

# THE MYSTERY OF A KNAPSACK;

A Story of War, Love and Theosophy.

So the day wore on, and already the openings in the forest and the occasional farm house told the men that they were nearing their own camp at Triune. A song of greeting familiar to all old soldiers in the Fourteenth Army Corps was started. A ridiculous, meaningless song, and yet it was roared out by a thousand voices when returning to camp after Mill Springs battle. It was swelled into a sad wail after Perryville and it was a chant of misery after Chickamauga. It rolled down the steep sides of Mission Ridge. Now, when almost returned to camp, a voice away up near the head of the column said in a strong, resonant voice:

"There was an old fisherman lived up North,"

and a thousand voices howled in response:

"Ring-dang, ring-dang, hoo-de-la-la-da."

As the great chorus rolled out, a shrill, piercing volley of musketry added the merry voices. It came from the flankers on the right hand of the line. No word of command was spoken, but every soldier dropped into his place as you have seen a chain straighten its links under tension. No man looked to his neighbor, but every man looked to the condition of his musket. Some careful old veterans cocked them, and calmly blew down the muzzle to see if they were clear. Others lifted forward on their hips the cartridge-boxes, ready for action. The result of discipline and experience, and nothing else can make a perfect soldier.

The flankers came back toward the main body, falling back from tree to tree, until so near that an officer called out: "Who fired?"

"Buckwhackers," sentimentally responded the old sergeant, as he peered into the forest.

The officer asked again: "How many?"

"Half a dozen, dismounted, and horses waiting at our back," responded the sergeant.

"Any one hurt?" asked the officer.

"No, I guess not; but say, where's Cadogan? Did you see him after the volley?" cried the sergeant.

The men shook their heads.

"Go back and look for him, and we will send a company to support you," said the general, who had approached.

After an hour's search and a weary waiting, to inquire down the line if he had come in from some other point, the general was forced to give up the search and march into camp, with the comforting thought that probably Cadogan had already made his way to camp.

But he had not. He had received the bullet of a Spencer carbine fairly in the breast. He had felt the greatest of breath, and the awful struggle to once more inhale the expelled air, which follows a wound in the breast. He had felt for just an instant a warm tide of blood run down his forehead, and the chilling of the brain, a dropping of the chin, and at a clutching at the leaves; and at last blessed forgetfulness or death, for they are one and the same.

He had been far in advance on the brink of a ravine, peering down into its depths, when the shot struck, and he had pitched forward—slipping, sliding, a dead, inert, sagging mass, until he had rested under a bush of cedar, with his feet in the stream and his head in a mass of dead leaves on the margin.

This was a complete specimen of partisan warfare—a coward's shot, a coward's flight—a murder.

Cadogan is on the border-land now. He feels the ring and falling of his feet in the water. He catches the whirl of wings in the intense silence. Is he alive or dead?

It seems as if he were to be de-disappeared by a right smart 'feller's' hand.

It seemed all right to Cadogan that a group of negroes should be passing about the ravine, and that nothing was strange in his present condition.

"Yas; but I unstan' dat if you gwine folly dem Yankeees off you bound to cook an' tote water, an' tote all de fryin' pans, an' de sojers."

Another voice took it up.

"Dass wot Cogan's Pete said. You-alls kin git fo' bits an' yo' rations if you kin git round to de earthworks down to Nashville."

"Huh, 'tain't no use. Dis nigger gwine to 'list in de foot-sojers. Deys been a 'man up to 'Vernie he say it wouls kin git a bounty an' sixteen dollars' more."

"Dass right peert; an' wot did I say—deys gwine to be de-disappeared of some yallable 'feller's' hand."

And then Cadogan heard the rattling familiar in the camps, and the sweet, sad refrain, since national in his charms. A voice started in a high key:

"Oh, far-well, me lady, I kin no longer stay; I gwine down to Charleston. All at de broke ob day."

But it stopped suddenly, and the singer ejaculated the word:

"Fo' de Lard, look under dat cedar-bush!"

"I could swar to dat piece of work," said another voice. "If Marce Rob Payton ain't been here den I ain' a sinner."

