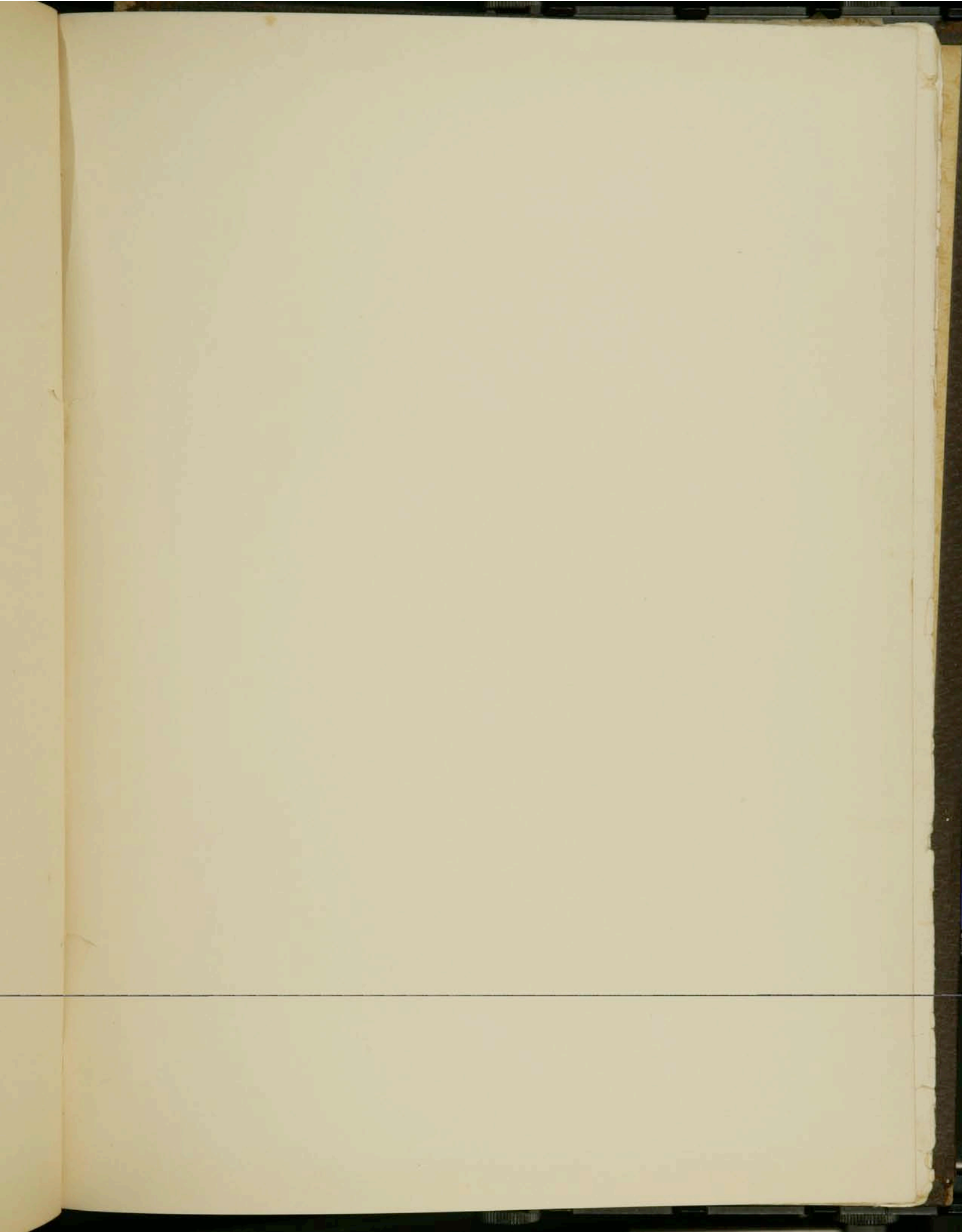
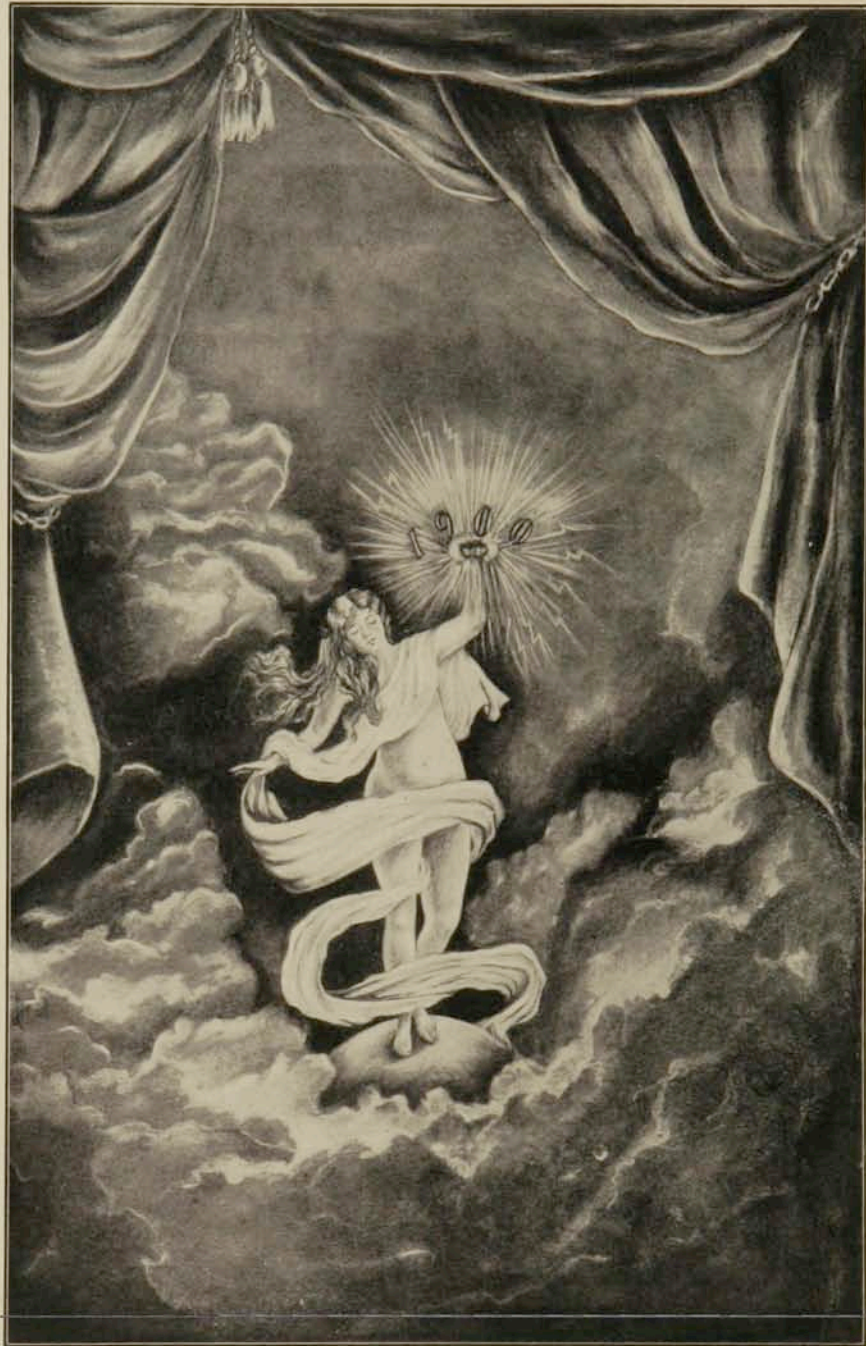


C. P. Miles.





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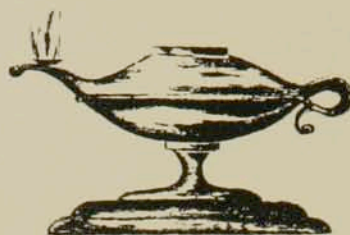
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Distinguished in his youth and early manhood as a student and soldier; in his mature years eminent as an educator and administrator; at all times a zealous and able worker in his Master's cause—thus exhibiting in his life many of the highest and noblest attributes of man—this volume is dedicated as evidence of our admiration and esteem.





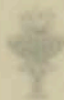
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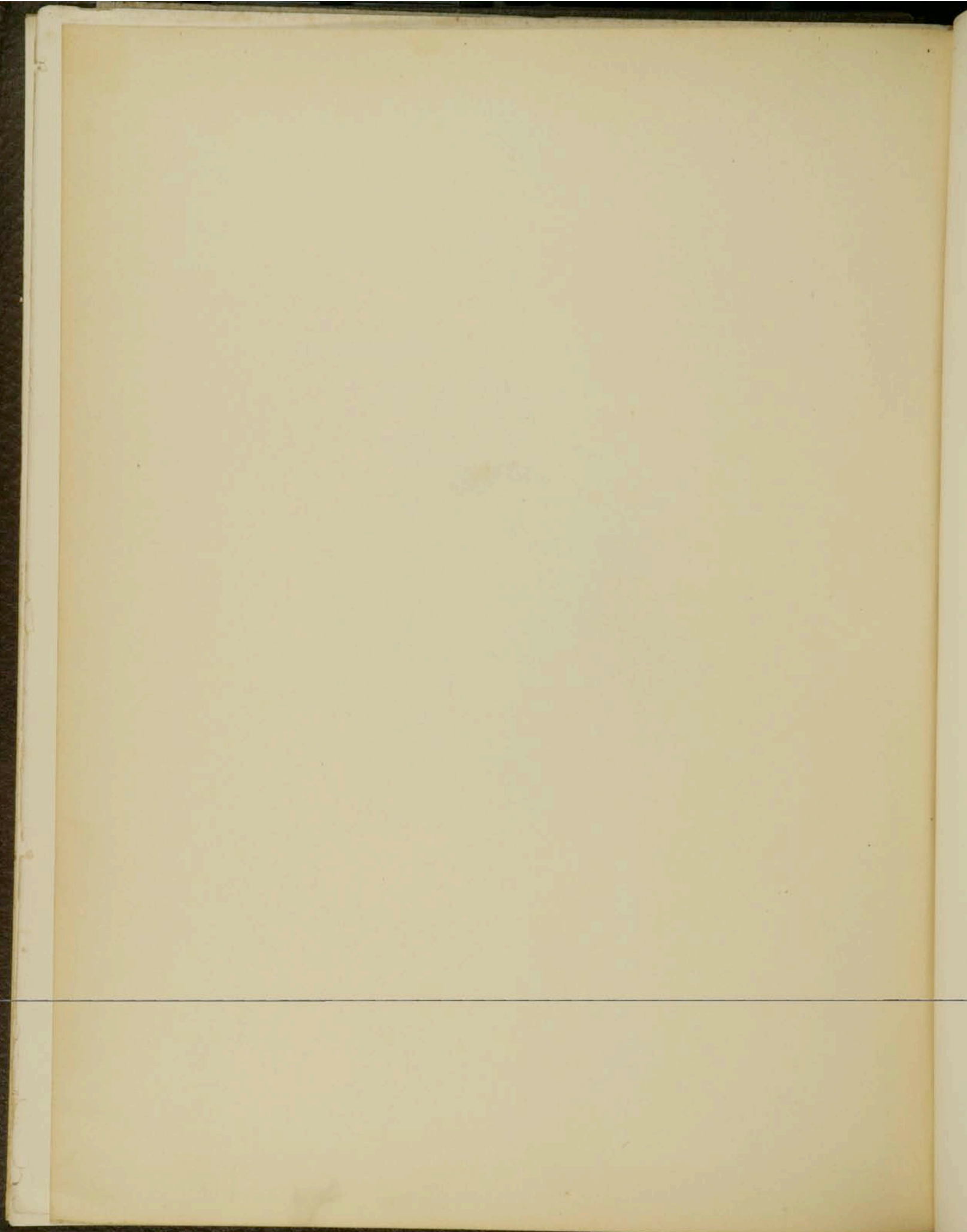
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CAPTAIN C. E. VAWTER.



Sketch of the Life and Public Service of Captain Charles E. Vawter.

THE Vawter family is one of the oldest in Virginia. Their ancestors were found two centuries ago in Essex County, Virginia, and must have been, like their neighbors, good churchmen, for as early as 1731, Vawter's Church, in Essex, was built. To it Bishop Meade refers in 1857 as "an old and venerable brick church," and we believe it is yet used for divine service.

Charles Erastus Vawter was born in Monroe County, Virginia, near the Red Sulphur Springs, June 9th, 1841. His father must have had a high opinion of the value of education, for we find Charles and his older brother, James, both students at Emory and Henry College in 1858. When the call to arms rang through the State in 1861, both brothers, the one a graduate and the other in his Junior year, threw down their books and enlisted in the Southern army. Charles joined the immortal Stonewall Brigade, fought in nearly all its battles, rose to the rank of captain, and just before the end, in March, 1865, at the disastrous fight with Sheridan at Waynesboro, was taken prisoner. He was confined in Fort Delaware until June, 1865. The four years of war were a better preparation for his future duties than a college course. War is a stern and awful schoolmaster, but as Von Moltke has pointed out, a very efficient one. The good graduates are very good indeed and its bad ones are horrid. Charles knew nothing of this, but counting his military life a mere episode or vacation, he went from prison back to college, resumed his interrupted work, graduating in June, 1866.

After a year of teaching in Chattanooga, we find him entering the University of Virginia, as a student in mathematics. After a brief session, his unmistakable ability and proficiency in this branch led

to his being allowed the unusual privilege of doing his subsequent session's work at Emory and Henry, where he had in the meantime been elected Professor of Mathematics, and returning to the University to stand the examinations. As his friends expected, these examinations were to him easy exercises. He answered every question perfectly. His diploma was gained, with the added and peculiar honor attaching to an able man who was willing, while a professor at one institution to seek and win a diploma at another in the science he was teaching. Such an exhibition of manliness was destined to bear unexpected fruit ten years later. For the next decade he taught his classes at Emory, and grew steadily in range and power, when by an unexpected conjuncture of events the whole course of his life received a new direction, and latent energies of his character were called into exercise. Some years before, the death of the richest man in Virginia left the County of Albemarle chief heir to his large estate, and after protracted litigation and loss, the county came into possession of more than a million dollars, devoted to the establishment of an industrial school for its own poor white orphan and other indigent children. Certain Commissioners of Court proceeded to ransack the North and Canada to find an institution of similar aims and conditions, but a protracted search revealed not one. They had to undertake an experiment without a model and set an example instead of following one. They contracted for a great building and then looked over the land for a superintendent of the forlorn hope. When it was known that such an office was seeking an occupant, applications with bulky testimonials flowed in from all sides. Among the candidates were men of approved character and ability—several eminent graduates of the University, and one, the conspicuous head of the most successful department of the Confederate government. Two days of patient weighing of these applications, aided by personal knowledge of many of the candidates, resulted in the unanimous verdict of the Board that the safest and most promising man for this untried office was the young mathematical teacher of the Southwest, their pupil ten years before—Captain Charles E. Vawter. Accordingly, upon their strong recommendation, he was called to this post by the County Court in 1878, and opened the Miller Manual Labor School in the fall of that year. The result is well known to the people of this Commonwealth. Under the wise management of the Superintendent, seconded in turn by three of the best judges that any county in the State ever had, the school has

grown in size and usefulness, until it is now the pride of the county—filled always to its limit with pupils, and having ever at its door candidates ready to seize any vacancy. Its invested capital of one and a quarter million dollars, yielding an income yearly of seventy-two thousand dollars, considerably exceeds the original gift, and it owns besides a fine farm of a thousand acres, with solid and beautiful buildings of brick, waterworks, electric plant, workshops, machinery, laboratories and apparatus, representing in value half a million more. It stands, in the judgment of the judicious men of the State, as a monument of the wisdom, persistent activity and loyalty of Captain Vawter.

But he was to render to his fellow citizens yet another great public service. His success at the Miller School led the Governor of Virginia in 1886, to ask him to give the Commonwealth the benefit of his experience in the reorganization of the college at Blacksburg, now the Polytechnic Institute. By the advice of friends and with the consent of the Miller School authorities, he accepted the offered position and for fourteen years he has devoted much labor and thought to the development of this great interest of the State. With what success he has done this, may best be learned from a letter recently written to him by the distinguished president of the Institute, Dr. McBryde, on the occasion of Captain Vawter's retiring from the post of rector: "It would be difficult," says Dr. McBryde to him, "to give adequate expression to our appreciation of the valuable services you have rendered the institution and the State by your wise and able administration of the important affairs falling within the province of the Board of Visitors. * * * Your thorough knowledge of everything pertaining to sound technical training and your uniform courtesy in the discharge of the duties attaching to the rectorship have long commanded our admiration."

While carrying on these laborious offices at the Miller School and at Blacksburg, his friends in Albemarle forced him to take up the work of superintending, undenominationally, the Sunday-school work of the county, suddenly dropped from the hands of that beloved and excellent man, Captain Eugene Davis. And as if he had not yet enough to do, Governor Tyler induced him to act as one of the commissioners in behalf of the epileptics of the State. In all these missions, he showed the same public spirit and industry, which characterize all his work.

In this brief sketch we have tried to refrain from mere laudatory phrases. Such a life as we have described, speaks for itself and would be belittled by eulogium. Captain Vawter enjoys the respect and good will of our people, as few before him have done. They regard him as a benefactor who has spent his powers of mind and body in their service, without fee or material reward. It is their united wish that he may yet live many years to witness the success of the institutions he has contributed so much to build up.



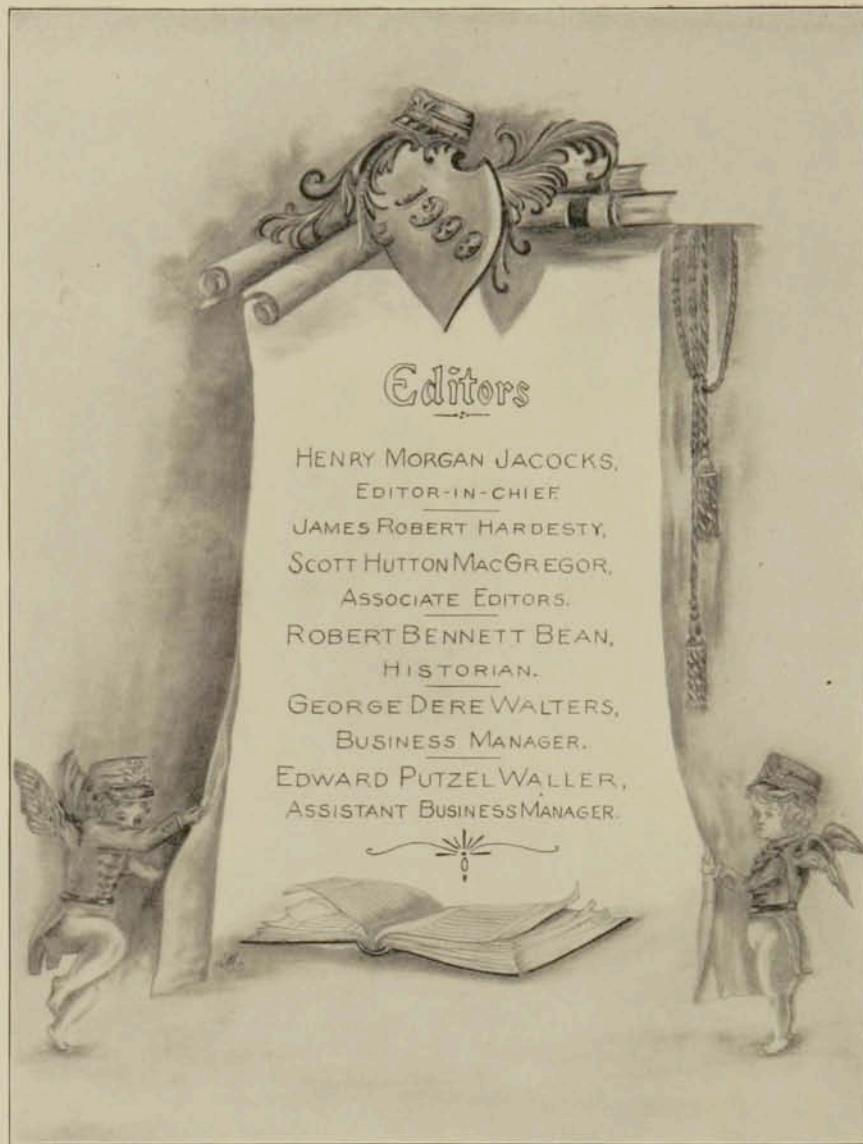


At the dawn of day when the sun beams clear,
And the flowers awake in their beauty fair,
When each bird trills out his merriest song,
Then joy runs riot the way along,
And hearts are light.

But the sun goes ever his westward way,
And an end must come to the happiest day,
And songbirds cease from their carolling gay
When night comes on.

May our morning hours be glad and bright,
And the noontide sun pour a glorious light
On our path. May we reach our rest
With a purple splendor in the west,
When night comes on.

—E. D. L.



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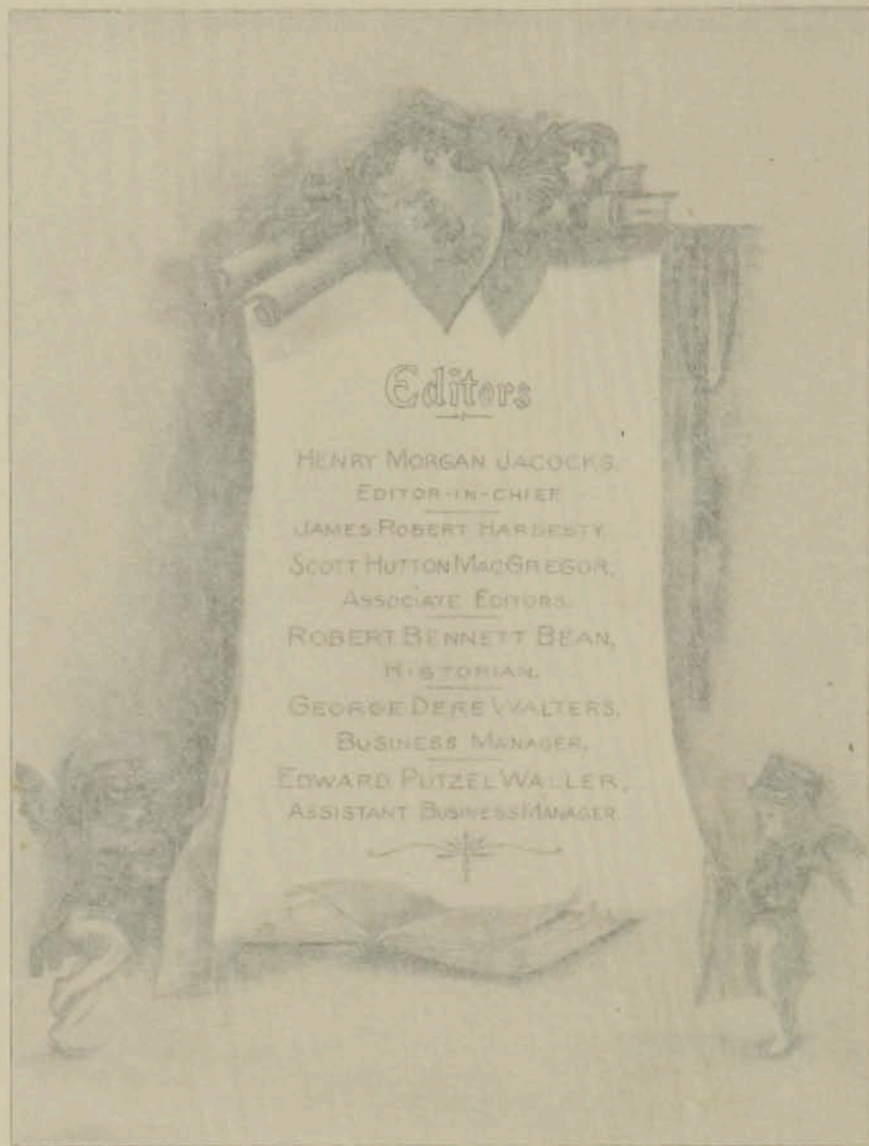
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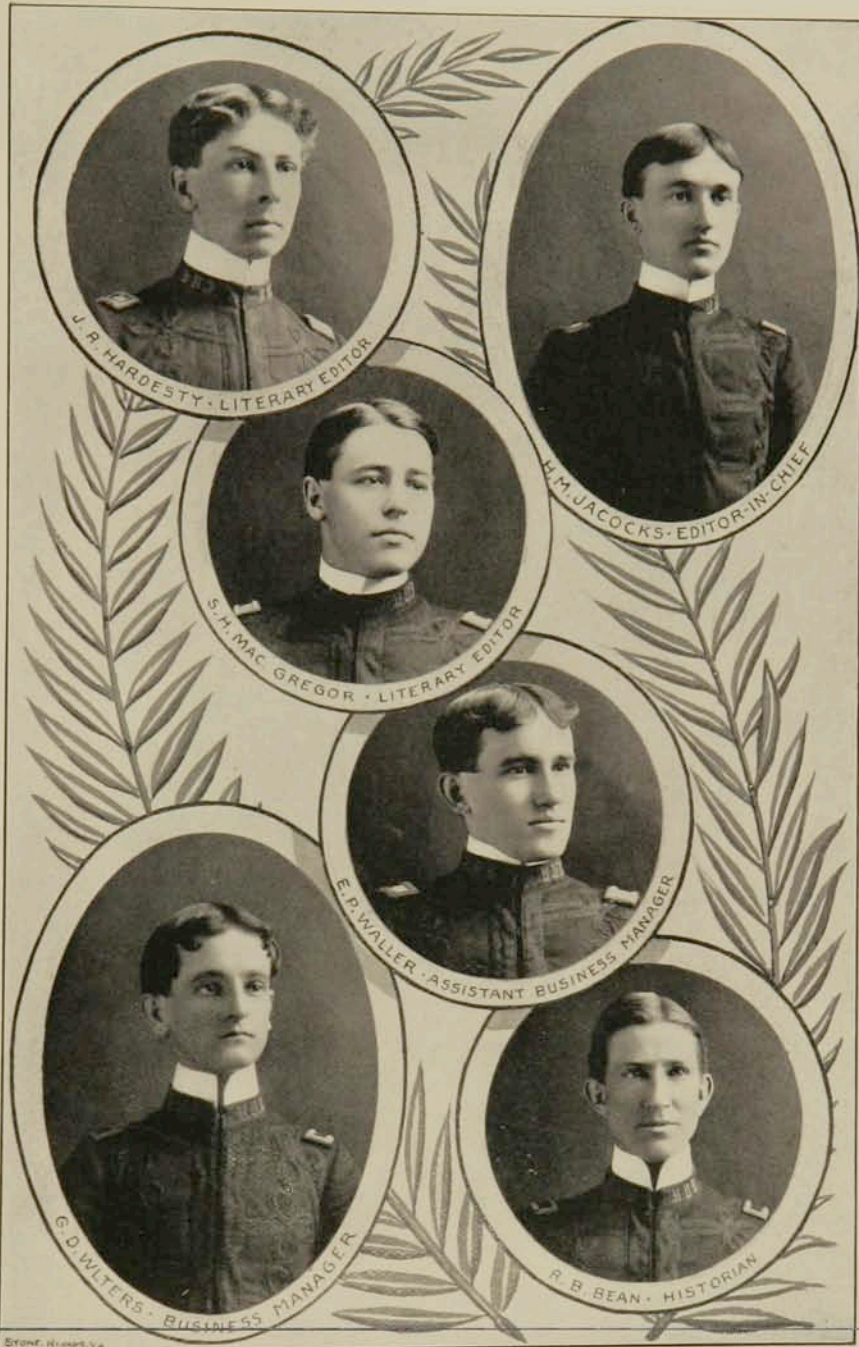
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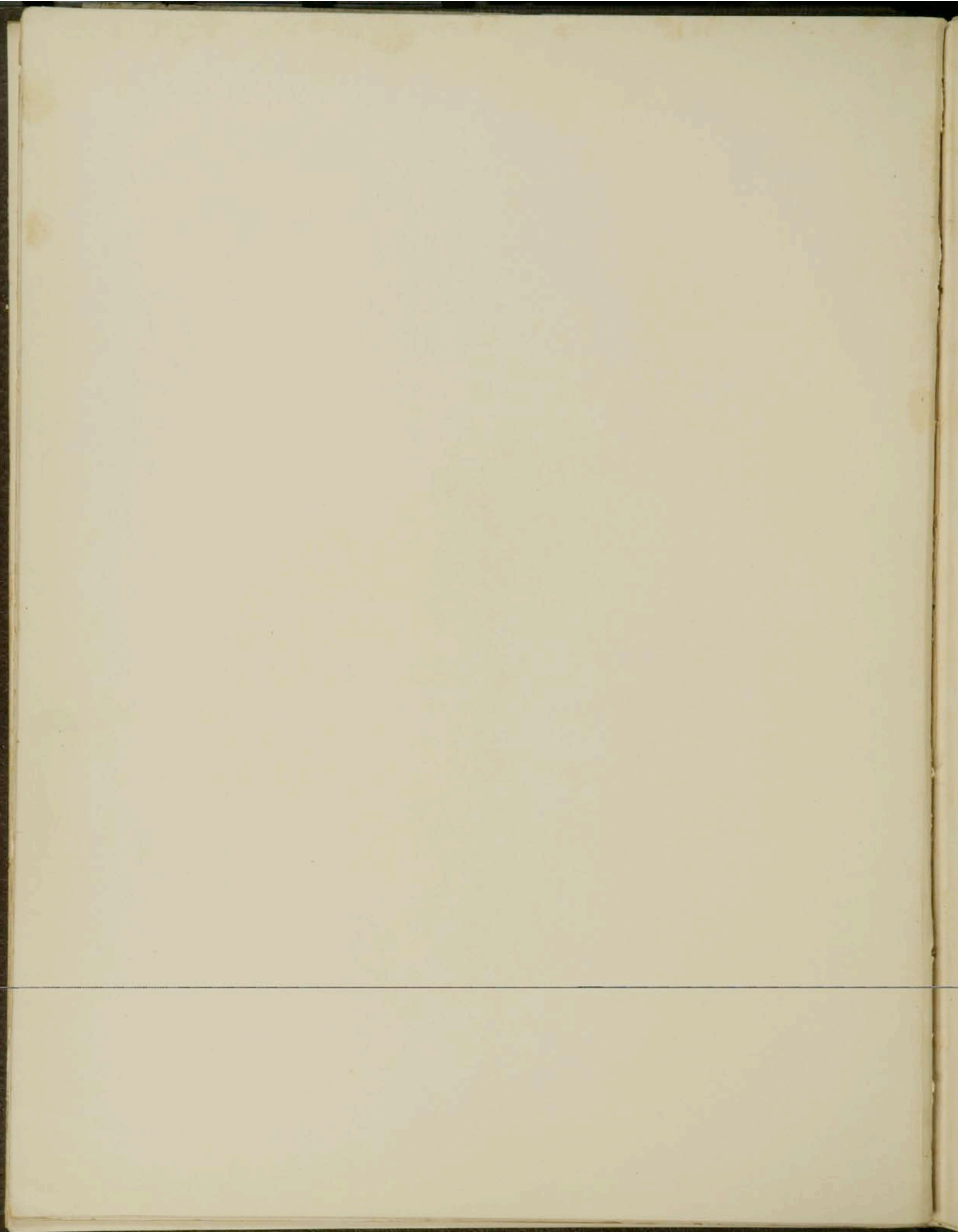
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EDITORS "THE BUGLE."



