

STORIES TOLD OF BELLE BOYD

Chapters From the Life of Confederate Spy.

HER DARING MIDNIGHT HIDE FROM PORT ROYAL AFTER LEARNING UNION PLANS.

From the Greensboro Telegram.

Belle Boyd's name is to the south what that of Charlotte Cushman's is to the north. Both were brave women and served the cause which they espoused with intrepid courage.

This writer knew and admired Belle Boyd for a number of years; and reading an account of her death in an old newspaper (which occurred a few months ago) it called up to memory the following incident:

This writer met her at one of those sleepy southern towns so common in southern Louisiana, where she had gone to rest for a month after a hard winter's work on the lecture platform.

She was then a striking looking woman, somewhere in the 50s. She had a strong personality and graceful, winning ways that won her many friends, and no doubt were the secret of many of her successes in outwitting the "Yankees" during the dark days of the war.

One day we were strolling along the village road enjoying the fragrant, spicy air from the pines, and admiring the cozy homes on either side, when she stopped to admire an especially pretty place, at the first glance, the house, standing a short distance from the road, and the grounds in front seemed no more than a veritable bed of roses; there were roses of all kinds and descriptions, and being a great lover of flowers, she proposed that we stop and ask for a bouquet.

I acquiesced, and opening the gate, we walked up the path, but before we reached the steps of the veranda, an old man appeared from around the side of the house and greeted us with true southern hospitality. We made known our request, and he smilingly turned to a bush of beautiful roses and began snipping them off with a pair of pocket scissors. He was very talkative, and finding we were strangers in the town, gave us information regarding all the interesting points of the neighborhood, and at last told us he had fought in the Confederate army during the war.

This writer then told him that if he were an old soldier, he would no doubt be pleased to know that my companion was the Confederate spy, Belle Boyd. When I mentioned that name he dropped his flowers and scissors, sprang forward and grasped both her hands in his and looked searchingly in her face. His was radiant with delight.

"Miss Belle! Miss Belle!" he cried; "yes it is, yes it is! It makes me young again just to look at you. You must come to the house and see my wife; I reckon I have talked about you to her more or less all my life."

Then he told her what regiment he had served in, while assisting her up the steps of the veranda, at the same time shouting, "wife, wife! where are you?"

"Wife" had appeared by the time we were seated on the veranda, and when told the name of my companion she came up and kissed her; then pushing her gently down in her chair again, called to the servant to bring her some strawberries.

This writer was a minor factor for the rest of the visit, but was perfectly contented to remain so; sitting for the greater part of the time, with mouth wide open from sheer amazement, listening to the stories of the old veteran, and some of the thrilling adventures my companion related, that had befallen her.

Back they went over those dark days of the war and lived once more in those thrilling times. Ashby's name was frequently mentioned, Miss Boyd having taken many a desperate chance to give him information of the enemy's movements. Her eyes sparkled with the excitement of her former exploits, as she talked; but at last with a merry laugh, she turned and said:

"Well, we have fought all our battles over, and now it is time to go." We left with our arms full of flowers, the old couple accompanying us to the gate, after having received my companion's promise that she would come again.

This is only one incident of many to show how she was remembered by the men in the Confederate army. A point in view of her bold daring will be shown in the following narrative:

She had just been released from confinement at Baltimore and been allowed to return to her family residence at Port Royal, with strict orders to the commander of the Federal troops stationed there, that she must not be allowed to go outside of the Federal lines.

When she arrived she found that General Shields had his headquarters in the very house that she had expected to call home. Her aunt's family were living in a small house in the court yard, and here she took up her abode.

She soon packed up all the information in regard to their plans she could, without exciting their suspicions. She soon became acquainted with the fact that the forces were to be removed from Port Royal, but definite information as to their objective point she could not obtain; at last she learned that a council of war was to be held on a certain night, the next morning the troops would probably be on the move, and the Confederates must know their intentions; and she fully made up her mind to be an auditor at their deliberations.

It would seem enough that such a determination was more easily formed than executed. She knew the council would be held in the apartment formerly used as a drawing room, in her old home; directly across this was a bedroom now empty. Through the floor of the closet opening into this chamber, a hole had been bored to serve some long forgotten purpose. This she determined to make her post of observation, and a better one she could not have had.

Although General Shields had appropriated the mansion for himself, and forced the family to live in the cottage, still he never questioned their

movements about the grounds and larger edifice.