"Dead as a poun ob nails," said another, as he pierced into the pallid face.

"N' got a watch," ejaculated another, in a tone of delight, as he loosened the chain and put them both into his own pocket.

"N' a right peert cap, by hokey!" said the first one, picking it up.

By this time the pockets of the limp and pallid soldier were turned inside out and his blouse loosened gently from his arms. He was dragged from the stream, and his shoes were taken off. Cadogan found no fault with this, but in a dreamy way he reasoned, that if any of his belongings could make these black stragglers happy they were welcome to them; but he heard a sharp cry of dismay and felt that he was instantly left alone. Had his comrades come back and found him? He hoped so, and listened. He heard one awe-struck word: "Voodoo!"

And his shoes were replaced on his feet. His blouse was drawn rapidly over his shoulders. He felt some hand replace his watch in his pocket, and everything as it had been. A gentle hand opened his shirt and placed a bandage on the gapping wound. He dreamily heard the rough voices reverently speak the name of "Miss Myra," and then the pen sent him

again into complete unconsciousness. After a time, he did not know how long, he felt cool water poured on his face, and, sick and faint, he dimly remarked to himself on the swaying motion, which indicated that strong arms were bearing him on a litter made of green poles, and in that merciful contentment which nature furnishes to the wounded unto death he listened to the conversation of his bearers.

"Tain't no use to tek dis man down to de big house Golly, he git cotched so spry dat he ain't know whar he am."

"Dat true, Sam, an' whar, den, you-alls gwine tek him?"

"We bound to tek care on him some-ways, wen he got dat wuk ob Miss Myra's on 'im. Mon, I wouln't left dat man out in de fresh for a smoke-house full ob money."

"Dass wot I said; 'n' now, wot you gwine do wid 'im?"

"Dars Hugh Mallon, he is one ob dem low-down wite trash 'n' don't go in fur de Confederacy. Mars Rob Payton, he say Mallon was a Union man, an' bou'n' ter git burned out one ob dese days."

"Yas; it seems ter me des laik dese Union sojers mek demselves at dese here an' gwine ter stay, and Mars Rob an' his hoss-sojers got all dey kin do ter keep in de fresh an' git caught-dolgers enough ter keep deir ribs from raspin' on deir back-bones."

Hugh Mallon bou'n' ter keep dis yer chap, an' hide 'im up till he dies or gits well. Less tek 'im ober to de big house."

"If we had about a pig's eye full ob cayn whiskey ter give dis chap, Mon, whar's de gwine wot you had?" And so the loquacious but tender-hearted negroes bore him along. The day was drawing to a close when he awoke for a moment and opened his eyes. He was in a clean, pleasant room, where the setting sun shone in at a western window. He took note of the white curtains lifted by the breeze, the rough joists over his head, the uneven floor, and the cheap prints on the wall. He saw the group of colored men at the door, waiting, caps in hand. He saw the face of an elderly man looking down at him with a look of pity. By a downward glance of his eye he found that he was lying on a bed in a recess of the main room of the log farm-house, with the curtains of calico gathered back at the corners of the bed. This, then, was the house of Hugh Mallon, the poor white who was his trusted friend, because he owned no slaves and loved the Union. All this passed through his fevered brain, and he was about to give up all thought, with a sigh, and resign himself to sleep, when another step aroused him, and he met the open, fearless gaze of a pair of marvelous blue eyes, moist with pity, fixed on him. No cry of nervous fear greeted his ears.

Lucy Mallon knew not the meaning of the word nervous. She was the perfect product of that perfect climate. Tall, fair, god-like, and with a smile, her dimpled hand was as strong as a man's. As she bent over the wounded soldier her lips parted with a look of interest, and she laid her hand on his damp, cold forehead, and brushed away the clattering ringlets. With a sigh of perfect trust Cadogan sank into sleep. Here was the Eve, fresh from God's hand, to bring into man's life the needed grace to satisfy all his longings.