Virginia Polytechnic Institute

FOUNDED 1872



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Sola-Rex, Sola-Rah,
Polytechs—Vir-gin-i-a!!

Rae, Ri,
V. P. I.!!!

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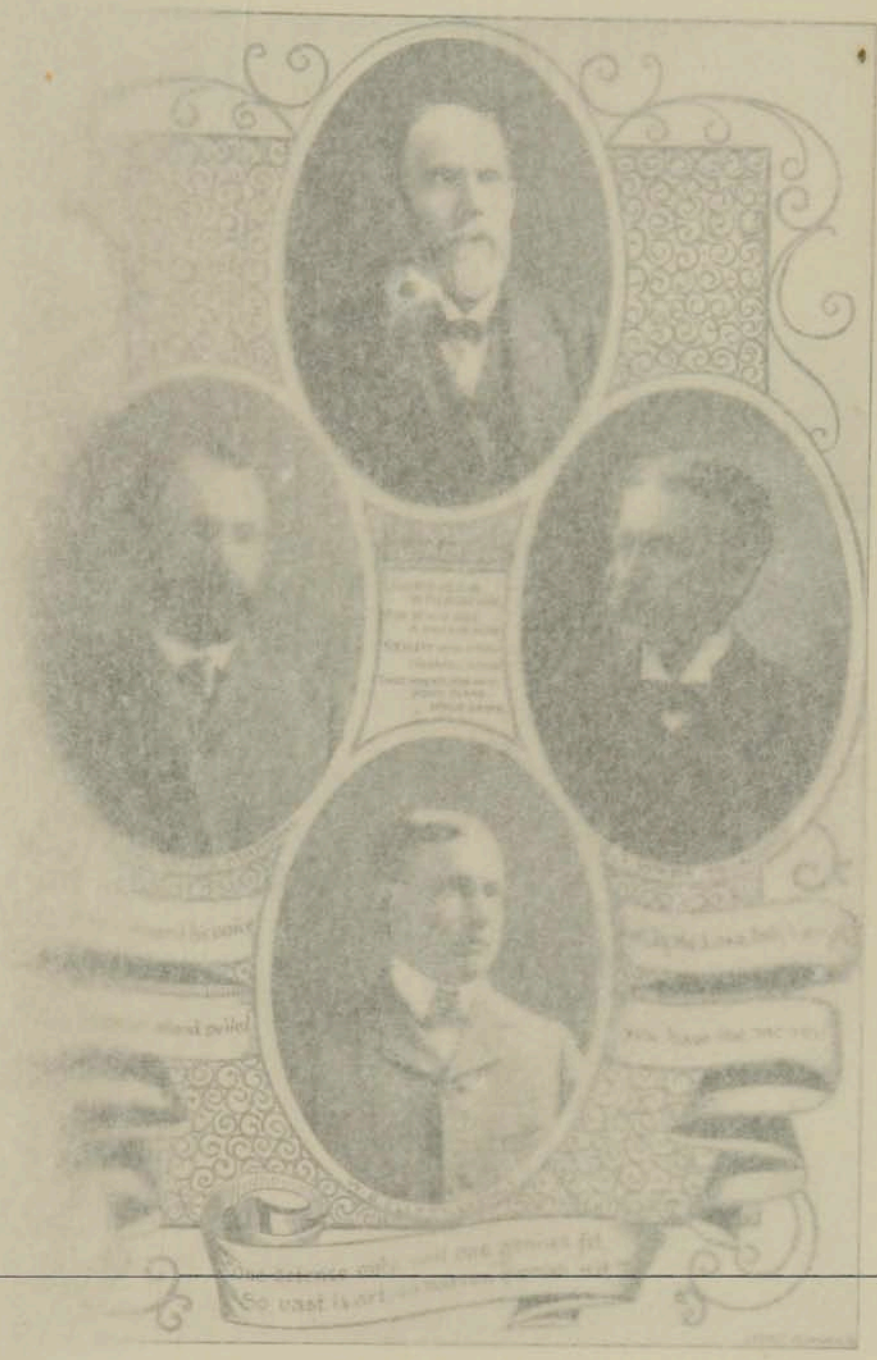
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SURGEON

LEARNED HE WAS
IN MEDICAL LAW,
FOR BY HIS SIDE
A FOLK HE WOULD
RELETT WITH STERN
HERMETIC POWER
THAT WOUNDS ONE MILES
POINT BLANK,
WOULD SOLDIER

D. O. MATHEWS, MARSHAL

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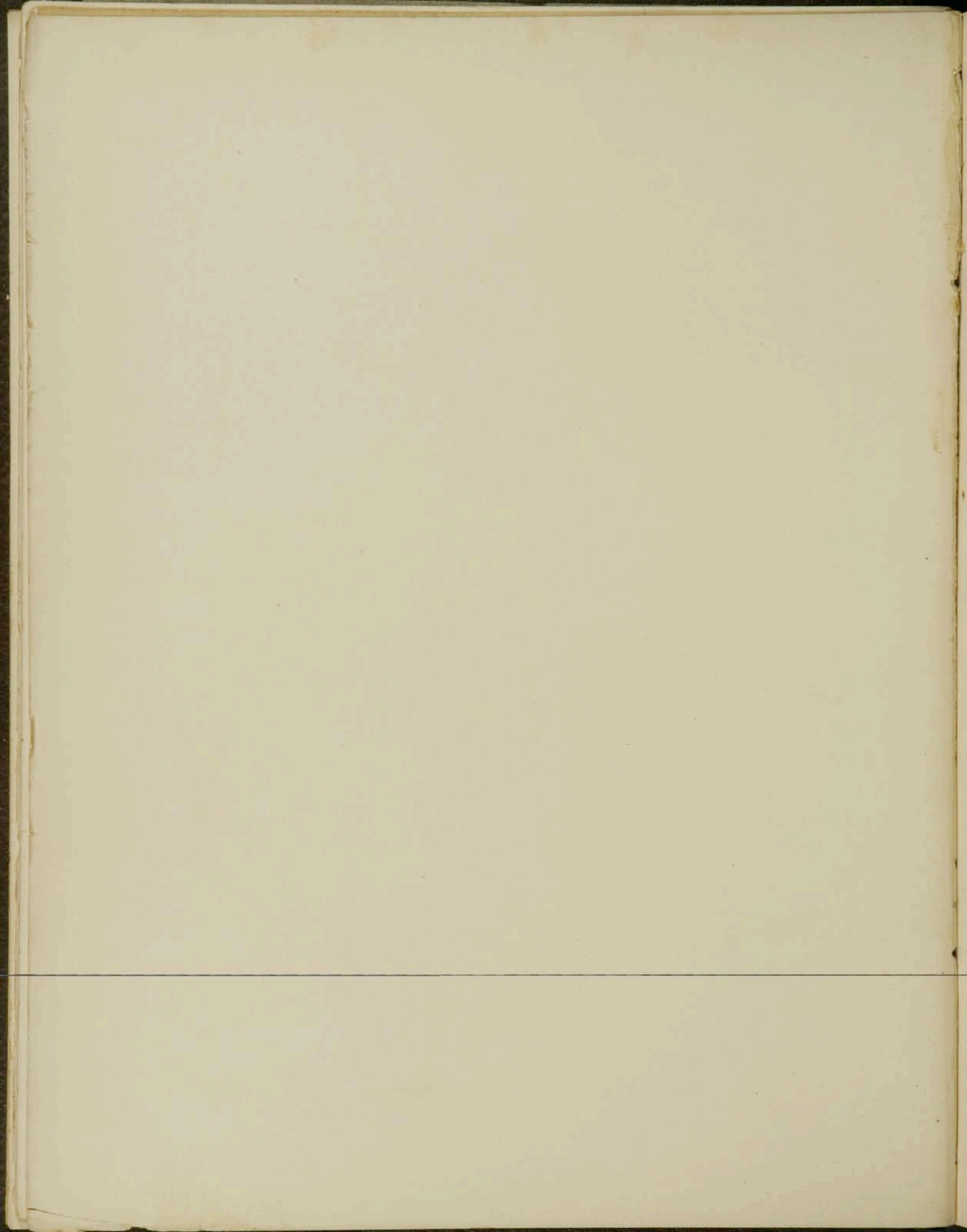
W. E. LETT, CHEMIST

Confusion heard his voice
and wild uproar stood veiled

But, by the Lord, lad, I am glad
you have the money,

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit"

ST. VE. RICHMOND, VA.



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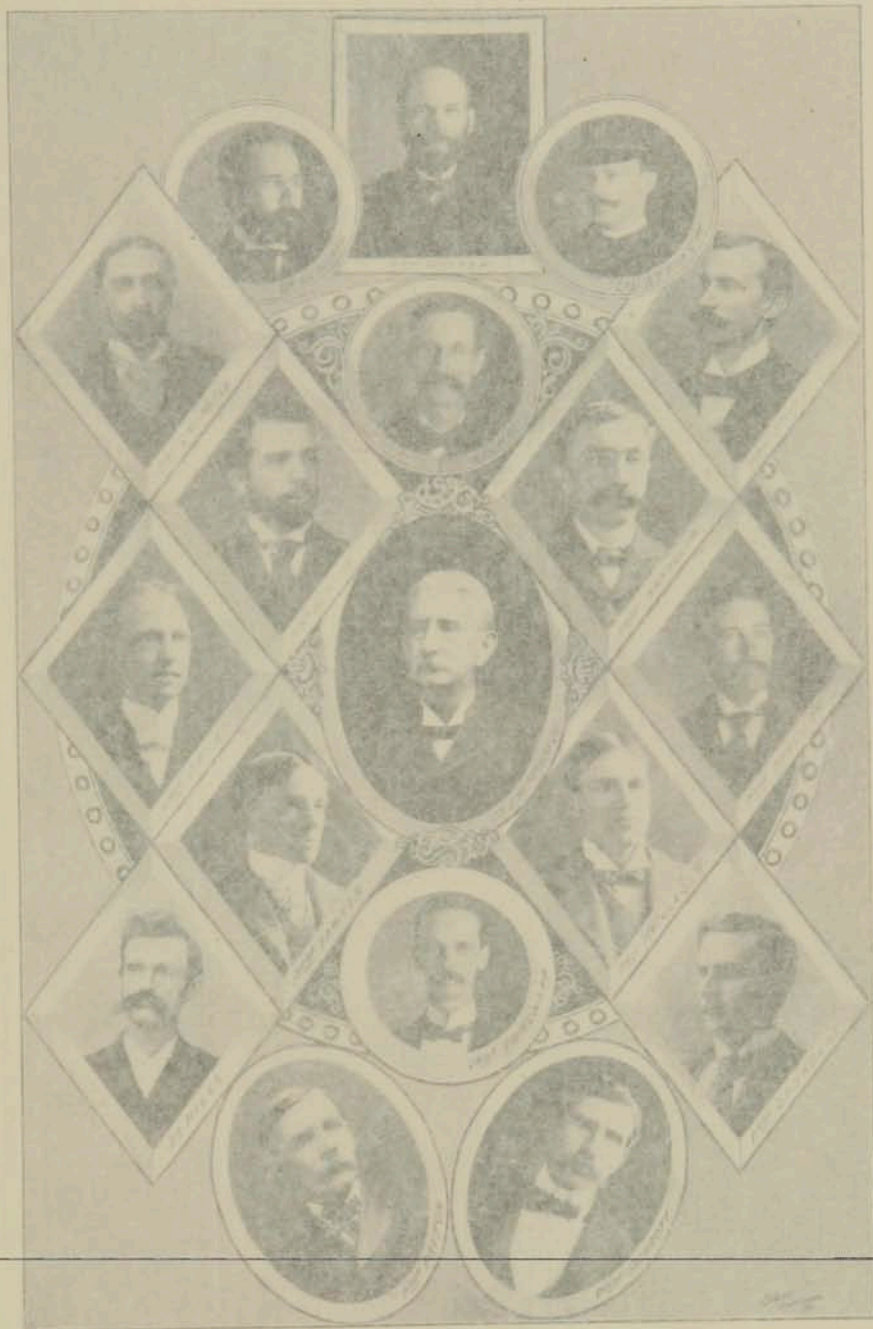
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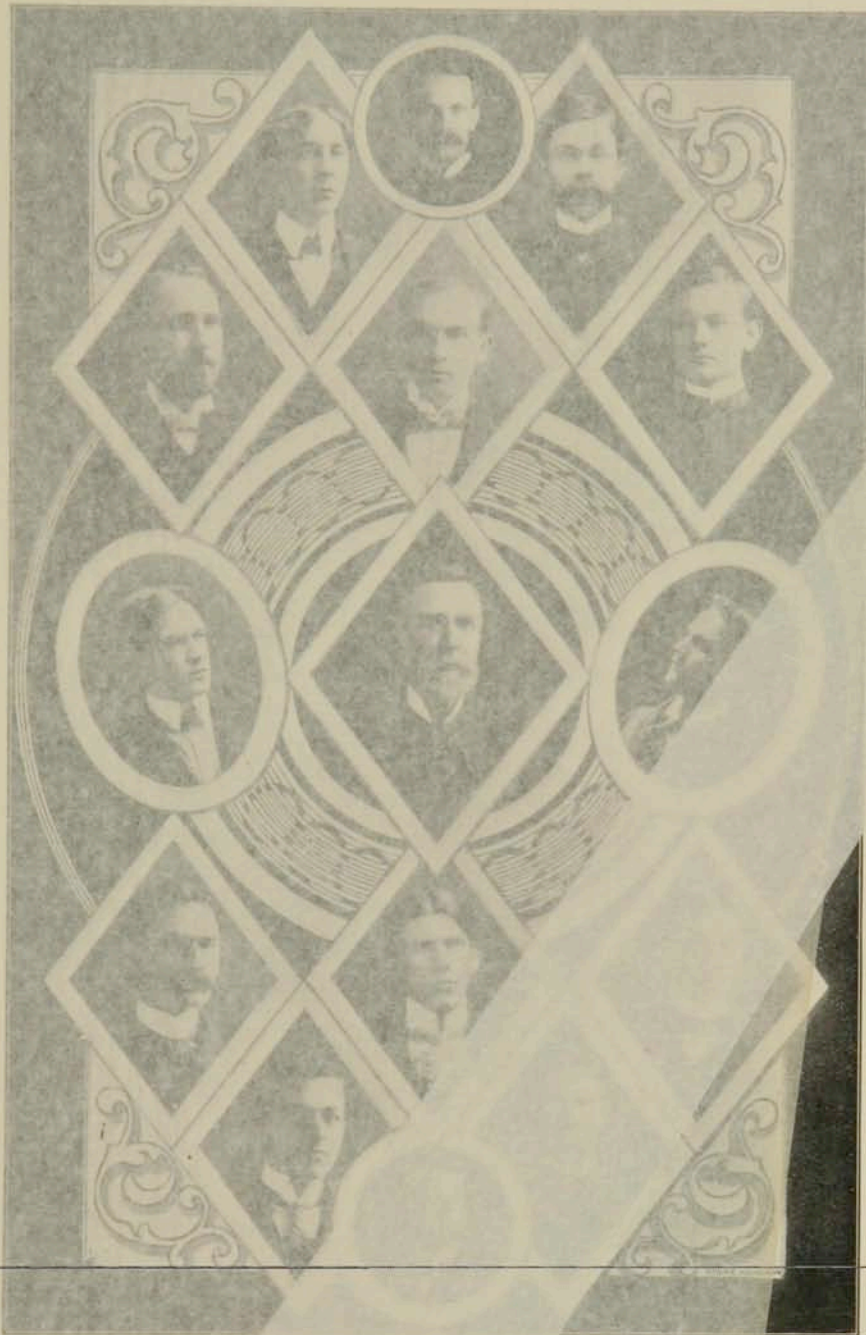
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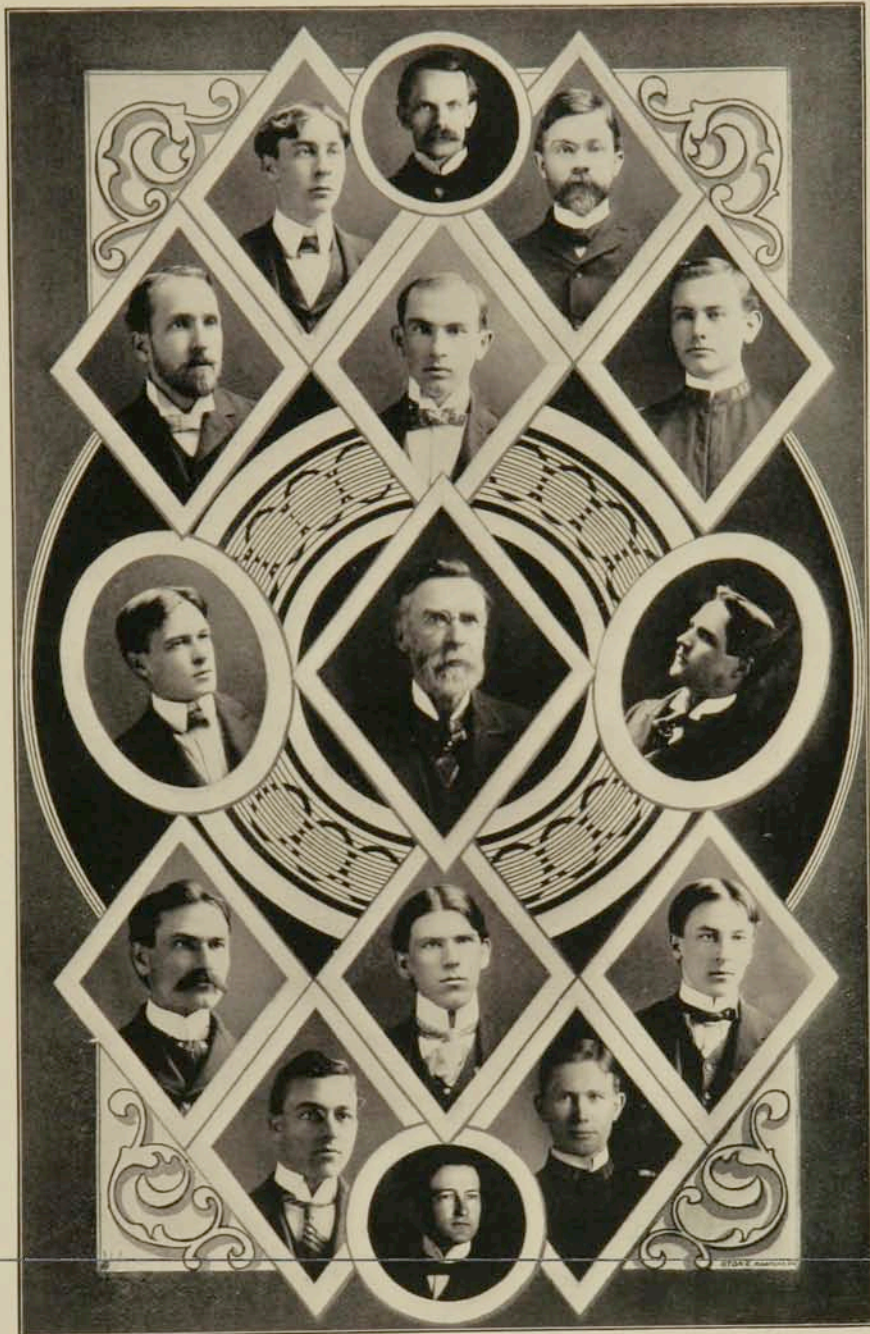
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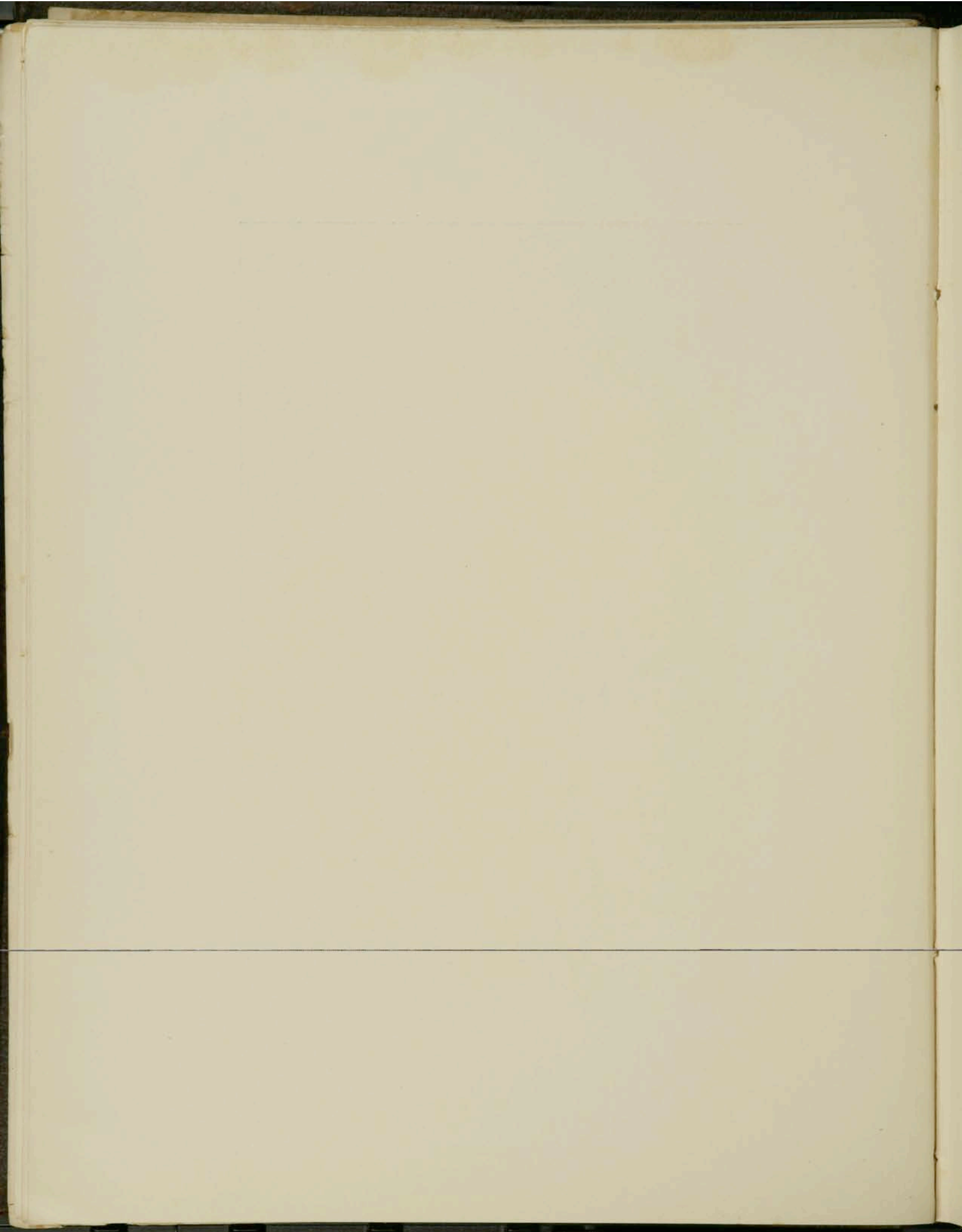
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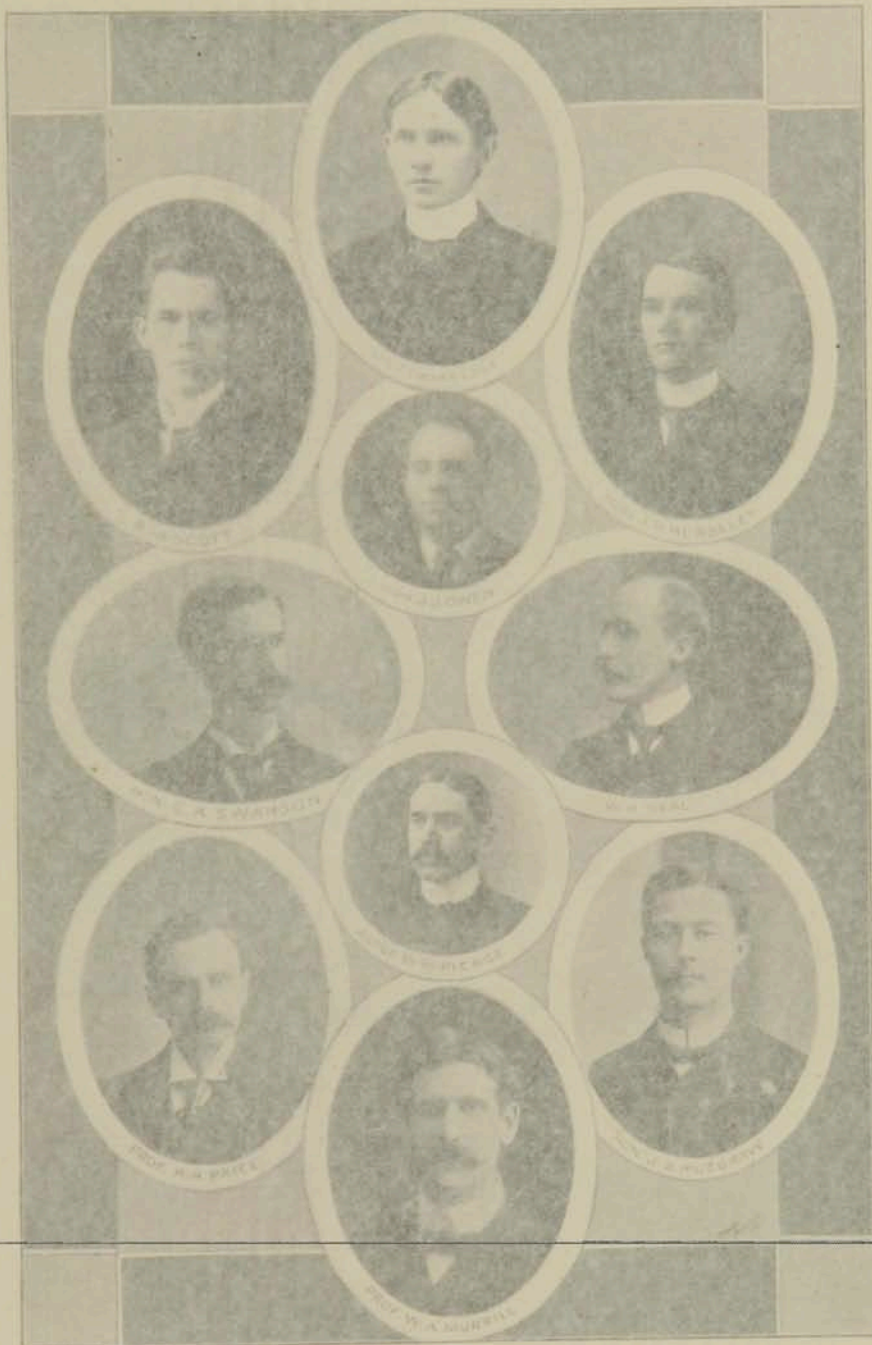
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C. G. Rorebeck, '99, First Sergeant Company I, United States Volunteers, Manila, Philippine Islands.
R. H. Price, '92, Professor Horticulture and Botany, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, College Station, Texas.
T. L. Watson, '93, Assistant State Geologist of Georgia, Atlanta, Georgia.
A. W. Drinkard, '93, Instructor in History and Secretary of Faculty Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
A. T. Finch, '93, Professor Military Science, Professor Physiology and Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
W. O. Frith, '93, Superintendent of Schools Franklin County, Virginia, Rocky Mount, Virginia.
*J. C. Dabney, '95, Inspector Seeds United States Department Agriculture.
*W. A. Perry, '95, Principal High School, Clarksville, Virginia.
W. M. Scott, '96, State Entomologist of Georgia, Atlanta, Georgia.
J. L. Phillips, '97, Assistant in Insect Scale Work, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
J. A. Burruss, '98, Instructor in Mathematics and Physics, Rhineheart College, Walask, Georgia.
H. L. Price, '98, Assistant in Horticulture Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
H. A. Wise, '98, Principal School, Craddocksville, Virginia.
C. L. Allen, '99, Librarian, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
W. B. Harper, '99, Instructor in Danville Military Academy, Danville, Virginia.

