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A Story of the War Be-

tween the States

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the war between the states

opened we were a contented family

living on our plantation not far from Nashville, on the south side of the

Cumberland river. I was then a girl of

twenty and had been at a boarding

school in Ohio. Our circle consisted of

father, mother, my two brothers, Clar-

it may appear remarkable that I should speak of her as one of our family circle.

In the first place, she had so little negro blood in her veins that no one

would have known from her appearance that she had any at all. Her skin

was fair; her hair was light, with a tinge of red in it; her eyes were dark.

The occupation of Nashville by the

Federal troops in the spring of 1862

was different from that of any other

of our cities. It was at the beginning

of the struggle, and most of the south-

ern people believed that when the Yan-

kees came down upon us they would

come with fire and sword. The conse-

quence was that when it was known

they were advancing upon us from

Bowling Green, Ky., and coming up

the Cumberland river our people began

to make preparations for flight. The

night before the evacuation of the city

every luxury in the way of eatables

and drinkables was consumed. In ev-

ery house where there were such lux-

uries were parties feasting and drink-

ing. On that night there was a sin-

sacrifice and conviviality.

gular mixture in Nashville of terror.

The next morning the mayor crossed

the Cumberland and surrendered the

city to the Federal commander ad-

vancing from Bowling Green. We had

nacked all our valuables-we had no

transport for the heavier articles-and

went to a plantation of my mother's

brother some twenty miles to the

southward. Having been at school in the north, I knew something of the

northern people and did not believe that we should all be put to the sword.

wished to remain in the house, be-

lieving that my presence there would

be a protection. But mother would

not hear of such a thing. She said

the house might be burned to the

ground rather than that I should ex-

We had got well started on our jour-ney when some one asked, "Where is

Clarice?" I supposed she was in another conveyance than mine, but she

was not. She had done what I had wished to do-remained in the house.

We had gone too far on our journey to

turn back, so it was decided by

mother, who was director general of

our hegira-my father and brothers being away in the army under General

Albert Sidney Johnston-that if Clarice

Why Do Women Suffer

When They Could Be Well?

It is so easy to be well and strong and

able to enjoy life, that it is surprising how many women drag themselves through the day suffering tortures from

lame back due to kidney

fround the way to cure herself and gladly writes about it so that others may be induced to use the same remedy.

When I say that Clarice was a slave

ence and Arthur, myself and Clarice.

insisted on being murdered it could not be helped. So we pursued our jour ney to my uncle's plantation.

I was very much chagrined that Clarice had taken the risk-if indeed there were any risk in what she bad done—that I proposed to take myself. I did not for a moment believe that she would remain at home for the purpose of falling into the hands of the Yankees in order to get her free dom, for she could have had it for the asking at any time. I felt sure that she had remained to do what she could for the preservation of the place. After a few days, not hearing that those few persons who had awaited the coming of the enemy had been put to the sword, I determined to go back and see what was the condition of our abandoned home. So without saying anything to mother or any one else I told one of the servants to sad dle my horse, and I started up the road

A few miles' ride brought me to the Federal pickets, and on stating that I wished to return to my home I was permitted to pass. I found the yard occupied with tents and sentinels pacing about the house. I was riding up to the front porch and saw Clarice come running down the steps and toward me. I drew rein, thinking she might wish to see me alone, and she did. I was surprised to see her in one of my best dresses and wearing some

of my ornaments. "Don't come any farther till I tell you," she said. "The house has been taken for the headquarters of one of the generals. I thought that if I made him believe I was one of the family and not a servant it would help me to induce him to protect the place. He is doing everything I ask him. He even stopped the men from using the furnaces for fires. But your coming is going to break me all up. What shall we do?"

I thought a few moments before re-Should I turn back and leave her to play her game? I preferred to remain.

"I tell you what we'll do, Clarice. You know I'm very dark skinned. I can pass for an octoroon. I'll be mald and leave you to go on playing mis-

Clarice tried to think of some other way out of it, but failed, and I, dismounting, led my horse around to the barn, while Clarice went back into the house. When I had taken off the saddle and bridle I joined her. passing through the hall I met a young officer, who looked at me with evident apprise. I surmised that he took me

for a lady, so I said: "Have you seen my mistress? Pm looking for her." "Your mistress?" "Yes, my mistress. I didn't know

that she was going to stay here alone or I wouldn't have gone away. I've come back to take care of her." "Miss Clayton went up to her room a moment ago. I think you'll find her

Grim visaged war was turned into a

stage on which was enacted a comedy, Clarice and I being the principal wo-men actors and Captain Harding, the officer I had met in the hall, the leading gentleman. While we convinced him that Clarice was white and I had negro blood in my veins, that she was mistress and I was maid, it was impossible for her to show the effects of an education she had not received, and could not help showing both my breeding and education. I called her Missy Alice, and she called me Clarice, I obeyed her slightest nod, and she carried her part as mistress extremely well-that is, before others. When we were alone we were to each other what we had always been.

