In Retaliation

Story For Memorial Day of a Man Who Was Sentenced to Be Shot

By F. A. MITCHEL

During the war between the states there was an important difference in the military forces on the two opposing sides. The northern armies were composed of men regularly enlisted into the United States service; the southern armies were composed of those thus enlisted and a number of independent roving bands called partisans. Then there were the guerrillas, who were bent principally on robbery and murder and, though they were southerners, respected neither Federal nor Confederate sympathizers. The partisans were not within the province of legitimate warfare. Guerrillas, when captured, were invariably shot.

In the spring of 1862 in Tennessee some men belonging to one of these partisan bands were captured, and, not having been enlisted into the Confederate service, the officer who made the capture ordered them to be executed. The news of their execution was carried through the lines to a Confederate force, and on hearing it the officer in command ordered an equal number of Federal prisoners to be shot in retaliation.

One of these prisoners, Dick Southgate, belonging to an Ohio regiment, had been ill with camp fever, and the commander of the Confederates had paroled him that he might be nursed in a farmhouse near the camp. There he had been especially cared for by the daughter of the house, a girl of nineteen.

The civil war was full of romances between northern soldiers who, ill or wounded, were cared for by southern women. Whatever the enmity, it is woman's nature to pity a sufferer, and the Confederate women were as kind to the Union men who were disabled as they were to their own soldiers. It was natural that a love affair should spring up between Dick Southgate and Emily Morgan. The time they were together was short, for in war the opposing armies are constantly shifting. Southgate was in the Morgan home but two weeks when the officer who had captured him received an order to be ready to march within short notice. Southgate's parole was canceled, and he was taken back to the Confederate camp. He took with him the heart of the Tennessee country girl.

There was no struggle between love and patriotism in Emily Morgan. Living on the boundary between east and west Tennessee, the eastern population being largely sympathetic with the Union, the western with the Confederacy, she had no especial preference for either cause. But even if she had been devoted to that of the south it would not one whit have influenced her in the case of the handsome young soldier who was taken away from her pale and thin long before she deemed him fit to leave his bed.

Southgate was ordered back to the Confederate camp just before the news of the execution of the partisans came through the lines. He was sitting on the ground before that portion of the camp assigned to the prisoners when an officer approached and called out:

"Fall in!"

The men formed in line, Southgate rising with difficulty and standing with the rest, and the officer said to them:

"In retaliation for the execution of Confederate prisoners of recent date near Dickard, six of your number, to be selected by lot, are to be shot. You will begin to count from left to right."

Every man turned white. The first man on the left called out "One," the next "Two," the next "Three," and so on. Southgate was the twelfth man from the left end of the line. When the counting was finished the officer took the name of every third man, making a note of it. Then he read aloud the list, announcing that they were to be executed at 6 o'clock the next morning. Southgate, being the twelfth man in line, was one of those to be executed.

As soon as the men had broken ranks Southgate wrote a note to Emily Morgan announcing his forthcoming execution, thanking her for her care of him while ill and saying that he would die thinking of her. All requests of the doomed men in matters of preparation for death were attended to by their captors, and a messenger was sent to Emily with Dick's note. She was working in the garden when a soldier on horseback rode up and handed it to her.

Emily read the note and just as she had finished it swooned. The messenger having started on his return and there being no one else near her at the time, she lay on a flower bed till she resumed consciousness. Then, the remembrance of the message she had received returning to her, she sat up and moaned.

That same afternoon a country boy dressed in "butternut," or homespun goods, entered the Confederate camp and said he would like to enlist. Recruits were welcomed in the south in those days, not much attention being paid to age or strength, and the youngster was enlisted, giving his name as Edward Brown.

Brown, being told that some Federal prisoners were to be shot the next morning, expressed a desire to see them. The camp of the prisoners was pointed out to him, three or four tents surrounded by sentries, and he strolled over to have a look. The men to be executed in the morning had asked to be permitted to spend the night with their companions rather than placed in a tent by themselves, and the request had been granted.