Woman—the helpmeet, the mother in instinct, the sister in consolation, the realization of Whitman's one immortal sentence:

"The justified mother of men,"

the type to which the race is struggling back, the Jael of the future, able to love like a daughter of God and protect her honor like an archangel. Here, trembling on the verge of that mystery to which his life had been devoted, wandering in delirium, sinking at times into deadly stupor, and upon shouting a wail or a cry or a song, the camp-fire remembered songs, Cadogan was a helpless, unconscious patient in those strong hands, and was lost to comrades and friends, who supposed his body to be lying in some secluded spot in the forest.

CHAPTER X.

Rivals.

"If dar's a place in all de lan' 'Whar I wouln' radder be-ee, Oh, heah's me heart an' heah's me lan'."

To stary by Tennessee-eee. O, Tennessee-eee.

"Stop dat noise, Sam," said a melodious voice behind the singer. Sam, the brassy colored man, was striding along, hat in hand, in front of a powerful black horse on which Addie Johnson was riding. It had need to be a rapid road to werry Sam on a country road or a forest-path. Barefooted, bare-headed, and clad in only two lousy-woolsey garments—a shirt and trousers, and tucked over stones and roots, jumped troublesome mud-puddles and soft spots in the swamps, and never ceased to roll out a volume of melody which filled the forest with echoes. The great horse behind was sweating along over the uneven path, and seemed oblivious of the spring, unburdened servant who preceded him. Miss Addie was habited in her richest riding-garb. Her hat with plumes, and a long veil to avoid the troublesome boughs of trees, was tied across her forehead and knotted loosely behind her head. Her gloved hands toyed with a jeweled whip, and often a look of anger implied that if she had been in reach the melodious song of her ad-ance guard would have been stopped by the lash. In Tennessee no such em-ango had been enforced as that which, in the remote South, deprived the ladies of needed clothing or more desired but superfluous adornment. Nashville was not far away, and Louisville, Ky., scarcely knew a cessation of its trade during the war. Hence, the ladies on the border were able to appear in customary finery until peace brought comfort once more to all. The arrogant beauty again spoke in angry tones to Sam: "Stop dat noise."

"Sam, with a comical grin, turned and remarked: "Dat's music, Miss Addie, dat ain' noise. Wha' fur mus' I stop it?"

"Because you may get a bullet in you if you do not stop. We are somewhere near de picket-line, and if Forrest's men are not around, certainly Col. Brentlow's cavalry may be peetered near here and give you a shot."

"Yas, yas; you didn' know dat Cogan's Pete and Colone' Yell's nig-

gals and myself gwine line de army Lordy, befor' I wouln' be afraid—"

"Dars I wouln' be a twelve-pounder in de camp, and a shell, with its mel-choy scream, flew over the woods and exploded, with a dull crash, in the woods beyond the Harpeth River. Sam, who dropped to the ground and instantly and ran his head close up among the spreading roots of a giant oak. Almost choking with laughter, Addie rode up and said, "Sam."

"The answer was a sigh of horror. Again she called, "Sam."

He shuddered, but would not look up. Bending forward in the saddle, she selected a soft and tender spot and brought the lash down upon it with force. Sam understood this better than artillery, for he welcomed the tingling sensation with a sigh of music coming from the throat. He sat up. But his face was of an ashy-blue color, and he said, tremblingly:

"Is de engagement ober? Is you alive, Miss Addie?"

"Up you black rascal. There is no engagement. The battery at Triune is practicing and testing shells. A nice soldier you would make."

"Dat's all right, Miss Addie, but dey begun in de wrong lesson fur dis nigguh."

"Wrong lesson? What do you mean? You are a coward, that's all."

"Dars where you gwine ter be de wrong com, Miss Addie. I ain' no coward, but I done got de wrong lesson in military tactics."

"What do you mean?"

"I was gwine ter de infantry fast. Doan you know wot a infant is?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, dass wot I said. I gwine line de infanten in de camp to shoot a jettie revolver just, den I den I got mo' expience, den I gwine shoot a musket, an' in about a yeah den I gwine ter shoot a cannon. Dass wot I said, but by golly, wot you open on a infant wid a cannon, den you bou'n' ter begia on de wrong end of his expience. Golly, I ain' afraid, it's only surpris."