*Dead.

Noted Alumni.

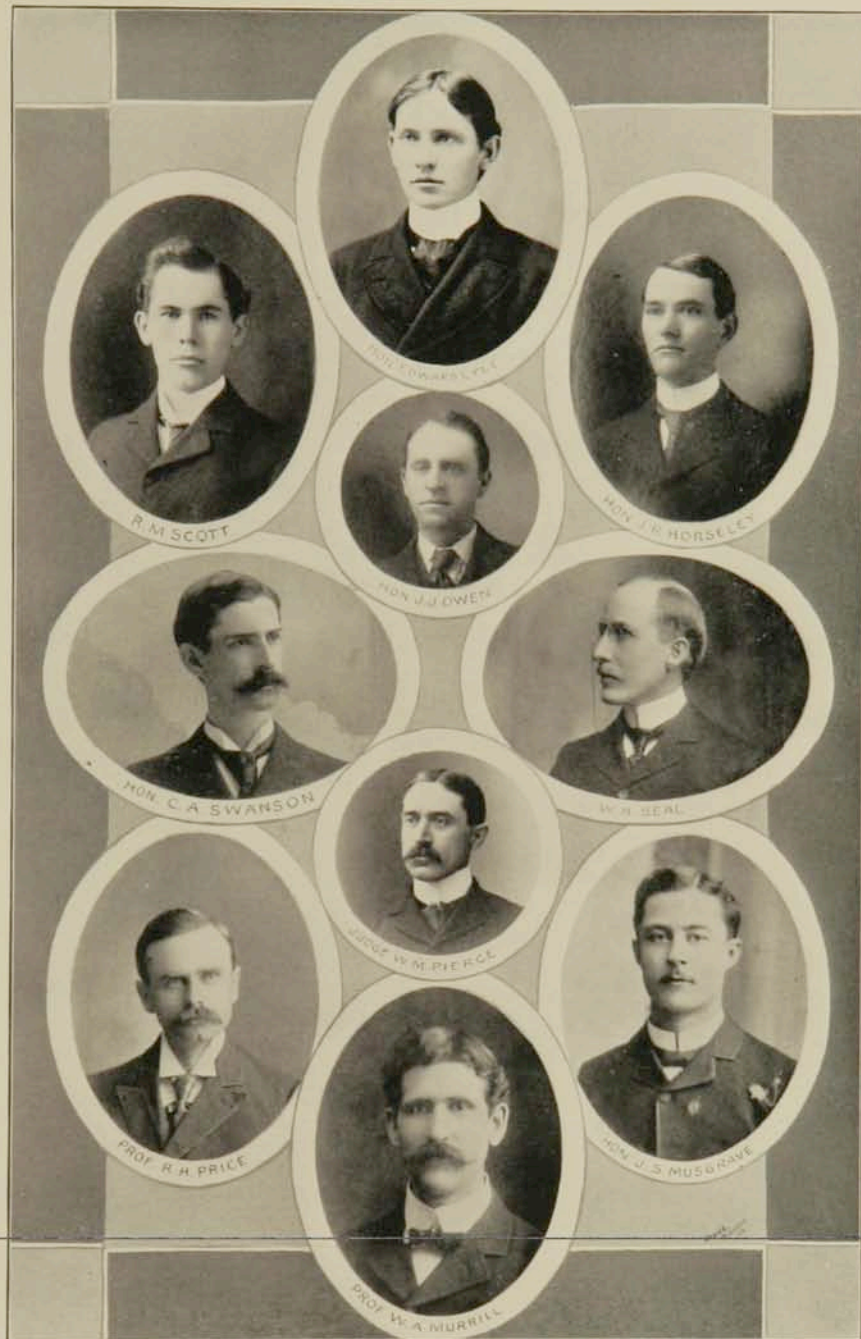
- W. A. MURRILL, A. M., PH. D., Ithaca, New York
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1886; Assistant Cryptogamist Botanist
Cornell University, 1900.
- R. H. PRICE, B. S., College Station, Texas
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888; Professor of Horticulture and
Mycology, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.
- HON. CLAUDE A. SWANSON, Chatham, Virginia
Member of Congress.
- W. H. BEAL B. S., Washington, D. C.
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1886; Assistant Editor U. S. Department
of Agriculture.
- W. M. SCOTT, B. S., Atlanta, Georgia
Graduate Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896; State Entomologist of Georgia
- HON. W. M. PIERCE, Christiansburg, Virginia
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1884; Judge County Court.
- HON. J. R. HORSLEY, Concord, Virginia
Member of the House of Delegates.
- HON. J. J. OWEN, Green Bay, Virginia
Member of the House of Delegates.
- HON. EDWARD LYLE, Roanoke, Virginia
State Senator.
- HON. J. S. MUSGRAVE, Periopolis, Virginia
Member of the House of Delegates.



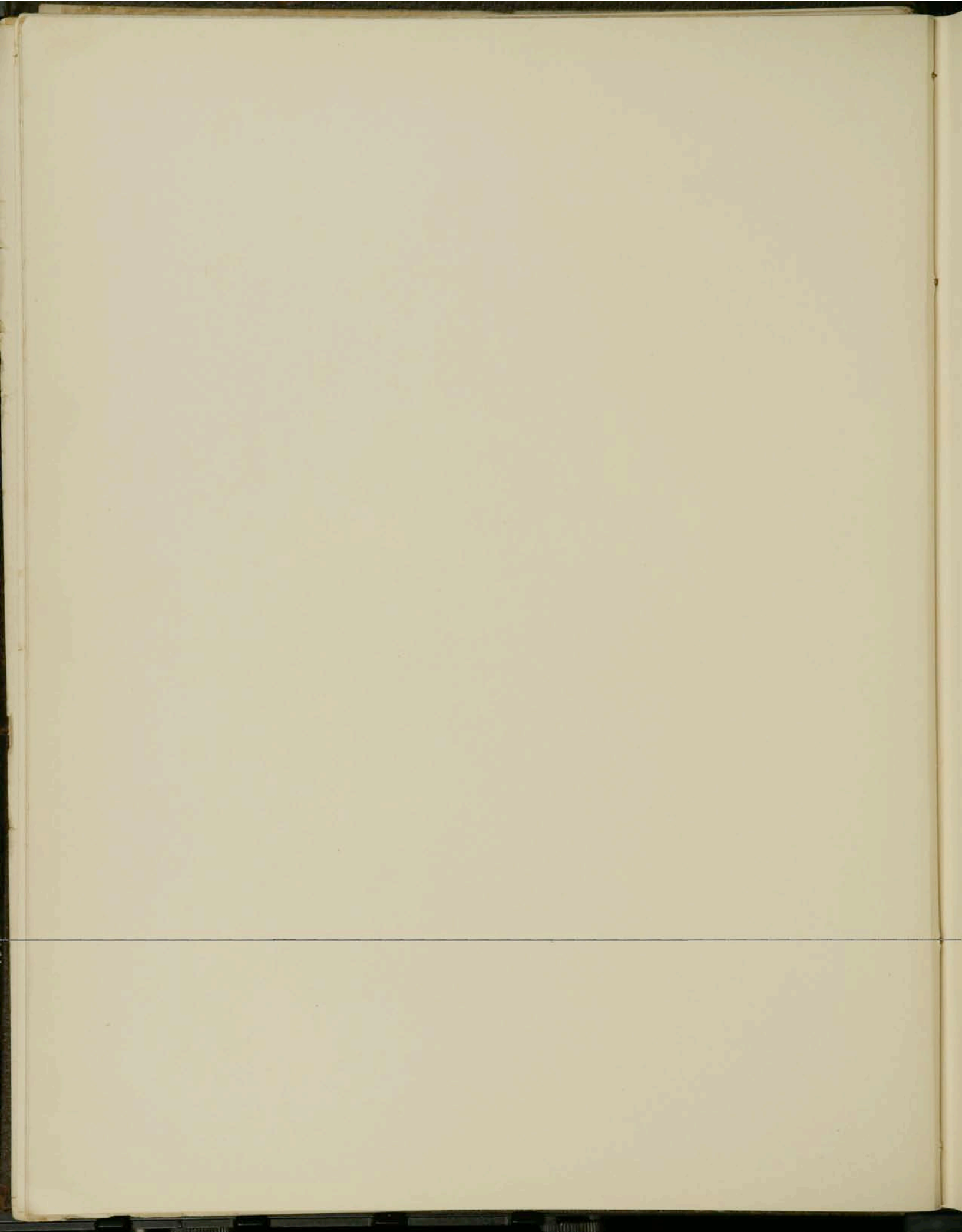
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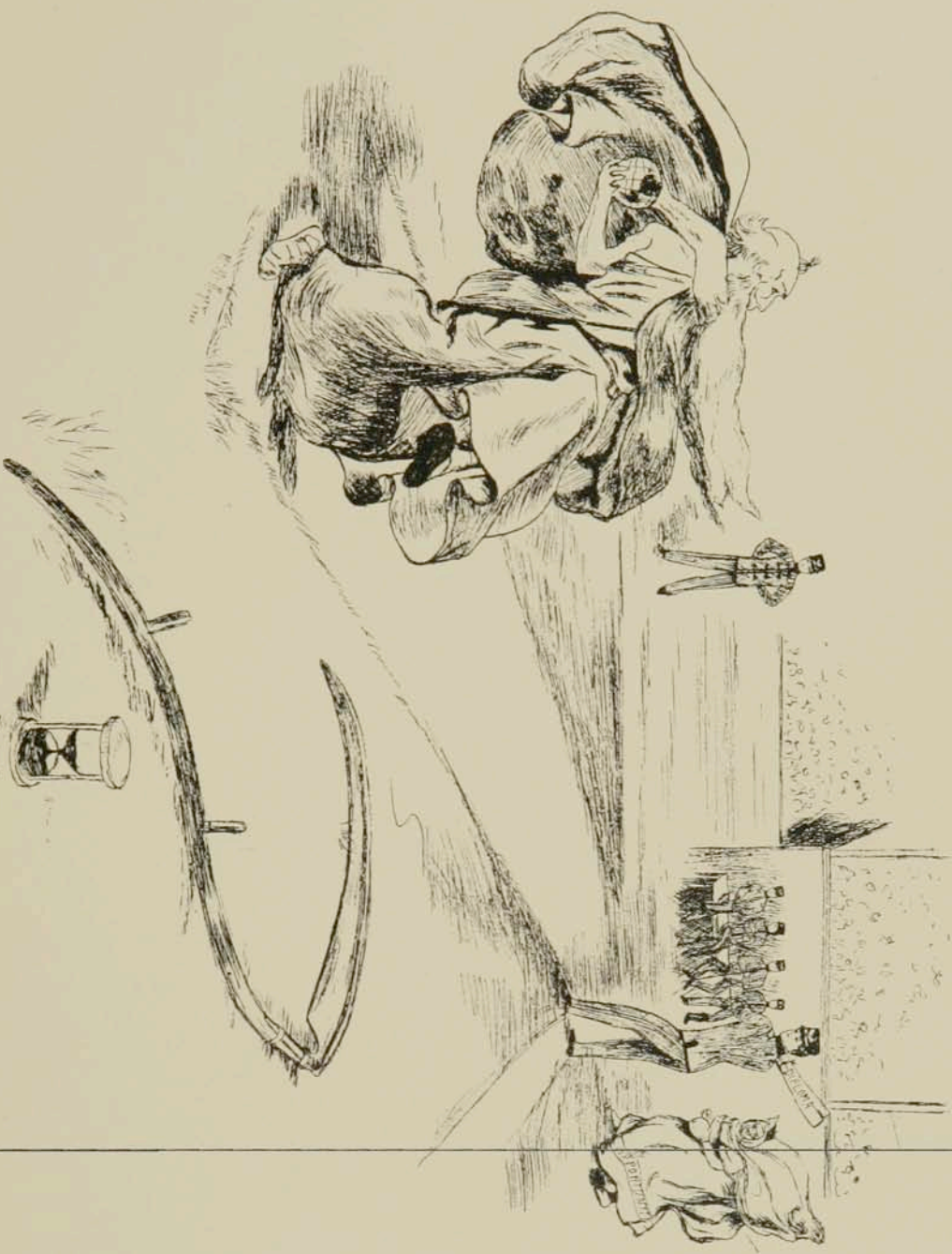
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|---|---------------------------------|
| <p>W. A. DORRILL, B. S., Ph. D.,
Graduated Virginia A. & M. College, 1896; Assistant Cryptogamist Botanist
Cornell University, 1901.</p> | <p>Ithaca, New York</p> |
| <p>E. E. FAYLE, B. S.,
Graduated Virginia A. & M. College, 1888; Professor of Horticulture and
Wineries, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.</p> | <p>College Station, Texas</p> |
| <p>Hon. CHARLES A. SWANSON,
Member of Congress.</p> | <p>Chatham, Virginia</p> |
| <p>W. H. KANE, B. S.,
Graduated Virginia A. & M. College, 1898; Assistant Editor U. S. Department
of Agriculture.</p> | <p>Washington, D. C.</p> |
| <p>W. K. SCOTT, B. S.,
Graduated Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1895; State Entomologist of Georgia.</p> | <p>Atlanta, Georgia</p> |
| <p>Hon. W. H. PATRICK,
Graduated Virginia A. & M. College, 1884; Judge County Court.</p> | <p>Christiansburg, Virginia</p> |
| <p>Hon. J. M. BARKER,
Member of the Virginia Legislature.</p> | <p>Concord, Virginia</p> |
| <p>Hon. J. J. OWEN,
Member of the Virginia Legislature.</p> | <p>Green Bay, Virginia</p> |
| <p>Hon. VERNON J. VICK,
Representative.</p> | <p>Roanoke, Virginia</p> |
| <p>Hon. J. H. BARKER,
Member of the Virginia Legislature.</p> | <p>Periopolis, Virginia</p> |



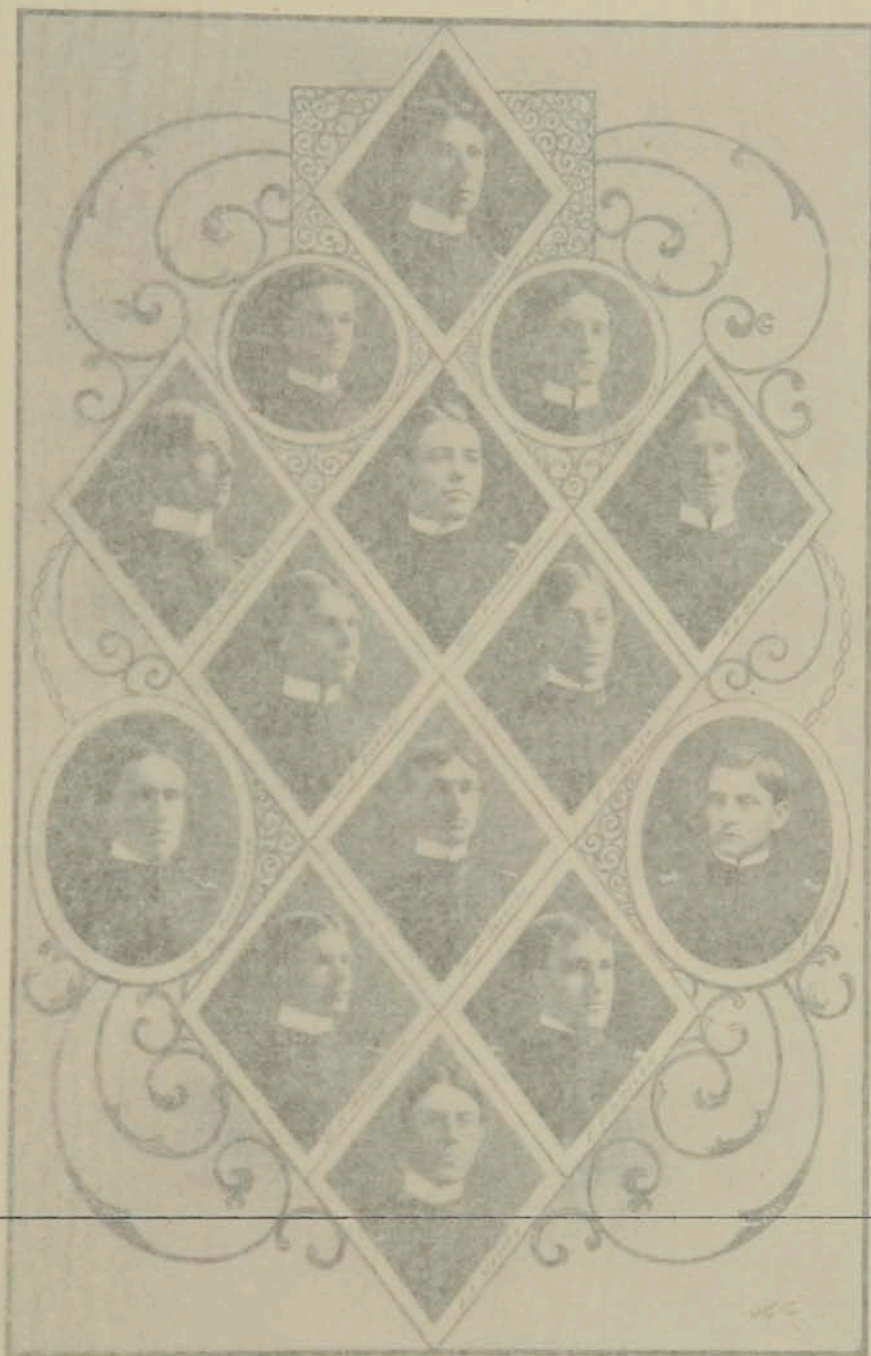
NOTED ALUMNI.



Will he make a hit?

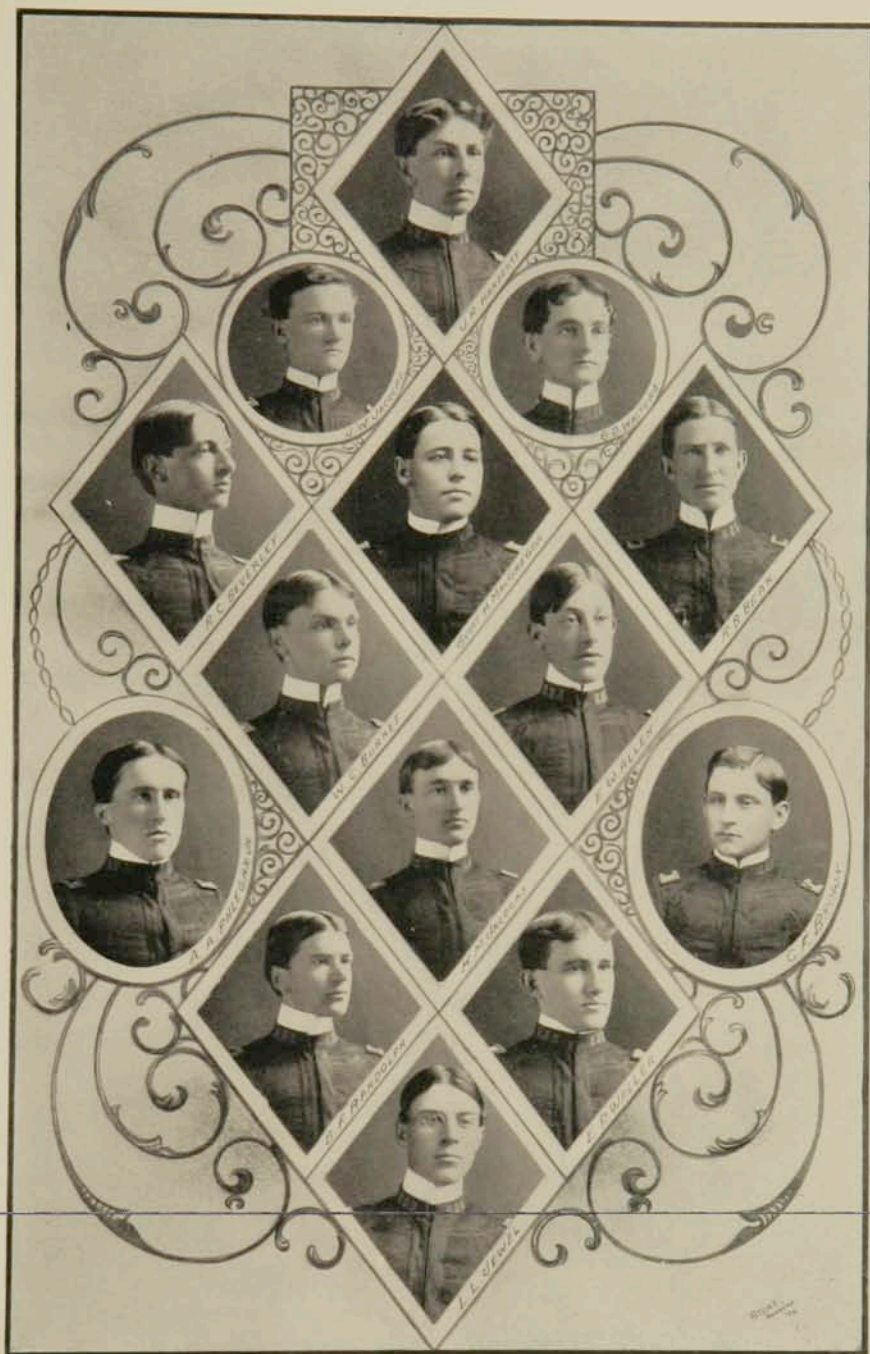




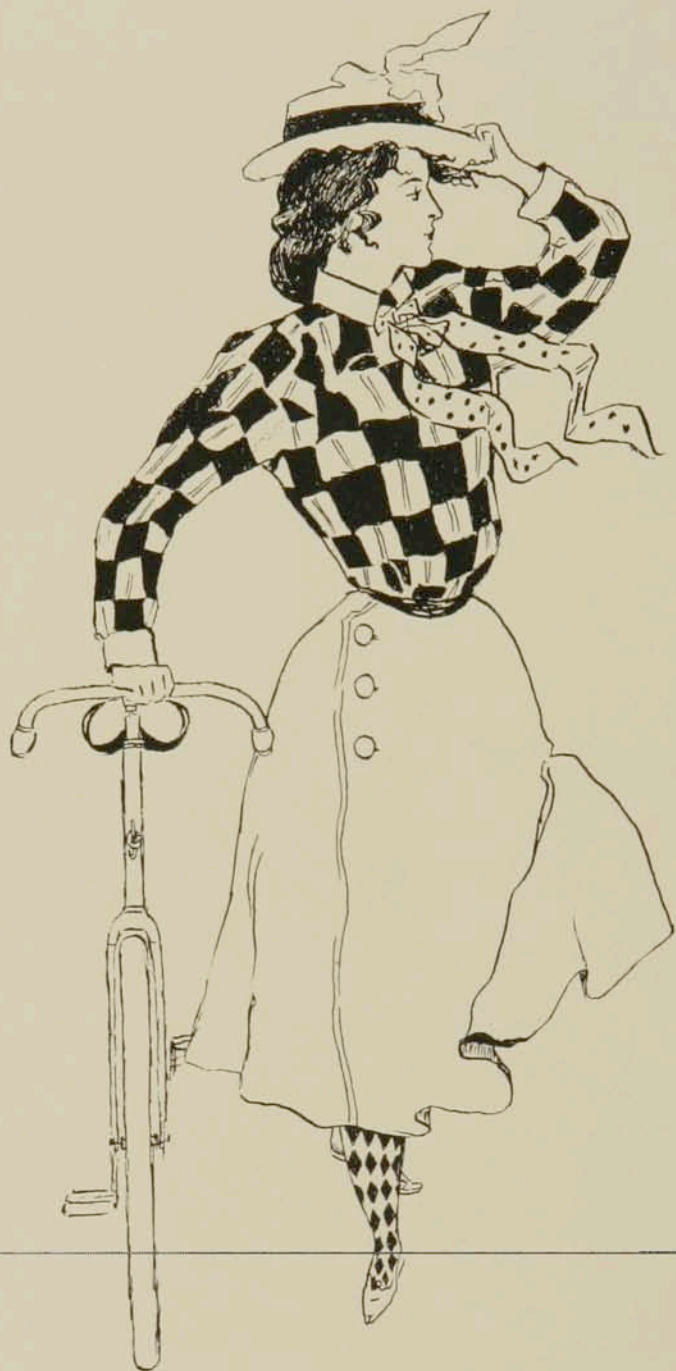


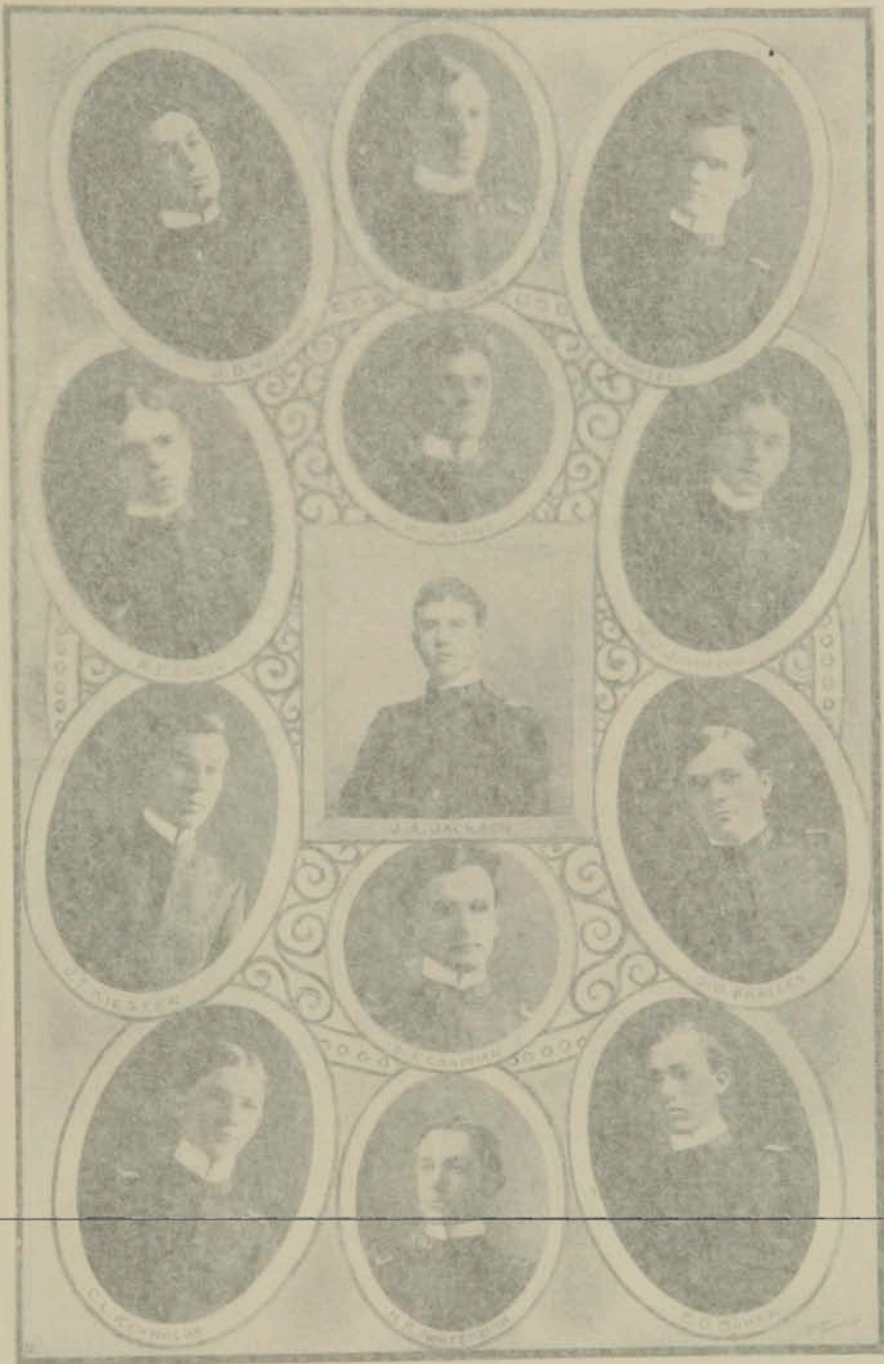
SENIOR CLASS





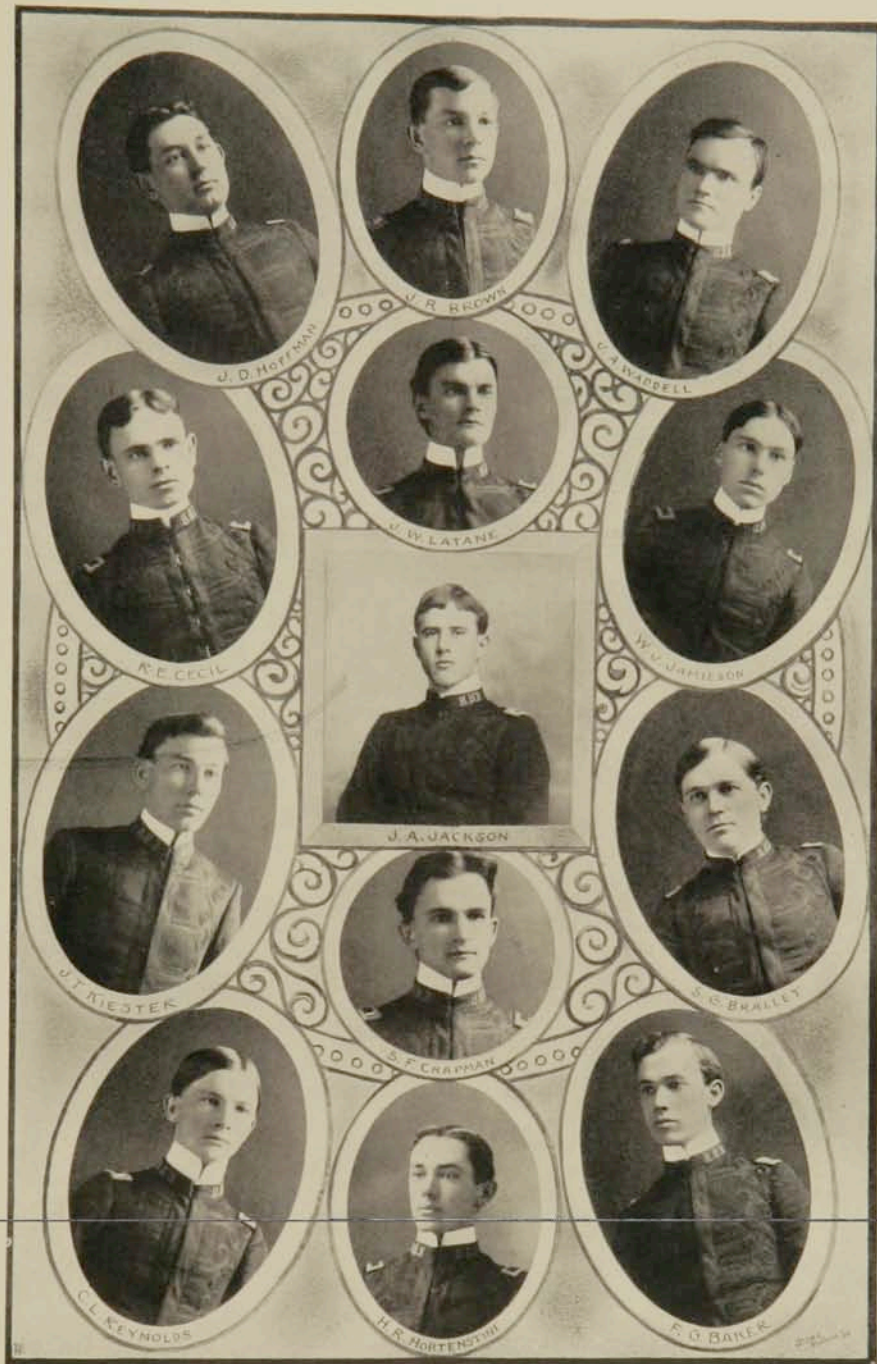
SENIOR CLASS





SENIOR CLASS.