Brown walked to the sentry line and, not being permitted to go farther, stood gaping at the tents before which groups of men with melancholy visages were bolstering the courage of those who were about to die. After having satisfied his curiosity he turned and sauntered away and was lost among the Confederate loiterers.

In the dead of night, when the prisoners were mostly asleep, some of those who were to die trying to sleep, but all awake under a dreadful shadow, the canvas at the bottom of one of the tents was raised, and some one—not to be discovered, for there was no light—crawled in among them.

"Is Southgate here?" he asked in a whisper.

"No. He's in the next tent. Who are you?"

"A friend. I want to find Southgate."

"How did you get in here?"

"Stole in when the sentry's back was turned."

The person, whoever he was, went into the next tent, asked for Southgate and on finding him whispered:

"I'm Emily."

No word was spoken for a few moments while the two were clasped in a tight embrace.

"Why have you come," asked Southgate—"to bid me goodby?"

"No; to try to save you."

"How can you do that?"

"Take my suit of butternut and my side arms. You may be able to pass the sentries."

"And you?"

"I will remain here in your place."

"To be shot?"

"No; at the right time I will confess who I am."

Southgate pondered a few minutes and then said:

"No; if I were to succeed—which I doubt—some other of my companions would be shot in my place. I will not go."

Word was passed among the prisoners of the coming of a girl among them, and all agreed on urging Dick to take advantage of the opportunity. Possibly another man might not be chosen in his place; possibly Emily's brave act might save them all. So great was the pressure brought to bear upon him that he finally consented.

Having exchanged clothes and put on the side arms—a bayonet—Southgate crawled from under the tent and took a look at his surroundings. There were four sentries pacing on four sides of a square surrounding the tents. The only light was from some campfires before the guard tents, but at this hour they were not kept up and were smoldering. Dick got down on the ground and crawled in what shadow there was thrown by the prisoners' tents toward one of the sentinels pacing in the greatest dark. On reaching a point as near him as he dared Dick found a slight hollow in the ground and waited for the sentry to turn his back, then made as quick a dash as his condition would allow across the sentry's beat. He reached the outside of the square, but dare not run for it, since the sentry would surely turn in time to see him. So he walked straight toward the man, who, when he turned and saw a soldier who had seemingly sprung from the ground, started. Dick walked straight on and passed him. The sentry, seeing the butternut clothes and side arms of a soldier, said not a word to him, but turned and watched him as he passed out of sight.

Day came, bringing the shrill whistle of fife and beat of drum, the reveille which wakes the soldier, followed by the men standing in ranks answering to their names at roll call. At the same time a firing squad was turned out, and another squad conducted the prisoners who were to be shot on to the parade. There were six of them. The officer in charge of the execution walked up to them, inspected them and noticed Emily Morgan.

"What's this? You look like that recruit who enlisted yesterday," he said.

"I am that recruit."

"What!"

"And I'm a girl."

"What in thunder are you doing in this lot?"

Emily told him that she had come into the camp to effect the escape of one of the prisoners and had succeeded. The officer, after recovering from his astonishment, scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I'm ordered to shoot six men, and there's only five, one being a girl and not the right man anyway. Sergeant, march the prisoners back to their quarters. You (to another noncommissioned officer) march the firing squad back and dismiss them for the present. You (to Emily) come with me."

Taking Emily to the colonel's quarters, he waited till the officer had performed his morning's ablutions in a tin basin, then reported the situation. The colonel questioned Emily and was much impressed with her act. He directed the officer to leave her, and when alone with him she made a stirring appeal for him to spare the lives of the men he had ordered shot.

A soldier naturally shrinks from making an executioner of himself. This, together with admiration for the girl's devotion, won him, and he issued an order that the men selected to be shot should be treated as prisoners of war.

Such is the story still told by a man whose hair is white as snow, whose wife is an old lady, and the two are about to celebrate their golden wedding. Every Memorial day either one or the other tells it to a numerous progeny of children and grandchildren.

A DROP OF WATER.

There Are Times When It May Become a Source of Real Terror.