So if she had been noticed about the time the council was to assemble, she would have awakened no suspicion. But in all probability she was unobserved as she left her own apartment and made her way to that spacious front room.

She applied her ear to the hole and found to her satisfaction that she could hear distinctly every word that was uttered in the room below. And though she could not see them, she was sufficiently familiar with their ways to distinguish the utterances of the individual, and thus the conference was much more intelligible to her than it would have been to a stranger.

Hour after hour she lay there prostrate upon the floor of the closet; for the conference was a long one and many points of importance were discussed. She dared not move a limb, she hardly dared to breathe, lest her presence be detected; and she well knew what would be the result if she were. For herself she cared less than for the inevitable loss of the assistance which she hoped to render that very night to the Confederacy. Midnight came and found them still debating; another hour past and at last they arose and separated until morning.

As they passed out into the hall, she stole to the head of the back stairs. The coast was clear. They had not thought it necessary to post a guard anywhere near to the council chamber.

Silently she crept to the back door of the hall, keeping well in the shadows, and gliding swiftly along she was soon out of the building and had reached the cottage and her own room in safety. And here by the light of a carefully shaded candle, she wrote down in the cypher with which she had been furnished, every word of the discussion which her memory supplied.

But the most difficult part of her work remained to be done. Ashby must be informed of the intentions of his enemy. She dared not trust a soul, so alone she made her way to the stable where her own saddle horse stood, fleet footed and spirited. Hastily saddling him, she led him slowly out of the stable yard, muffling his footsteps by guiding him along the grassy edges of the carriage way. Once out of the grounds of her aunt's home she had less need of caution; speed was more essential. For the sound of hoofs along the highway need not excite suspicion. Away she galloped, shaping her course rather by the stars than by roads, straight towards the point at which Ashby had had his headquarters where she last communicated with him.

But suddenly it seemed as if she had met with a difficulty she could not surmount. Straight in her way stood a sentinel in the well known blue.

"Halt! Who goes there?" He demanded.

"A friend with a pass from General Shields," she answered boldly.

The night was a clear starlight one with no moon. She had in her possession a pass which she had that very day procured from the Federal commander for a Confederate soldier returning south after being exchanged. This she determined to make use of, trusting that the sentry would not deem a close examination necessary, after he saw the document was drawn up in due form. The man took the paper and glanced at it; his eyes accustomed to the darkness, could discern that it was on a printed form, and he saw that the familiar signature was appended. He therefore handed it back, and lowered the weapon with which he had at first barred her way.

Onward she galloped only to be brought to a standstill by the outer chain; for there were two lines of guards about the town.

But he proved no more suspicious than his comrade and she passed him with as little delay. And now she taxed her horse's speed to the utmost. Across fields, through groves, along the highway, faster, still faster, until she was 15 miles from the starting point.

She drew rein before a large dwelling of plain but substantial aspect. This was her destination; for here, she had good reasons to feel sure, the daring and dashing Ashby had for some time had his headquarters; and he would find sure means of transmitting any information of importance to his chief, the famous "Stonewall" Jackson. Briefly she told him of that night's council of war; of the plans discussed, those regarded with favor, and of the route and destination decided upon.

"And here," she concluded, "is the whole thing written out in the cypher agreed upon." He thanked her warmly and tried to make her rest. But her night's work was not yet done. She must be back at Port Royal before daylight, for if she were not, if she ever were captured by the Federals again, they would be sure to hang her for a spy. And as she was well aware any suspicions of this night's work would not only result in her own apprehension, but in such a change of the enemy's plans, as to make the information she had brought practically useless.

So back she started on her long lonely ride. She eluded the first line of sentries, and hoped to get safely by the second, as the pass she carried would hardly account for her speedy return.

The night was rapidly drawing to a close and she knew if unhindered, she could reach the shelter of her own chamber before the drums sounded the reveille. She hoped to dash unquestioned by the sentry, whom by his posture she judged was sleeping at his post. But alas for her calculations he awoke as she approached and challenged her. She known her only chance lay in flight—urged her horse onward.

"Halt!" he cried, but she dashed on, and an abrupt turn in the road was an effectual shield to her. She was too well acquainted with the rules of war to fear he would ever betray her; he could not do so without confessing he had slept at his post—a capital offense for a soldier.

At last she reached her aunt's home, unsaddling her horse and providing for his comfort, she entered the cottage and gained her own chamber just as the day was beginning to dawn.