SENIOR CLASS.



Class of 1900.

Officers.

CHARLES FRANCISCO BROWN, *President.*
CHARLES LUTHER REYNOLDS, *Vice-President.*
JONATHAN WILBUR JACOBS, *Secretary and Treasurer.*
RICHARD CARTER BEVERLEY, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*
ROBERT BENNETT BEAN, *Historian.*

Colors.

Old Gold and Brown.

Motto.

Mundum Deleti Sumus.

Yell.

Razzle, Dazzle! Hobble, Gobble!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
1900! 1900!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Members of Senior Class.

- ALLEN, EDWIN WOOD, Buchanan, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; Vice-President Class, '99
- BAKER, GEORGE FRANCIS, Graham's Forge, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering; Vice-President Wythe County Club, '96-97.
- BEAN, ROBERT BENNETT, Gala, Virginia
General Science; Critic Maury Society, '99; President Botetourt Club, '00;
Vice-President Young Men's Christian Association, '00; Literary Editor
The Gray Jacket, '00; Class Historian, '00.
- BEVERLEY, RICHARD CARTER, Caret, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering; Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Club, '00; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, '00.
- BRALLEY, SAMUEL GUY, Walton Furnace, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; President Wythe County Club, '99-00.
- BROWN, CHARLES FRANCISCO, Greeneville, Tennessee
Chemistry; Business Manager Thespian Club, '99; Chaplain Maury Society, '99; President Class, '00; Vice President Thespian Club, '00.
- BROWN, JOSEPH RAMSEY, Greeneville, Tennessee.
Chemistry.
- BURNETT, WALLACE CLAYPOLE, Norfolk, Virginia
Chemistry; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '98-99.
- CECIL, ROBERT ERNEST, Brookwood, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; Vice-President Maury Society, '00; Exchange Editor
The Gray Jacket, '00.
- CHAPMAN, SAMUEL FORRER, Gordonsville, Virginia.
Agriculture; Vice-President Lee Society, '99; Exchange Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '99; Director St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '00.

- HARDESTY, JAMES ROBERT, Berryville, Virginia
 Mechanical Engineering; Vice-President Class, '98; Class Historian, '99;
 Local Editor *The Gray Jacket* (two terms), '99; President Maury Society,
 '00; Associate Editor THE BUGLE, '00; Assistant Business Manager *The
 Gray Jacket*, '00.
- HORTENSTINE, HENRY ROBERT, Montgomery Virginia
 Civil Engineering; Vice-President Engineering Club, '00.
- HOFFMAN, JOSEPH DAVID, Flint Hill, Virginia
 Electrical Engineering.
- JACOCKS, JONATHAN WILBUR, Berkley, Virginia
 Chemistry; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '00.
- JACOCKS, HENRY MORGAN, Berkley, Virginia
 General Science; President Thespian Club, '98-99; Literary Editor *The Gray
 Jacket*, '98-99; President Thespian Club, '99-00; President German Club,
 '99-00; Vice-President Maury Society, '99; President Maury Society, '00;
 Editor-in-Chief *The Gray Jacket*, '99; Editor-in-Chief THE BUGLE, '00.
- JACKSON, JAMES ALFRED, Richmond, Virginia
 Electrical Engineering; President Class, '99; President Richmond Club, '99;
 President Athletic Association '00; Critic Lee Society, '00.
- JAMIESON, WILLIAM JORDAN, Buffalo Junction, Virginia
 Civil Engineering; President of H. M. C. Club, '00.
- JEWEL, LINDSEY LOUIN, Christiansburg, Virginia
 Civil Engineering; Secretary Class, '97; President Class, '98; Local Editor *The
 Gray Jacket*, '99; Secretary and Critic Lee Society, '00; President Lee
 Society, '00; Editor-in-Chief *The Gray Jacket*, '00.
- KEISTER, JOHN TAYLOR, Blacksburg, Virginia
 Chemistry.
- LATANÉ, JOHN WILSON, Oak Grove, Virginia
 Electrical Engineering; Vice-Director St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '99-00.
- MACGREGOR, SCOTT HUTTON, Avon, Virginia
 Mechanical Engineering; President Class '97; Class Historian, '98; Y. M. C. A.
 Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '99-00; President Young Men's Christian Associ-
 ation, '99; President Maury Society, '00; Associate Editor THE BUGLE, '00.

- PHLEGAR, ARCHER ALLEN, Christiansburg, Virginia
 General Science ; Vice-President Lee Society, '99 ; Secretary Lee Society, '97-98 ;
 Local Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '99 ; Leader German Club, '00 ; Business
 Manager *The Gray Jacket*, '00 ; President Christiansburg Club, '00.
- RANDOLPH, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Colleen, Virginia
 Special.
- REYNOLDS, CHARLES LUTHER, Falls Creek Depot, Virginia
 Civil Engineering ; President Pittsylvania Club, '98-99-00 ; Vice-President
 Class, '00.
- ROBINSON, SAMUEL RICE, Lexington, Virginia
 Special
- WADDELL, JOSEPH ADDISON, JR., Garth, Virginia
 Mechanical Engineering ; President Albemarle Club, '00.
- WALLER, EDWARD PUTZELL, Martinsville, Virginia
 Electrical Engineering ; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '98 ; Literary Editor *The
 Gray Jacket*, '99 ; Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, '99-00 ;
 Literary Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '00 ; Assistant Business Manager THE
 BUGLE, '00 ; President and Critic Lee Society, '00.
- WALTERS, GEORGE DERE, Christiansburg, Virginia
 Medical ; Secretary and Treasurer Lee Society, '98-99 ; Vice-President Chris-
 tiansburg Club, '00 ; Business Manager of Thespian Club, '99-00 ; Exchange
 Editor *The Gray Jacket*, (first term) '98-99 ; Assistant Business Manager
The Gray Jacket, (second term) '98-99 ; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, (second
 term) '99-00 ; Business Manager THE BUGLE, '00 ; President Lee Society, '00.



Class History.

WE present the department of our Class History in a different form from that usually adopted, because we recognize that such histories as a rule are so much alike that when one has been read, all are known. We make no excuses. We seek no criticisms. The work stands just as it was conceived and executed.

The four sections of this department are, "Dates to be Remembered" (Past), "Their Characteristics" (Present), "A Tennysonian Dip into the Future" (Future), and the "Class Album," which well represents the class, both individually and collectively.

We are indebted to Lieutenant R. E. Cecil and others for valuable assistance rendered in the preparation of this department.

"Dates" to be Remembered.

- Sept. 21, 1896, Birth, Reception, Bondage.
- Feb. 22, 1897, Shorn of locks + strength.
- June 20, 1897, Freed from Slavery.
- Oct. 30, 1897, Football victory (U.S.C.) + celebration. "Calebscott"
- Feb. 22, 1898, Flag raising on Tank.
- Mar. 13, 1898, The Memorable Night.
- June 1, 1899, The Cannonmaking.
- Sept. 21, 1899 - June 1, 1900, Persecutions.
- Mar. 13, 1900, Flag raising - half mast. "Crepe".
- April 1, 1900, Thesis submitted (?)
- May 25 - June 5, 1900, Final Troubles.
- June 20, 1900, Final Triumph.
- June 21, 1900, Auf wiedersehen(s).

Their Characteristics.

This is a brief character sketch, sometimes caricature, of each individual member of the Class of 1900.

First comes Hardesty, who is a good captain and a talented man. He is level-headed and has strength of character. His sentimentality, if guided into proper channels, will do him no harm. His qualifications justify his pride, "and still the wonder grew that one small head could hold quite all he knew."

Allen is a *man*. It is true that he has just waked up to a realization of the seriousness of life, and is beginning to bend his energies in the right direction. He was always a bright boy. We hope that his brilliancy will increase more and more.

We now turn to Hoffman, a sturdy specimen of humanity, whose originality may be called genius by some, but we object. In spite of his oratorical powers he may fail in his ambition of becoming a second Demosthenes. His usual punning suggests a question and answer: "When is a pun not a pun?" "Usually."

Baker's quiet, unassuming manner impresses one favorably. He is earnest and diligent in all his work. His devotion to the "widow" is the only thing which we fear may lead him astray. Surely "Sergeant-Major" is coming to the front. Wake up and speed on. You may come out ahead yet.

Jackson has a winning manner, and is a general favorite—especially with the girls. He is an all-round athlete, and is fond of tobogganing. As a musician, he is like the poet, "born, not made." He also stands well in his classes.

Again, Beverley is most pronounced in his characteristics, but not in his speech. He attributes his great powers to the influence of German(s), and one readily recognizes the fact that he has trodden the land of the "Dutch," as well as moved in the intricate figures of the mazy waltz. He is a great Napoleon, another Bon(e)-aparte!

Then we notice Jacocks, H. M., the leading literary character in the student-body. His influence has been most marked in the Maury Literary Society, Athletic Association, *The Gray Jacket*, and THE BUGLE. He is a sweet boy, and has lots of personal magnetism. If he could only get that stray hair to lie straight!

Now we see Brown, C. F., the studious and earnest, who is deep, too, and politic in his actions. There is a good deal in "Chas."—after meals. His musical talent is unquestioned, as well as his ability to flirt with the boys (?).

Jacocks, J. W., has an evenly balanced nature, and is studious and thorough in his work. He is one of those rare happy characters we delight to know. All honor to his true worth and nobleness.

It is said that Jamieson has a "Will" and a way of his own. He is quietly determined in all he undertakes, and will surprise this sleepy world some day, if he does not sleep too much himself.

Brown, J. R., "His Majesty, Myself," blows his own horn right lustily. There is no use for me to write anything. "Joe" is smart, though, and has music in his soul, and love, too. His dashing nature, if the proper curb be put upon it, will some day gain for him notoriety.

Jewel is a passionate, impulsive being, but his splendid mind and sound common sense keep him on the road to success and fame. He has decided literary talent, wonderful conversational powers, and is an athlete of no mean ability, and is the brightest "Jewel" in the Class of 1900.

The clever youth, Burnet, is noted for his geniality,—when he wants to please. He is another bright boy, and would work wonders should he once try himself. It is so hard for some of us to settle down to duty. "Bullets" needs a little powder behind him.

Keister represents an earnest, persistent, energetic soul, who combines German and English in his ancestry as well as in his classes. He unquestionably deserves a great deal of credit for his work. We commend his diligence and perseverance, and honor him for what he has done.

Next is Chapman, our only "farmer," and a most interesting character. He is not one of "Chimmie Fadden's" "dead farmers," either. He takes life seriously, has a decided and determined expression always, and one is sure to feel that he will accomplish something in the world. His deeply pious nature has earned for him the deserved sobriquet, "Parson."

Latané typifies the exemplary preacher's son. He is modest, and quiet, and actually *good*. He may have been spoilt by the girls, but he has marked and noble qualities. Incomprehensibility defines him, wise or otherwise.

From treating young Americans distinctly, we take a rare turn to admire a living representative of the great "MacGregor" clan, of Scotland, a Scot turned American. "Scotchy" is in character—a Christian above reproach; in disposition,—warm hearted, impulsive, generous. He is decided in his opinions and strong in his principles. To know him is to love him.

Waddell is a chip of the old block—a veritable judge—stern strict, unyielding, yet just, true to principle and decidedly kind hearted. His hatred of women is noted, but he enjoys (?) occasional chats at the shops with members of the fair sex. He is true as steel, and to him one may safely pin his faith.

Further on we see Phlegar, an active little business man, and fond of pleasure. It is hard to say which takes precedence with him. German exercises and girls give him more trouble than all things else combined. His guessing powers are abnormally developed.

Then Waller comes, another stirring fellow—active, eager, restless. He is Colonel Finch's right-hand man, our "adjutant" and future assistant commandant (?). Will not his *flowers* bloom when he gets that position?

Randolph has a retiring disposition, so we see little of him in active college life. He is a graceful dancer, and has an easy, natural manner that enables him to win his way into the hearts of those with whom he associates. His dignity, grace, and gentle disposition, his culture and refinement, denote the typical old-school Virginia gentleman.

We now move from the passive to the active, and find Walters lively, attractive, and altogether unique in his individuality. It is not necessary to delineate the traits of his character. We all know "Deary" and who would not love him? He is jolly, bright, interesting, and always in for fun. We feel the influence of his personality daily. His experiments (?) in the chemical laboratory, his researches (?) in bacteriology, and his work (?) in human physiology have already brought fame to him.

Reynolds presents a striking contrast. He is a persistent worker, a thorough student, and an earnest young fellow. He is satisfied with small visible results, yet ever strives for perfection. Thoroughness is his forte.

The next picture is of one who was "born tired," if Robinson will pardon a personal allusion to his industry. I trust to his good nature. "Sam" has been ill each spring for three years. When the

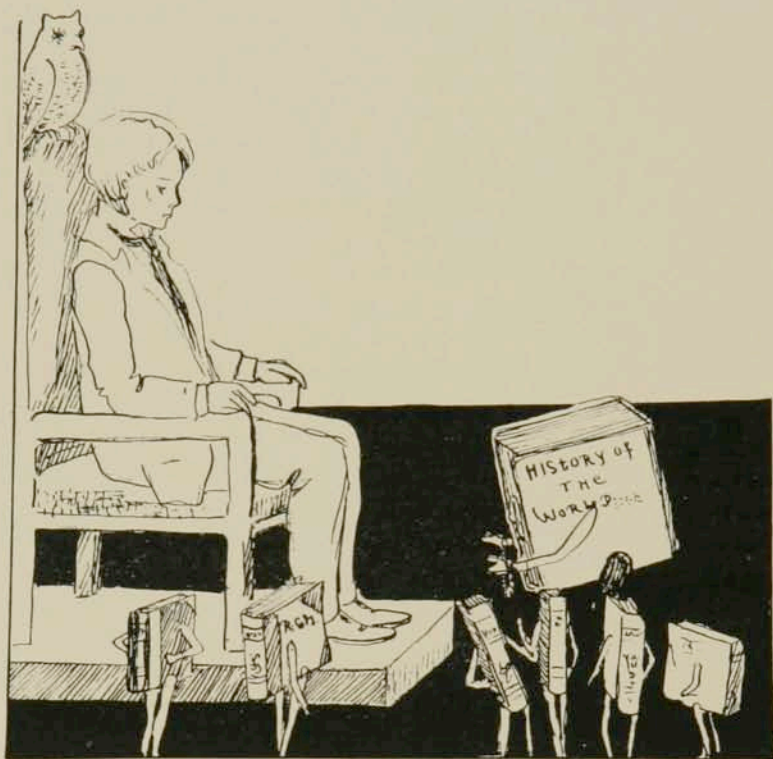
gentle zephyrs of January, February, and March blow through the land, effeminate reminders of luxurious ease (?), he invariably suffers and retires. We are sorry to miss him from our midst.

Bralley is so jolly, when tickled, that one can hardly write of him without laughing. Yet he is not all fun and frolic. He mixes it well with work. Professor Lee finds him valuable in electrical manipulations. "Jingles" is very accommodating, in *his* way, especially in military affairs.

"Professor" Hortenstein, the modest man, of civil engineering fame, brings us to another phase of our college life and work. Here we find one of our brightest classmates acting as Instructor, and his head retains its original size!!

We put Cecil last but not least. He has marked individuality, a strong, ready mind, lots of good hard, common sense, and altogether combines in a rare way the elements of a genius.

Cecil and Bean contrast well, and represent the two opposite poles of a magnet; Bean represents the pole, while Cecil, the magnetism. Cecil "looks up" all subjects; Bean "looks down" on them. Cecil is bright and quick, yet "E(a)rnest;" Bean is slow, but determined. Cecil loves all the girls alike; Bean loves each one in a different way. Two such diametrically opposite characters would be hard to find again, and one would perhaps suppose they would not be congenial. But opposites attract and they are the best of friends. The long and short of the whole class is—Bean and Cecil.



"I have taken all knowledge to be my province"

A Tennysonian Dip into the Future.

"That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

DECEMBER 25TH, 1931.

DEAR "CEASE:"—

Hearing that you and R. Bennett have just arrived in the city, I hasten to invite you to dine with me this evening at five o'clock. I will accept no excuse from either of you. Come and we will have a good long talk.

As ever, your schoolmate and friend,

"SCOTCHY."

Chief Engineer of the Grand Consolidated Aerial Route to the Klondike, Maine, Texas, Porto Rico, Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, via San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, Calcutta, Melbourne, Johannesburg, and Borneo.

1721 South Scotchman's Row, Chu Fu on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Such was the note received at the International Hotel by "Cease" and Bennett shortly after their arrival in Chu Fu.

They immediately made their arrangements so as to accept the invitation, and that afternoon at half-past four found them at 1721 South Scotchman's Row. The dinner was excellent. Mrs. "Scotchy" was at her best, and wit and repartee went the rounds. After dinner the gentlemen adjourned to a cosy room heated by one of "Spunk's" celebrated incandescent refrigerators.

"Scotchy," remarked "Cease," as he seated himself comfortably in a pneumatic steamer chair, "I came across Bennett on the aeroplane just before reaching Chu Fu and prevailed on him to stop over a day with me. He has just performed a wonderful surgical operation in Australia. He took out a woman's heart and substituted a man's, and both patients are doing well."

"Yes," said Bennett, "we hoped to reach London to-day but could not deny ourselves the pleasure of looking in on the Scotchman. "Cease" has just perfected a wonderful electric light that illuminates the whole of the British Isles, thus doing away with lamps. He came near being mobbed, though, in your old town of Edinburgh by the

' spooning couples.' At present he is negotiating with the King of the Cannibal Islands to put one in for him, so that His Majesty may hunt rabbits by night as well as by day. ' Tit for tat,' old fellow. You told on me, so I tell on you."

"*Ah, so,*" observed " Scotchy," " I noticed a glow towards London the other night and suppose that was what caused it, and I hear that Bennett has been appointed Royal High Chirurgeon of the Anglo-American Empire. I suppose you two are ' doing ' the Anglo-Saxon nation now."

" Oh," said " Cease," " we are painting it a bright vermillion just at present, but what do you think! I ran up on " Chas." the other day in South Africa."

" Why, what is he doing there?" said " Scotchy."

" He is the leader of the Salvation Army Band, evangelizing the Zulus and Hottentots."

" I hardly thought " Chas." would rise to the occasion like that, but then you know he always said he was going to be an evangelist. But have you heard anything of " Josephine?" I haven't seen him since we left college."

" I saw him about a year afterwards," said " Cease," " and he wasn't doing anything then. Maybe Bennett can tell us something of him."

" Most assuredly," said Bennett, " he played ' short ' on the All-American Team which held the world's championship back in the ' teens.' Then he got married and went into a chemical establishment in Mexico. Afterwards I heard that his wife had left him and he had gone to the Upper Congo to teach King Luquengo how to blow the cornet. I haven't heard of him since."

" Poor fellow," said " Cease," " I hope His Majesty has not made a dainty meal of our " Josephine." But Scotchy, I believe you said you saw " Drake " the other day. What about him?"

" " Drake " is eternally beset by the girls. He had a position in a large steel plant showing visitors around and explaining the machinery, but he is now Lord High Commander of the artillery of the Bushman and Pickaninny army in Central Africa, and displays his amazing military genius to multitudes of sisters in black and tan. But " Cease," how are you and " Spunk " coming on? I hear that you are partners now."

" Oh " Spunk's " electrical inventions have made him famous: If you were to see him in our laboratory at home you would hardly

recognize him, hard work goes well with him, he weighs two hundred and fifty now. By the way, Bennett, what is the news from "Bob" and the "Professor," have you heard anything from them lately?"

"Why, "Bob" is president of our Alma Mater, and "Professor" is at the head of the Civil Engineering Department. They have just received an endowment of two millions, from "Brit," who recently added another laurel to his fame by spanning the British Channel with the longest bridge in the world. With this endowment they expect to enlarge all their departments so as to accommodate thirty thousand boys, instead of fifteen thousand as at present."

"I suppose "Parson" is there, too," said "Scotchy."

"Oh, yes. He has charge of the Agricultural Department, and turns out numbers of scientific farmers annually."

"Say, fellows," said "Scotchy," "let's have a little light wine, just for our stomach's sake, you know." He pressed a button and a panel in the wall moved aside, disclosing a dainty little table laden with glasses and decanters of fine wines, which moved slowly to the center of the room.

"This reminds me of "Long Jake's" California vineyard," said "Cease." "I dropped in to see him some time ago, and had a royal good time. He has made a great success at fruit-growing and wine-making. He runs his place strictly on a scientific basis, and his knowledge of chemistry helps him wonderfully. But say "Scotchy," what ever became of "Henny" and "Bullets" and "Tot," and the rest of that old chemistry class?"

"Well, "Henny" is president of the Combined Alaska-Transvaal-Peruvian Banking Establishment, and "Muttonhead" is chief assayer of the Great Siberian Mining and Exploitation Company, with headquarters at Kamchatka. I think "Bullets" and "Tot" have formed a partnership and are manufacturing explosives, paints, poisons, and cosmetics, in Brazil; they are doing a thriving business among the natives. "Ben" couldn't find the North Pole but he married a pretty Virginian heiress and went to Chile, where he bought up most of the saltpeter mines and is now chemist in his own establishment. "Sam" went into some iron works in Cuba and fell in love with a native belle, who kicked him for a Castilian prince. He got over it after a while and went back to America, and I don't know what he is doing now. As for "Deary," I never heard what he did, but Bennett, you ought to know."

"You can bet I kept up with "Deary." After he got his degree as M. D. he received an appointment as surgeon in the Boer army and tried to save them from their final extermination in 1905, thus attempting to disprove Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. Failing in this and becoming disgusted he returned to Christiansburg, married, and settled down as a plain country quack for a while, and is now assistant pill pulverizer and principal poultice preparer at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute."

"Well," said "Scotchy," "I hope he is happy, but what became of the rest of your old class, "Cease?"

"Let's see. "Shanghai" and "May Flower" worked on a perpetual motion machine for a few years and then set up a private institution for the instruction of American youths in the science of soldering and wireless telegraphy. The "Adjutant" went to Paris and is now manufacturing artificial flowers. You know flowers always had a special attraction for him. I believe "Jingles" has "Judge's" old place now, but he has several assistants, and is kept busy seeing that everything runs smoothly in the populous city of Blacksburg. I saw "Jimmy" in St. Louis a few months ago. He is interested in the manufacture of electric orchestras, and has invented a new pattern himself, but hasn't been able to get it in tune, so far. By the way, Bennett, what was that you were telling he about "Jamie" and "Charlie" as we came up on the aeroplane to-day?"

"I said that the Nicaraguan Canal question has at last been settled. The Anglo-American Empire will have complete control of it and "Jamie" and "Charlie" have the contract for its construction; they have just designed a new dredging machine, which is considered fine. Their fortune and fame are assured. The "Sergeant-Major" has a great deal to do with the construction of the machine and is going with them. The Government has employed him as consulting engineer. I suppose you both heard that he married 'the widow' soon after graduation and since then his troubles have been little ones, but fortunately, few and far between."

"But have any of you heard what "Bones" is doing?" asked Bennett.

"Well, yes," said "Scotchy." He has charge of the municipal Water Supply System, and the air compressor at Blacksburg. He has succeeded in raising the efficiency of the compressor to nearly eigh-

teen and three-fourth per cent. and spends his spare time in working out and explaining how many thermal units are lost in the transmission."

"Papa! Towser is woolin' my kitty cat," and a ten-year-old lad in Scotch plaid burst into the room flushed and excited.