The fear of silence and loneliness not seldom attacks burly miners who, for that reason, refuse to work alone in distant drifts. In China the very refinement of torture is to confine a condemned criminal in a place where sound cannot reach him and over the plank to which he is bound to place a vessel of water, so regulated that once every few moments a single drop shall fall upon his brow. There is no light and no sound to distract his attention, and the thoughts of the poor wretch become so concentrated on the expectation of the next drop of water that when it falls it seems to strike him with the impact of a bomb, and reason cannot long withstand the strain. In his book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," Mr. H. G. Ponting says he came to understand the strange dread of silence through an experience in a California mine at midnight.

Five hundred feet into the crust of the earth I went and felt no new sensations except one of disappointment as the shaft echoed with my footsteps—600 feet, 700 feet, 800 feet and the bottom of the mine.

But as I stood there a creepy feeling came over me. What was this consciousness that suddenly oppressed me and made my blood seem chilled? I had felt nothing like it before. My candle gave but a feeble glimmer, and I found myself peering furtively into the shadows with a feeling almost akin to dread. All at once I knew. It was the silence—the immense, oppressive silence. Hitherto when I had been down in the mine there had always been the regular beating of the hammers on the drills. Now there was nothing but thick, velvety silence.

Then a sudden sound, like the crack of a stock whip, put every sense on the alert. Was I not alone, then, after all? In a moment the instinct of self preservation reminded me that I was unarmed. Who could be down here at this hour, and what could be his object? Had I been followed? Without a weapon I was at the mercy of any ruffian. All this rushed through my brain in a moment, and as I tried to pierce the shadows my candle only served to make the darkness visible. Another crack, almost like a pistol shot, and then enlightenment and relief flashed upon me. It was nothing but a drop of water falling from the hanging wall in the sump below, yet in this dread silence it struck with almost the noise of a fulminating cap.

ONCE A WIDE CANAL.

Broad Street, New York, Where the Curb Brokers Now Operate.

The curb brokers of New York, who now operate on Broad street, would have been forced to conduct their business from gondolas or canal boats had they made use of that thoroughfare in early days, for where solid pavement now stands there was a wide canal.

Many people nowadays, wandering through the narrow streets of lower Manhattan, have wondered at Broad street's unusual width. Still more peculiar was such breadth of thoroughfare in the olden times, when streets were nearly all narrow, and to distinguish it from the alley-like byways that surrounded it the thoroughfare was referred to as "the broad street." The Dutch called it the "Heere Graft." (The latter word had a far different meaning in those days.) It was not at first a street, but the principal canal of the city. This canal, wide enough for heavy boats to pass each other, ran into Broad street at the southern end and continued north almost to Wall street. A similar but smaller canal ran through Beaver street.

Peter Stuyvesant in 1657 had the canal's sides planked, and a few decades later the waters were gradually replaced by a street.

As that street perforce followed the canal's former lines, it was much the widest thoroughfare in all lower Manhattan and well merited its name of Broad street. Had New York real estate been worth one-twentieth as much then as at present Broad street would probably have been shaved down to the width of Nassau or Wall street.—New York World.

A Romance Shattered.

An Atchison young lady in trying to discipline her little brother has a habit of saying, "Now, don't you dare to do that or I'll have a fit." The little brother confided to one of his sister's admirers the other night that there were lots of things he couldn't do "because," he said, "you know sister has fits." Now the young lady is wondering why her most ardent suitor has not been near her for two whole weeks.—Atchison Globe.

Went Through.

"And you were in that horrible railway accident?"

"Yes."

"I hear that one train completely telescoped the other. How did you ever escape injury?"

"I was on the through train."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Methods.

When a man has to get busy he rolls up his shirt sleeves. When a woman really gets down to work she ties up her hair in a knot at the back.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fine Morning.

"Fine morning, your honor," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Yes, indeed," responded the justice, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a ten dollar fine morning."

