

Johnnie and Eudie

A Story Told by a Vet to His Grandchildren on Memorial Day

By F. A. Mitchell

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"Now, grandpa, this is Memorial day, and you promised when it came round you'd tell us a story about the war in which you took part. Come, we're all ready."

"Very well, my dear; I suppose I'll have to keep my promise."

A girl of seven perched herself on the broad arm of a piazza chair; Tommy climbed up on one knee, Billy on the other, and all waited eagerly for the story, which I began as follows:

"When I was a soldier boy in the Federal army—I was nineteen years old at the time I'm going to tell you about—we were fighting in Virginia. One day the general—we'll call him General Bumblebee?"

"General Bumblebee?" asked Billy.

"Yes, General Bumblebee, if you like. He was a real general, but what I'm going to tell you happened so long ago that I've forgotten some of the names. So I'll make 'em up as I go along. Well, General Bumblebee sent for a friend of mine, a very particular friend, and he looked like me too."

"What was his name?" asked Tommy.

"His name? Why, his name was—Johnnie Spy?"

"That's a funny name. Call 'em all by those made up names."

"Johnnie Spy went to General Bumblebee's headquarters, and the general said to him:

"Corporal—Johnnie was a corporal—your captain recommends you as a good man to go down into the enemy's lines to secure information. Now, the southern general—we'll call him—"

"You give him his name, grandpa."

"Well, call him General Gobbie."

"Turkey Gobbie?"

"Yes, Turkey Gobbie if you like. General Gobbie told Johnnie Spy to go down across up like somebody else so that the Confederates wouldn't know him. Look about, and out what they were going to do and come back and tell the general."

"The next day a farmer's boy with a faded straw hat on his head and rough clothes and driving a cow got mixed up with the Confederate pickets."

"I know who that was," said the girl, Alice. "That was Johnnie Spy."

"You're right, Johnnie told them that his home was back of their lines, and they let him go through. But after he got in the rear of the picket line somehow Johnnie and his cow got separated and were not seen together any more."

"There were a great many peddlers following the armies on both sides who carried baskets full of cheap watches and jewelry that they sold to the soldiers at high prices. The morning after Johnnie came into the Confederate camp one of these peddlers was going about selling watches and scarfpins."

"Was he Johnnie?" asked Tom.

"Yes; he was Johnnie."

"Where did he get his watches and things?"

"From another peddler. You see, the general had given him plenty of money, and he bought a whole basketful. Johnnie persuaded a family to let him stay with them awhile and soon found out that they were Union people. For awhile he pretended to be very bitter against the north, but there was a young girl in the family that Johnnie took a shine to, and after awhile he told her that he was a Union soldier in disguise. You see, he wanted her to help him get information."

"What was her name?"

"Her name? Why, I reckon we'll call her Eudoxia."

"That's the funniest name for a girl I ever heard!" exclaimed Alice.

"It's the name of a Roman empress who lived at Constantinople."

"Does she live there now?"

"Not very likely, since she reigned some 1,500 years ago. The house this Union family lived in was right in among the Confederate camps, and Johnnie Spy and Eudoxia found out a good many things for Johnnie to tell General Bumblebee when he got back. It was an awful risky thing to do, for if they caught Johnnie they would hang him up by the neck till he was as dead as the Empress Eudoxia."

"What's Eudoxia's short name?" asked Alice, "Eudie?"

"Yes, indeed, Eudie. I'll call her that after this. Eudie was very much worried for fear the Confederates would find out that Johnnie was a Union soldier, and, sure enough, one day Johnnie found himself in trouble. You see, he had been within the Confederate lines before, and one of the soldiers recognized him—that is, the soldier thought he did, but when he had seen him Johnnie was dressed as a curate. So the man wasn't certain. Eudie heard about it and told Johnnie. He made up his mind to get out of that region as quickly as possible, and Eudie agreed to go part way with him. For they hoped that the two might meet the other and make them think that they were not there. Johnnie wanted to go to his room for some papers, but didn't dare in a

wood they had their outer garments. Eudie took her long hair that she had nearly to her ankles and fixed it up as a wig for Johnnie. They had their hats—Eudie in Johnnie's top hat and Johnnie in her dress, with her hair coiled up on the top of his head—when they met some Confederate cavalrymen coming from the opposite direction. The general of another part of the Confederate army had received a telegram from General Gobbie to send off a young farmer's boy and girl and told on to the boy. The troopers took Eudie, whom they supposed to be the boy, and let Johnnie go where he liked.