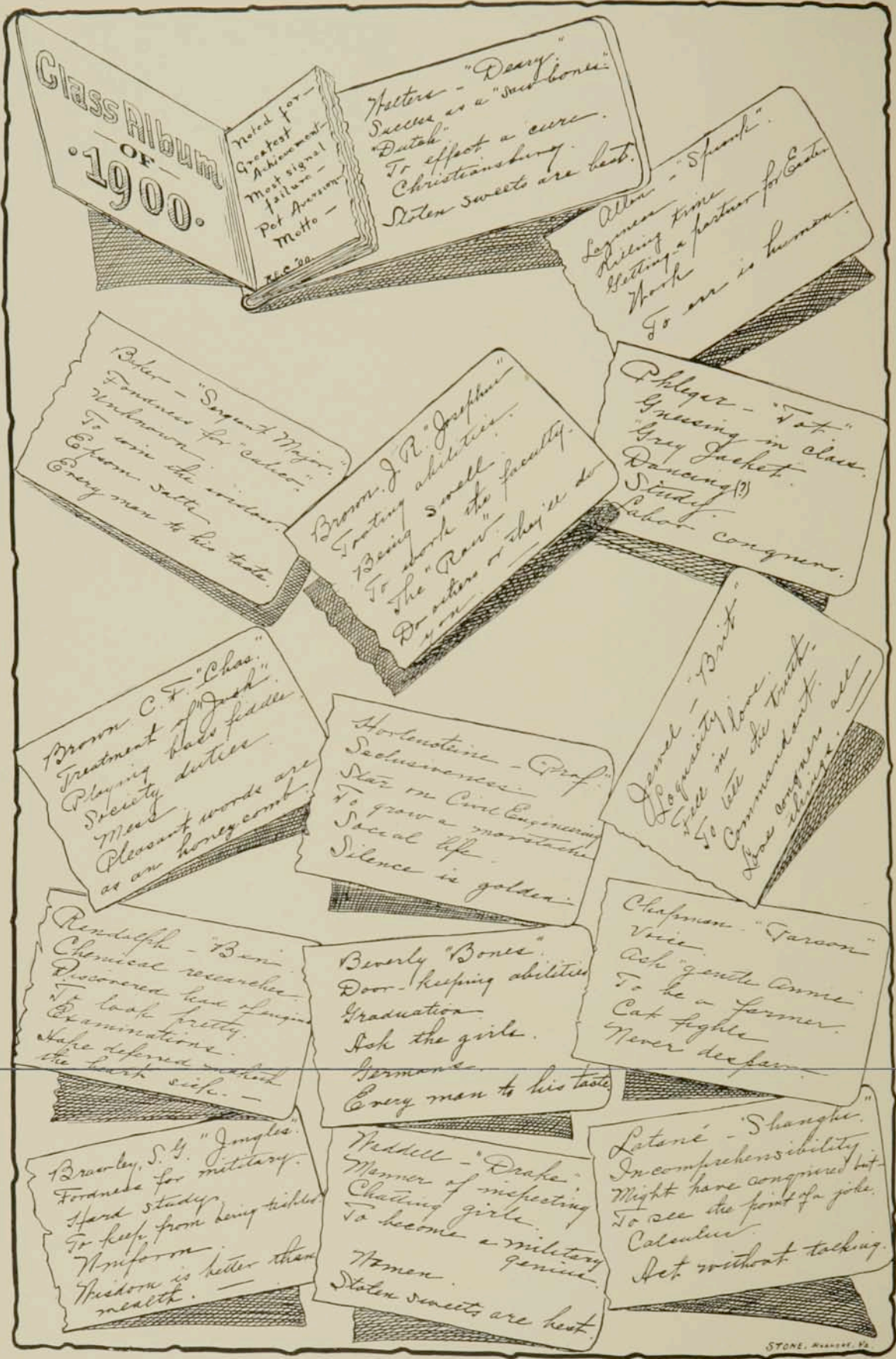
"What do you mean by your unceremonious proceedings, sir?" said "Papa."

"Oh, I forgot!" answered the boy, with a look of blank amazement. "But mama says she wishes you men folks would come into the parlor, she wants to talk too."

"All right, son; we'll be there soon," and Scotchy turned to his friends with a look of pride. "That is my oldest boy, what do you think of him?"

After duly commenting on the merits of the younger Scotchman they adjourned to the parlor and Mrs. Scotchy will have to tell you the rest.





Class Album
OF
1900.

Noted for -
Greatest Achievement
Most signal failure -
Pet Anagram -
Motto -
R.C. Co.

Hesters - "Deary"
Success is a "sweat-bone"
"Dutch"
To effect a cure -
Christiansburg
Dutch sweets are best.

Allen - "Spunk"
Logness
Riding time
Hating a partner for Easter
Thank
Go on is human.

Baker - "Sargent Major"
Famous for "Cakes"
To win the wisdom
Ephem. Satta
Every man to his taste.

Brown, J. R. "Josephine"
Tooting abilities
Being small
To work the faculty
The "Raw"
Do others or they'll do

Phleger - "Fat"
Guessing in class
Grey Jacket
Dancing (?)
Study
Labor congruous.

Brown C. F. "Chas."
Treatment of "Jock"
Playing class leader
Society duties
Mead
Pleasant words are
as an honey comb.

Holmstrom - "Prof"
Sachsemanics
Star in Civil Engineering
To grow a moritache
Social life
Silence is golden.

Jewel - "Brit"
Lognacity
To be in love
To tell the truth
Commandant
Love congruous all

Rendolph - "Ben"
Chemical researches
To look plain
Examinations
Have defined what
the best self. -

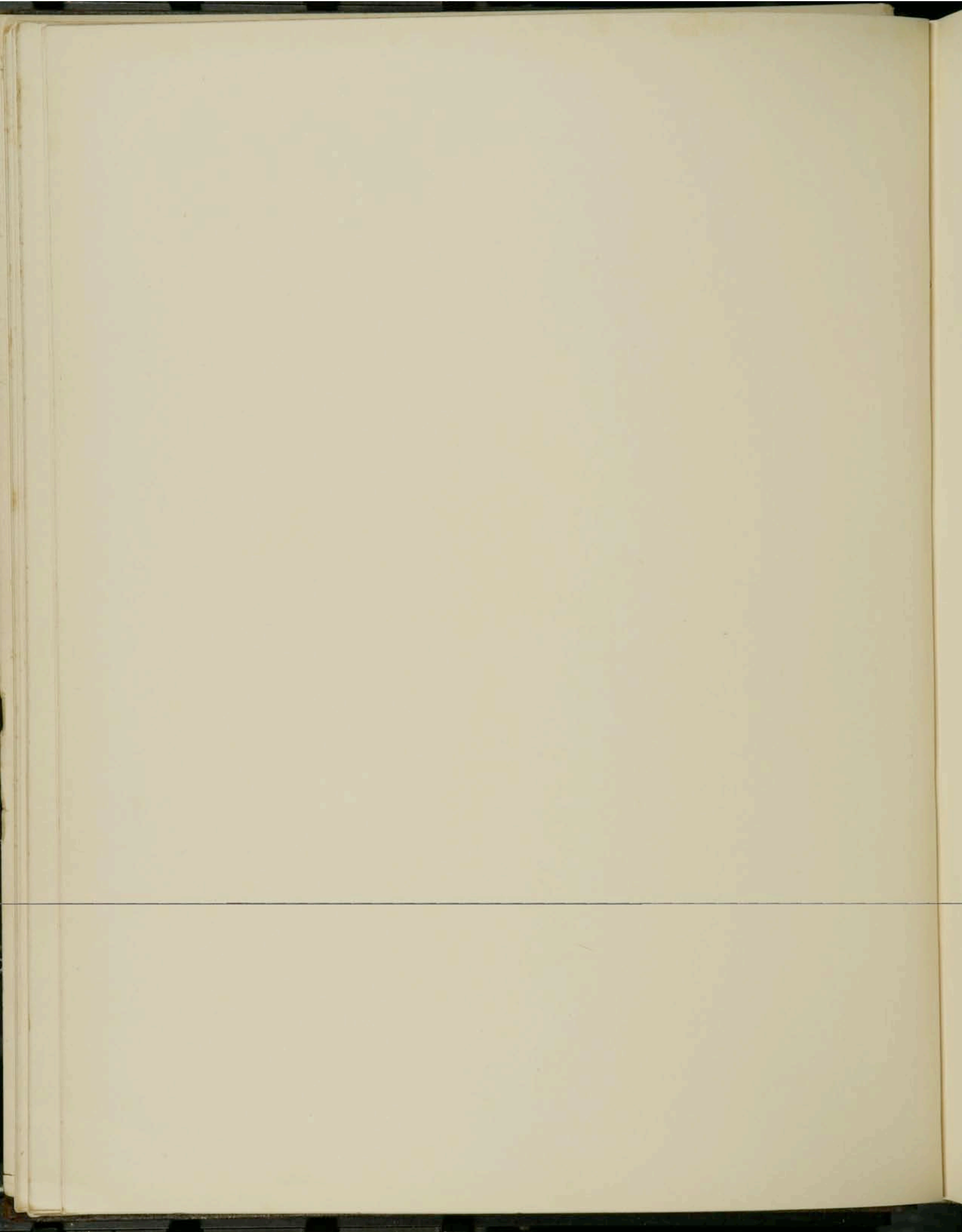
Beverly "Bones"
Door-keeping abilities
Graduation
Ask the girls
Hermans
Every man to his taste.

Chapman - "Farson"
Voice
Ask gentle Annie
To be a farmer
Cat fight
Never deep.

Brawley, S. G. "Jingles"
Fondness for military
Hard study
To keep from being tickled
Uniform
Wisdom is better than
wealth.

Middell - "Drake"
Manner of sneaking
Chasing girls
To become a military
genius
Women
Dutch sweets are best.

Latoni - "Shanghai"
Incomprehensibility
Might have conquired but
To see the point of a joke
Calculus
Act without talking.





LITERARY.



Truth, But Not Poetry.

2:00 A. M., June 1, 1899.

There was not a sound to be heard that night,
And the Junior Class had gathered then
Her strength and her chivalry, and bright
The moon shone o'er fair faces of brave men.
A score of hearts beat happily; and when
The moon was seen in her majestic swell,
Soft voices spoke to those who spake again—
Yet not a word of this would do to tell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

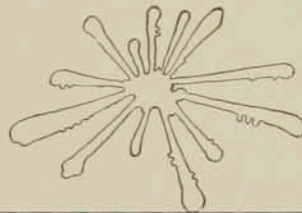
Did ye not hear it? No. 'T was but the wind,
Or a rattling shutter just across the street.
On with the work! Let joy be unconfined:
No sleep 'til morn, when youth and mischief meet
To tug at grim cannon hard, with slippery feet.
But hark! that ominous sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
Haste! haste! it is—it is—the mastiff's roar!

Ah! then and there was labored breathing low,
And straining muscles, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the thought of anticipated success,
And there were sudden pantings, such as press
The breath from our young lungs, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
What thoughts would rise, when meet those mutual eyes;
Since upon night so wet such glorious morn did rise.

And there was tugging in hot haste ; like steeds
The mustered squads, and the clattering guns
Went rushing forward with changing speeds
As over many gullies they did run.
And the deep baying of the mastiff quite undone,
And the weird screech of the bird of plume
Roused up the " Doctor " ere the morning sun ;
While thronged high officials to prevent their doom,
For the air had just been rent with deafening roar, boom ! boom !

On snowy pillows nestle temples warm,
Dewy with perspiration flowing fast,
With beating hearts, as fearing harm,
While flashes the dark lantern quickly past,
As officers make inspection, stern, at last,
Hoping to find some wet or muddy shoes,
Or scattered clothes, all wet with dewy grass.
But we, the Juniors, did not choose
Thus to be caught. We were prepared, and too, had just begun a
dreamy snooze.

Last Sabbath found us full of lusty life
The other morn we did arrange it all.
The midnight found us quite for mischief rife,
The hour of two—the signal to begin—to fall,
Or to be conquerors in the strife.
To say we won, we leave it to the world
To judge how well the deed was done,
For while we so snugly in our beds were curled,
They sought—and still do seek—in vain, before they wish their
boastful flag be furled.





La Tour D'Auvergne.

MINNIE DOUGLASS MURRILL.

Did you live in Brittany,
Grenadier La Tour D'Auvergne,
Once, when France had need of men,
And her call rang loud and stern?

Here you stand with sword in hand,
Face and sword against the foe;
They have made a statue grand
But their words have touched me more.

So I've come to talk with you
From the hearts your deeds can stir,
To repeat the sacred strain,
"Mort au champ de honneur."

You were alien at Carhaix;
Ah, I know you mountain folk,
Who could keep the foe at bay
But were conquered by the wolf.

Only room for one at home,
Brothers for the plain or sea
Left the beauty of Auvergne;—
Came your sires to Brittany.

On the lowlands by the sea,
Did they never dream of home?
Were the shores of Brittany
Proof against the Puy de Dome?

Thro' their lives the vision lived,
And in fancy they would stray
From the barren Northern plain
To the verdure of Doré.

He, the splendor of whose dreams
Fell your heritage at birth,
Foreign to his fathers' fields,
Scorned to claim a foot of earth.

* * * * *

"Premier Grenadier de France,"	Flame-like passed your spirit out
Though you would not bear the name,	Through the thundering of the west,
Death espied you in the ranks,	On your lips the battle shout,
Recognized the regal mien.	Glory slumbering on your breast.

* * * * *

Sword of honor, you shall rust
Dreaming of the battle fray,
For the mighty arm is dust
That with you had won the day!



La Tour D' Auvergne.

Born at Carhaix, died at Oberhausen; called by Napoleon "The First Captain of France." His name was retained on the roll after his death, the sergeant responding with the words "dead on the field of honor."



A Legend of Old Smithfield.

AMONG the many Virginia homes endeared to us by tradition and association, there is none, I am sure, which could tell more thrilling tales than Smithfield, the quaint old home of many generations of the Prestons. It lies in one of the fairest portions of the most fair Southwest, surrounded by meadows sweet beyond compare, which, to the wayfarer's gaze appear in truth to be "dressed in living green," as, through the exquisite translucent atmosphere which bathes these "hills of beauty" we look across from one wide reach of swave and emerald field to yet another, until they end at last in the embrace of the encircling woodland. Should I aspire to tell all the many tales which are a part and parcel of the dear old mansion, I should be rash indeed; it is only one legend of many, which I propose to give,—and that was told me by an old lady from Kentucky, allied to the Prestons both by marriage and descent. She had come to Virginia to place a suitable monument over the remains of her distinguished father, who lies, with many others of his race, in the private graveyard at Smithfield. Her labors were completed, it was her last day in Virginia, and I drove her to the graveyard for a farewell visit. Standing with her hand upon the white stone, her hair still whiter, blowing softly about her faded face, she told me many a story of by-gone days, when the dust and ashes at rest around us were men and women who suffered, loved and rejoiced even as we. At last, pointing to one of the dormer windows of Smithfield, just visible between the trees, she said:

"Do you see that upper window? No, not that! The one over the porch, looking towards the meadows. I used to hear a most romantic story connected with that little window. Do you think there is time for me to tell it?"

I assented, and we seated ourselves upon the "mossy marble slab" covering some of her dead and gone forefathers, and what she told me, I will tell to you!

Of all the daughters of Smithfield, far famed for beauty and wit, none at the time of which I speak, could vie with Nancye Preston. Perfect alike in form and face, she was a reigning toast and belle, and many sighed and sued, but all in vain, for the fair Nancye from a little schoolgirl had given her heart and promised her hand to her Kentucky cousin, Alan Breckinridge; and although five years had come and gone since first they met and fell in love, neither time nor absence, not even hosts of lovers had ever yet made Nancye waver. It can not be said, however, that her dashing Kentucky cousin was quite so faithful, or, to tell the truth, that he was altogether worthy of her faith and affection, for the young Alan was much given to feasting and dancing, sometimes, alas! to "too long tarrying at the wine cup." Now, this welding of the two branches of the family was a cherished scheme on both sides; for no other purpose was the young Alan sent to a Virginia college rather than to Oxford, as was his ardent desire. However, to Virginia he went, and in due time to Smithfield, to meet his father's relatives. In the group gathered to greet him on the rose-embowered porch of old Smithfield, there was a slim, lily-like girl of sixteen whose sweet, appealing eyes and shy yet gracious welcome won his heart at once and so, with all due reverence for his "pastors and masters," he dutifully fell in love with his fair little Virginia cousin and she as dutifully responded. As I have hinted, Alan was not all that he should have been as a lover, even when directly under the influence of his gentle little love, but as he came more and more to see the beauty and purity of her guileless nature, all that was best and most manly in Alan Breckinridge seemed to assert itself. He presented himself before his uncle and future father-in-law, and first telling him of his unchanged devotion to his little cousin, begged his advice as to the best way in which to retrieve the past. Colonel Preston was naturally much relieved that Alan should come to such a desirable state of mind, and cordially offered his purse, his advice—anything for the furtherance of his plans. So, after a touching good-bye scene with his little Nancye, Alan bade farewell to the land of his birth, and went abroad, to fit himself by travel and study for the practice of his chosen profession, the law. He left, expecting to be absent a year. At first his letters came frequently, and brightened

all the quiet country home, with their strange stories of foreign lands, all told with such a sparkling wit and vivacity as Alan possessed in a wonderful degree. Then came a day when no letter was received, and another—and another—and so began and continued a weary silence, which was never broken. No other letter came from "far across the deep blue sea" and poor little Nancye grew pale and hollow-eyed. But she possessed too much of the spirit of her forefathers to pine away for a lover lost—whether by intent or not. She took up her life bravely and cheerfully, and after a time with nature's sad but sure acquiescence came resignation—and then youth pulsing in every vein, the world once more put on gala attire for little Nancye, and she was quietly but really happy. There was no lack of suitors, if they could yield her any comfort, but none seemed to win more than a kindly tolerance, until Fielding Marshall came, one summer day. He had heard of Nancye's pathetic little love story and was prepared to pity her sad lot, but we all know to what "pity" is so closely "kin." He came to pity, and remained to love! Before very long, Nancye found, too, that the love she had given to her Kentucky cousin, compared with what she felt for this strong, gentle wooer, was "as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," and when Mr. Marshall left Smithfield, Nancye was his promised bride.

Far down the long, green lane, which leads to Smithfield, and across some smooth and rolling meadows, there stands a giant oak, long called by all who knew it the "Merry Oak." Here Fielding Marshall had sat with Nancye through many a perfumed summer day, with only the song of birds and the breath of hay upon the wind—with no discordant sight or sound, alone with the girl he loved so fondly—and here he had told her how he loved her, and asked her to marry him. The evening before he was to leave, after their engagement was consummated, they walked as usual to their "trysting tree," Nancye holding a great cluster of her favorite flower—the lovely eglantine, or wild rose. "Do you know, Nancye," said Fielding, "so dear to me is every leaf of this old tree, and so fondly do I cherish everything about it, that I could never pass it by. It is nearly a mile out of the way, yet every time I pass in this direction, I turn in, just to touch and see our 'Merry Oak.' Do you doubt me? Ah, well! some day you may be convinced."

Time passed on, and Nancye's wedding day was very near. Smithfield was rapidly filling with guests, and still they came, carriage

load after carriage load following each other until only the proverbial India rubber nature of Virginia country houses, could account for a place being found for all. The day had come for Fielding Marshall to arrive, and Nancye was preparing to receive him. We all know that of all contrary things a young girl's heart is by far "the contrariest," and so it was with Nancye. She was thoroughly convinced that her lover was a far better and finer man than Alan Breckinridge, and she loved him infinitely more; and yet she felt a kind of shame, in remembering her lost lover, and in a girlish, sentimental way, cherished all mementoes of him, in a manner eminently calculated to mislead any one not thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of a young girl's nature. It was the misfortune of Mr. Marshall to regard with far too serious eyes, the tenacity of Nancye's affection for her lost lover; his happiness was always tempered by a vague feeling of uneasiness—a fear that she loved him only because Breckinridge was beyond her reach forever—and this feeling Nancye's little foolish sentimentalities only too well sustained, and so, all unknowingly, the poor child's folly was slowly but surely undermining her lover's security in her affection. All this was a sealed book to Nancye, however, that beautiful autumn day which was to bring her lover back to her, to leave her no more. The dew was still wet upon the meadow path, as in the early morning she blithely walked across the fields to the "Merry Oak"—the scene of so many happy hours. Once arrived, her actions were somewhat peculiar. She had carried with her a little nosegay of her favorite eglantine, and this she now tucked securely into the bark of the old tree, in an inconspicuous spot. She put her head on one side, and viewed her handiwork complacently, then with a merry laugh retraced her steps. Two hours later, when she opened the door, and went down the long, dim parlor to meet her lover, she saw first his eager face of welcome, and then—the little bunch of eglantine! Perhaps the happiest hour of Marshall's courtship was the one spent then and there, alone with his little sweetheart, the scent of eglantine pervading all the room.

Next day was full of all the bustle and excitement attendant upon a home wedding in "ye olden times." A dozen cooks were busy in the quarters, a hundred fowls had been slaughtered for the occasion, to say nothing of saddles of mutton, great rounds of beef, and all other delicacies that go to make an old Virginia banquet the memorable thing it was.

The evening shadows were gathering rapidly, and Nancye's bridal hour was drawing near—she had been sent to her room by her mother for an hour's rest, before the solemn duties of the wedding toilette began. She stood at the little dormer window over the porch, gazing dreamily out upon the sleeping meadows, now glistening with the evening mists which were rising and swelling until, soon, the level stretch of meadow land would seem some wonderful inland sea, where silver billows rose and fell to the very bosoms of the surrounding trees. In the girl's heart was not one single regret, nor backward look—the billows of her pure and timid love were rising, and indeed, already had quite submerged all memory of her early fancy. Standing there in her happy reverie, Nancye seemed the embodiment of beautiful and happy maidenhood, with God's benediction for the pure in heart upon her gentle face. Suddenly there comes a blot upon the peaceful scene—a dark shadow is seen stealing slowly and irregularly along the circle, stopping now and again to rest against one of the great cedars which border the drive. Nancye looks out, a little startled as she sees, by the glimmering moonlight, that the shadow develops into a man—most miserably and wretchedly clad, and seeming more dead than alive. Presently, he utters a low groan, and falls prostrate. Nancye cries out sharply, as he falls, and her cry brings her old mammy to the window. When she sees the cause of "her chile's" agitation she is much disgusted, and starts out, muttering dire threats upon the impertinent stranger who has had the temerity to faint in the drive upon "little mistis' weddin' day." But Nancye's gentle heart will not hear of any such summary dismissal, even of a tramp, upon her wedding eve, so she sends mammy away with orders to have him fed and cared for, at the quarters. Then the merry bridesmaids came trooping in to dress the bride—so much fairer and sweeter than any among them, as she stands at last, dressed in her shimmering robes, with only the jewels of her youth and beauty, and with her deep eyes shining clear and steadfast as a star, with "the light which never was on land or sea."

The bustle of robing having somewhat subsided, the merry talk grows less, and in the quiet, they become conscious of some unusual excitement in the house below. As they pause to listen, with startled faces, the door opens suddenly and Nancye's mother appears. Her face is very white, and her voice trembles exceedingly as she extends a note towards Nancye, saying falteringly, "Daughter, prepare for a shock—I can not tell you—read."

So, standing in the circle of her bridesmaids, Nancye reads:

"MY LITTLE SWEETHEART:

"I have always known I only held your heart so long as your first love were not here. He has come back. I love you so unspeakably that only my knowledge of your greater love for *him* could nerve me to this sacrifice. Better that I should suffer, than that you, in your noble womanhood should marry me, with your best love gone with your first lover. May all God's blessings follow you, and so, Good-bye."

None of those who witnessed it, ever forgot the dazed misery of the face upturned to her mother's gaze, after she finished the note.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried piteously, "Oh call him back! *I love him!* I can not let him go!"

She sprang to the window and all the love of her whole soul pulsed in the thrilling cry: "Fielding, come back! Oh, Fielding, *come!*"

The words went echoing out through the summer dusk, but there was no reply—except, faint and far in the distance the clatter of a horse's feet and in the little stream that flowed below, the mournful dirges of the frogs.

* * * * *

When Nancye woke from her long swoon the room was filled with pale and startled guests, and one there was, with face strangely aged and altered, but the eager, undaunted eye was that of Alan Breckinridge.

Who shall explain all that followed—the dumb despair of the suffering girl, the eager importunities of parents and relatives, the bewildering sense of unreality—all coming at once upon a young heart unused to such crushing grief, and accustomed to the perfect obedience to parents which was the rule, not the exception, at that period? Suffice it to say, they won the poor child over, and at the appointed hour the wedding took place with only a change of bridegrooms.

Alan Breckinridge accounted for his long silence by a shipwreck, in which he had received an injury to his brain which resulted in a total loss of memory; and for years he lived, he knew not how, and recovered mind and memory at last, to find himself a penniless wreck

in a foreign land. Resolved to regain his home without applying to his family for aid, he had struggled desperately, until in the woful plight in which we found him, he dragged his way to the Smithfield door, only to find it was his betrothed wife's wedding day. Marshall's mad act filled Alan with a boundless amazement, but he was only too ready to step into the place thus made vacant for him, with, it appears to me, very little concern as to whether or not Nancye welcomed the exchange.

Whether in the words of the immortal Rip Van Winkle, they "lived long and were happy," I can not say. Mrs. P. being a direct descendant of the errant knight, naturally thought so, and looked upon his return as the direct interposition of Providence but, for my own part, I shall always believe that in the long span of life allotted her, Nancye Breckinridge found many a weary hour in which she whispered to her lonely heart the wish that the absent had never returned. Naturally, I admitted no such rank heresy to Mrs. P., but as we drove down the graveyard hill, in the cool of the summer dusk, I let fall these words:

"Well, she's not the girl I thought she was, she had no will of her own at all. She ought to have married Marshall, but he was much too good for her."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. P. with mild severity, "she was my great-grandmother! If she had married Marshall, where should *I* be now?"

C. B. PRESTON.



"Finnie's Boy."

CHAPTER I.

RICHMOND, VA, March 1st, 1895.

William C. Robinson, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—I have learned from various sources lately that the child of my son's unfortunate alliance with your daughter is an unusually bright boy, now in his sixteenth year, and that with the advantages of wealth and culture, such as I am able to give him, he will become in every way worthy of the name of Letellier.

My home is open to the lad, and all that I have is his, if he will come to me and be a loving, dutiful grandson. I am old and lonely and feel very greatly the need of a fresh young life about me.

Of course, you and your wife will not stand in the way of the boy's interests by any attempt to coerce him to remain with you. You could not be so selfish.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS D. LETELLIER.

Twice, thrice Uncle Billy Robinson, as he was affectionately called all over Louisa County, read the above letter; then, slowly refolding it, he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!"

Here his wife entered the room, workbasket in hand, and proceeded to make herself comfortable before the big log fire.

"Susan," said the old man and then stopped, looking pathetically into the face of his mate.

"Well, William," she responded.

"I wish you'd read this here letter, Susan. It's the beatenest thing I ever read," he continued, handing it to her.

She glanced at the signature.

"Why, dear me! It's from old Tom Letellier," she exclaimed. "Pray, what does he want now?"

"He wants our boy."

"He'll git him, too," with fine scorn.

"Yes, like Sambo got the 'possum."

And, adjusting her spectacles to her satisfaction, she began to read the letter.

"Well, I do think it's 'bout time he was off'rin' to do somethin' for Jack, seein' the boy's his own son's child," remarked Granny Robinson, when she had finished. "But for all that, he ain't gittin' Jinnie's boy from us. No, siree. List'n yere, William, will you? 'I am old and lonely and feel very greatly the need of a fresh young life about me.' It took a passel of gall, I do declare, to write that to us, don't you think?"

"He is all gall, Tom Letellier is," answered Uncle Billy, with an emphatic grunt.

"I wonder if he don't think we are ole and lonely as well as him," said Granny, "and if we don't need a fresh, young life 'bout us same as he does."

"Ah, well, my dear," replied her husband, with a touch of cynicism in his tone, "the poor ain't got no feelin's or rights where the rich and proud air bound to respect. Ain't you lived long enough, ole woman, to find that out? Here's Jack now," his face and tone softening, as the sound of a boy's voice, in the throes of change, was heard in the porch attempting a rendition of "Annie Laurie."

"Bless his heart!" murmured Granny, looking toward the door.

A second later a stalwart, comely lad bounded into the room, and, flinging his cap aside, threw himself down between the old couple.

"The first of the season, Granny," he exclaimed, holding up a small bunch of sweet violets. With a smile he leaned over and fastened them on the old lady's bosom.

"Look, William, at his decoratin' me," said Granny.

"I see," chuckled Uncle Billy. "Makin' a regular flower garden of you, eh? Well, it 'pears like you air tickled mightily over it from the way you 're grinnin'. One would think Jack was your lover."

"That's what I am," declared the lad. "You are my sweetheart—the only one I ever had—ain't you?"

And the big, affectionate youngster wound his arm about her neck and kissed her lips, cheeks and brow.

"Don't they hurt you might'ly, Susan?" asked Uncle Billy, looking roguishly out of his blue eyes.

"What hurt me, William? What air you talkin' 'bout anyways?"

"Why, Jack's whiskers," and the old man roared. "Don't they *erritate* you, Susan?" he pursued.

The lad crimsoned from ear to ear and from hair to throat.

"Poor little fellow," murmured Granny, patting the boy's head. "William, it's a shame the way you do tease this chile. You've got to stop it."

"What are you mending for me now, Granny?" said Jack, a minute later, his embarrassment gone in a measure. "A shirt this time, eh?"

"Yes, honey."

"I'm not very good to my clothes."

"Well, if you was you wouldn't be a boy. That's the *man* of it, honey. William," turning severely upon that individual, "why don't you show the chile that impudent letter of old Tom Letellier's?"

"Why don't *you* show it to him? There 't is stickin' out your bosom. And that 's the *woman* of it!"

Ignoring this remark and the chuckle that accompanied it, Granny Robinson produced the letter and laid it in Jack's hand. Then she and Uncle Billy watched him furtively as he read it. He rose as he reached the signature, crumpling the letter in his grasp.

"He can go to——"

"Now, honey, don't forget your Baptis' raisin'," quickly interposed his grandmother.

"Oh, I didn't mean any very bad place," laughed the boy. "I just meant Guinea or Halifax or some other place in Virginia."

Then facing his grandfather, he said, seriously:

"I wouldn't mind having some of the advantages his wealth could afford me. How I would love to go to college! But I wouldn't live with him—I wouldn't forsake you and Granny and this dear old place—for all he has got; no, not to save his life. After the way he cast off my father and mother and the way he has ignored my existence all these years, he isn't coming his affectionate grandfather racket on me at this late day."

Uncle Billy and his spouse exchanged significant glances, which, interpreted, read, "That 's Jinnie's boy."

"He has no claim on me," continued Jack. "He has snubbed me. Now I'll snub him. I wish to have nothing to do with him. I know and love but one grandfather."

