

## When All Was Not Quiet Along the Potomac

Tom Jenkins, an oysterman, recently found on the river shore of the old Cherry Grove estate near Cape Point, V., a tightly corked bottle half buried in the sand. In the bottle was a slip of paper covered with writing, still fairly legible. He thought he had discovered something which would lead to treasure, but when he took it to the big house on the estate and had it read to him he realized that his find was a relic of war times and not the cipher leading to the buried spot of gold.

Not for many years had a bottle despatch been found in the neighborhood, and as a consequence many of the stories of the war which had been almost forgotten are being revived. When war broke out between the North and the South, the Potomac River became the political boundary between the two nations, but it was not what might be called the boundary line of sympathy, for the part of Maryland bordering on the river was strongly in favor of secession. In the early part of the war little difficulty was experienced by the Confederates in getting across the river, but later a blockade was established with gunboats on the river, the problem of crossing the river became more difficult. More determined efforts were made to slip through the lines, with the consequence that there is hardly a house on the Virginia side from Washington to Smith's Point, at the mouth of the river that has not some traditions of the way in which the contraband goods were secured for the Confederate army. All of the blockade running in this region where the river is five miles broad, was done in canoes on dark, stormy nights when the steamers would not be likely to see and follow a chase and when their shooting would be poor. Occasionally plans miscarried and the blockade runners were carried off to Federal prisons.

With the idea of avoiding such unpleasant conclusions, the bottle post was devised. This post was exceedingly crude and uncertain, but often effective. People on the Maryland side, being in the enemy's country and having opportunities to observe his movements, gathered oil bottles, put into them tips about the movements of gunboats and where contraband cargoes were to be had, and set them adrift on nights when the wind was from the east, and trusted to luck to carry them into friendly hands on the other shore. In order that friendly hands might not be wanting, the Virginians established a patrol on the beach, to pick up news from across the way. Tide and wind being capricious allies at the best, a large proportion of the bottles went astray, but the message found by Jenkins is only one of many hundreds that were lost, and its contents will show how they were written. No name was signed.

March 22—S. C. 4, M. Full, 2 G. going up 21, 3 down 26. Good time. To the uninitiated the finding of such a slip might well cause visions of treasure trove, but to old-timers hereabouts it simply meant:

March 23, 1864. There are no gunboats making it their special duty to watch Bell's house, and a cargo is ready there. Four gunboats are keeping a close watch on Smith's Creek, so watch how you try to slip in there. The Mary's river is full of Yankee boats. Two gunboats are going up the Potomac on March 24, and their places will be taken by three others on March 25. Now is a good time to run over the cargo at Bell's much for the mystery, but back of this translation is one of the tragic incidents of river blockade runners. The Bell house referred to is the home of Capt. Andrew Jackson Bell and his mother, and is situated on a little creek which makes up into St. Mary's County, Md. Bell was an intense Southern sympathizer, and throughout the war devoted his energies to assisting Confederate spies, diplomatic agents and traders to slip from the North, and to sending supplies such as groceries, cartridges, gun caps and revolvers to the army. Capt. Bell was a curious genius, large-hearted, daring, resourceful and a consummate schemer. He was one of the first to brave the gunboats and one of the last to deliver a cargo before the close of the war.

He was forced to take refuge in Garner's Creek one night in 1863 by a pursuing steamer. He hid his boat and went to the Cherry Grove house, without waking the inhabitants, slept on the porch and was found there the next morning, as a hunted or more such refugees were found there before Lee surrendered. From that time he made his home with the family and died there nine years ago. The bottle despatch just recovered was from his mother to him. After he had taken up his residence at Cherry Grove, and while he never received that particular message, he got a duplicate which came within an age of costing him his life.

When the captain heard that conditions were favorable for a venture he secured Benedict Crabbe and two negroes as assistants. They reached his mother's house and took on a cargo of items of which was a large bag of salt, a commodity very scarce in some parts of the South. The next night, March 23, being unusually stormy and suited for eluding the Northern watchers, a start was made for Virginia. Until they were well out from under the Maryland shore the crew did not realize how hard it was blowing, and before they had covered a mile of the trip, the situation resolved itself into a question of how to save their lives. Part of the cargo was thrown overboard and the men sat as far as possible out on the windward washboard as possible, and also put the bag of salt on the board to help right the canoe.

