in moments of peril can be interested in such trifling things!"

"I have your gun here in my hand. It's safe! Stand on your legs, my boy. We're going on."

Jakey stood on the ground and rubbed his eyes with his fists. Once awake he was awake all over.

They moved on down the river toward the base of Lookout mountain, soon leaving the river margin and striking inland behind some rising ground. Finding a convenient nook in a chain of bushes, he decided to leave Jakey. Mark told him to lie down and stay there while he reconnoitered to find a way to get down the river and to cross it.

Mark hunted nearly all night. He could find no practicable route. He did not know how to proceed around Lookout mountain, and could find no means of crossing the Tennessee river where he was. At last, looking down from a knoll, he could see the margin of the river at a place where the bank concealed the shore between the base of the bank and the verge of the water. But what he saw especially, and which gladdened his heart, was a boat moored to the shore and in it a path of oars.

Going back to the place where he had left Jakey he awakened him, and together they returned to the knoll. The boat was still where he had seen it. Lending the way Mark descended to the bank. So intent was he upon seeing the boat that he did not think to approach cautiously. He forgot that where there was a boat with oars in it the carman would likely not be far away.

He jumped down to the slanting ground below and landed in the midst of a party of Confederate soldiers.

led away to a room in the house occupied by the provost marshal for prisoners temporarily passing through his hands.

The reply that came to the announcement of the capture of the citizen and the boy was to hold them under vigilant guard. It was reported that Mark had been personating an officer of the staff, and this looked very suspicious; indeed quite enough so to warrant their trying him for a spy by drumhead court martial and executing him the next morning.

Mark searched and everything of value taken from him. They went through Jakey's pockets and felt of the lining of his coat, but as he was a child the search was not very thorough, or they would have found the bills in his boot. They took his gun, but by this time Jakey realized that there was something more momentous than a squirrel gun at stake, and parted with it without showing any great reluctance. He realized that Mark, for whom he had by this time conceived a regard little short of idolatry, was in danger, and the boy for the first time began to feel that his friend could not accomplish everything.

Jakey stood looking so stolidly as Mark was searched till he saw a soldier take Bour's red silk handkerchief. He had produced the impression on the searchers he had at first produced upon Mark—that he was stupid beyond his years. As the man grasped the handkerchief and was about to put it in his pocket Jakey set up a howl.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked one of the soldiers.

"My handkerchief," he whined.

"Is it yours?"

"Yes."

"Give the boy his wife," said the man to the would-be appropriator.

"Don't rob a child."

So Jakey preserved his handkerchief. Then they were marched away together to a small building used for a negro jail. It was two stories high, though the lower story had no windows. The upper part was reached by a long flight of steps outside the building. The lower part was a dungeon, and though used to confine negroes there had been a number of east Tennesseeans imprisoned there. The place was kept by an old man and his wife named Triggs. Mark was put into a room in the upper story. A guard was stationed at the door, and a window was barred. Had Mark been arrested with definite proof that he was a spy, he would doubtless have been put in the dungeon.

As it was, he was only guarded with ordinary caution. This, however, seemed quite sufficient to prevent his escape. Jakey was put into a room by himself, but he was not required to stay there. He was suffered to go and come at will, except that the guard at the gate was ordered not to let him leave the yard.

"Well, Jakey," said Mark, when they were together in their new quarters, "this looks pretty blue."

"Reckon it does."

"You'd better not stay here. Go out in the yard and I'll try to think up some plan. But I must confess I don't see any way out."

And Mark rested his elbows on his knees, and putting his fingers in his hands thought upon his peculiar situation.

"Just you don't worry," said Jakey, "sump'n'll turn up sho."

"Well, go out into the sunlight. Don't stay here. If they sentence me to hang I'll try to get them to send you home."

CHAPTER VII
THE RED SILK HANKERCHIEF.

GRADIENTS underlying an uninviting exterior is often called out by circumstances.

President Lincoln would not have been the "great emancipator" had he not been born in the neck of time. General Grant would not have become prominent as a soldier had the civil war not been on foot.

Mark Malone, and the negro jail at Chattanooga.

Jakey was as incompetent to sit down and think out a plan for his friend's escape as he was to demonstrate a proposition of Euclid. He could neither add columns of two figures nor spell words of one syllable; indeed he could neither read nor write at all. The want of an ability to read or write was a great disadvantage to him in his present responsible position. But the desire to help his friend out of a bad fix having got into his brain, from the nature of the case it slumbered there, and then boiled a little, and steamed and boiled again. Like some people of genius, Jakey was unconscious.

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New York grocers are concerned about the high prices now prevailing in the sugar market. There was another advance in granulated Wednesday to 6.5 cents, representing a full cent rise in the past few weeks and the highest level in many years.

—Ambitious young men and ladies should learn telegraphy, for, since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers. Positions pay from \$50 to \$70 a month to beginners. The Telegraph Institute of Columbia, S. C. and five other cities is operated under supervision of R. E. Officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars.

A citizen, 70 years old, who killed himself in Washington last week, left a note blaming bad beer for his illness and subsequent suicide and suggested that the Department of Agriculture take steps to determine what element in beer would cause a man to commit suicide.

Bel With the Wall of a Child. A queerly shaped gong which occupies a position of honor in the center of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world and is called "the bell with the wall of a child in its voice." When struck the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitions emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The emperor was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wall of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and today the Koreans still claim that the wall of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

But She Wasn't Satisfied. Lady Jekyll, who was fond of posing herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the "Athenian Oracle," asked William Whitson of her memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation.

"Since it pleased God, sir," she said, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?"

Whitson scratched his head and answered: "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

"There," her husband said, "you have it now! I hope you are satisfied."

—Scottish's Retort.

The Retort Sarcastical. "That new family next door borrowed our car again this morning," his wife told Jones.

"Well, why did you lend it to them?" he complained.

"How could I help it?" "You might have given them some kind of an excuse."

Mrs. Jones waxed sarcastic. "Yes," she snapped, "I might have told them that you were going to use it—or some other crazy, impossible thing."—Youngstown Telegram.