He put his arm about Uncle Billy's neck and laid his cheek against the old man's. And the latter fell to stroking the lad's hair as though he were a babe.

The matter, however, did not end here. The whole neighborhood, and even people of other neighborhoods, took an active hand in the affair. With one accord, they all thought it would be an everlasting shame if the youth were allowed to throw away this the golden chance of his life. Among others, came the parson to advise.

"You love your grandson, of course," he said.

"I don't reckon there 's any mistake 'bout that, passin'," returned Uncle Billy. "We love every bone in that boy's body, me and Susan do."

"Then it follows that his happiness and success in life are the first things you think of."

"Look here, passin, me and Susan ain't agin Jack's goin' if he wants to. It 's him hisse'f where refuses pint blank to go, and you don't 'spose we air goin' to drive him from us when he don't want to leave us. I reckon not, passin. Jinnie's boy ain't goin' to leave his old granddad and granny unless he wants to."

The minister smiled superiorly.

"Pshaw! A boy has no voice in matters of this sort, or should have none. His elders—those who love him unselfishly and have his welfare in life at heart—are the ones to do his thinking for him, to advise him, to lead him, to act for him. A few years hence, if he throws this chance away, he will realize what he has missed, and, seeing the long, plodding life of a farmer before him from which he might have escaped, he will curse himself and——"

"Me and Susan," interposed Uncle Billy.

"Yes, I fear so. Unjustly or not, he will be likely to look upon you as the millstones that dragged him down."

"Well, he shall never have that to say of me and Susan. We won't be no millstones 'bout his neck. He won't have no cause ever to curse us. Passin, you 've opened my eyes; you 've showed me my duty. Though it breaks our ole hearts, though all the sunshine will go out our ole lives when he 's gone away, he has got to go—Jack 's got to go. That ends it." And Jack went.

CHAPTER II.

"What time o' day is it, Susan?"

"Nigh on to five, William—five minutes, I b'lieve. You ain't goin' to the depot yet, William? It 's a hour 'fo the up mail."

"I know it, Susan; but I just as well go as not. One place ain't no more'n 'nother now sense he bin gone."

With a groan, Uncle Billy took up his cane and moved toward the door; but he had taken only a step or two when he turned back and laid his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"How long sense he 's bin gone, Susan?" he asked pathetically.

"Seven weeks, William; seven weeks to-day."

"And we ain't got nary line from him in all that time?"

"No, William, not a scratch of the pen."

"It 's curious, Susan, mighty curious. But," brightening a little, "mebbe, we 'll hear from him to-day."

"Mebbe so, William," trying hard to smile.

"You don't reckon he 's forgotten us, Susan?"

"I can't believe it of him, William. Never!" she added, emphatically.

At least thrice daily he had asked this question since Jack had left them, and every time she, patient soul, had answered in like manner. It soothed him for the moment.

"You recollect what to-day is, Susan?"

"I reckon I do, William. It 's his birthday; he 's sixteen to-night."

"Sixteen! Yes, yes. Almost a man, ain't he, Susan?"

"Almost a man, William."

"I reckon if he was here you 'd be making pies and cakes like it was big meetin' times."

She sighed, and, stepping quickly into the pantry, returned a second later bearing a beautiful pound cake such as she alone could make.

"Mebbe 't was foolish, seein' he ain't here to eat it," she explained. "But I jes' went on like he was here and made it in honor of his birthday, same as I 've always done. You know how he loves pound cake, William."

And then, unable a moment more to contain herself, she put the cake on the table, buried her face in her apron and wept as if her dear old heart would break.

"Now, now, dear," murmured Uncle Billy, patting her head. "There now, dear. It 'll all come right. Don't cry. Mebbe a letter 'll come for us to-day, bein's his birthday. He cert'n'y won't forget us to-day."

"Oh, William, William!" she broke forth, "it 's a killin' me, it 's a killin' me his goin' 'way. The sun don't shine like it used to, the bird's don't sing nothin' like as sweet and the flowers seem to have lost all their scent and beauty. Nothin' 's the same since Jack left us."

"I ain't contradictin' you there, Susan," said Uncle Billy, bringing his red bandana into service. "I feel putty much the way you do, Susan, 'bout it. If I could jes' hear that laugh of hisn now, it do seem like I 'd be willin' to lay down and die, I 'd be so overjoyed."

"Ah, me!" sighed Granny, "that laugh, it was *music*. It made the old young, didn't it, William?"

"That 's what it done, Susan."

"And it put new blood in my veins, William, to have him put his arms 'bout me and hug and kiss me like he always done from a baby. How he did seem to love us, William."

"Yes, yes, he was an affectionate little shaver; he always wanted to be huggin' and kissin' o' us. He seem to love everybody, didn't he, Susan?"

"Yes, and he was so tender, William, to dumb creators, where other boys was so cruel."

"Well, he warn't like other boys. It warn't in him, somehow to hurt or kill anything. Why, he wouldn't tread on an ant if he knowed it! Lord, how he 'd pet and fondle them little creators if he was here now," pointing to a basket containing half a dozen or more brown leghorn chickens which Granny had just brought in from a hatching.

"Yes," she assented. "He just doted on young things—little chicks, ducks, guineas, and turkeys. Do you ricolie' the way he had of takin' 'em up and rubbin' 'em agin his cheek, jes' like they was human babies?"

"I reckon I do, Susan, and *don't* you ricolie' how we 'd come 'cross him in the pasture with his arm around old Sam or Kit and makin' love to 'em like they was sweethearts of his'n? Them creators liked it, too, Susan. They loved him; he could do anything in the world with 'em. They ain't bin the same, Susan, they ain't bin the same, no more 'n we, sense Jack went away. They 're always lookin' and startin' and whinny'g like they done lost their bes' friend and was huntin' for him."

"I've noticed it, William, and it is downright pitiful. But poor ole Stonewall, he ain't fit for nothin' 't all. He 's *dyin'* inch by inch, poor ole dog."

"Yes, and he ain't the only one where 's dying inch by inch."

Uncle Billy wiped his eyes, and turned to set out again on his journey, but another reminiscence brought him back before he had gone a yard.

"Say, Susan, you ricolie' that Sunday, years and years ago, that we took Jack 'long with us to ole Ground Squell Meetin'-house, down in Hanover?"

"Just as well as I ricolie' anything, William."

"Jack he 'd jes' learnt his letters and was prouder 'n sin of it, Susan."

"Yes," almost smiling.

"And when he 'd run 'cross one 'o 'em on a tree, house, sign or what not, my! the fuss he 'd make over it. You 'd thought he 'd run up agin an ole friend."

"Yes, he used to make a great time over it," smiling outright.

"Well, somebody had whittled a big A, if you ricolie' right on the back of the bench in front of us, and as soon as Jack's eyes spied that A he hollered right out in meetin', 'Grandpa, there 's A!' I thought I 'd bus' sho, I was so full, and so was you, Susan, but you pretended like you warn't, settin' up there in your alpaca and that white table cloth round your neck and hangin' down your front. It tickled everybody, Jack's pointin' out that A, 'ceptin' that ole guinea-headed Prosser woman from Hoecake Cross-Roads."

"Mary Eliza Prosser," said Granny. "I never did have any use for that woman, and I 've always had less for her sense she acted like she did that day."

"Yes, she done jes' like she owned the meetin'-house and carried round in her key basket the only key there was to heaven. You 'd thought poor little Jack had committed the unpardonable sin, wouldn't you, Susan?"

"She acted like a fool, that 's what she done," declared Granny, who was no mincer of words. "She actually wanted us to take the child out in the woods and switch him! Ketch us doin' it."

"Yes, ketch us switchin' Jinnie's boy!" echoed Uncle Billy. "And for knowing his A B C's. I reckon not."

CHAPTER III.

"Mebbe it 's foolish to go to all this trouble when he ain't here, but I couldn't he'p it, somehow. It sort o' eases my pain to make like he 's here."

And with arms akimbo and spectacles pushed back from her brow, Granny Robinson surveyed the table she had spread on this the sixteenth birthday of "Jinnie's boy." There, gracing the center of the

snowy cloth, sat the pound-cake she had shown Uncle Billy, and on either side was a loaf of her sweet, fresh lightbread of which Jack could eat slice after slice with a prodigious relish. Ham and eggs, another dish that stood high in the lad's favor, were also in evidence. Honey was another thing he by no means despised, and this, too, warm from the hive, was there, with two kinds of jam he loved. Then to gratify the herbivorous instincts of the boy, who cared little for meat, there were lettuce and radishes, asparagus that had just burst the soil that morning, and water-cress, crisp and sparkling as smilax, from the brook's banks. And, finally, to give the table an æsthetic touch, Granny had placed near his plate a bunch of lilies of the valley, culled from the bed he had planted down in the garden between the currant bushes and the mint patch.

"'Tis mighty curious we don't git no letter from the chile," reflected Granny, with a sigh, for the hundredth time since Jack's departure. "I would like to know if old Tom Letellier has succeeded in turning him agin' us, as Mandy and Mary Lizzie seem to think. I don't b'lieve it; ain't nobody turning the chile agin his ole granny and grandpa, much as he's always loved us. Mandy and Mary Lizzie never killed themselves alovin' Jack, nohow; they've always bin jealous of the po' chile 'cause we love him more 'n we love their chillen. And what 's the reason, I should like to know, we shouldn't love him more 'n them? Ain't he bin with us sense the day he came in the world and po' Jinnie went out? Then there 's a big diff'rence 'tween him and the other grandchillen. Lordy! They ain't no more like him then them jimson weeds out back of the ice-house is like these here flowers," meaning the lilies of the valley. "My! My! what do ail that dog all on a sudden? He ain't kicked up such a racket sense that chile 's bin gone. He acts like he 's seen him. Lordy! Can it be——"

Here Stonewall bounded into the room, the picture of canine rapture.

"What ails you, ole man?" asked his mistress, patting him fondly. He tried to tell her with his eyes and tail—indeed, with his entire anatomy—but the next moment she knew, for there was no mistaking that familiar, elastic step on the porch. She rushed past the dog out of the house, crying:

"Jack, honey! Granny's baby! Where *is* you?"

And Jack—for it was he—sprang forward, out of the shadow cast by the honeysuckle, and gathered the old lady in his arms.

"Granny! My Granny!" he murmured, kissing her again and again, while she, with her arms about his neck, fell to sobbing from the excess of her joy.

"Where 's grandpa?" asked the boy, as they entered the house. "He isn't sick?"

"He 's up at the depot," answered Granny. "Wonder you didn't meet him."

"I got off the train at Buckner's to avoid a scene at Frederick's Hall."

"Then, of course, you didn't see your grandpa. Poor William! Won't he be overjoyed to see you? Day after day, rain or shine, the poor ole creature 's dragged hisself up to the depot in hopes of gettin' some word from you."

Tears came into the blue eyes of the finely fibred lad.

"And I have watched as anxiously every day for a letter from him or you. I wrote home the very night I got to Richmond. Failing to get an answer when it was time, I wrote again. And again and again—at least a dozen times—have I written to you or grandpa. I couldn't understand it. So this morning, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I told him——"

"Who? Ole Tom Letellier?"

"Yes'm. I told him I was going home to see what was the matter. He turned fiercely upon me. 'You shall do nothing of the sort,' he stormed. 'Look here, sir, we had just as well come to an understanding now and be done with it. You had just as well know the truth now as later. I have closed all communication between you and that Robinson tribe. Your letters to them have all been destroyed and so have all their letters to you. This was done at my command and for your good. I wish you to sever all connections with them and the past. You are to have nothing more to do with the ignorant, vulgar scrubs, or any of their class. You are a Letellier, and you are to demean yourself as such in the future.'"

"The old wretch!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Robinson. "And what did you say to all this insulting talk?" she demanded, after a pause.

"I was furious, of course. I forgot I was a kid and he an old man, forgot he was my father's father, forgot everything but his mean, dishonorable action in destroying letters that were not his, and his

abuse of you and grandpa who are far superior to him, I don't care how blue his blood is. I told him what I thought of his conduct and that I couldn't respect any man who had so little sense of honor."

"Good for you!" cried Granny, clapping her hands.

"I told him, too, that I would not hear you and grandpa abused; that I loved you both better than all the world and that I would never, never turn my back on you."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He called me all sorts of names, among them an impudent, low-bred, ungrateful upstart. He told me I had to choose before the day was over between him and grandpa. I replied that I didn't wish all that time. I could make my choice then and there. And I did it. As the result of that choice," taking his grandmother's hand, "I am home again, with those I love. There 's grandpa coming! Let me hide."

With one bound he concealed himself behind the door that opened into the next room. A minute later Uncle Billy came in, leaning heavily on his cane.

"No letter, William?" said Granny, trying to look the picture of despair.

"No letter, Susan," he returned, looking it, indeed. With a groan, he removed his hat and put aside his stick. Then he sat down, looking upon the floor and chasing his thumbs, after the manner of the aged, as he looked downward. Presently he laughed. Granny looked at him, startled.

"What ails you, William?" she demanded, "you ain't losin' your wits, is you?"

"I was jes' athinkin', Susan, of ole times," he answered. "You ricollic' what pranks he used to be all the time aplayin' on me and you? How he used to creep up 'hind you and untie your ap'n strings and the fust thing you 'd know, Susan, you 'd be walkin' on yer ap'n."

"The chile had a heap of mischief in him. There 's no two ways 'bout that, William."

The old man laughed again.

"Say, Susan, you ricollic' how he 'd hide hissef 'hind the door and jump out at me when I wouldn't be athinkin' 'bout him bein' near." Uncle Billy stroked his chin. "Say, Susan, them was mighty happy days. I wouldn't keer if he was here now to untie your ap'n strings

and to jump out at me. Jes' 'spose he was 'hind that door ready to jump at his old grandpa. Lordy! I wouldn't want never to go to heaven, I 'm afeard."

Here two young arms stole lovingly about his neck, and a fresh, pink cheek was pressed against his furrowed old face. Thrilled by the delicious sensation, Uncle Billy started to his feet.

"Jack! Son!"

It was all he could say, and then he kissed the youth and hugged and hugged him, and so tightly, that Granny felt it her duty to protest.

"You 'll break the chile's ribs, William," she declared, half crying and half laughing.

"Go way, Susan, go way," he chuckled. "If you didn't break none of his ribs when you fust seen him, I lay I won't break none. Say son, ain't you mighty hungry? I lay you could eat a cow and a calf this very minute. But I reckon you 'd better brush that caterpillar off 'n your upper lip 'fo' you set down to eat. It might crawl in your mouth."

"Look here, William Robinson," broke in his spouse, looking very severe, "don't you be pesterin' that chile the minute he comes back home with any of them old rancid jokes of yourn 'bout his mustache or whiskers."

WALTER MARION RAYMOND.



A Memory.

One April night, so long, ah, long ago,
When pulsed the air with sense of spring's young bliss;
Forgetting all the doubts that wrong thee so,
I gave my all to thee—in that first kiss!

And, at the pressure of thy lips on mine,
Thrilled with the solemn, tremulous, new bliss,
My soul went out to thee—forever thine!
By the dear memory of that first kiss.

Years have passed since, and joys have come to me—
Kisses of little children, and the bliss
Of happy wifedom—happiest in this—
I know O love, thou lovest me utterly!
And the love deepens to a mighty sea
Which thrilled to being 'neath thy tender kiss.

“CLARCHEN.”

Draper's Meadow One Hundred and Forty-Five Years Ago.

FROM the year 1738 to 1769, nearly all of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge was embraced in the county of Augusta, of which Staunton was the county-seat, so that in 1755 the site of Blacksburg and the country around it were in Augusta County. The white settlers in this region were few and far between.

Thomas Ingles, a native of Ireland, came from Pennsylvania with three sons, and about the year 1744 made an excursion into the wilds of Southwest Virginia, and it is supposed that about that time the Ingleses became acquainted with the Draper family, who had settled at or near the present village of Pattonsburg, on James River. About the year 1748, the Drapers, Ingleses, Adam Harman, Henry Leonard and James Burke removed from James River and settled near the present town of Blacksburg, and called the place Draper's Meadow.

William Ingles, son of Thomas, and Mary Draper were married in 1750, and John Draper and Betty Robertson in 1754. No doubt they had to go to Staunton to be married, as no minister authorized by law to perform the ceremony lived near to them.

Up to this time the Indians professed to be at peace with the whites; but roving bands of savages often perpetrated robberies, and the whites retaliated at every opportunity. In April, 1749, Adam Harman's house was raided by Indians, who carried off much plunder, without, however, committing any murder; and the fact was reported to the County Court of Augusta, with a view to obtaining the compensation allowed by law. But in 1755, the fearful French and Indian war arose, which devastated the country for many years. The defeat of General Braddock, in Western Pennsylvania, occurred on July 9th, 1755.

Colonel James Patton was one of the early settlers of Augusta County. He, too, was a native of Ireland, a man of large frame, over six feet in height, and of great strength. Before he came to America he had been in the British navy, and had a wide experience with men and business. While he lived he was the leading man in the settle-

ment. He was indefatigable in bringing from the old country settlers into the Valley, and is said to have crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty-five times. Under his auspices, the Prestons, Breckinridges, McClanahans, Campbells, Logans, Poages, and many others came over and settled around the site of Staunton. He was the first high sheriff of the county, an important and dignified office ; he represented the county for some time in the Colonial Assembly, called the House of Burgesses ; and at the time of his death, was county lieutenant, or commander-in-chief of the county militia. His residence, called Springhill, was twelve or thirteen miles southeast of Staunton. His youngest sister was the wife of John Preston, whose only son, William Preston, was the ancestor of the numerous family of that name. Colonel Patton's children were two daughters, one of whom married John Buchanan and the other William Thompson. He obtained by grant from the British Crown one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land west of the Blue Ridge, then in Augusta County, and now in Botetourt, Montgomery, etc. The old town of Pattonsburg was called for him, and the opposite town of Buchanan for his son-in-law.

Having business in this region, Colonel Patton came to Draper's Meadow in July, 1755, accompanied by his nephew, William Preston, and bringing a wagon with him. How they got the wagon here is a mystery, as there were no roads worth speaking of in the country at that time.

There has been much uncertainty as to the date of the tragedy about to be related. Some authorities say it was on Sunday, July 8th, 1755, but a register of persons killed by Indians from October, 1754, to May, 1758, gives the date as July 30th. This interesting document is preserved amongst the archives of the Historical Society of Wisconsin, having been obtained from some unknown source by the late Lyman Draper, the founder of that Society. For reasons unnecessary to state here, we are inclined to believe that the date was earlier by several weeks than the thirtieth, but whether on July 8th or 30th is not material.

On whichever day it was, Colonel Patton was resting from the fatigue of his journey at the dwelling of William Ingles and the Drapers, a log cabin which probably stood about where the old Smithfield house now stands. William Preston had gone to a distant cabin to obtain help for some farm work. The family anticipated no danger ;

most of the men belonging to the premises were absent from the home, and Colonel Patton was sitting at a table writing, with his broadsword before him, when a party of Indians broke in upon them.

Mrs. John Draper being in the yard was the first to see the Indians, and hastened into the house to give the alarm. Snatching up her infant child, she ran out on the opposite side, but was shot by an Indian and captured. Her right arm was broken by the ball and the savage brained the child on a log. Colonel Patton cut down several Indians with his sword, but was shot and killed by one standing out of his reach.

Other persons killed were Mrs. George Draper, and a man named Casper Barrier. The Indians plundered the premises, securing all the guns and ammunition, and setting fire to the buildings, immediately started on their retreat. They took with them as prisoners, Henry Leonard, Mrs. John Draper, and Mrs. Ingles and her two children, Thomas, four, and George, two years of age. The unarmed men in the field could do nothing but provide for their own safety, and the country being sparsely settled, several days elapsed before a rescuing party could be collected. By that time it was too late to overtake the rapidly retreating enemy.

In their retreat, the Indians came to the cabin of Philip Barger, an old man, and cutting off his head, carried it in a bag to Lybrook's. Preston and Lybrook had gone back to Draper's Meadow by a different route from that taken by the Indians, and thus they escaped.

Colonel Patton's will was admitted to record by the County Court of Augusta, at November term, 1755. In it he expressed his expectation of eternal happiness through the merits and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ. He further expressed the wish that, if convenient, his body be buried in Tinkling Spring Churchyard, seven miles from Staunton, where his deceased wife had been buried. But it was impossible at that time to transport a corpse from Draper's Meadow to Tinkling Spring, and he was interred near the scene of the massacre, probably in the grove at Smithfield. There is no stone to mark the spot. ~~Surely he deserved a monument.~~

The prisoners were taken by the Indians to Ohio, then an unbroken wilderness, and Mrs. Ingles being separated from her children, determined to escape, if it were possible. The narrative of her adventures on her return is as thrilling as any romance, and shows her to have been a woman of rare courage and power of endurance. Only a brief mention of the main facts can be given here.

With an elderly "Dutch woman" captured in Pennsylvania, she was taken by the Indians to Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky, where they went to obtain salt, and there she persuaded the woman mentioned to accompany her in the attempted escape. They loaded a horse with corn, and stealing away, proceeded up the Ohio River. But before they reached the Kanawha, the old woman became insane, and Mrs. Ingles had to fly from her. After wandering for many days over mountains and through pathless forests, and nearly dying from starvation, she arrived in a forlorn condition at a clearing on New River, made by Adam Harman. He recognized her call, and hastened to her assistance.

The old "Dutch woman" afterwards found her way to the settlements, and was sent to her home in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Draper was released six or seven years after her capture. What became of Henry Leonard is not known. George Ingles died in captivity while still a child. Thomas was redeemed by his father when he was seventeen years old, and unable to speak English. It is said he never became reconciled to civilized life.



The Whippoorwill.

On summer nights, when sleeping lie the meadows,
And busy sounds of day are hushed and still ;
When in the woods throng deep mysterious shadows,
We hear thy plaintive notes, O whippoorwill !

Deep in the shadows of yon giant cedar,
Secure from human eyes, thou wild, shy thing !
Thy thrilling note needs naught of song or metre ;
Thou strikest human chords—thou dost not sing.

The stream near by goes rushing to the river,
The stars shine down serenely over all,
While on the soul rush thoughts of that " forever,"
Which seem embodied in thy flute-like call.

The heart responds to Nature's many voices,
Of which thy song is one, O whippoorwill !
And, as with song of lark the soul rejoices,
Thou sayest to wearied spirits, " Peace ; be still."

From hidden depth thy plaintive note is uttered—
Clear, patient, calm—it strikes upon the soul—
And wearied hearts, that rose and fell and fluttered,
From thee may learn the secret of control.

Amid the stillness of earth's quiet places,
We hear the sounds the world's loud clamor stills ;
Far from the haunts of human griefs and faces,
I learn thy message, O sweet whippoorwill !

—CARY B. PRESTON.

Historic Blacksburg.

A Glimpse into True History.

[The following was abridged from "Trans-Alleghany Pioneers" where the events here mentioned are fully elaborated upon by the able author, John P. Hale.]

"PIONEER history does not repeat itself." There is enacted on its stage but one drama and never are the scenes reversed. When all the parts have been played the massive doors are closed and thus forever the curious spectators of this queer world are excluded, and thus the actors go never to play their parts again or have them imitated.

Some one has said, "There is no theatrical drama that is not the mimic of that imposing stage which history represents." But there is even no drama to mimic the imposing stage of pioneer history. There is no theatre for us to enter where we can see reproduced the solemn and awful events which went hand in hand with the colonization of this country.

On the stage one may see the glittering pageant of patriarchs, kings, queens, conquerors, captives, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, and magicians, but never the martyrs of America, those brave, strong, sturdy pioneers whose life's battles are the skeleton on which have grown the proud flesh and blood of America.

We may read of Napoleon's life, of the carnage of Wagram, Borodino, and may thrill with the early dreams of the Corsican soldier, or sadly ponder with him at St. Helena; we may tremble with Louis XI, before Charles the Bold; we may build the long bridge with Alexander at Tyre or peer with covetous eyes on the Persian treasures at Susa; or we may watch the world-beleaguered Frederick now floundering in blood to immortality, now turning a verse to meet the tuneful ear of Voltaire, but we shall never be able to see, experience, nor conceive the simple life of those early settlers so full of tragedy and misfortune.

We concern ourselves here only with the glorious Southwest Virginia, which nature has lavishly painted with her masterly hand so beautifully, that as we look out upon the mountains no grating thoughts

of the scenes these mountains saw and the fearful tragedies which have been enacted here force themselves upon us. Perhaps time has erased the bloodstains from the soil and nature absorbed the scattered brains of innocent babes snatched from their mothers' loving arms by brutal force and battered out against some tree.

Blacksburg, the little town which claims for itself the honor of being the foster father of Virginia's scientific school, perched here upon the Alleghanies, "the culminating points of scenic grandeur and beauty," may also proudly boast of being the foster father of America's foremost pioneers.

In 1748, Thomas Ingles and his three sons, Mrs. Draper and her son and daughter, together with Adam Harmon, Henry Leonard and James Burke "came west to grow up with the country." They made the first settlement west of the great Alleghany "divide" by the waters of the New River which ran far into the mysterious West which they knew not. The site of their settlement they called "Draper's Meadows." The first buildings, but crude log cabins, were erected where now stands the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, but all traces of their existence are buried forever, and their memory lives only in the pages of the awful history of the terrible, heart-rending scenes which they witnessed.

At the time of the settlement the entire population of Virginia, which extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was but eighty-two thousand people; only a few hundred of this number were included between the Blue and Alleghany ridges, in the Valley of Virginia which is erroneously claimed to have been discovered by Governor Spottswood and his "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

The Ingles and Drapers who were of Scotch-Irish descent, were the first to press far beyond these frontier settlements of the Valley, scale the lofty Alleghanies, the limit and western barrier of civilization and discover and pitch their tents, or build their cabins, in the wild, unknown wildernesses beyond.

There are but a few facts and dates preserved in relation to the Ingles-Draper frontier settlement, owing, in a great measure, to the fact that but few records were written in those days and perhaps also to disinclination and to disadvantages under which people labored; further, a few years later all their houses, and books, and papers and every collateral which would have helped to fix dates were destroyed forever by the Indians.

The few following facts are substantiated by recorded evidence and appeal strongly as facts themselves to the hearts of those who are desirous to know something of the toil and hardship which were undergone by those who lived and suffered in those days.

Soon another adventurous hunter and pioneer made his way quietly into the Draper's Meadow camp. He came in the form of that little, mysterious, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked god of love with bow and arrow to strike his game and golden coils to bind it. William Ingles and Mary Draper had fallen victims to his skillful archery and early in 1750 the first white wedding west of the Alleghanies was celebrated. But all was not bliss and serenity to them. They lived firmly in the love of each other but trials came and suffering overtook them. That silent fate which directs men's lives, driving them whither they would not and forcing their bare and bleeding feet to stumble along the stony paths of hidden purpose, began to direct the events of those eventful lives and to prepare the way for some of the most novel and thrilling history the world has yet known. Their youthful dreams of happiness were not realized.

In 1750, John Draper was married to Miss Bettie Robertson and they settled in the wilds of Draper's Meadows.

Notwithstanding the lack of life and activity there grew up that band of stern, brave people who gave us our country, our chivalry and the glorious memory of valiant deeds which will echo down all the ages of time and proclaim to humanity with all the might of their blood-wrought deeds "to press on."

Several times tribes of northern Indians passed and repassed the Draper's Meadow settlement to make raids upon the Catawbas, their enemies, living farther south, but they had given the whites no cause for alarm except occasionally by thieving. The friendliest relations existed between the races but that was destined to be of but short duration. Perhaps the Indians had already meditated or determined upon mischief but had disguised their designs by a show of friendship until they could mature their plans. At any rate the storm arose and without warning the black cloud which spread with electric rapidity burst and scattered destruction and devastation over the entire camp and settlement. The stinging arrows of fate now pierced the calm soul of a peaceful folk and turned to rage the intrepid men whose lives had been so calm and beautiful. On Sunday, the eighth of July, 1755, the day before Braddock's memorable defeat near Fort Du

Quesne when all was peace and no suspicious cloud floated in the quiet heaven, with no warning of danger, Draper's Meadow was overrun by a party of Shawnees and every soul there present was either killed, wounded or borne captive away. Mrs. John Draper, who was in the yard, was the first to discover the enemy approaching and discerning as by intuition the design of their presence, ran to the house to give the alarm and to protect her sleeping infant. Seizing the child she ran wildly to escape but was detected, fired at by an Indian and wounded in her arm. The wound caused her to drop the innocent babe but hastily picking it up she continued her flight; but was overtaken and made prisoner and her poor child was brained against the house before her eyes. Oh, awful moment for that agonizing mother. Her first born murdered and she a captive in the hands of the merciless Indians!

In the meanwhile the other Indians concerned themselves with the other members of the camp, killing, wounding or capturing the entire number. William Ingles, who fortunate for his life, was in the field when the attack was made; but was made cognizant of the conditions by the ascending smoke from the burning houses which clouded the sky and stifled the atmosphere. He hastened home to save his family, but on approaching the house he saw that the number of Indians was large and recognized that it meant certain death to undertake defense single-handed so he very wisely turned to flight. But he had been seen by two Indians whom he evaded as they pursued him.