The bag reached a point about three miles from the mouth of Garner's Creek when a flaw harder than the others struck the sail and the boat capsized. As she went over one of the negroes pitched forward, turned half way round, clutched the bag of salt and went to the bottom like a shot, weighed down by the 200-pound contents of the bag. The three remaining men managed to hold on to the high side, but their condition was dangerous. The wind was blowing so hard that even the blocking steamers had to seek shelter; the night was bitterly cold and the men were soaked to

the skin. The mast soon broke loose and drifted away, a position even more difficult for the three men than when it was only half over.

For three hours they drifted, scarcely speaking a word and expecting each wave to wash them off. About 2 a.m. the remaining negro was helpless and it was evident that he would soon go. A little later he said:

"Good-by, marsters. I ain't got no more strength and I've got to go. Tell my ole woman I died praisin' de Lord." With that he dropped over and went to the bottom.

Crabbe and Bell were unable to help him, and were suffering so intensely that they cared not how soon they went the same way. Three times Bell was washed off, but he regained his place on the boat. Just as day was breaking Crabbe turned to him and said:

"Bell, I am an older man than you and my strength is completely exhausted. The next big wave will carry me off. I have tried to do my duty all my life. If you escape tell my wife and friends that I died like a Christian gentleman. Good-by, and may God save you." He had hardly finished speaking before a wave washed over them and when it had passed Crabbe was gone.

At the time Crabbe dropped off they were, though he did not know it, in not more than six feet of water, and in the course of half an hour Bell was well in on the flats which extend out from half a mile to a mile from the Virginia shore on which the water is only from three to five feet deep. On the flats he could have waded to shore with the assistance of the boat. Bell was washed off for a fourth time an hour later, but instead of going down as the others had done he found that the water was not more than up to his chest, so bracing himself against the canoe, which was rapidly drifting landward, he waded to the land, where he fell unconscious.

A negro patrol sent out from the Cherry Grove house after breakfast to look for bottle messages found the blockade runner lying on the sand, apparently dead, just beyond the water. The negro pulled him up to a safer place and then went back and got a wheelbarrow, the only conveyance left on the plantation by the exigencies of war, and two men to help him to bring the body home. When the party returned to the house they were surprised to find that the supposed corpse contained life. The man, one of the household and the negroes on the place worked with all the homely remedies they knew of to save the man who had risked so much for the cause they were so deeply interested in, and, as a consequence, Bell was running the blockade again six weeks afterwards.

Highwaymen ask too much when they request their victims to throw up their hands and throw down their arms.

—Kept His Leg.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, "but," he writes, "I used one bottle of Electric Balm, and in 1-2 hours of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was sound and well as ever." For Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Sores and all blood disorders Electric Balm has no rival on earth. Try them. A. I. McCall & Co. will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50 cents.

Says an ex-gist: "There are two things that bother men. One is how the world got on before I came into it, and the other is, how it is going to get on after I leave it."

Birth-marks which mark and mar the outside of the body are a grief to every mother whose children may bear them. But for every child who bears a birth-mark on the skin there are many who bear an indelible birth-mark on the mind. Nervous mothers have nervous children and many a man and woman owe an irritable and despondent temperament to those days of dread when the mother waited at the hour of her maternity. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthens the mother for her trial. With strength comes a buoyancy of spirits and a quietness of mind which is one of the happiest gifts a mother can bestow on her offspring. By giving vigor and elasticity to the delicate womanly organs, "Favorite Prescription" practically does away with the pain of maternity and makes the baby's advent as natural and as simple as the blossoming of a flower. There is no opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription."

Neither sign a paper without reading it, nor drink water without seeing it.

—'Tis Easy to Feel Good.

Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Jaundice, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Purely vegetable; never gripe or weaken. Only 25c. at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

Some men enjoy chronic laziness more than some others enjoy a well-earned rest.

A Racing, Roaring Flock Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Newb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by A. I. McCall & Co. Price 50c.

A girl who is an accomplished coquette can flirt a fan and at the same time fan a flirt.

**TOBACCO HABIT CURED IN A WEEK.** Dr. Price's Tobacco Cure often does it. John Jones, of Chatham, Ont., cured himself in 40 days; his eyesight was becoming impaired and nerves shaky. One box of Dr. Price's Tobacco Cure cured him. Guaranteed. 50c. a box.