HE WANTED GORE

By M. QUAD

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I had heard from the old man's neighbors how his reputation as a rough and tumble fighter was once saved by his wife, and, though I had thrown out hints several times, neither of them seemed inclined to tell the tale. I therefore had to wait till the signs came right. One autumn day Zeb took me along with him as he visited his traps for mink along a creek, and as we rested on a rock previous to the long walk back to his cabin he said, "That ain't much of a yarn."

"But I want to hear it."

"Wall, I'll begin by sayin' that I'd worked so hard fur three or fo' years arter the wah that I got all run down. That same y'ar a critter named Pike moved into the neyburhood. He talked so loud and blewed so high that everybody was skeart of him, and he jest went around steppin' high and bossin' the roost. That critter used to cum down to my cabin and brag and blow and tell how many men he'd licked, and one day I gin him plain to understan' that I didn't believe his stories. That made him mad, and he went away, mayin' as how he'd wallop me fur his next victim. He knowed I was in poor health and couldn't fight a fly, but every two or three days he'd cum down and stand in front of the cabin and yell:

"'Now, then, Zeb White, cum out yere and git the awfulest wallopin' a human critter ever received. I'm no hand to brag, but I kin tie both hands behind me and then chaw yo' up in two minits. I've licked forty-seven different men and never got my nose skinned. Either own up that yo' dasn't fight a man or cum out and be walloped.'

"'That's the way he'd talk to me,' continued Zeb, 'and I'd get so mad that I cried like a child. Bimeby I begun to git a little better, and one day when he was callin' on me to cum fo'th and be walloped I held him that if he'd show up a week from that day I'd tackle him. He went away crackin' his heels and whooplin' and rejoicin', and the old woman sez to me, sez she:

"'Zeb White, if yo' was a well man yo' could wallop that critter befo' I could make a hoecake, but yo've been down the banks all summer, and yo' can't git well in a week. I'm sorry yo' passed yo'r word, but bein' it's passed we'll her to abide by it. I'll git whisky and roots tomorrer and brace yo' up.'"

"And did you get better?" I asked.

"No; I got wuss. Whisky and roots didn't do me no good. When the week was up I was in bed and too feeble to walk across the room. That peaky critter knowed jest how it was with me, and yit he cum and stood in front of the cabin and shouted to the ole woman:

"'Would yo' do me the everlastin' kindness to tell him to step out yere while I chaw his ears off and stay my hunger?'

"'He's sick abed just now, but if yo'll cum back arter dark he'll make yo' eat grass and beller like a calf!'

"'Then yo' kin be lookin' for me, Widder White, I'll be kinder sorry to see death take him fr'm yo', but I must hev him fur my forty-eighth victim. Good arternoon. Widder White, good arternoon.'

"I cried myself to sleep, and it was arter dark when I woke up. That that varmint had cum back, 'cordin' to promise, and was in front of the cabin a-shoutin':

"'Zeb White, the time has cum fur yo' to be pulverized. Mebbe I won't do no mo' than chaw yo'r ears off and cripple yo' fur life, but I'll do that much fur shore.'

"Jest about the time he begun to holler my ole woman begun to git outen her clothes and inter mine.

"'What yo' gwine to do?' sez I.

"'Gwine out to wallop that critter or die!' sez she.

"It wasn't no use to talk to her. When she got all dressed up she looked like a man, and as she stood in the door that varmint cracked his heels together and crowed like a rooster."

"And about the fight?" I asked as Zeb was silent for several minutes.

"It was full of surprises," he answered. "That varmint was only a blow hard arter all. The ole woman walked around him two or three times and then sailed in. He hollered at the first jump and tried to git away, but she wouldn't let him. She scratched, kicked and pulled ha'r, and when she finally let up on him he wouldn't hev looked wuss if half a dozen b'ars had played with him. I've seen a heap of men walloped, but he was the walloped'est man of the hull lot."

"And how did Mrs. White come out of it?"

"She didn't git a scratch, but I'ves allus bin sorry about it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Waal," said Zeb as he turned his face away from me, "befo' that fight she was a mighty humble woman and left all the bossin' to me. Sence then she's—she's"—

"She's not so humble?"

"Jest so. Jest got the idea that she kin wallop me same as she did him, and thar ar' days when she's all ready to make a try at it. Spiles a woman to git some noshuns in her head."

And an hour after we got home that evening I overheard her saying to him:

"Now, Zeb White, yo' git me up a heap of firewood by the back deah to morrer or take the consequences. If yo' don't I'll make yo' sick abed for a hull month to cum!"

Quality and Quantity.

This was following many of the battles of our war was done not to the effect of the discharge of firearms, but to the fact that in the regions where the battles occurred rain falls on an average one day out of three and the commanders are more inclined to move armies and begin engagements in fair weather. In fact, while rain on the progress such operations are practically impracticable on account of the condition of the roads. If by the regular operations of nature rain does not fall within two or three days after a battle it is due to the fact that a drought prevails. The idea of rain following battles is expressed in the writings of Plutarch, who states his opinion that the vapor rising from the hot breath, blood and sweat of the struggling masses is condensed into rain by the concussion of the weapons and the hoarse cries of the victors. In a form little less crude the belief that rain is caused by battles has survived to the present day, but it is absolutely unfounded.—Willis L. Moore.

Women Sweep the Streets.

There are many systems of street cleaning, but probably that of the French government of Porto Novo, Dahomey, West Africa, is the most economical. The native police examine the streets, and at any part which requires cleaning they stop the women and girls who happen to be passing at the time and order them to sweep the rubbish into heaps. A woman may be seen hurrying along, water jar on head, child strapped on back and perhaps on urgent business, when the native policeman hands her a broom, made from a palm tree leaf, and orders her to do her share of sweeping. This she does reluctantly, knowing how useless it is to refuse. Occasionally the native refuses to do this enforced labor, but in the end the sweeping is done, for the police possess unique powers. The men are exempt from this unpaid work, as, naturally, it would interfere with the trade of the colony.

Marie Antoinette's Prison Fare.

An interesting document has been published—the bill of the caterer who supplied Marie Antoinette's needs in prison. They boarded her, it seems, for seventy-four days at 15 francs a day, giving her for that sum coffee for breakfast and for dinner soup, boiled beef, fowl and dessert or, as an occasional alternative, duck and pastry. For forty-one days she had her maids with her, and the maid was boarded for 3 francs a day. Beds, mattresses and bed linen had to be hired, and the charge for these was 54 francs, while the hire of a bath amounted to no less than 60 francs. The washing bill, however, was only 22 francs, and the loan of books, at 1 franc a book, came to not more than 16 francs. The principal other items was 3 francs for a bottle of dentifrice, and the total of the bill which the nation had to pay was 1,497 francs—a little over $300.

Soup Extraordinary.

Mrs. Mayfield was interviewing an applicant for the position of cook. "Can you make all kinds of sweets, entrees and soups?" she asked. "Oh, yes, mum!" said the applicant. "Do you make good mock turtle soup?" "Oh, yes, mum!" Experience had made Mrs. Mayfield a little distrustful. "Tell me how you would set about it," she said. "Well, of course, mum, like anybody else would." "But how would you make it?" persisted the lady. "Why, mum," said the cook, making a bold guess, "my way is to make a good strong soup first with anything I 'appen to have, then while it is on the boil I throw the young mock turtles in, mum!"—London Express.

Why He Laughed.

A south side woman sent her small son with a note to his father, asking him to purchase some groceries and send them home in the little fellow's wagon.

"I could not find papa, so I gave the note to the groceryman," announced Herold indignantly, "and he just laughed and laughed." This is what the note said:

"Dearest—Please put some sugar and rice in Herold's wagon. Tootsie."—Kansas City Star.

Baboons That Like Oysters.

The liking for oysters is not confined to man alone. F. W. Fitzsimmons in a recently published book says that he found in South Africa baboons that were fond of, in fact, all kinds of shellfish. Troops of the baboons often make excursions to the seaside, he says, to get these salty delicacies. They open the shells with their strong teeth or by striking them on a rock.

Made a Strike Too.