A sly grin crossed the crimson lips of his young mistress greeted his ingenious explanation, and she said:

"Well, get up, then, and lead the way to Mallon's, if you are not too badly frightened."

"Ob case I will I ain' afraid. I was only joss a-sayin' dat it ain' no decent cotillon whar dey puts de 'break-down' ahead ob 'salute yer partners'."

But the song was gone out of his heart and he limped along as if he had really been wounded. He kept one eye apprehensively turned upward, as if by due precaution he could avoid all danger from erratic shells. At last Addie said: "Sam, whar made you take de wounded soldier to Hugh Mallon's?"

"Whar would we tek him?" asked Sam.

"Why, to any house near by. To my house, for instance."

"Huh!" said Sam.

"What do you mean by that?"

Addie, angrily.

"Would you-alls radder see a Union sojer wounded den not? Hugh Mallon is a Union man," said Sam.

"Union man! You colored people seem to know all about it, and give all your allegiance to the mercenaries from the north. Why, Sam, it is heartless. These men have been your masters all your lives," said Addie.

"Dat's wot's de matter," said Sam, sentimentally.

"Now, whar did you get that slang expresion? What is the matter?"

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Addie nodded her head affirmatively, and to her surprise, her hostess turned about and drew back the chintz curtains from the recess in the room. As with a sudden start, she saw a picture, so now Addie, stooped with bated breath and pale cheek, and looked. This was not the soldier she knew. His dark locks were spread over the pillow and his thin lips were drawn back from the teeth. His heavy, drooping, moustache made more pallid the cheek beneath. One thin, transparent hand was outside the snowy counterpane, and twitched in every muscle with the weakness of approaching death.

Involuntarily Addie dropped on her knees beside the couch and took his hand. Slowly the eyes opened, and gazed long and fixedly at the eager face. Then a look of pain played over the features, and the lips essayed to speak.

"It is the face that troubled me—the face that was a cloud between me and the light."

Addie bent nearer and said: "It is I, Addie. Do you know me?"

Cadogan closed his eyes a moment, and seemed to be trying to recall something which baffled his weak attempts.

"What is it?" asked Addie.

"Where is the other face?—the face which calmed me and made it seem easy to climb those awful heights. Where is the good strong hand that drew me up, instead of down?"

A rustle of garments causes the weak eyes to turn aside for a moment, and Lucy's glad, pure face comes into the circle of his vision. He sighs, his lips wreath themselves into a smile, and as Lucy's fingers touch his damp brow he sinks into a calm, deep sleep. Addie rises to her feet with a beautiful light in her eyes. She seizes Lucy from behind, and as she draws on her gloves, but she says no word. With a gleaming step she reaches the door, and turns to look once more on the scene. Then she grasps the reins on her horse's neck, and at one motion reaches the saddle, turns the impatient horse, and strikes him with her whip. A short rage is heard—the dirt is spurned by the iron feet, and the forward marches only a clatter of flying hoofs is heard as she disappears. Sam has not yet replaced his hat, and with the disengaged hand he scratches his head and ejaculates:

"Lordy, ob dat ain't des talk de ole colone' wen he done got bu'sted on yo' kings, at Nashville, an' I tried to run wid 'im wen he started fur Triune. Dass wot he said, 'Dars gwine home across-lots, an' chillen, I's a-gwine lively, too,' and hestruck a lobe peculiar to himself and started for de Johnson plantation."

(To be continued.)

## THE TASTE OF DRINKS.

It is a Difficult Thing to Distinguish Between Them While Blindfolded.

A great deal of the lover's enjoyment of a drink depends upon his ability to see it. It is a common belief that a smoker loses nine-tenths of his enjoyment of his cigar or pipe when he smokes in the dark. The intimate connection between the two senses of taste and sight finds a striking illustration in an experiment which was made in a popular up-town resort the other night.

A clubman well known in Wall street, New York, ordered three glasses filled with malt beverages. One contained lager, another porter and the third ale. Placing the three glasses on the table, he said:

"I will bet \$5 that there is not a man in this room who can distinguish between these drinks by the sense of taste alone."