For sale by G. H. Gunn & Co., Druggists, Chatham, Ont.

## A SLEEPY GUEST.

Why the Lady of the House Was Indignant Over His Conduct.

There is a well known legal light of Chicago who is in deep disgrace without the shadow of an excuse for himself to bolster up his sinking spirits. He went out to Hyde Park the other night to dine informally with some friends, and his hostess, who had been married but a short time, put herself out to entertain him. The dinner was excellent, and the judge did full justice to it. They had coffee in the library, and the biggest, most padded leather chair was put at the guest's disposal. With a sigh he sank into its cavernous depths and prepared for a luxurious evening with a good cigar ahead of him. Brilliantly his hostess rambled on. She told stories that were witty, and she gently deferred to his views, but presently he left her to do all the talking. In the midst of a striking account of a theater party she stopped with a jerk. There was no response and a dead silence punctuated only by a gentle and regular breathing. The judge was fast asleep in his big chair. There was no doubt of it. Nothing could conceal the fact. With one indignant and comprehensive glance at her plainly delighted husband she arose and majestically swept up stairs. And she did not go down again.

It was some time later when her husband apologetically came up after her. He had not expected her wrath to last. "Did you think you were badly treated?" he asked. "How long did he sleep?" asked the still insulted wife. "Again the grin overspread her husband's face, but he spoke in a sad tone, as befitted the occasion. "Nearly an hour," he breathed. "I wouldn't mind," he replied.

Then it was the worm turned. "Mind," she stormed. "Of course I wouldn't only have grounds now for the rest of your life for saying I talk so much it puts people to sleep!" And she wept.

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SOMETHING ABOUT ARMIES.

Artillerymen Were Once Regarded as Mechanics, Not Soldiers.

Until the time of Charles XII of Sweden the artillery was not considered a part of the army. The men serving in it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics. The officers had no army rank. Charles XII gave artillery officers a rank and regularly organized the artillery into companies. The battle of Pavia demonstrated the superiority of the gun in the hands of the Spanish infantry. The musket carried a two ounce ball and sometimes brought down at one fire two or three mailed knights. The French sent a flag of truce to remonstrate against the use of such barbarous weapons.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphract, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acrobats, or mounted archers, used for outposts, patrols and reconnoitering duty, and the diaphor, or troops expected to act either as cavalry or infantry. Alexander the Great reorganized his father's army. The file or lachos of 16 men was the unit; two files made a diolochy; two dioloches made a tetraolochy; two tetraoloches a syntagma; two of these a syntagma; 16 of these a small phalanx; four of these a tetra-phalangarchy, otherwise known as a large phalanx.

The Greeks attacked in a phalanx, the spears interlocked and shields overlapping. After the first onset the spears were dropped, and the day was decided with the sword. The cavalry attacked the enemy in the rear, if possible, and, in case of victory, undertook the pursuit.

Not the Conventional Woman.

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

But this woman, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'redheaded old virgin' next door to you whose 'sacred little boys' are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started down town this morning, your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening, you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't run this house on the city water and 10 cents a day!'"

"Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.

What the Tots Said.

Here are some sayings of children reported by the Chicago News: "When small Bobby had won his first pair of trousers for an hour, he went to his mother and begged to have on his kilt again. 'What for?' she asked. 'Because,' replied Bobby, 'I feel so lonesome in pants.'"

"A mother recently had occasion to leave her little 4-year-old son alone at home while she made a brief call in the neighborhood. 'Did you get lonesome, dear?' she asked upon her return. 'Yes, mamma,' replied the little fellow. 'I felt just like a widower without you.'"