All the circumstances connected with this raid and the subsequent results are fit themes for the historian and require more space than is here allotted us. So we will concern ourselves with but one or two events and those pertaining especially to Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Ingles, their captivity and their final restoration to their husbands and remaining families. Nothing perhaps could be more thrilling than the story of Mrs. Ingles' life from this point until she again found her home.

On the third night out the course of nature which waits not upon conveniences nor surroundings made Mrs. Ingles a mother. Far from human habitation, in the wild forest unbounded by walls, with only the bosom of mother earth for a couch and covered by the green trees and the blue canopy of heaven, with a curtain of black darkness around her, she gave birth to an infant daughter. Not being allowed time and shown but few attentions by the wild Indian squaws, she

was forced to advance on horseback at daybreak with the caravan, holding her infant in her arms. Was it tender humanity or cold business speculation that caused the Indians to spare their lives?

Soon according to the custom of the Indians the prisoners were distributed among the tribes and not allowed again to communicate with one another. It was a truly agonizing experience to Mrs. Ingles to have her young and helpless children, except her infant, torn away from her and from one another, but the fates had so decreed, and she submitted with all the grace she could. After serving the savage wants of the wild Indians as long as she could endure, she determined to escape. 'Mid all her trials this was the supreme moment of her life. She had determined to escape,—but what was to be done with the child? Clearly there was but one thing to do and that was to abandon the unhappy sufferer to its hard fate. Who can conceive the agony of a young mother compelled to decide such a question and to act with such alternatives before her? But she was a woman of nerve. She decided and acted. And after events proved that she did wisely. So leaving her babe behind her she started off in the company of an "Old Dutch Woman" on a search for home and friends. There were no roads, no guides; but instinct (a convenient word to express the divine direction of the hand of Providence) led her on. It was God's protecting hand that shielded her and saved her from starvation and the fiery hungry threats of the "Old Dutch Woman" and brought her again, feeble, exhausted and weak, within hearing distance of Adam Harmon and restored her after one of the most thrilling escapes in all of history, more dead than alive once more to her loving husband. What she suffered while feebly trudging, but thinly clad and with bare feet, over the streams and rocks and fields of thorns, no one can ever know. What she endured while climbing half starved and nearly dead up mountain ridges and traveling hundreds of miles imagination can not conceive. Adam Harmon while one day out in his field heard the pitiful groans of a dying person, and, hastening to the spot whence they came, found helpless there upon the soil the weary form of Mrs. Ingles. Gently lifting her from the place he bore her to his cabin and kindly ministered to her necessities. He wrapped her tenderly in his blankets and stored her away in a corner on the floor where soon "Nature's sweet restorer" came to her relief and bathed her wearied senses and aching limbs in balmy, restful sleep. This new resting place was "as soft as downy pillows are" when compared with the headrests that were hers before.

Mrs. Draper was still among the Indians. She had made an attempt to escape but was recaptured and condemned to death by burning. But the old chief concealed her for a time and by his influence and authority finally secured her pardon. Finding escape impossible she set to work to secure the favor of the tribe. She taught them to sew and to cook, she nursed the sick or wounded and had soon gained for herself very kind and considerate treatment. She thus spent six years after having been separated from Mrs. Ingles when the prisoners were divided; but in 1761, when a treaty was held between the races, John Draper, after much negotiation and paying a heavy ransom succeeded in effecting her release and restoration to himself. The couple being once again united, again made their home at Draper's Meadow.

This scarcely begins the life history of these people but space does not permit us to go further into their eventful careers. It is to such women as these that Virginia and America owe their homage and such people as these that the world should mostly honor. These were Virginia's patriots and the martyrs of the Revolution and their descendants are an honorable folk. When time shall have grown gray and the evening of the world shall welcome the angels of liberty encircling the earth with a halo of glory and peace and men shall look to the headlights of the ages, as they shine in the dim aisles of the past, none will emit a brighter effulgence than these pioneers. With conceptions and hearts like theirs we can help to lead our nation on to eternal glory, for guided by impulses so sacredly born, this grand old ship of state will glide over the waters of a national existence as placid as a surface of an Italian lake at sunset, and in the sunlight of such a peace permeating the atmosphere of every hillside and every valley the American people, united in purpose, united in true happiness and everlasting love will gather under the sheltering folds of a common banner and shout the immortal cadences of its heroes and no names in that never-dying song of national glory and honor will be more loudly sung than those of Ingles and Draper.

The Old Chapel.

DOWN in the Valley of Virginia, in sight of the deep blue mountain, and beneath a cluster of vine-clad willows and maples and oaks that have howled bleak winter for many a weary year, rear the stony walls of an old churchyard. A weird enough looking place it is in the bright sunlight; at night it is simply witching.

But now while the sun is shining, let us take a brief survey of the enclosure and the quaint old church standing there in the corner of the yard, for history and tradition and superstition hover hand in hand over the time-worn tombstones that seem to struggle hard for a glimpse of the sunlight through the matted ivy and honeysuckle, clambering from tomb to tree and hanging in wild and beautiful irregularity.

The "Old Chapel burying-ground"—for that is the name by which the place is known and recognized by many an old Virginian with a certain feeling of awe and reverence—was built about the year 1730, and originally the church stood in the center of the grounds, but for some cause was removed to where it now stands, in the corner of the yard, and approached by three roads.

On either side of the three-cornered enclosure stand tall and aged trees, through which have whistled in by-gone days the wrath of contending armies, and to the south, a little stream wends its way down toward the Shenandoah River.

The first thing one sees upon entering the church is the old raised pulpit and the high sounding-board, carved after the fashion of the time, which has never been removed since it rattled and thundered with the voice of the youthful Meade, to whose memory on the right wall is erected a quaint, yet expressive, tablet.

On the same side of the church and just across the door is another tablet, or list of the dead of the Clarke Cavalry, a noble band of the Virginia youth, many of whom are buried without in the churchyard.

And there is the queer old gallery, where the servants were quartered during the sermon. It is curious to note that in order to ascend to the gallery one must enter from the outside through a separate

entrance, there being no stairs leading thither from the church. A "goblin" gallery it is, indeed, for there in the dark, among the dust and cobwebs of ages, lies the lid of a coffin, where it has lain undisturbed for a period of twenty-six years; of this I shall have something to say later.

Church-going in colonial days seemed a requisite of social position, and here on some bright sabbath morning, a century and a quarter ago, when a tranquil quiet rested over all the land, came many a richly liveried four-in-hand depositing the powdered gentry, smiling and bowing and courtesying in royal fashion, and talking tobacco and horses, or perhaps the unreasonable taxes which George III had just imposed upon them.

Among the groups on the lawn you may have recognized the Washingtons, the Pages, the Monroes, the Jeffersons, the Randolphs, the Burwells, and the Carters, and yonder stood the little lonely Lord Fairfax.

Pleasant must have been the sight here, when the high-backed pews were filled with stiff, dignified old gentlemen, long-queued and beruffled; dowagers in satin and feathers; and plump, fair Mistress Betty and Patty, nodding and winking through the parson's stops; and when the benediction was over to see them filing down the aisle, checkered with patches of floating sunlight from the square-topped windows; exchanging neighborly news, nodding and smiling, giving and accepting invitations; passing down on the green to their lumbering coaches, blazoned with crests and filigreed metal, and rolling off in a halo of dust, with serene countenances, and inward congratulations of conscience on having performed a duty to God and man.

Pleasant, I say, must have been this scene in those days. But now the aisles are deserted; and it is painful to think of the plain, unpicturesque and humble assemblages, which gather here once a year, to honor the memories of the past, which, justly they think begirth with more splendor and comfort than ever the present can be.

Still more painful the thought that this good old edifice is crumbling, whether with the weight of its years, or the sorrow that echoes from its walls; however, soon it must be a mouldering ruin of stone, and plaster, and moss, and lichen, and cobweb,—a reeking rendezvous for ill-omened birds and reptiles that even now shriek at its doors for admittance.

I have called the "Old Chapel" a weird witching place, but that scarcely expresses my meaning, nor can I find the words that do. One should see it after night, and hear the owls and whippoorwills calling and plainting among the tangled tombs, to understand the awe which trembles through the breast as I recall a gloomy midnight scene there enacted many years since, and feel the inadequacy of all human expression to picture my meaning.

It is in the middle of the night, now, reader; the air is pleasant and cool, and if you are not endowed with the popular superstition that the "sheeted dead do squeak and gibber" through the streets of this silent city of the tombs, making night hideous among their mossy spectral ruins, come with me; let us walk down through the aisles of box and honeysuckle.

If you are afraid, do not come; but I should like to tell you a story of love and war that lies buried beneath an unmarked grave yonder. You need fear no enemy but toads and snakes, the only living things that flourish beneath the matted undergrowth. Should we cross one of those ominous phantoms of the night, I think we will have been well rewarded for our adventure.

I see you are following me, so, come! and let's talk of the "good old times," of which many of these silent tongues could tell, were there only some power by which we could restore that crumbling organ. Now, do not start at anything you may see or hear, for much depends upon retaining our composure. What a beautiful place it is, now, under the starlight! And how the nerves chilled when the leaves rustled there at our side; sense yet can not rule the emotions, for we had schooled and reasoned away the idea that there were "ghosts," and strive as we will, we can not suppress the desire to turn toward every rustle of a leaf. That slab we have just passed marks the tomb of Edmund Randolph, the same, I believe, who was for a long while the King's attorney-general. And there are a cluster of the Pages, there the Burwells, and the Carters, and many an old historic family. Under that unmarked mound there lie the "ashes" of John Esten Cooke, the Virginia novelist and historian; and by his side is his brother, the poet, Philip Pendleton.

But now we have reached a number of unmarked graves. They are called the "unknown dead"—those poor fellows who lie beneath

them. Here are three of them apart from the rest; you must sit down there upon that mound, for of these I have a story to tell; sit down and listen, I shall be brief.

* * * * *

Here, on a night in September, a quarter of a century ago, the swooning harvest moon trembled through the trees upon a far more weird and harrowing scene than that which we see to-night. These three graves, one of which you are sitting upon, had just been dug, and around them lay the bodies of three Confederate soldiers. They had been hung, a few hours before, by the side of a road near the little village of Millwood yonder. Grouped around the graves were a little band of sorrowful partisans, known through the Valley as the "Night-hawks," who had thus come in the deep night to perform the last duty to their dead comrades. Upon the verge of one of the empty graves stood a shrouded female figure; a second glance reveals a fair and beautiful face; sorrow had lent it a grace which was but the more beautiful under the moon, as she stood with her hands crossed before her, in which were clutched a prayer-book, gaping into the cold, damp, reeking graves. Despite the terrible battle she waged with her emotions, you might have noticed the slender frame quiver, and the dark shroud tremble about her feet, followed by a faint, half-smothered sob. But the air was not as quiet as it is now, my friend, for over their heads were whistling showers of bullets which rattled against the gray walls of the Chapel Church, and from the crest of the hills on either side of them rang the wild shouts and huzzas of battle. Now, everything was ready; the coffins were lowered into the ground, and then, while the poorly-clad Confederates stood bare-headed and leaning upon their muskets, a sweet and delicate voice breaks strangely in upon the din and noise—a young girl is reading by moonlight the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church. This being over, the clods rattled upon the coffins and soon the mounds were rounded beneath the spades.

St. Leger Landon, the commanding officer, during all this weird affair stood pale and motionless upon the brink of one of the graves. No sound escaped him save an occasional groan; the man was suffering intensely. The mysterious glances he shot toward the young lady betrayed a former acquaintance with her, yet no word had passed between them. I have said that Landon was suffering,—you may judge for yourself from what I shall tell you.

Making the young lady a profound bow, he said in frigid courtesy:

"I thank you, Miss Adair; this is an unexpected meeting."

"Yes, sir; my appearance no doubt surprised you, equally as much as yours astonished me. I thought you dead, sir," she replied in the same calm tone, though the bullets were singing above; "and yet my appearance is easily explained. You are aware that I live near, and this evening, I walked down by moonlight to visit the chapel, my—mother!" here her voice quavered despite the terrible effort she was making. There was a pause of several minutes mingled with sobs and tears; he should not know, for worlds, that *his grave* had brought her there at this odd hour of the night.

"Captain Landon," she presently continued, "I wish to speak with you for a moment," and walking away for a few paces from the group, Landon followed her. "You look at me so coldly!" she said in a low trembling tone. "Why do you do so? We can not be friends, but we need not be enemies. I have forgotten the past."

"Miss Adair is too kind," was the cold reply, while he drew his head back with calm, quiet dignity.

"Enough, sir!" she said, "I will not further annoy you," and, turning away she was about to leave him, when her eyes fell upon the graves. She stopped, gazed at the awe-stricken group, then her head sank and a low sob issued from her lips.

"Why do you speak to me so?" she murmured, hurriedly, turning to Landon. "Is it kind? Is it courteous? Shall not I rather speak thus to you? I knew a St. Leger Landon once, who, alas! war has changed you, sir."

Scarcely had she finished the sentence when a horseman dashed into the wondering group, and hastened to the side of Landon and exclaimed:

"The enemy are driving us, Captain! They have two or three regiments at least. We won't be able to hold ground ten minutes with our little handful."

"Good! say I am coming," he replied, leaping into the saddle; then turning to one of his attendants, he said, "Colonel Surry, you will oblige me by conducting Miss Adair beyond the reach of danger. That is her father's house on the hill," pointing to a mansion within view, "and she ought not to remain here, as we will be fighting at this spot within ten minutes."

Colonel Surry obeyed, and galloped off with Miss Adair behind him toward her father's home where they arrived in safety within a short while.

All this happened within a quarter of an hour on that eventful night.

St. Leger Landon and Ellen Adair had known each other from childhood, and had long been regarded as "sweethearts."

There are to be found few such types of manhood as was Landon; generous and chivalrous, cultured and self-sacrificing, handsome, muscular, and brave, loved and admired by all who knew him,—he presented a noble example of that rare Southern youth many of whom fought and bled and died in vain to stem the march of the invader.

Of Ellen Adair I need only say that she was a suitable companion for such a man. Endowed with a sweet and loving disposition, pure and simple and guileless; high-bred, elegant and accomplished, she won the hearts of her friends, and many of the blue-coats with whom she became acquainted by their desire to trifle with her, only to teach them that lesson, which once learned, is never afterwards forgotten.

But now let us go back a little. Five years before this memorable night, Landon, who was then a cadet at West Point, visited his home for a holiday. Before he returned again to the Academy, what seemed the most natural thing in the world, Ellen Adair had solemnly plighted to him her troth and promised to marry him. Perfectly happy, with a heart overflowing with love and at ease with all the world, he again entered upon his academic duties, thinking fate itself powerless to overcloud a sky as radiant and serene as his.

"Such is youth," he afterwards said, "It believes everything, and takes no account of that terrible 'element of failure' which mingles with every human undertaking. If any one had told me then, that this beautiful girl with the truthful eyes and the smiling lips would break my heart, shipwreck my life, for a fancy, a chimera, without listening to my defense, I would have thought the joke excellent!"

During his stay at West Point he met and became intimate with a fellow-cadet from Tennessee, one Ratcliffe by name, a fellow of fine bearing and easy manners. Upon his return again to his Virginia home, he brought his friend with him to spend the holiday. Then ensued his introduction to Ellen Adair; and after a short acquaintance he loved her desperately, and though he knew of her engagement to Landon, he addressed her and in good turn was repulsed.

Hearing of his friend's actions, Landon became furious; they quarrelled and separated, Ratcliffe going to his home in Tennessee.

Landon again returned to the Academy to complete his course. Ellen's love had never failed him. When he parted with her, there was no cloud upon the pure and truthful brow; in her heart there was nothing but love for him.

"Be true, my Romeo!" she had laughingly said as he galloped away in the sunlight on that last bright morning.

But the offices of friendship between Ratcliffe and Landon turned to enmity. Ratcliffe endeavored his utmost to ruin the good name of his friend, and accomplished it.

Up to the latter months of his stay at West Point, no change had taken place in the relations between Landon and Ellen Adair. The correspondence continued uninterrupted, and her letters had been all he could wish. Then came a change. In her letters he began to discern that nameless something, which can not be defined, but which indicates a change in feeling. The love had all gone out of the heart behind the hand that wrote.

One morning he received a sheet of paper enveloping the young lady's engagement ring. Written upon the sheet were the words:

"Our correspondence and acquaintance end here and now. It will be useless to attempt a renewal of either."

"What made her write thus to me?" had been the burden of his thoughts and prayers through many an awful hour of agony. Pride struggled against his desire to write for an explanation, until it had conquered; he swore he would not write a line in reply, and did not. All this was the work of the ingenuous Ratcliffe.

At the first muttering of the war, Landon returned to his home; his best friends turned away from him, or looked coldly at him; he met cold hands and cold faces on all sides; ignorant of the cause, he could but endure it in silence. And since friends experience no difficulty in believing discreditable reports about you, there was not one to inform him how the cunning Ratcliffe, by letters anonymous, and otherwise, and over his own signature had magnified his small vices into monster crimes; his occasional wine-drinking into brutal drunkenness; his chance game of cards into wild and reckless gambling. Thus had he been traduced, and thus in silence suffered.

Finally for truth will triumph, and there comes an end to all the pangs that treachery and villainy compel us—through a deserter friend

of Ratcliffe, Landon learned the means by which he had been ruined. But it was too late, now, he thought, to disabuse the ears of those who had once been friends; but, in fostering this thought, pride held her sway. He would not go soliciting their friendship who so easily believed him a monster.

Grown desperate and reckless, he rushed to the wars to kill these haunting memories. But, alas! are they ever destroyed? Can you ever forget them? Never in the world. Once in a wild hour of strife and combat, when he saw fame, distinction and glory within his grasp, he had exclaimed to himself, "Now, then, may I trample this fond remembered sentimentality beneath my feet, when the heart of St. Leger Landon is gilded o'er with glory!" But in an instant he had crossed swords with his dearest enemy—Ratcliffe; the old wounds were torn open; bleeding and trembling he lost sight of his foe; his energy was now gone; and back from out the tombs of memory, spectres, more hideous always than living realities, and more powerful than the bellowing, belching cannon's roar, flashed through his soul, and withered his might in the hour of success.

How was Ellen faring now? Life had become to her a weary thing. Her mirth and gladness were gone; the roses withered in her cheeks; the great broad landscape and the songs of the birds had no longer a pleasure for her; her music changed from bright, rippling fantasies to low and plaintive melodies; day by day she grew weaker; at her home where he had been so often there was scarce a piece of furniture, a book, a wicker chair on the lawn, which she did not associate with him. Down every path they had strolled together; over every road they had ridden, and there sitting on the rocks by the stream that skirts the old chapel, in frolic he had kissed her; there his laugh had rung in the sunset; there he had trembling sworn his love, and passed long hours, hand in hand, with the willows whispering above, the rippling rivulet laughing and dancing beneath, watching the stars, or the clouds floating beneath them.

How changed it all was now! Still, alone she visited the old haunts; but the soul could not live on this. She drooped, and sickened, and when the news came one day that Landon had been killed in the wars, she went to her chamber, and for a long while the kind doctors could only shake their heads in silence to the inquiries.

But that which she had wished and prayed for never came; she grew better; and finally regained her old haunts.

Ah, you hear it said that there are not real mourners, but Ellen Adair was one. She believed the brave Landon dead; they had shown her where he was buried. It was just there at the side of you, my friend. So, you had forgotten you were in the old chapel, had you! But I will not detain you much longer.

Strange must have been the scene here, when one dark, starless night, under the influence of an awful impulse, Ellen Adair came here, with her faithful old servant to exhume the body, opened the coffin, and flashed the lantern upon his face for one last look. Alas! what she saw there was in strange comparison with the St. Leger Landon of old. Then clipping a lock of the matted hair—ugh! she did not have to cut it;—hastened away, leaving the old darky to replace the coffin.

It is not wonderful, that this old fellow, faithful as he strived to be, failed to put the lid upon the coffin. The next day, a few feet away from the grave, which bore no trace of having been disturbed, the lid was found, and after much unsuccessful surmising, was placed in the little gallery of the church yonder, where it remains to this day.

Still would Ellen come to visit the grave by moonlight, until the night when she met the living and breathing Landon there, and read the burial service over his dead. Then did she know that they had been mistaken, and mourned for a stranger.

It was now the summer of '64. The sun was near its setting, and an unusual calm rested upon the land. From where we are now sitting, over the hill yonder you could have seen a dark curling smoke ascending toward the skies. By the direction, you could have guessed it was the home of Ellen Adair. The palatial old mansion, barns, stables and outbuildings readily yielded to the fury of the flames, and soon were nothing but a smouldering heap of ruins. Sheridan had ridden through the Valley. But the outraged crow carried not his haversack of rations; he dined upon the carrion Union dead with which the Valley was strewn.

Presently, you might have heard the clatter of horses' hoofs; and down the road there galloped a Union officer. It was Ratcliffe. Upon a horse behind him was bound an old gentleman, who had been torn from a sickbed—the father of Ellen Adair. Directly in his rear is the brave Landon, also bound and guarded; he had endeavored to save the burning mansion with a dozen men when he was captured. And now came what was most unpardonable of all—the unconscious form of Ellen Adair, bound across the back of a galloping horse, and guarded by mounted horsemen.

I would gladly not dwell upon this outrage, but my story carries me with them a few hundred yards yonder to the east. Here they have halted beneath a tall oak and hurriedly a grave is dug.

Landon is placed bound by the side of the grave, and Ratcliffe standing a few feet away cocks his pistol, aims, and pulls the trigger.

But Landon was not yet to die; the revolver missed fire and, springing upon Ratcliffe, bound as he was, he buried his teeth in his throat.

I will not recount the terrible struggle that ensued; how Ratcliffe was killed, and the brave and chivalrous Landon escaped, exhausted, but otherwise unhurt.

Staggering to an old pine that stood near, and leaning his head against it, he gave himself up to a deep reverie. His thoughts were unpleasant, for he sighed and moaned; he had at last killed his dearest foe; what else to live for? he had asked himself. A choking sob was his answer.

"Vengeance! I have wreaked my vengeance, but," he moaned, "I am not happy having it? I may have let the traitor live! But, no, it was best; he sought my life, and I killed him for it. This only will excuse me. How poor a thing now seems vengeance, that but an hour ago was the text of my life. A grinning monster he, that lures us to our ruin."

It was plain now that the fever of excitement and exhaustion was gradually overpowering him; the proud head reeled; he sank upon the ground and swooned away. Presently the eyes opened—they had a deathlike stare. Wandering, dreamy, delirious thoughts were coursing through his brain. He thought himself sitting by the stream yonder in the sunset holding the hand of her whom he loved so dearly.

"Ellen," he muttered, "Ellen, how happy the little minnows seem in the brook there." Again, after a pause, "Who would have thought it, so pure, so truthful, and trusting! Oh, my God, madam! 'falsar than all fancy fathoms!'"

The agony in his face as he repeated these words of the bard was terrible. Then would his lips curl into the softest smile, his eyes open again, staring into the skies, and exclaim, "Row me over, Ellen, dear! Row me over while I lie in the prow and hear you sing to the stars."

Then came a pause, broken only by the sobs of his comrades, who stood around him, and who loved him. "Poor Cap'n," they would say, "Poor Cap'n," and what else they would utter was choked ere it reached their lips.

Presently he raised his head and shouted, with an unearthly light in his eyes, "Ratcliffe! The villian! Forward! Charge! Down incendiary! Charge! Charge! Charge!" he repeated, grasping toward some invisible foe. Then his head dropped, the fire was gone from his eyes; he looked the very soul of despair. "Surrender!" he murmured, "The flag lowered! The day is lost! All is lost! lost lost!"

"But me!" and two tender arms clasped him, and his head rested upon the heart of Ellen Adair.

You see I had to close it after the fashion of the novel writers. This, friend, is the story of the coffin lid.

WILMER EVANS.

The above *true* story has been partly told in Cooke's book—"Hilt to Hilt," but therein much exaggerated, and incorrect, filling a volume of two hundred and seventy pages. The important scenes here narrated, I have from the mouths of living witnesses, therefore bearing, as near as possible now, the impress of truth and correctness.

W. E.



The Spirit Voice.

IN the heart of a great forest, where the sunshine fell in drowsy warmth, and the birds told their joys to one another, two children were playing beside a stream; a dark-eyed boy of fifteen, straight and willowy as a sapling pine, and a small, delicate girl of twelve.

Noon, with outstretched, hovering wings had hushed to stillness all the forest life except the rhythmic ripple of the water at their feet, and the soft strains of Paul's violin. He sat watching the effect of his music on Telma's face.

So passionately responsive were the plastic lips and luminous eyes that she seemed a spirit meant but to inspire the strong, white hands that held the instrument.

While they each had roamed the forest with a listening ear, and both had found the melody in earth and sky, to the boy alone belonged the gift of rapturous song; Telma only heard, and understood.

Paul had learned his music from the voices of the woods. He played of wakening birds, that faintly stirring in the early silences with low, sweet twitterings answered one another; and Telma saw the paling stars and felt the dewy breath of dawn. There followed humming sounds of busy bees, and buzzing strife as of an upturned hive; a streak of sunlight and the whir of gauzy wings that flashed from buttercup to clover. Then changing softly to a different strain, he caught the restless spirit of the stream, the eager water hurrying to an unknown sea. His notes were full of yearning, and a vague unrest.

Telma laid her hand upon his arm and looked up tremulously.

"Don't play like that to-day, Paul."

He smiled and laid the violin aside.

"Talk to me," he said, coming closer to her.

With a brave heart she answered: "I don't want to feel sad because you are going away, I want to think only of how great you will be."

So thrilling was her voice that there seemed no lack of music though Paul's songs were hushed.

The boy sat entranced, with fingers idly caressing the strings and with dark eyes glowing, while the girl's liquid tones lent themselves to airy visions of achievement.

Her one theme was his success as a musician. He should hold the world spellbound, bringing tears into eyes that seldom wept and laughter into faces cold as stone.

He listened, little dreaming that an audience would ever respond to his music as did the soul of the girl, so fitly strung to his own.

Many times had they sat thus; he playing to her, and she filling him with enthusiasm for his music. But to-day they roamed for the last time together through the forest. To-morrow Paul must enter that musical world about which they had woven so much of fancy. Although his ideas of this new life were vague and unreal, one underlying principle would break the shock of reality and hold him true to his purpose when his visions had vanished. Even his limited experience had taught him that nothing great can be accomplished without worthy effort. Genius and talent were terms unfamiliar to his uncultured ears, and work and patience meant all to him that they convey to others.

They had wandered to-day among the old haunts where memories and sweet associations lingered until Telma had at last become weary and they had then sought this, their favorite spot beside the stream.

The stream had become a factor in their lives. A true mountain spirit it could always show some phase that fitted in their mood. It soothed them with a sympathetic murmur or danced and sparkled with their joys. Here the water tumbled over the rocks in one tiny current, the moss softening the flow until it sounded but one note of the richest music.

"Telma," Paul had said to her once, "the stream has caught your voice and imprisoned it in that fall."

With a sad tenderness she replied, "Then you will always be able to hear me speak to you, even when I am not with you," and the stream seemed to echo her tones as her voice sank into silence. But the boy had looked grave and had pressed the hand beside him on the grass. She had awakened a fear in him and he looked searchingly at the frail body and listened with a feeling akin to dread to the ethereal sweetness of her voice.

Telma dared not hope to share in that future which she was so fond of imagining for Paul.

But now Paul dreamed beside her. She talked on until his head was full of visions and he was unconscious that she had ceased, the stream splashing on in that undertone so like her voice. When at last he glanced down at her, he saw that she had fallen asleep, her head pillowed on the trunk of an oak. He tenderly lifted her in his arms and bore her home. "Poor little one," he said, "It will be lonely for you when I am gone," and bending down he pressed a kiss upon her eyelids. Thus he said good-bye to stream, and wood, and Telma.

The years passed. The great world of music of which they had dreamed took Paul into it to struggle and to rise. Telma lingered a lonely spirit in the mighty forest, as frail as a wood anemone and as pure. She never pined for Paul nor wished him back, trusting always in the power which had so wrought upon her soul through the strings of the old violin; and it was the knowledge of this faith in him that held Paul to his best. She was his inspiration always, his best reason for caring for success.

There came a day when the news reached him that she had passed out of his life, out of the life of the great forest, out of the world. He felt that with her had gone all zest in the struggle, all hope for the future; he was tempted to believe that even his music had died with her who was its inspiration. The strife was useless now, he would give it up. Why should he strive on and on? Nothing comforted him. He felt his loss all the more deeply as the days went by.

In his anguish came the thought of the stream far away in the mountains, and he wondered if it would sooth his heart and awaken his benumbed senses as in the days of old. Going back to the forest he was soon again under its influence. The years had increased the moss on the stones which gave a more subdued and searching pathos to that one note of supernal sweetness, as if it too had caught the added depth of the voice beyond the skies. For a time he was content to sit in the old spot listless and silent, while the sorrowful cadence rose and fell. Once his hand chanced to fall on his violin, which he had always carried with him, but which he forgot amid the rush of old memories and new grief. He picked it up and there came upon him a desire to reproduce the voice in the stream. All the old passion swept over his soul, the old fire gleamed in his eyes, and he knew that the lost voice had called him to his higher self. He tenderly lifted the bow and drew it across the strings.