"How is that?" asked a newspaper man.

"Just this, my boy. Let me blindfold you and then offer you three drinks one at a time. I will bet you \$5 that you will not be able to tell me what you have tasted after you have sipped from the various glasses."

"I'll go you," said the newspaper man, and the crowd, eager to see the man made hasta to tie a handkerchief over his eyes.

He was handed the glass of porter first. After sipping it carefully and smelling of the liquids, he said:

"The clubman took away the glass of porter, placed it on the table, and then picked it up again and offered it to the newspaper man, with the remark:

"Perhaps you can tell me what this is."

After several sips and smacks and a display of hesitancy which surprised the crowd, the blindfolded man said:

"That is ale. It is easy to distinguish it from porter because of the absence of that burnt taste peculiar to the darker liquid."

The onlookers tried hard to restrain their mirth while the clubman set the glass of porter on the table once more. He took pains to get down to the glass so that the newspaper man could hear it. After a few words of compliment for the journalist's fine sense of taste, he took the glass of porter once more and, handing it to him, asked:

"What is this?"

"A sip and a sniff were enough. 'That is lager,' said the newspaper man. He tore the handkerchief from his eyes, and when he looked at the glass of porter in his hand he acknowledged that he had been wrong.

"I have tried this experiment on at least fifty men, and I have yet to find a man whose sense of taste is acute enough to distinguish between these three malt beverages, unless he can see them at the same time," said the clubman. "If you intend to try the experiment yourselves I would advise you always to begin with the porter. Somehow or other that drink deadens the taste. But if you vary the order of the drinks two or three times you are bound to confuse your man."

Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums originally came from Japan, Corea, China and now Ancient and modern varieties, taken together, amount to something like 2,000, each separately named, and all the result of cultivation. In China chrysanthemums have been grown for ages, for they afford there a general type of architectural adornment. One of the national honors in that country is the order of the chrysanthemum. It is also one of the emblems of the Japanese Empire. "Kiku" is what the people in Japan call the chrysanthemum.

The Japanese Embassy officials in London deem the stories in Spanish papers regarding the secret inter-communication of Japan in the Philippines as mere guess work, based upon articles in Japanese newspapers urging the acquisition of the Philippines after the settlement of Formosa.

## SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

The Experience of Mr. Grant Day, of Harrowsmith.

He Suffered Much From Rheumatism Especially During Spring and Autumn—Following a Neighbor's Advice Brought About a Cure.

(From the Kingston Whig.)

One who has been released from years of suffering is always grateful to the person or the medicine that has been the medium of release. It is therefore safe to say that one of the most thankful men in the vicinity of Harrowsmith is Mr. Grant Day, who for years past has been a sufferer from rheumatism, but has now been released from its throes. To a reporter Mr. Day told his experience substantially as follows: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty-five years. It is usually attacked with worst in spring and fall, and at times the pain I endured was intense, making it difficult for me to obtain rest at night. From six o'clock in the morning until dawn every muscle appeared to be affected, and the pains appeared to chase one another until I was at times nearly insensible, and would give up my condition for upwards of twenty-five years. During that period I tried many remedies, and while I obtained temporary relief from some, I could get nothing in the way of permanent benefit, but last year the pains did not come back, and they have not returned since, and this is the way it came about. One day while telling my neighbor Mr. W. C. Switzer, how badly I was feeling, he said: 'Get half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and use them according to directions. You will find they will do just what they are advertised to do—cure you. I know this from experience in my own family.' Well, I got the pills and used them, and the rheumatism has been driven out of my system, and last winter and spring for the first time in more than twenty years I was entirely free from any ailment. But there is one thing more Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, and which astonishes me a little. Over forty years ago I had a severe carache, and used a liquid preparation in the hope of getting relief. It nearly ruined my hearing, and for all the years since I have been partially deaf. After I took the Pink Pills my hearing came back, and my ear is now all right. My wife and sister have also found much benefit from Pink Pills when run down by overwork, and it is safe to say that they will always be found in our house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health