Eudie was confronted by the man who had recognized Johnnie. Of course she wasn't the one he meant, but, having on Johnnie's clothes, looked suspicious. Besides, as soon as she looked at Johnnie she was a spy they suspected Johnnie was a spy they suspected the room in which he had slept and found the papers he had left there. They contained information about the Confederate army.

So Eudie was brought before a lot of others and tried. They didn't get together to find out whether she was a spy or not but to hang her according to army law, which I fancy is pretty poor law, but very effective with guilty persons. They fixed it so that they could hang her according to orders and since they didn't like to waste any time in carrying out their orders she was to be hanged at 10 o'clock the next day.

"Oh, my grandpa," exclaimed Alice, "wasn't that awful?"

"It seems so, but it really wasn't. Eudie could get off by telling them she wasn't a boy at all, but she wouldn't do it till the last moment because she wanted to give Johnnie all the time she possibly could to get away. She was so full of letting them know she was a girl all she brought herself all the danger of being a spy. She let them put the rope around her neck before she said a word about it. Then they wouldn't believe her."

"I won't hang me, she said. I'm a girl. I'm not even a boy. I'm a girl."

The hanging was under the direction of the provost marshal, who said to her on what you're after. You want to gain a little time till we can hang you."

"That won't do, major," interposed the officer of the day who was present. "I've been sure lots of this case all a long. I think we'd better send her down to the hospital tent where there are a couple of women nurses and find out about the matter."

"The provost marshal gave in, and sent Eudie under guard to the hospital tent. When they learned that she was really a girl they asked her what she meant by masquerading as a boy, but she wouldn't tell them anything that Johnnie hadn't got them the Confederate lines and she might compromise him. So they let Eudie go home.

Johnnie ran away in the wood and was awfully afraid that when the Confederates found out they had captured the wrong person and let the right one go they would hunt all over for him. He walked toward the Federal lines for awhile then, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs, he crawled into a hollow log. A company of southern cavalry were going through the wood, and some of them jumped their horses over the very log that Johnnie was hidden in. He was sure they were looking for him, but at that time it was not known that Eudie was not Johnnie and his fears caused him to be mistaken. However, they were just as dangerous to him as if they had been looking for him, because if they had found a girl lingering in the wood they might have suspected something.

Johnnie didn't dare crawl out of the log till it was dark. Then he looked up at the north star and walked toward it till he saw lights and knew that they marked the Federal camps. He must have gone through the Confederate pickets without knowing it, for suddenly he heard a click and a voice. "Who comes there?" He answered: "Friend. Don't shoot. Take me to General Bee."

"The picket called a corporal, and Johnnie was taken to the general's tent. The general was asleep, but Johnnie's information was so important that an aid-de-camp waked him up, and Johnnie told him what he had heard. And that's the end of the story."

"What became of Johnnie, grandpa?" asked little Billy.

"And what became of Eudie?" asked Alice.

"After the war Johnnie went down into Virginia and found Eudie, and they were married."

"Where did they go to live?"

"They came up here to Johnnie's home."

"Are they alive now?"

"Yes."

"Are they any children's grandpa and grandmamma?"

"Yes."

"Whose?"

"Yours."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Alice. "You don't mean that grandmamma is Eudie?"

"She is."

"And you are Johnnie Spy?" asked Tommy with eyes wide open.

"I am."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed all.

"Did all that really happen, grandpa?" asked Tommy, "or did you make it up?"

"It really happened. The civil war was so full of such adventures that if there were all written out a million books, wouldn't contain them all. Many of our officers and men could all such stories, or could have told them. I assure you for our grandpa and his wife, as after the wilderness and some will come to be entirely."

FIRST AID IN FAINTING.

Lower the Head to Let the Blood Back to the Brain.

Fainting is a loss of consciousness due to the diminution of blood supply to the brain. It occurs most frequently in weak, sensitive women, but may occur also to men as well. It usually occurs in crowds or in crowded halls, theaters and churches where the atmosphere is close and the air foul. Fainting usually lasts only a few minutes, and the person recovers immediately when taken out into the fresh air, but there are cases in which it lasts much longer, sometimes for an hour or more. The first aid treatment of fainting is usually very simple. Take the person out into the fresh air and lay him flat on the back, with the head lower than the feet. This can be done by grasping the feet and holding the body so that the head hangs down, or take an ordinary straight back chair, turn it over so that the back forms an angle with the floor and place the person on the back of the chair with the head hanging down. This position with the head hanging down favors the flow of the blood back to the brain. All tight clothing about the neck and waist should be loosened. Smelling salts or aromatic spirits of ammonia applied to the nostrils and cold water sprinkled on the face, chest and hands help to restore consciousness. National Magazine.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Many Changes in Its Design Since It Was First Issued.

The silver dollar has undergone a great many changes since it was first issued in 1794. On the face of the first dollar were stamped the head of a young woman turned to the right and with hair flowing, as if she was in a gale of wind. But in 1796 Congress came to her relief and ordered her hair to be tied up with a bit of ribbon. The fifteen stars which appeared on the first dollar were after this reduced to the original thirteen representing the number of states.

In 1836 the design was again changed, and the dollar bore the figure of a woman dressed in a flowing garment. The designer forgot, however, to put in the thirteen stars, and the coin was soon called in the new design having the woman surrounded by stars. Her hair was drawn and stiff looking, and in 1838 dollars were issued which were more artistic in treatment. The first dollar bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," was issued in April, 1864, and in 1873 the era of the trade dollar began, lasting just five years.

The Liberty dollar made its appearance in 1878. Miss Anna W. Williams, a public school teacher of Philadelphia, sat for the portrait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sure of a Raise.

An enterprising woman who rents several apartments in a new building and sublets them furnished, room by room, has profited at the rate of several hundred dollars a year by worming a propensity for telling everything she knows to each applicant for a room she named an exorbitant price to start with.

"Now, understand, this is a confession to you alone and must be regarded as strictly confidential. If you tell a soul in the house that I have made a reduction in my favor I shall have to charge the original price."

Within two weeks rents had gone up.

"Mrs. Smith tells me," said the acute landlady to each gossiping tenant, "that you told her you pay only \$8 for your room instead of \$7." And as no one was in a position to plead not guilty the additional rental was exacted.—New York Times.

The Retort Courteous.

James Russell Lowell was once a guest at a banquet in London where he was expected to reply to a toast. The speaker who preceded Mr. Lowell said many contemptuous things about the people of the United States, avowing and repeating again and again that they were all braggarts. As American minister at the court of St. James Lowell could hardly overlook this speech, so as he rose he said smilingly: "I heartily agree with the gentleman who has just spoken. Americans do brag a great deal, and I don't know where they got the habit, do you?"

Big Mouthful.

"Yes," whispered the man who knows everybody, "the big chap over there at the third table is a great gormand. He's a mountain in the financial world, you know."

"H'm!" commented the quiet observer. "Instead of a mountain he looks to me like a great gorge."—Chicago News.

Bolling Alive.

The last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia in 1890. The offender was guilty of stealing state revenues and was put into a large caldron of cold water, which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed as a warning among the provincial tax collectors.

Incorrigible.

"Nobody wants to play bridge with Mrs. Bean. She talks all the time."

"I suppose she's quiet when she's dummy?"

"Quiet! She talks twice as much."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Blame in Safety.

A fine party years of married life I've lived on the island if I don't marry now let a man and his wife disagree as long as he don't let her know it.—Harper's Bazar.

The advertisement is a vertical layout with a decorative border. At the top, the word "The BLUE" is written in large, bold letters. Below it, a central illustration shows a man in a military-style carriage, with the name "GRANT" written below the carriage. Surrounding this central image are several smaller portraits of men in military uniforms, each with a name written below them: SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, MEADE, McCLELLAN, STONE WALL JACKSON, J. E. JOHNSTON, A. S. JOHNSTON, and LONGSTREET. At the bottom of the advertisement, the words "and the GRAY" are written in large, bold letters. Below the portraits, there is a large block of text in a stylized font, which is the poem: "NO more shall the warcry sever or the winding rivers be red; They banish our anger forever when they laurel the graves of our dead. Under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day; Love and tears for the Blue, tears and love for the Gray."

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