Day by day the forest rang with the piercing sweetness of his melodies. Note after note wafted itself above the treetops, as sweet as fell from the trembling throat of morning songsters or as sad as the melancholy croak of twilight frogs. Every mood of the stream itself was brought from beneath his bow; the happy gurgle, the silvery ripple, the deep contented flowing—only the one note refused to be caught.

It was impossible for him to remain. His reawakened ambition called him back to work and duty. The voice was in his soul; he knew it should never be silenced there and he could only hope at some time to give utterance to it.

So he went back into the world again and took up the broken threads of his musical life. But it was a restless energy which he gave to it. He was happier in roaming through the woods, and by the running water, which drew his feet beside it and was itself caught into his music. There were few harmonious sounds in nature of which his playing did not give a suggestion, and every sound of water from the silvery ring of the raindrop to the crash of the breaking surf came at his touch and flitted through every melody his bow drew forth.

Fame came to him unsought and unprized. Counting success only in that which he was unable to attain, he little realized the heights he reached in his struggle toward it. Sometimes, as in the crowded city, he saw a pale face that had once known the joyous mountain life, light up as it again heard rustling leaves, sighing winds and rushing waters in some strain that accident brought to the ear; then would it flash over him that there was deep meaning in his music for some hearts that heard him.

Often he wondered if the voice in the stream would speak to others as to him. He shrank from the test. So he wandered on, over many lands, searching, longing, hoping, and the world grew brighter for his music. But despair came at last. His step had grown weary, his frame aged in the search. "It is useless," he said, "my life has been a failure, a searching for the unattainable. I will give it up and go back to the forest and the stream. The voice will murmur to me and the end will come,—it matters not how soon."

The stream received him, the trees bent lovingly over him and all the forest life welcomed him back.

And comes the end.

The violin is laid beside him; his head resting on the trunk of the oak where Telma's head had lain, he, too, closes his eyes to sleep.

Is it the stream that whispers to him? Is it Telma's own voice speaking to him from the spirit-world? or is it his own soul that divines at last the truth? He does not know, he does not seek to know. Stretched out now in clearness lies the past; his dreamy eyes behold it, and musically soft and clear the words fall on his senses: "Paul, it has not been in vain. It is true the voice you sought was but your own ideal, a spirit-voice that long has led you, mercifully, blindly. Happy he who keeps his purpose thus before him, always the loftiest, always beyond! The head then grows not giddy, nor the soul contented with heights that lie behind. You who have reached the summit look below you. Has it been a failure, Paul? The sunshine rests upon your path; your music echoes in unnumbered hearts, your songs are springing to unnumbered lips."

And Paul looks—and sleeps.





The Souls of Men.

The gaudy glories of our life
Are pictures of our color-sense ;
There is no hush to noisome strife ;
We have no voice in great events.

We are but shades behind the scene,
The ghost of things corporeal ;
The world's the magic-lantern's screen,
And life but watching pictures fall.

We are a legion-sighted breath
Behind the world, which shapes our thought,
By logic happenings ; in death
Our mind to bear elsewhere is brought.

Our souls are vapors from that sea
That constitutes the spirit-realm ;
They trail a while across the lea—
Then rearward turn their helm.

L. C. RANDOLPH, Ex-1900.

Elizabeth.

In the land of the living,
Spirit-land,
Glides a radiant "being beauteous,"
Heavenly plann'd.
Golden, shimmering waves her hair
Through the air,
Like the faintest streaking cloudlet
'Long the western sky at sunset—
Golden cloudlet.
Like the evening star, her eye
Throws a beam of purity
Round about us
And above us.
Like the murmur of a stream,
In a dream,
Lighted by the stars and moon,
In soft attune
Is her voice.
And her thoughts are like the flowers—
Fairer even,
For they come, like starry showers,
Out of heaven.
She 's the rainbow's quiet splendor,
The soul of music and
The song of Angel-land.

L. C. RANDOLPH, Ex-1900.

Compensation.

"From towers of earth to battlements of heaven."

Motto on P. crest.—

Oh, tired feet, that tread a weary road,
The rocks and thorns lead to the hills of God!
Though torn and bleeding, keep the narrow way,
And thou shalt walk "in meadows green" some day!

Oh, weary eyes, heavy with unshed tears,
Look past the tumult of these trial years!
Far, far above thee shine cerulean skies,
And God's own hand shall "wipe tears from all eyes."

Weak hands, that fall down helpless at the sight
Of work undone, though done "with all thy might,"
Soon, folded o'er a cold and pallid breast,
Poor, restless hands! thou shalt have perfect rest.

Poor heart! thou hast been humbled to the dust.
Ah! thou didst aim too high, so fall thou must:
Fall, till so far from earth and earthly things,
Thou risest, but on strength of angels' wings.

Tired feet and hands and eyes and aching heart,
Thou must bear on and do thy little part.
'T is but a little while—not long! not long!
Till earth-born wails merge into rapturous song.

Hast failed, thou sayest, in every strong desire
To which, with longings vain, thou didst aspire?
Thy failure is a part in God's great plan,
And broken hopes may *make*, not mar the man.

Let failure nerve thee to a nobler strife,
And strivings lift thee to a higher life,
Until thou rise, thine earthly fetters riven,
"From towers of earth to battlements of heaven."

C. B. P.



To the River Occoquan.

Wild Occoquan, oh, lovely stream that rushes madly on thy way,
I long to tread again thy banks and gaze upon thy dashing spray.

I fain would stand 'neath "Lover's Leap," my bosom heaving with delight,
And join my song, oh, Occoquan, to thy mad waters in their flight.

I 'd sit beneath that large beech tree; that August day to mind recall,
When, with a maid of Occoquan, I first beheld thy gallant fall.

No lovelier spot, oh, Occoquan, was e'er unveiled to human eye
Than thy mad dash 'twixt walls of rock which stretch their arms unto the sky.

The breeze shall catch thy laughing spray and bear it to the thirsting vine
Whose curling tendrils with each day shall add its beauty unto thine.

No sun e'er fell on Norway ford to paint those waters with a ray
More beautiful than Occoquan while dashing through the rocks its spray.

No "midnight sun," oh, Occoquan, has thrown its beams upon thy walls,
But rainbows bright from coming skies are painted near thy noble falls.

If Errington, Corelli's youth, could see the Thelma of this spot,
He soon would learn a sacred truth—a truth which ne'er could be forgot;

That Norway's maids, though pure and sweet, must yield the palm to our own land,
And this sweet maid of Occoquan must hold the trophy in her hand.

Oh, Occoquan, be kind to me in mingling with the Chesapeake;
Fill every shell with words of love until thy falls again I seek.

Let Lillian, thy lovely queen, send messages unto the bay,
And I shall brave the Chesapeake to claim those messages each day.

Oh, Occoquan, I envy thee in thy long journey to the sea,
For thou dost come from Lillian—the cord that binds me close to thee.

No bard has sung, oh, Occoquan, the romance of those loft hills
From which ye pour a noble stream, fed here and there by laughing rills.

Unsung remains that legend sweet of Indian faith and Indian love,
How warrior woo'd and won his maid on that high cliff which hangs above.

The warrior knew, from tribal law, he could not claim her for his bride,
With strong and steady arm he drew the maiden to his throbbing side.

Her anxious eyes, like evening stars, beamed quickly on his copper face—
A queen she was in grace and form, a princess worthy of her race.

Her naked arms, like graceful vines, clung softly to his manly form
Which, wrought by grief and mad with love, would fain invite the raging storm.

Entranced in love, she bows her head upon that wild and savage breast,
And like a ship at angry sea, she longed and prayed for rest, for rest.

At last the fatal moment came; he knew, she felt it must be so;
With one wild plunge into the air—they stained with blood the rocks below.

Then Occoquan began to mourn and murmur dirges o'er the dead,
And wildly dashed against its rocks to carve a grave within its bed.

And there within that chiseled spot by wild and seething waters made,
An Indian queen and warrior bold at last in peaceful rest are laid.

Wild Occoquan, oh, murmur on, and bear this story to the deep;
Ye 'll not disturb the Indian maid and warrior in their final sleep.

They died in love; they rest in peace; their graves are made beneath the wave.
So sleep the true; so sleep the just; so sleep the noble and the brave.

And what care they what men may say? They heed not if they mourn or jest;
The rocks have made for them a tomb—together 'neath the stones they rest.

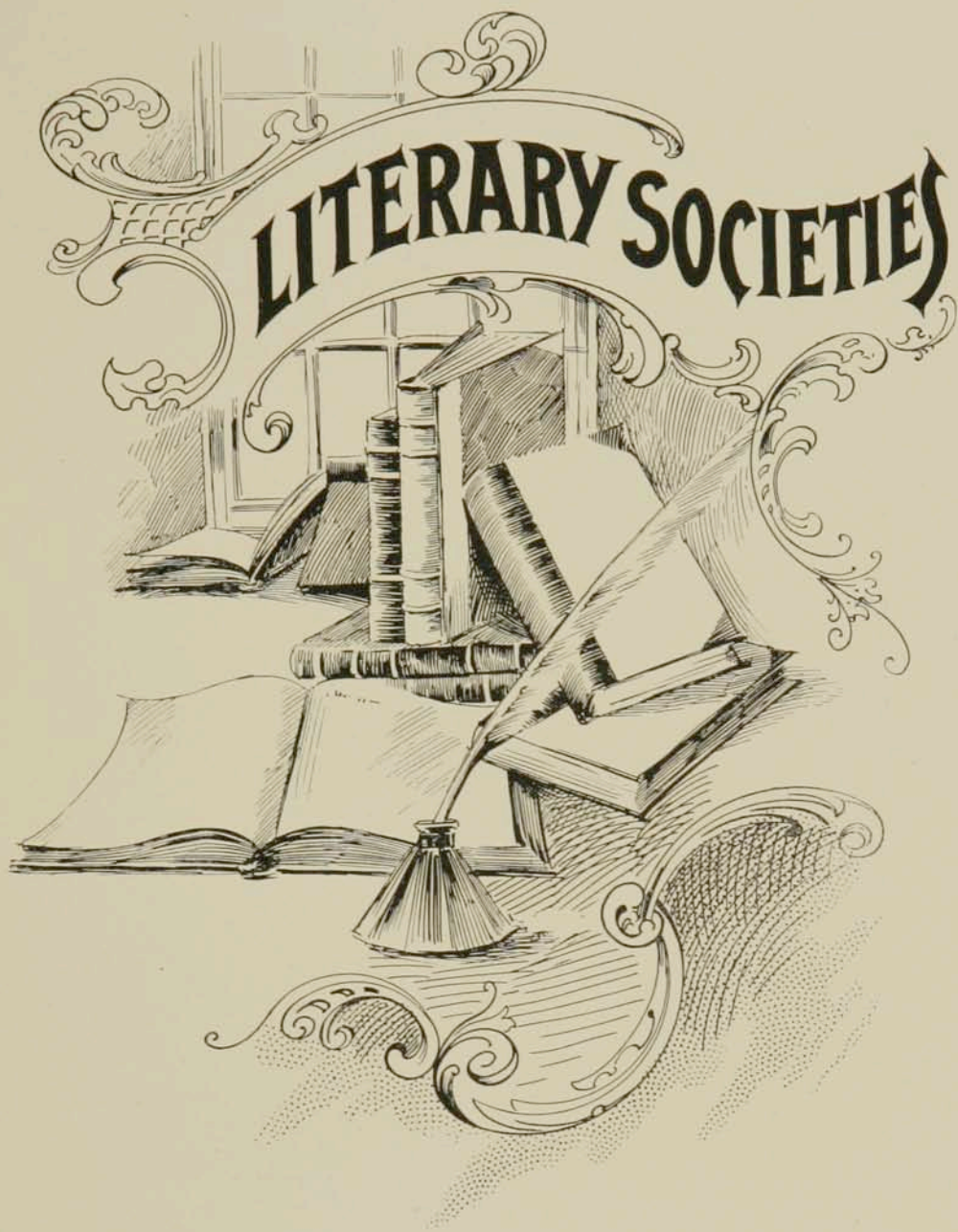
Then fare ye well, my noble stream; I fain would linger long with thee;
My heart shall feed on words of love which thou shalt bear unto the sea.

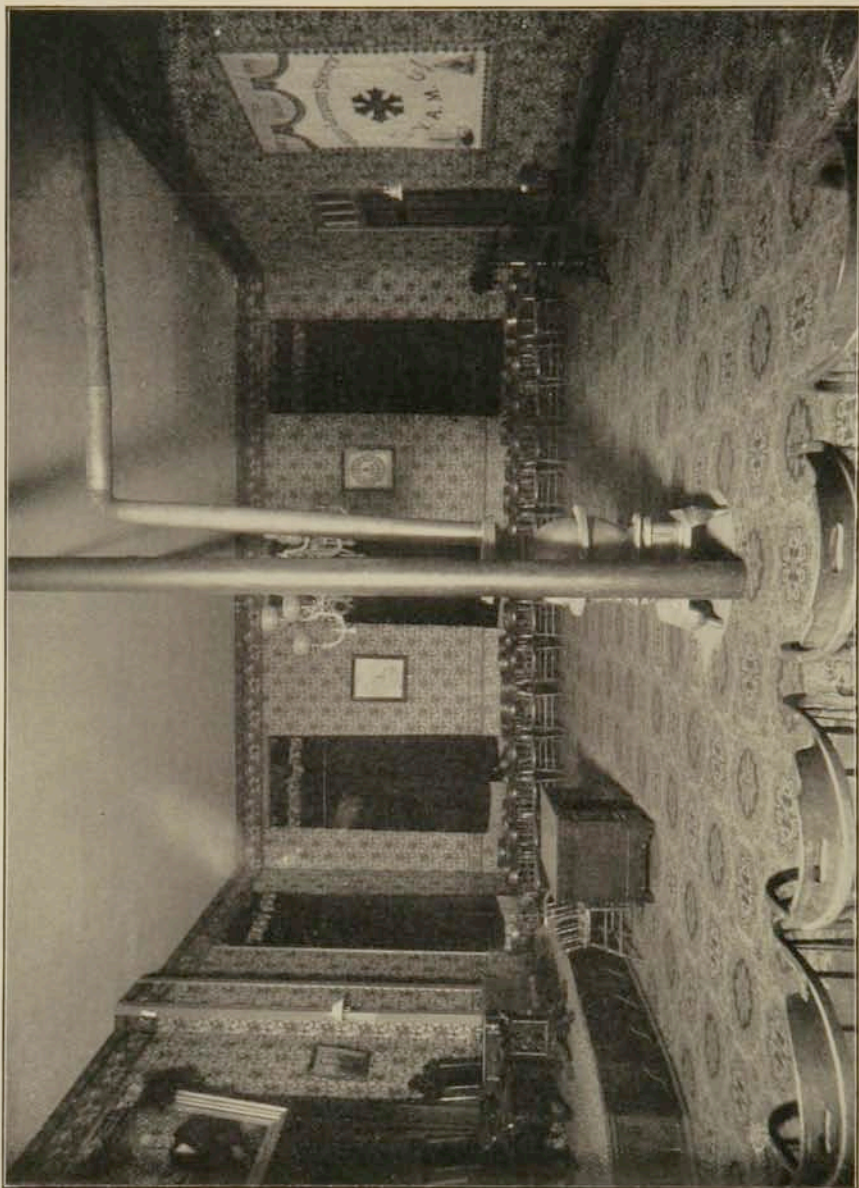
Forget me not when I am gone, for duty's call I must obey,
And I 'll return, oh, Occoquan, to sing thy song some future day.

[The Occoquan River rises in the beautiful hills of Prince William County, flows by the little town of Occoquan, near which the scene of this story was laid, and hastens on to the Potomac, through which channel its waters are mingled with the sea.—D. R. C.]

DUDLEY R. COWLES.









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Pink and White.

Motto.

To Kalon.

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Orator.

B. S. JOHNSON, '99.

Debater.

R. B. H. BEGG, '99.

Disclaimer.

J. D. HOFFMAN, '00.

FINAL CELEBRATION, June 18, 1900.

Henry Morgan Jacobs, President.

Orators.

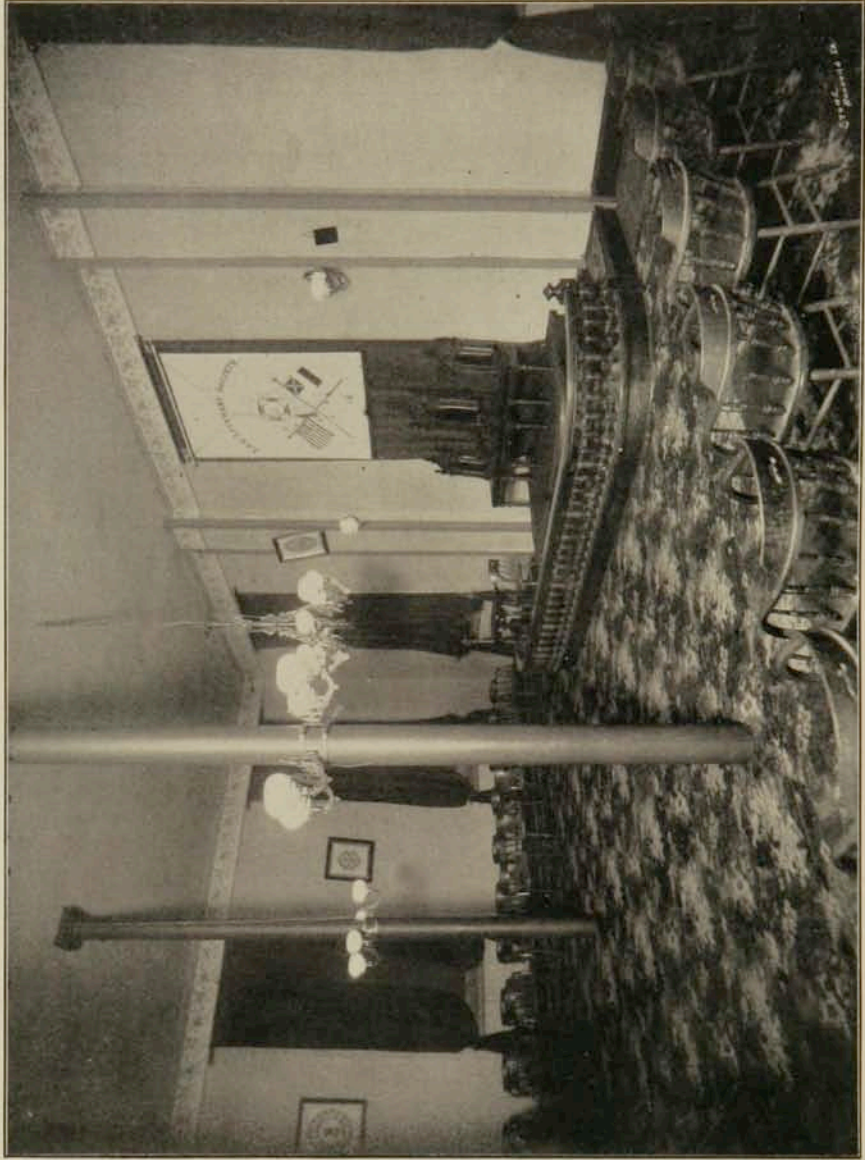
SCOTT H. MACGREGOR,

J. D. HOFFMAN.

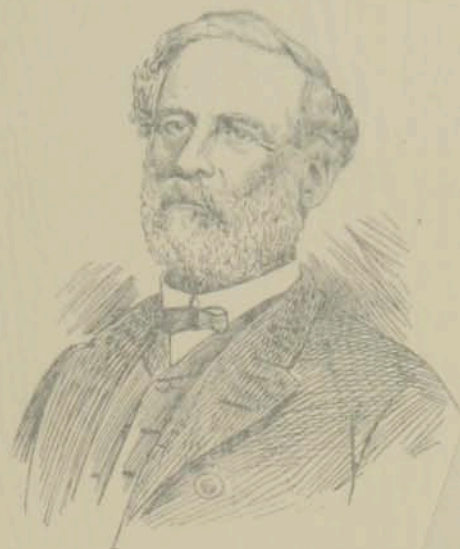
Debaters.

R. E. CECIL,

G. L. FENTRESS.



LEE HALL



Lee Literary Society

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COMMENCEMENT CELEBRATION, Tuesday Evening, June 19, 1900, 8 P. M.

G. D. WALTERS, President.

Declaimer, The World Winner in Improvement Speeches.

Orators.

First, S. F. CHAPMAN.

Second, W. J. LONGLEY.

Debate.

Affirmative, J. C. BROOKE.

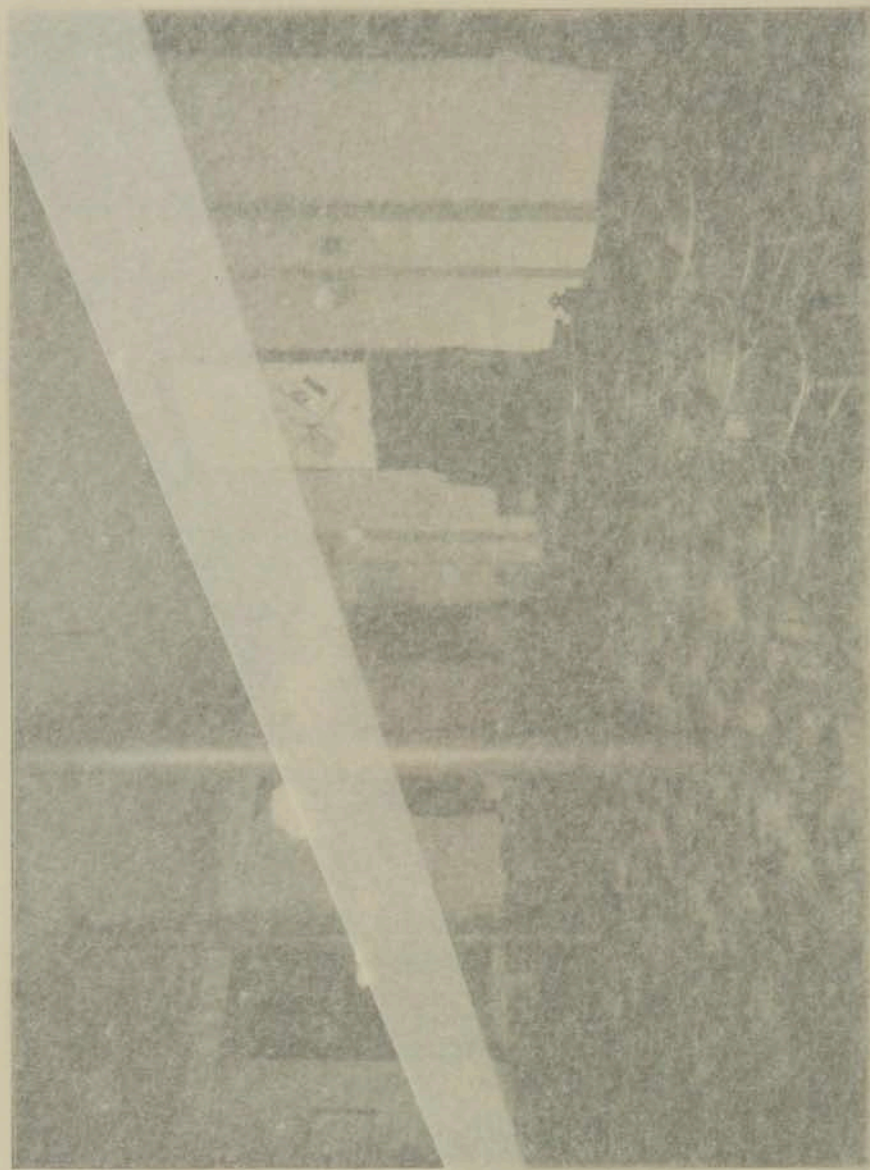
Negative, E. P. WALLER.

Colors.

Blue and White.

Motto.

Virtus sua Coronat.





Lee Literary Society.

Officers '99-00.

FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.	THIRD TERM.
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	<i>Sergeants-at-Arms.</i>	
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COMMENCEMENT CELEBRATION, Tuesday Evening, June 19, 1900, 8 P. M.

G. D. Walters, President.

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Orators.

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Second, W. J. LONGLEY.

Debate.

Affirmative, J. C. BROOKE.
Negative, E. P. WALLER.

Colors.

Blue and White.

Motto.

Virtuo suos Coronat.





Battalion Organization.

COLONEL A. T. FINCH Commandant
MAJOR J. S. A. JOHNSON Assistant Commandant
MAJOR M. A. SALE Assistant Commandant
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. A. SMYTH,
MAJOR F. C. CARPER,
CAPTAIN W. F. COX.

Cadet Staff.

CAPTAIN E. P. WALLER Adjutant
FIRST LIEUTENANT F. G. BAKER Quarter Master
FIRST LIEUTENANT J. A. JACKSON Ordnance Officer
SECOND LIEUTENANT S. R. ROBINSON Signal Officer
SECOND LIEUTENANT S. G. BRALLEY Ordnance Officer
SECOND LIEUTENANT R. E. CECIL Signal Officer

Captains.

J. R. Hardesty, J. A. Waddell, W. C. Burnet, R. C. Beverley, J. R. Brown,
E. P. Waller, S. H. MacGregor.

First Lieutenants.

H. M. Jacocks, F. G. Baker, J. W. Jacocks, A. A. Phlegar, Jr., C. F. Brown,
J. A. Jackson, C. L. Reynolds, S. F. Chapman.

Second Lieutenants.

R. B. Bean, J. W. Latané, G. D. Walters, L. L. Jewel, B. F. Randolph, E. W.
Allen, H. K. Hortenstine, W. J. Jamieson, S. R. Robinson, J. D. Hoffman, S. G.
Bralley, R. E. Cecil.

First Sergeants.

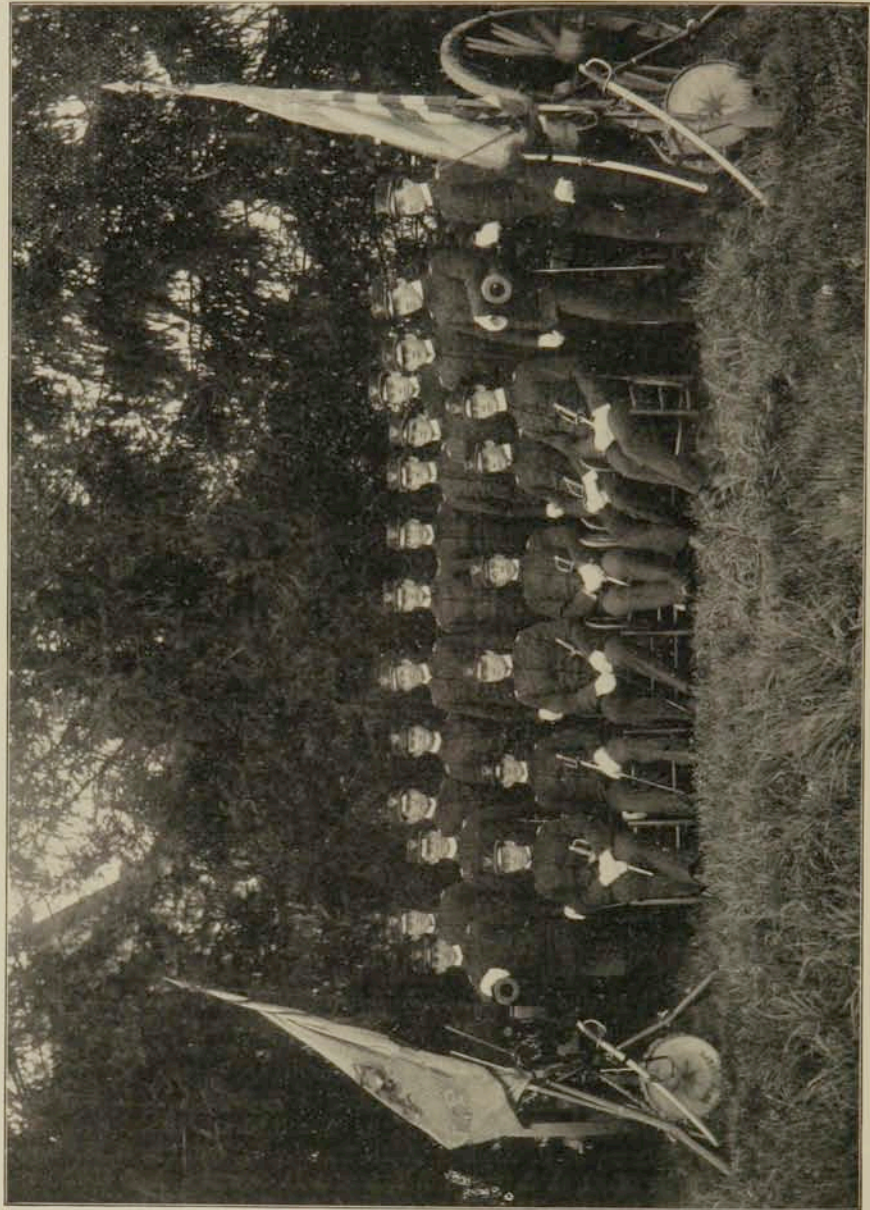
J. M. Hicks, W. M. Brodie, W. L. Mann, F. Powell, J. H. Gibboney, R. W.
Williams. M. W. