

C. DOANE, Publisher.

JASPER . . . INDIANA

A LIFE.

Lying low in the cradle,
Tender and sweet and small,
Wondering at the pictures
Hung on the nursery wall.

Tumbling about the carpet,
Full of his baby gear;
Climbing over the doorstep,
Nothing so sweet as he.

Ambling along to the schoolhouse,
Playing at lot and ball,
Silly-kissing his schoolmate,
Over the orchard wall.

On the floor at the college,
Sporting a gown and cap,
Dreaming of girls and dreams,
None a thought of pain.

Harmed in the seething vortex,
Fighting for life and right;
Watching his bright star rising,
Guiding him in the light.

Standing before the altar;
Love here holding sway;
Vowing to love and cherish—
Ties that will bind for aye.

Watching beside a deathbed,
Praying for strength and grace;
Seeing the shadow flitting
Over the dear, white face.

Waiting for death to free him
From early scenes and strife;
A marble slab in the churchyard,
Closes the drama—Life!

—St. Louis Republic.

A CLAMVILLE TRAGEDY.

How Green Goods Men Work in the Rural Districts.

A Fortunate Looking Document Which Surprised the Receiver—The Adventures of a Long Island Deacon with a Sawdust Gang.

Zedekiah Salter kept a general store in the village of Clamville, way down on Long Island. He was a deacon of the little wooden church with the squat red steeple, and on one occasion, many years ago, there was talk of running him for supervisor. So Zedekiah was quite a personage.

It was one day in early May, when everything was green and hopeful, that the worthy deacon received a letter in a strange handwriting. He was sitting at his desk at the farthest end of the counter; there were no customers in the store and he was casting his eyes over some accounts when the boy brought the morning mail. The letter with the strange handwriting seemed to protrude itself from the bundle and Zedekiah found himself puzzling over the bold, round hand.

It was a portentous looking letter, maybe a summons to court. There was a frown on Zedekiah's face as he opened the envelope.

There were two inclosures. First a circular neatly printed on heavy paper, and wrapped around that a neat typewritten letter. Both circular and letter spoke direct to the deacon's heart. Here is what the circular said:

"LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., May 10, 1901. To Zedekiah Salter, Esq.—Dear Sir: Judging you to be a man of business capacity in whom I can place confidence and who in a position to handle my goods in safety, I have concluded to write to you. If I have made a mistake let matters drop. My principle is: 'Never wrong a man who is willing to prove himself a friend.' This business can be carried on by anyone who will devote a little time and attention to it, and I guarantee that if you enter into this one, you will never regret it as long as you live. My stock is in different sizes, ones, twos, fives and tens, and are as perfect as human skill can make them, and can be easily disposed of; if you decide to answer this letter and when I know you mean business, I will then send you full terms and particulars, and I will endeavor to satisfy you on every point, that if you are my friend, I will prove a true and lasting one to you. Do you understand? Remember I want you to know that I am just as plain as day, a friend to a friend. When you write be sure and send me your name and post office address, as I might lose the one I now have before hearing from you again. I can and will help you out of any money troubles you may be in, and no one on the face of the earth need be the wiser unless you betray me. Remember I do not ask one single dollar of you until you have seen my whole stock; pick out what you want and have the goods in your possession, and you can pay me. I alone manufacture these goods."

"Trusting that you will take no offense from the above and that we will become better acquainted, I remain, Yours cordially,
CHARLES WILSON.
P. S.—Please answer promptly."

The letter went into interesting details.

"Dear Sir—I am desirous of obtaining a good shrewd agent for my locality to handle my 'medicine.' The inclosure herewith gives all the information that could be desired and explains itself. It's a sure cure for the 'buns' (readers). An opportunity to make an independent fortune like this has never crossed your path before, and, in all probabilities, never will again as long as you live. There's no reason why you should be a slave and toil all your life for nothing. If you are foolish enough to let a 'rodent chance' like this pass you by, all well and good. If you are miserable and in want of financial assistance—now or never is your time. In years to come, should you ever find yourself sorely in need of 'coin' in order to keep body and soul together, you will have to blame for your wretched condition, but your fault. This is serious and highly important for thought! Your sober and earnest attention should be given to every word in this letter. A person without the 'universal road'—the 'mighty dollar'—is thought but little on and is looked upon as of no importance to the world. Isn't this true? I know where I speak; in former years I have drank from the 'bitter cup' myself. A hint to the wise is sufficient."

"If you have not the money to buy my goods I would consent to your taking some confidential friend in with you who has provided, of course, he is trustworthy and could keep the secret. You could both then come on together and make the deal. However, you would be very foolish to take anyone in with you if you could raise enough money yourself."

"If my business should suit you, it will be absolutely necessary for you to come on here and see me in person. I only deal face to face with my customers. Experience has taught me that this is the safest and most satisfactory way for both. By your coming on here you see what you are buying, and I see who I am dealing with. Consequently you buy no stock in a bag, and we both feel better satisfied."

"I know it is quite a journey for you to make, but think of the tremendous profits to be made with no risk, comparatively speaking, whatever. And, as far as the expense is concerned, I always make a liberal allowance to cover the same. Make up your mind to come on. I know you will always be thankful for your visit to me. You will find me a square and honorable white man in every particular. When you arrive here, I will show you my entire stock, from which you can make your own selections."

Then, if my goods are not all that I claim for them, and are not as fine as the inclosure speaks of, I will make you a present of \$1.00 in gold, and also cheerfully pay all expenditures incurred on your journey. That's fair enough, isn't it? My price is as follows: \$1.00 gets \$2.00, \$2.00 gets \$5.00, \$5.00 gets \$10.00, \$10.00 gets \$20.00. The more you invest the cheaper you get the goods. The sizes run from 1 to 10. Three hundred dollars' worth of my goods is positively the very smallest amount I will sell under any circumstances. If you will invest \$100 or more I will agree to give you the exclusive state right. Now, should you wish to do business with me you must obey the following instructions and do only as I tell you.

"First—Don't say long as you live, ever write a letter to me until I give you permission. If you do, it will be refused. Next—I mean exactly what I say, and if otherwise, all business relations between us will end.

"Second—If you wish to come on here and see me, send the following telegram (remember telegrams only will be received), and simply say: 'Send instructions.' Then sign your name as per 'password and number' given you."

"Third—On receipt of your telegram I will send you full instructions how to meet me and where to stop. Then no mistake will be made in finding one another. In conclusion I wish to say if you cannot come on here, or have not \$100 to invest, simply let the matter drop until you hear from me again. This will certainly occur before the expiration of thirty days. Now, kindly allow me to caution you again not to write letters. Be patient and wait until you hear from me. You must be guided by my advice. If you do, you are bound to succeed. No such thing as a fall. Act square. Be true and honorable. Do me no harm and you will never regret it as long as you live. You can make money faster and easier by dealing in my goods than you ever dreamed of before in your life. Won't you try it?"

"Caution—No other person is now authorized by me to correspond on the subject. Do not be deceived by steady imitations. I am the sole owner and proprietor of the genuine 'Formula.' Communications from others offering similar goods are absolutely unreliable and positively worthless. Pay no attention to them. 'Wanted.' Yours very sincerely, YOR KNOX."

Zedekiah stood for a whole hour turning the letter and circular over. His elbows were planted on his desk, his brow was puckered thoughtfully. The letter was very startling. Who was this Wilson who suddenly started out of the ground offering unlimited gold?

The deacon was fifty years of age. The world, the flesh and the devil had long lured attractiveness and power to tempt him, so he firmly believed, but now all the ungratified ambitions and aspirations of his life rose up, though some of them had been dead for thirty years. "There's no reason why you should be a slave and toil all your life for nothing," said Wilson. The deacon had never observed before that he was a slave, but now that his attention was called to it it seemed true enough.

When night came and Zedekiah sent up his pious petition. Mr. Wilson's proposal was remembered by the insertion of these words:

"And permit Thy servant to do business with this man. For Thou knowest the unregenerate of this place, that they would not consult Thee. Therefore withhold not Thy servant, who would make good use of wealth."

Zedekiah tossed all night, uneasy in conscience. At breakfast he gave very short answers to his wife and was short with the children. After he arrived at the store he wrote this letter:

"CLAMVILLE, L. I., May 11, 1901. Mr. Charles Wilson:—Dear Sir: Your letter received and contents noted. I don't know who recommended me to you, but he cannot have mentioned the fact that I am deacon of the Clamville church. As a business man I ask you for your goods as often. As a deacon I ask you to let there be nothing wrong in this matter. I am, sir, very very humble servant,
ZEDEKIAH SALTER.
P. S.—I hope to hear from you soon."

For two days after he had dispatched the letter the deacon went about like a man distracted. At the end of the third day there came a letter addressed to him in the bold round hand of the mysterious Wilson. It was opened in a second and the deacon was devouring it behind a pile of boxes, regardless of the customers waiting for him.

If he had expected Wilson to argue with him the moral questions involved in their proposed scheme he was greatly mistaken. There were three inclosures—a letter, a newspaper clipping and a two-dollar bill. Here is what the letter said:

"DEAR SIR: In sending you a sample of my goods I am breaching one of the strictest rules of my business, but I do it this time because I think that you mean business and because I am satisfied that you will be true to me. Now, if you are writing out of curiosity this sample will not satisfy you, but if you mean business you can judge paper, printing, engraving, etc., just as well from this as from five hundred samples. All my stock is exactly like sample, and when you come here, if you find any difference at all, then you need not buy one dollar's worth and I will pay all your expenses and give you \$1.00 in gold for your trouble. Make up your mind to enter into this and I swear to you that I will assist you to make safe fortune. H—ping you and I will soon meet. I remain,
"Yours in confidence.
"Return sample."

The deacon took a two-dollar bill of the same issue from his till and compared it with the counterfeit's sample while the boy ran the store. After a time he procured a microscope. There was not the least difference observable. After a time he read the newspaper clipping and this explained all. It related to the arrest of an alleged counterfeit named Wilson in New York and his acquittal in the First district court after the one hundred thousand dollars he carried in his traveling bag had been examined by government experts, who had been summoned from Washington for the purpose. The experts said:

"We find that the United States treasury notes, which we have examined were printed from genuine plates used by former workmen in the printing bureau. It may also not be amiss to inform the court that the secret service department has long been aware that some persons had possession of a set of genuine plates supposed to have been furnished by one of the engravers in the engraving bureau."

"Here the prisoner's counsel asked the government experts if they would swear that the bills examined by them were counterfeits. To the astonishment of every member of the grand jury they replied that they would not, in fact could not, as they were positive the bills were as good as any issued by the government excepting the fact that there was not as much silk fiber interwoven in the paper of the bills found on the prisoner as in the genuine belonging to the United States. The fault, continued the expert, lays in the careless manner observed in the treasury department in allowing the workmen to handle government plates, printing inks, dies, etc., as they wished."

The deacon sat at his desk till darkness came down, his elbows were planted in front of him, his chin rested in his hands; he was thinking very hard.

At last he got down and prepared to close up the store. "Taint no counterfeit at all. It's good money. Where's the harm if I can buy thirty thousand dollars for one thousand dollars so long as it is all good money?"

After the deacon closed up the store he wrote this letter and got it in the last mail:

"CLAMVILLE, L. I., May 7, 1901.
"MR. CHARLES WILSON:
"Seeing that the money is good I see no harm. Will call on you any place you name. I am a man of experience who will stand no trifling with, but you be a cool friend to you if you are as you say. Will bring one thousand dollars, as you say. Will bring one thousand dollars, as you say. Will bring one thousand dollars, as you say."

Promptly after two days of waiting came an answer from Wilson:

"LONG ISLAND CITY, May 12, 1901.
"ZEDEKIAH SALTER, Esq.:
"DEAR SIR:—You will never regret your visit if you come on. Meet at 9:30 o'clock on the morning of May 15 at—hotel, Long Island City. There is a clock in the house. At precisely 9:30 if this clock will be standing at the barroom door holding my hat in one hand and wiping my forehead with my handkerchief. When you start send a telegram to Charles Wilson, 134 Adams street, Long Island City. Your 'password' and sign is—'Giddy up.' Do not sign anything else."

"Caution—Be sure you have the numbers (plainly written) on telegram after you sign the word 'Giddy up.' Otherwise your telegram will positively receive no attention. The figures are very important."

Zedekiah drew five hundred dollars from the bank and mortgaged his store for five hundred dollars more. To raise the one thousand dollars he had promised Wilson taxed all his resources, but he managed it. On the afternoon of the 14th of May he took the train for Long Island City and telegraphed Wilson as directed. On the morning of the 15th at precisely 9:30 o'clock they met. Wilson was smiling and affable and the deacon very serious.

After offering refreshments, which were refused, Wilson took his guest to his office, reached by devious takings about many cross streets. Opening a black satchel he took out package after package of new and beautiful greenbacks.

"Take a bill, any one you please, from one of these packages and we will go out and break it," he said.

The deacon selected a five-dollar bill from the middle of a stack three inches high. They had not the least difficulty in passing the bill in a neighboring store.

"Now let us get to business," said Wilson, when they had returned to his office. He undid the packages of money and counted the bills. Then he passed them on to the deacon, who counted for himself.

"Thirty thousand?" asked Wilson.

"That's what I make it," said the deacon, taking out a glass and making a final examination.

"Put them in the valise yourself, they are yours," said Wilson, lifting the black bag to the table which stood against the wall. The deacon put the packages of bills in the bag and locked it carefully. Then he put the key in his pocket.

"I suppose you have the money?" said Wilson. Zedekiah turned sharp round and produced his big leather pocketbook. At the same time a hand reached in and seized the black bag. It disappeared through the panel and in another moment its place was taken by another black bag which was an exact counterpart. Then the panel closed.

It was 9 o'clock at night and the Clamville express, which reaches Clamville at 10:30, was rattling along at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. On a seat in the middle of the car was Deacon Salter, bolt upright, holding a black bag on his knees. His face was very solemn and he glanced furtively about. At last, being convinced that no one was watching him, he unlocked the bag and peeped in. There lay the green packages all his own, now. The temptation to take out some of the money, hold it up to the light and gaze on the beautiful engraving was too strong to be resisted. He opened the mouth of the bag and took out—

A terrific yell roused the brakeman on the front platform and he rushed into the car. All he found was a black bag filled with queer packages of green paper.

Deacon Zedekiah Salter has not been seen since.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WOLFRAIN IN GUNS.

A Metal That Has Not Hitherto Become of Commercial Value.

Wolfraim, or tungsten, belongs to a group of rare metals, and, until a comparatively recent time, was known only to the chemist, and its value was known only in the laboratory. With the invention of one hundred-ton guns the demand for tungsten soon made the previously obscure metal well known throughout the mining world. It was soon found that the steel tube, lining the bore of these enormous guns, could not resist the shock entailed by discharging many shots without becoming fractured. Experiment proved that the addition of a small quantity of tungsten to the fine steel employed in gun-making rendered the latter metal wonderfully elastic, so that the steel tube will expand under the tension of firing and contract again to its normal size a great many times before the quality of the metal is in any way impaired. The German gun factories absorb most of the tungsten found in the world, and from being a mere curiosity seen only in the laboratory of the chemist, this rare metal has acquired considerable value. Wolfraim generally occurs in combination with iron in Europe, but it is also found in Scheelite, or tungstate of lime. It is in the latter form that it occurs in Otago. The metal itself is of a white color, extremely brittle and heavy, the specific gravity being 19.1, that of gold being 19.3. It will thus be seen that tungsten is a heavy metal, being only very slightly lighter than gold.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Feminine Search.—"Bibbs—'How do do, Bob? Where's sis?' Bob (sis's husband)—'Gone shopping.' 'What did she want?' 'Nothing.' 'Then why did she go shopping?' 'To see if she could find anything that would make her want something.'—N. Y. Weekly.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

A Region Rich in Historic and Scenic Interest.

The Early Fighting Ground of the Federal and Confederate Armies—Incidents Recalled by a Visit to Various War-Famed Points.

(Special Letter.)

Long before the Chesapeake & Ohio enters the Shenandoah valley from the west, the veterans who travel on it are upon their early fighting ground. At many turns the road comes upon the lines of Gen. Cox in the Kanawha, of Cook and Averill under Sigel in the various moves on Saltville, Wytheville and the bridge over the New river, on what was then the Virginia Central road.

While running down to Staunton both the natural beauties of the far-famed valley and some of its most noted battlefields are under the eye.

In a military sense the valley was a vast covered way through which whole armies with their trains and equipment



NEW RIVER SCENERY NEAR GAULEY BRIDGE, C. & O. RAILWAY.

could move on the flanks of the hosts contending on the plains of Virginia to the eastward. Thus Jackson, Ewell and Early used it. From it the rangers of Ashby and Mosby dashed out from their cover. Through it Lee twice invaded the north. Stonewall Jackson was its southern Sheridan, driving Fremont, Banks and others out of it. And so successful was this great southern soldier that at the north the Shenandoah was called the "Valley of Humiliation." And so it remained until Sheridan swept it with the resistless storm of his troopers, leaving it bare as if from the breath of a cyclone and finally wresting it from confederate control and making a successful campaign against Lee's army a possibility.

Aside from the interest which war history clothes this valley, its natural beauties make a ride through it, from Natural bridge, to Harrisonburg, Pa., one of the most attractive in any land. While the valley, under the name of Shenandoah, extends only to the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, the ranges which bound it on the east and west still run northward to the Susquehanna. The valley north of the Potomac changes its name to Cumberland. Like the region south of the river, it is not only rich, but notable for its stirring battle-history, as Chambersburg, Antietam and the movements before and after Gettysburg attest.

As part of the natural attractions, the Luray caves and the Natural bridge have a world-wide reputation, and are properly classed among its wonders. Both are within a short ride of Staunton or Waynesboro.

But to the veteran, these will hold secondary place beside the various battlefields with which these valleys are thickly dotted. Every foot south of the Potomac was fighting ground; every town was at some time the headquarters of well-known forces; nearly every farmhouse was a hospital, and some of the dead and wounded of the many contests had fallen on every acre. On the union side Fremont and Sigel, Milroy and Shields, Hunter and Banks, Kelley and Crook, Wilson and Sheridan and others of note had there met Jackson, Ewell, Early, Stewart, Ashby and the advance of Lee in force. There were innumerable small affairs, and many extended and fierce engagements. Columns in advance and in retreat ebbed and flowed there through every year of the war; while every gap opening eastward poured its footmen and its horsemen upon the flanks, first of the one army and then of the other.

From the opening of the contest till its close it was the vortex of strategy. The war found it an ideal pastoral country, of rich and beautiful farms, of wealthy and aristocratic families, where life in its ease and sunshine rivaled that in older lands. It was the granary and storehouse of the confederacy. The war left it a bare, black-



STORMING THE ENEMY.

ened and blasted region, its homes destroyed, its farms desolated, and its able-bodied population decimated in the field. But it has fully recovered again. Grass and grain have woven nature's beautiful covering over all scars of battle, and the countless miles of parapets are green each year with verdure, and the fields and orchards are laden with flowers again.

The connecting trains which run northward through the valley from the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio reach the more noted battlefields, and the points of famous strategic interest in the inverse order of dates. Thus it was from Harper's Ferry that Johnston, early in 1861, began to maneuver to check Patterson, and from Winchester that he suddenly started to help Beauregard at Bull Run.

When the campaigns in the valley opened in March, 1862, Jackson was virtually in independent command. Banks advanced the first week of that

month, and forced Jackson back through Winchester, Kernstown and Strasburg to Mount Jackson west of Luray. From this point he moved suddenly to recover Winchester, under mistaken information as to the union forces. He made a movement marvelous in its celerity, fell unexpectedly upon Shields at Kernstown and a battle followed in which Jackson was defeated, but it was after some of the sharpest fighting on both sides that the war had developed up to that time. Jackson returned to Mount Jackson and Banks came down to Edinburg. Next came Jackson's blow from Port Republic at Milroy, near McDowell west of Staunton. It was a sharp affair, and resulted in Banks' abandonment of his plan of clearing the valley, and in his returning to Strasburg.

On the 29th of May, Jackson, joined by Ewell started north from New Market to attack Banks entrenched at Strasburg. Every town is marked with the history of that campaign, and the veterans who visit them will recall the stirring scenes that filled the valley through all the years of the war with every species of excitement which battle and campaign can give—the elation of victory and the depression of defeat. And this is true of every station which the trains pass, for each was at times the theater of alternating success, and again for each the fields of defeat.

At this period, the celerity of movement on both sides of the valley almost rivaled the trains which hourly rush through it. Banks fell back to the Potomac, Jackson attacked Charleston, took it, and pushed on to Harper's Ferry. Next came fifteen thousand men from McDowell at Frederickburg, through Manassas Gap, whose mission was to "bag Jackson." The latter withdrew in great haste to Strasburg. It was a race to save his army. Fremont was closing in from the west, Shields from the east and McDowell waited at Front Royal to seize his prey. There was immense stir and activity on all sides, but Jackson won, and reached the upper valley unscathed. Over every step of this advance and retreat, the blood of the union veteran who looks upon the familiar places will run fast under the quickening of memory.

Port Republic, Cross Keys and Harrisonburg are close to Staunton and Waynesboro. There were hot battles near the latter place. At Port Republic, Jackson fell upon Shields and avenged Kernstown. At Cross Keys he defeated Fremont. Both were famous engagements. He captured the union garrison at Front Royal, and drove Banks across the Potomac.

These were stirring months—the three which made up the spring of 1862. They ended Jackson's operations for the time in the valley. He suddenly and secretly withdrew and astonished McClellan by appearing on his flank at Cold Harbor.

From these most general statements, and space does not admit of details, it will be seen that there was no other



AN EPISODE OF SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

spot during the early periods of the war where movement and fighting was so sharp and constant as on the Shenandoah.

With the autumn of 1862, the valley began to witness campaigns on a greater scale.

In September, there came Lee's first invasion of Maryland, and while his columns moved along east of the Blue Ridge, the valley was alive with supply trains, and all the varied accompaniments of a great army's advance. Through the valley he soon after retreated from his defeat at Antietam, and in it he gave his army rest and replenished his stores. The next year, after defeating Hooker at Chancellorsville, Lee sweeping over into the valley marched north to Gettysburg. Through it, he came back with his shattered columns and pitched his camp for recuperation along the Opticon.

When 1864 opened it had been decided that no campaign against Richmond or Gen. Lee's army could be successful unless the Shenandoah could be cleared of confederate troops and firmly held by the union forces.

Gen. Hunter succeeded Sigel in May of that year. He moved with great energy and came to battle close along the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio at Piedmont, near to both Staunton and Waynesboro. Thence he pushed south to Lexington, and fought his way to the entrenchments around Lynchburg. Here Early, from Lee's army, by a rapid march via Trevilian station, further to the eastward on the Chesapeake & Ohio, had joined Breckinridge. Hunter then began a rapid retreat, and eluding these forces, instead of attempting to withdraw down the valley which would have exposed him to the dangers of movements in his rear from Lee's forces, struck directly westward for the Kanawha valley. He first rested at White Sulphur, directly on the Chesapeake & Ohio, and then moved along its line to Gauley bridge. Thence Hunter finally reached the Ohio river, and thence by boat and rail was transported to the Potomac valley again. When he reached Cumberland, on the Baltimore & Ohio, Early, who, when Hunter uncovered the valley by his westward march, had pushed down to the Potomac, invaded Maryland, and was well on his way to Washington. Then followed the tremendous sensation of the Early attack upon and final repulse from in front of the capital by Gen. Wright's corps from Petersburg and part of the Nineteenth corps from Hampton Roads. There are thousands of western veterans who

will find the valley full of reminders of these stirring events.

Next came the great union move in overwhelming force for the final clearing of the valley. The veterans will clearly remember how the Army of the Shenandoah was constituted: Three divisions of the Ninth corps, part of the Nineteenth, two divisions of Crook's Army of West Virginia, Torbett's cavalry division from the Army of the Potomac, Lowell's cavalry brigade, Averill's, Duffie's and J. H. Wilson's cavalry commands—a splendid army led by Sheridan.

The season brought the great engagements under this leader. First, however, he was compelled to withdraw from Strasburg to Harper's Ferry, thus repeating the move which had become as frequent for the valley as the routine statement in the current dispatches after many battles: "The Army of the Potomac has occupied its old camp."

But there came a time in the latter part of September, 1864, when the valley was to be finally swept clean of its hostile forces, and blackened and temporarily blasted by the breath of war. Sheridan, in force, once more moved forward. Then came the noted battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Tom's Brook and Cedar Creek. The valley was cleared southward to the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio road. Early established headquarters at Staunton.

On the 2d of March, 1865, by the victory of Waynesboro, directly on the Chesapeake & Ohio road, Sheridan finally gained complete control of the Shenandoah. Thence he moved southward to Lynchburg, destroying the James river canal and cutting various lines of railroad, on the 19th of March reached White House, and on the 1st of April he was turning Lee's flank at Five Forks.

Thus, in outlines only, are recalled the countless matters and the innumerable points of absorbing interest in the Shenandoah. The veterans who served there will readily fill in the pictures with their personal experiences of battles, camps and marches.

Such of them as wish to visit Antietam and Gettysburg will find the interest increasing every step after crossing the Potomac. Antietam is just over the river, and it is but a few hours' ride to Gettysburg. Through the Cumberland valley, which is a continuation of the Shenandoah, Gen. Patterson came down before Bull Run to hold Johnston in check. With him came Col. Thomas, afterwards commander of the Army of the Cumberland, to his first battle at Falling Waters. Under this leader, as a private soldier, served Samuel J. Randall, afterwards the democratic statesman, then a private cavalry soldier—the first man to write the war department in eulogy of Thomas. The burnt section is still visible at Chambersburg; and there is the monument to the first soldier killed in the defense of northern soil.

All these great chapters in our war history, which the veterans are coming to live through again, make up but one of the side trips which the Chesapeake & Ohio affords for easy visit to the far-famed theaters of eastern fighting.

Passing east from the Shenandoah, the line crosses the Blue Ridge and enters upon the great fields of eastern Virginia.

H. V. BOYSTON.

ACROSS THE REEF.

An Exciting Struggle with a Stormy Sea.

The author of "A Cruise in an Opium Clipper" entertains his readers with a surf-boat adventure in which he participated off the coast of Formosa, where it had become necessary to make a landing in a new and dangerous place. Another man—Nealance and himself were to accompany the captain, and take what soundings they could as they went through the surf. One end of a long, light manilla line was passed into the surf-boat and made fast, so that those who were left behind could draw the boat quickly back again in case of any disaster.

Each of us had a loose life line made fast to his person, loose enough to let us get from under the boat in the event of a capsize, but still attaching us to the boat, so that when it was hauled back we should be brought back also, though probably half drowned.

Everything being ready, the steersman carefully counted the rollers, beginning with the heaviest one. When the twenty-seventh—the heaviest—had passed, he gave the signal, and we shot into the next one. Its white, hissing top covered us fore and aft, and for a second the boat was thrown into an almost vertical position. Then she came down with a thud that would have stove any lighter-built craft.

As she tumbled the crest of the wave, the six of us let go our own lines, which for a second hung well secured along-side. Then, the crest being passed, in a twinkling each one was bent in earnest to send her through the next wave.

Getting soundings here was no joke. When the boat was in her vertical position on the crest of the wave, it took me all my time to hold on; and when she was down in the hollow, I could barely get one cast before I was again carried skyward.

About half-way across we met the twenty-seventh sea again. I shot my teeth hard, and grasped my hold tightly, as I gazed on the gigantic white, thundering mass. Completely awestruck in it, the boat was yet carried aloft so high that for a second I imagined a somersault was to end our voyage of discovery. As the captain said: "We just saved being somersaulted by the skin of our teeth."

As we recovered from the shock and fell into the hollow, I perceived a grin of satisfaction on the dark visage of our steersman.

The men pulled with new energy, and we reached the extremity of the broken water just in time to ride safely over the next twenty-seventh sea before it curled its crest to fall upon the rocky reef. Then we pulled a little away from the reef, laid in our oars and let go the anchor, to give us all a rest and a breath before we started on our perilous journey back to the ship.—Youth's Companion.