In an imperial city a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular itching to play at ninepins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He deliberately aimed at the alley, conceiving that it was the bowl which he stooped to pick up. All who saw it felt that it was a hopeless strike, but it was hard to tell how the game would have ended had the culprit not been beheaded.

How the Story Ended

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am a novelist. I had [illegible] very hard work [illegible] Choice"—to finish it. [illegible] were waiting for the copy, but the [illegible] changes, the revisions, the proofs, publication within a week. I was [illegible] late the night before [illegible] how long I [illegible] came to a standstill.

My next recollection is that I [illegible] walking in a green meadow [illegible] with my hands. [illegible] only dreams these [illegible] imagination, but dreams [illegible] being. And she was talking to me.

"You are trying to change your story [illegible] ty that Scotchman, and I [illegible] understand that I won't do it."

"Angus McGregor is a fool," I replied. "You must never [illegible] written the story with that [illegible] view, and if you won't have him [illegible] have to tear the whole thing to [illegible] Besides, there's no [illegible] change your mind at this late [illegible] The book is advertised for [illegible] March."

"I change my mind. You [illegible] for state it, run stalled [illegible] novelists collect, [illegible] and undertake to make [illegible] you intend we shall go [illegible] we"—

"Kick?"

"Yes, that expression is [illegible] we kick you out." [illegible] as I wish you to do! And [illegible] that is, unless your will [illegible] our own."

"Well, then, if you will be [illegible] sense, when do you wish [illegible]

She didn't reply to my question [illegible] and she bent down and [illegible] growing higher than the top [illegible] thing one end of it in her mouth [illegible]

"You profess to be a novelist? [illegible] that must understand the [illegible] What do you know about the [illegible] heart?"

"I thought I was well [illegible] that respect."

"And you can't substitute [illegible] marry the man other [illegible] objects you have set [illegible] works."

"In woman's [illegible] central novel was [illegible] up my mind as [illegible] love were I a woman [illegible] her marry the [illegible] let."

"The woman [illegible] he was a noble [illegible] "The fellow I was [illegible]

"You appalling [illegible] you were [illegible] could drive [illegible]

"Why not?"

"You set up a [illegible] into him and that [illegible] He goes off and [illegible] while you stand [illegible] the reason for your [illegible] obstinacy are all [illegible]

"I've violated what [illegible] call the dramatic laws, [illegible]

"Nonsense. There is no [illegible] as dramatic laws. If there [illegible] would have to be a [illegible] prison, for the characters [illegible] breaking the laws every day. [illegible] trouble has been in not [illegible] thousands of influences, [illegible] your characters will pull. One [illegible] commits a horrid murder. You [illegible] yearns to see him hanged. He escapes from prison the night before the hanging. Straightway your reader's sympathy goes with him and he hopes the murderer will not be caught."

"We are wasting time in [illegible] ing. You have told me that you won't marry Angus, and yet you will not [illegible] me who is your choice."

"Yes, I will. I'll have none of them."

"None of them! Great heaven! What shall I do? The printers are waiting, the publishers are [illegible] me for the end, and now you, my heroine, on whom I have lavished so much affection, tell me that you will [illegible] marry the man of my choice nor"—

"Your choice!"

"Well, who's been writing the story?"

"You. By the time you have written a few more you'll discover that instead of writing a story the story writes you."

"You don't mean it! But time is pressing. Come, be good. Fix it so that I can finish the yarn and have done with it."

"And you wish to know my preference?"

"I do."

I turned and looked eagerly in her eyes. To my surprise, they fell to the ground and a color rose to her cheeks. With an infinitely sweet look on her face she faded into another real living being; my betrothed, who was bending over me.

"Have I been ill?" I asked.

"Very ill."

"How long?"

"A week."

"Bring me the last chapter of my novel."

The story was written in the first person. In a few hundred words I made the heroine in love with this imaginary person who was telling it, all the while keeping himself in the background. Then I hurried the manuscript off to my publisher.

The book met with a great success, which every one said was due to the turn given to the story by the happy ending. The critics [illegible] the story [illegible] of the [illegible]