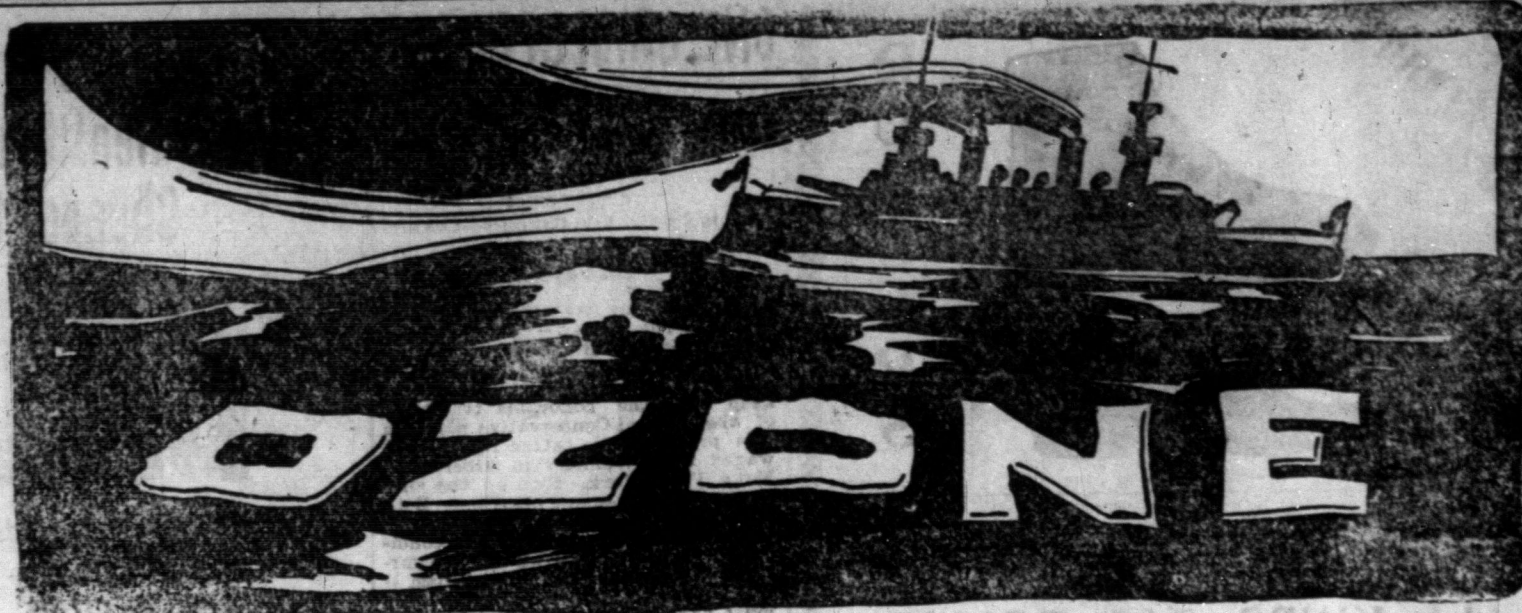
Diplomacy Wins.

Ardent Suitor—I lay my fortune at your feet. Fair Lady—Fortune! I didn't know you had money. Ardent Suitor—I haven't much, but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet.

He got her.—London Telegraph.

The average man will pay 50 cents to see a show of fireworks and neglect to look at the sunset, which he can see almost every night for nothing.—Louisville Journal.

Something very similar to the telephone was used in China 1,000 years ago.



In the service of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria for over fourteen years was W. Latimer, 84 Louisa street, Toronto, first as a trooper in the Scotch Greys, then as a stoker on board H. M. battleships "Triumph" and "Ajax."

The work as stoker told somewhat severely on Mr. Latimer's health, and he became troubled with kidney disease. His body was terribly bloated. His legs and feet swelled and he experienced fearful distress. He entered the English hospital in Montreal and underwent treatment with hot packs. This was eight years ago. This sweat treatment gave him only temporary relief. When he came to Toronto he engaged with the Polson Iron Works Co. as fireman. The old trouble came back. The physicians examined him and he was sent to Grace Hospital, corner Huron and College streets, for treatment for GALLOPING CONSUMPTION. Several doctors there diagnosed his case as hopeless, and he was ordered to the Home for Incurables. He was tremendously bloated; skin yellowish, clammy and puffy; suffered terribly from neuralgic pains, and had a very bad attack of dysentery. However, he refused to go to the Home for Incurables and went to his home to die. This was late this summer. He was advised to take Powley's Liquefied Ozone, and procured a bottle. He noticed an improvement almost immediately, four doses stopped his dysentery, and he kept on. When he had taken four bottles he had entirely recovered. The swelling went down completely, his flesh became ruddy and healthy, and to-day he is a sound man. Mr. Latimer states that he had Bright's Disease of the Kidneys of the worst description and Dropsy, and that Powley's Liquefied Ozone is what gave him a complete cure. "The above is a correct representation of my case in every detail. (Signed) W. LATIMER, 84 Louisa street, Toronto."

Powley's Liquefied Ozone, the new system of treating disease, is concentrated oxygen. It destroys the germs of disease and nourishes the organs of the body. Ozone is nature's great life-giving principle. Consult or write the giver of this testimonial.

Powley's Liquefied Ozone is \$1.00 a large size bottle, 50c small size. At all druggists, or from the Laboratories of the Ozone Co. of Toronto, Limited, 48 Colborne St., Toronto.



Beware of the man who professes to be your friend who is given to drawing uncharitable inferences.

The smaller the girl the larger the dol necessary to appease her incipient maternal affection.

Job Couldn't Have Found It. If he'd had Itching Pills, They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For Injuries, Pains or Bodily Eruptions, it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c. a box. Cures guaranteed. Sold by A. I. McCall & Co.

After a girl has once chased a man herself, she never gets any fun out of having the men chase her.

**E. W. Grove**  
This signature is on every box of the genuine  
**Laxative Bromo-Quinine** tablets  
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

We want not time, but diligence, for great performances. — Samuel Johnson.

To cure a cold in a night—use Vapo-Cresolene. "It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All Druggists."

The sight of a married woman with any other man but her husband always makes an old maid sarcastic.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**  
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Marconi's System May be Adopted by the British P. O. Department.

London, Nov. 9.—The Mail this morning makes the following announcement: "The postal department, which has been inquiring into the subject will shortly report after some months of deliberation, in favor of the earliest possible adoption of Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy by the postal authorities. The commission is also arranging as to terms for the acquisition of the Marconi patents, and negotiating with France and Germany regarding their attitude towards Marconi's inventions. This evidently means a complete revolution in the telegraphic system."

**NOT FEELING WELL.**  
I am not feeling well to-day. Bit why I cannot rest. I had some ice cream 'cross the way. And panache's home for tea.

I also had some caramels. And sugared almonds, too. And when I met with Tommy Wells, A stick of fine tolu.

Bit I was careful with each one. Too much of none I ate—It cannot be that penny bun. And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had Six cookies off before! They've never left me feeling bad. Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda water couldn't make Me ill—"it was Billie's treat: I sort of think this fearful ache Came wholly from the heat."

A burglar seldom does his work alone. He generally has Jimmy with him.

## SHEEP SLAUGHTERED

Collision on the Grand Trunk at Ingersoll Results in their Destruction.

Ingersoll, Nov. 9.—A tail-end collision occurred yesterday on the Grand Trunk directly in front of the station here. A freight train was standing in front of the station when a second came in and ran into the rear end. A car of corn on the train which was standing on the track was telescoped, and the contents scattered all over the platform. There was three carloads of sheep on the train which was moving, and the third, one from the engine was derailed and smashed, a number of sheep being killed. No person was injured.

**Little Braves.**—Old time a quarter-a-box "Purgers" are quitting the field in whole battalions. Dr. Agnew's Little Pills at 10 cents a vial are driving them out at all points. Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take. Sick Headache succumbs to one dose. —69

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

None but God can satisfy the longings of the immortal soul as the heart was made for Him, he only can fill it. —Trench.

**A Cry for Help.**—A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that has a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures. —70

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

## REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE AND BROKER'S OFFICE.

FOR SALE—To Close an Estate. 9 paid-up shares of Chatham Loan & Savings Co. Inquire of

**F. Marx**

**CURE YOURSELF!**  
Can Big 48 for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Syphilis, etc. Write for literature. No charge, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration, or any other disease. No stricture or other ailment. Sold by Druggists. Circular sent on request.

**Success**  
THROUGH THE  
New System  
Of Education

There are thousands of Possibilities Open For Compliant People, and the demand is greater than the supply. Why work for starvation wages when you can earn more by learning more?

We can educate you, during your spare time, at home, in Mechanical, Steam, Marine, Gas, Locomotive, Civil and Mining Engineering, Telegraphy, Photography, Printing, Bookbinding and Stationery, Architecture, Sheet Metal Work, Chemistry, Mechanical Drawing, Drafting, Design, Sign Painting, Bookbinding, Stenciling, and Photography.

The International Correspondence Schools' course is \$1,500,000. 8,000,000. Pa. 225,000 students write 1.25c. circulars or use

**W. J. Medforth,**  
Local Representative CHATHAM, Ont.  
Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.