And thanks to her courage the Confederates received the information that put them in readiness to meet the Federals the next day with all due preparation.

This adventure is only one of many which this brave woman undertook to aid the Confederate army.

After the war was ended for a number of years she traveled through the States giving lectures on her past life; and while touring through the state of Wisconsin she died very suddenly of heart disease, while in the act of stepping upon the platform to deliver a lecture. With her death one more link of the old Confederate army was destroyed but her memory will live forever green in the heart of every Confederate soldier.

FARMERS' EYES ON 12-CENT COTTON

Many Growers Will Not Sell at Ten Cents.

SALOONKEEPERS TO QUIT BUSINESS AS RESULT OF THE STRIKE

Raleigh, Nov. 22.—Not long ago a story from real life was given you in this correspondence. In brief it was that two or three years ago a man who lived in the county not far from here brought his four motherless little children to this town, put them out of the wagon at the corner of the capitol square and with a cruelty quite worthy of the villain in "The Babes in the Wood" told them they must make shift for themselves; that he was done with them. The second chapter in this tragedy in real life was brighter, for the "motherless bairns" were adopted by kind-hearted people. A childless couple took a little boy, and this adoption was brought about in a dramatic way, too.

The little boy became sick and the poor people who had first taken him in took him to a hospital here, saying they were unable to properly care for him and that if he could be placed in the charge of good people they would be glad. In the hospital was a man from the country. When he was convalescent he saw the little boy in the children's ward, in one of the Cameron memorial cots, and they learned to love each other very dearly. This man and his wife adopted the boy. A year ago the latter had hip trouble and for 11 months has been in the hospital, again in one of the memorial cots. Two or three times a week and always on Sundays his fond foster-father and mother go to see him there.

But here comes another chapter in the romance. Last Sunday the real father, who was guilty of such heartless abandonment, went to see the boy. The latter did not know him, having been a wee thing when deserted and has another name, given him by his foster parents. All this proves that if truth be not stranger than fiction it is equally as strange.

John W. Hindsdale of counsel for the state in the \$10,000,000 tax assessment case against the railroads, says the next hearing is postponed from the 26th of this month to the 30th. This will terminate the hearing of the railroads' side unless they are given time to rebut the evidence which the state will present. He says it is the desire of the state to get in as much of its testimony during December as possible. It is by no means improbable that there may then be a postponement until after the legislature adjourns.

Several Raleigh people attended the reception at Henderson this evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Cooper to their son, Mr. Sydney Cooper, and his bride, who was Miss Mary Louise Jackson of Atlanta.

The Raleigh amateurs are rehearsing "Esmeralda," which is to be played December 11, in aid of a charity.

It was stated today by Rev. Dr. T. N. Ivey, editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, that as one direct result of the revival work of Rev. George Stuart here several saloonkeepers will go out of that business January 1.

There is a movement on the part of a number of the members of the Press club which was formed here this week to give it the name of the "Annulus club."

Much sympathy is expressed for Attorney General Walter, by reason of the serious illness of all his three children, one having fever, another pneumonia and the third having been sick six months or more.

In the course of a chat today with Business Manager F. B. Arendell of the penitentiary, who has just returned from an inspection tour of the great state farms on the Roanoke river, he said: "We will get at least 300 bales more of cotton than we expected. Last year, on more than twice the present acreage, we made 2200 bales; this year we will get 1500. The yield per acre is, as you see, much larger this year. On the Caledonia farm No. 2 we made this season 410 bales on 140 acres. We also made on this farm 7900 bushels of peanuts and twice as much corn as can be consumed there."

The state charter the Paragon drug store at Asheville, capital \$15,000, increase to \$25,000 authorized; Edward Hopkins and L. B. Wheeler shareholders. A charter is also granted the Raleigh Land and Trust company; capital \$10,000, increase to \$50,000 authorized; shareholders J. B. Batchelor, Harry Loeb and Charles R. Reid.

Ten cents having been paid for cotton here, it poured in today. There were at least 2000 wagons on the streets. There is a lot of cotton in the county. The mills are buying in a small way. The farmers do not want to sell at less than 10 cents, and many will not do so even at that figure. They have their eye on 12 cents. A lot of them stored cotton today. Many would not allow their cotton bales to be cut for sampling today.

"MOTHER SHIPS."

BATTLESHIPS ADDED TO NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The three battleships that have been added to the North Atlantic squadron have been named "mother ships" by having assigned to their care and supervision the different torpedo boats that have been added to that squadron. Rear Admiral Barker inaugurated the system when he was commander of the Asiatic squadron, after Admiral Dewey left, of assigning the numerous gunboats under his command to warships, giving the latter the title of "mother ship."

In reality the officer in charge of each of the warships was made commander of the gunboats attached to his warship. The battleship Keeseau takes charge of the torpedo boats Dupont, Porter and Erickson; the Massachusetts of the Rodgers and Foote, and the Alabama of the Cushing and Winslow.

ACTIVE CAMPAIGN.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The Union League club of this city has already entered upon an active campaign for the mayoralty. Decided opposition is felt to the nomination of Mr. Coler.

SONGS WE TRY TO SING.

Josh Wink in Baltimore American. The songs we try to sing! The songs that haunt us through the day—The melodies that rise and fall, and softly fade away. The songs that come a-dreaming in the twilight, hushed and dim, And break to crooning nothingness, like some forgotten hymn. They'd have the sweetest cadence yet, if we could only bring To form the words that whisper in the songs we try to sing.

The songs we try to sing! The lilt of heart-brought melodies That flutter into being with the sighing of a breeze, That stumble with a word or two, or vanish with a phrase— The songs that end in shadowed glints of fancy's mellow haze. If we could only utter them, the strains would thrill and ring In chords of richest harmony—the songs we try to sing.

The songs we try to sing! The notes that sure and softly blend With words that quit the melody before we reach the end. The half-sung songs—the songs that come as sometimes comes a dream Which lures us out upon the way with fingers white, that gleam And beckon us to struggle on, yet fade before they bring— The words that give a cheering to the songs we try to sing.

The songs we try to sing! The sweetest carols ever sung— They lilt and laugh along the lightest cadence ever rung! If they could but complete themselves, with dashing form and air, What marvel-melodies would seem to ever linger there! Aye, sweeter than any song of any fashioning Are all the dreamy lyrics in the songs we try to sing.

THREE KISSES.

Post Wheeler in New York Press. When first I kissed you 'twas full on your mouth, Red as a blackbird's cherry. You recall 'Twas spring, the soft air smelling of the South; The whole world gay, and you gay 'most of all. You laughed—that low, sweet, tender, birdlike trill Which made the very bobolink be still.

When next I kissed you 'twas upon the cheek, Molded just round enough. 'Twas autumn then And you were graver grown, and did not speak, But seemed in wonder at the ways of men, And yet you smiled. So dear a smile it was That it seemed sudden summer over us.

When last I kissed you, dearest Heart of Gold, My lips just brushed your forehead. You were sad, And it was winter. All the world was old. But at the touch my love swelled fierce and glad; For then I felt you tremble, and saw full Two great, slow tears. Ah, that was best of all!

THE FOOTBALL MAN.

Clinton Scollard in December Smar Set. Many there be that golfing go Upon the links to have their swing, Yield in garments gay that glow As doth the sun when westering; Still some there be to base-ball cling, And tennis claims its little clan; But if you want to see "the thing," Behold the lusty football-man!

Forgoeth, he lets his hair to grow As doth the festive sprout in Spring; And should both eyes be black as wee, 'Tis pride he feels therein—no sting! His followers make the welkin ring From far Beersheba unto Dan; And if you'd gaze upon a king, Behold the lusty football-man!

In midnight dreams he "tackles low!" "A touchdown!" you will hear him sing; Although there ne'er was such a "show," He's every girl "upon the string." When he goes forth his foes to fling, The head-guard, nose-guard, shin-guard plan Makes him a sight for marveling— Behold the lusty football-man!

Prince, all the other games are slow, And fall beneath the public ban; There's only one game now—and so Behold the lusty football-man!

A Big Fish Story.

This is the season for fish and oysters. As we have every facility for catching and handling them, we would like to have a word with you to tell you of the advantages we have. First—we own our own fleet of fishing vessels, therefore we catch our own fish and pack our own oysters. There fore you get your fish and oysters fresh from first hands, avoiding the risk of old second hand stock. Second—we have large fishing grounds and oyster beds extending from Morehead City to Porto Rico and if you will give us your trade we can afford to extend our territory. As we receive shipments daily we feel that we can give you entire satisfaction.

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