It was plain to me when I first met Captain Harding that he was pleased with me. A man doesn't usually take pains to conceal his admiration, and till I told him that I was a negro and a slave the captain's eyes were full of it. I thought I saw, when I gave him the informaion, a look of disap-pointment in his face, but that might have been imaginary on my part. There can scarcely arise a situation more attractive to a woman than to personate one between whom and an admirer there is a great gulf fixed. I

confess I played the game with relish, though outwardly with modesty tinged with sadness—the sadness I took on when I began to feel assured that I was getting my admirer into my toils. him to think that it was caused by the taint of blood which separated me from him.

Had not Captain Harding's nature been of a fine texture I should have expected him to treat me for what I pretended to be. But he was as respectful to me as if I had been of the purest white blood. True, he kept a certain reserve, such as would be proper between him and a servant. He would chat with me quite freely, and when I showed an understanding that could only have been developed by education he sometimes forgot himself so far as to treat me like a lady. What I mean is that he took no advantage of my being supposedly a ne gro and a slave.

I was enjoying my little comedy imnensely when one morning I was suddenly brought to my senses. Clarice came into my room and wakened me by crying: "The Yankees have gone, the Lord

be praised!" "What!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"There isn't a soldier on the place They all went away at 4 o'clock this morning."

Then and there came upon me an awakening different from that after a slumber: Captain Harding had gone! And he had gone believing me to be a negro and a slave! Had he known my true status he might return and seek me. Now this was impossible. He would never seek one tainted as I had led him to believe I was. And, as for my seeking him, no woman with womanly modesty can seek a man. The fall was as depressing as the

rise had been exhilarating. I arose from my bed and looked out through my window. Where I had been accustomed to seeing tents there was now nothing but bare ground. A month be fore I had execrated the coming of these Yankees; now I bemoaned their going. The morning was murky, and the wind was stirring the leaves to what to me was a requiem.

The army had moved to Murfrees boro, some thirty miles south of us. In few days our household was at home again. All were happy at the vanishment of the enemy except me. I was desolate. The man I loved had gone. believing that an impassable barrier existed between him and me. There was an impassable barrier, but not such as he supposed.

One of the last battles of the war was fought near us. We were within the Federal lines, and our wounded enemies were brought to us. Seeing stretcher set down in the yard with a man on it, I went out to learn if I could do anything for him. In his pale face I recognized Captain Harding, and when he looked up at me with his melancholy eyes I saw an involuntary start. As for me, I was both grieved at his condition and delighted that he had returned to me. I dreaded lest he should die still believing me to be what I had represented myself. I wished at once to correct the impression I had given him, but I could not. Neverthe ess I did not personate a servant.

Some brandy! Quick! Captain Harding is here, badly wounded!" A faint surprise came into the wounded man's eyes. But his condition was too low for me to enlighten him. Clarice brought the water and the brandy, and after giving him a drink I ordered her in no gentle tone to bring some of the negroes to carry the invalid into the house. When I got him there I went myself for a surgeon, brought him to the bedside and held my breath till be assured me the case

"Clarice!" I called. "Bring water!

was not hopeless. All that happened nearly half a century ago. When Captain Harding returned to the north I went with him, and here I have lived ever since. I have often thought what my life would have been had I not had an opportunity to undo what I had done in leading him to suppose that I was a negro and a slave.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

Dr. Burroughes, bishop designate, of Sheffield, received an official parting gift from the residents of Hove, in the form of a cheque for \$4,200.

By the closing down of the linoleum factory recently carried on at Angel road, Edmonton, nearly 700 people will be thrown out of work. Miss Musselwhite has been elected 'chairman'' of the Croyden Board of Guardians. This is the first time a lady

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THE COURT OF REVISION OF THE VILLAGE OF WATFORD will be held in the COUNCIL CHAMBER

-ON -FRIDAY, MAY 29th, 1914

AT II O'CLOCK A. M. to hear and decide any complaints against the assessment of the Village of Watford W. S. FULLER, Clerk, Watford, May 6th, 1914.

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Accommodation, 111 ... 2 45 p.m.
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New York Express, 6 ... 11 01 a.m.
New York Express, 6 ... 10 1a.m.
Accommodation, 112 ... 5 16 p.m.
C. Vall. Accommodation, 112 ... Vastand C. Vail, Agent, Watford

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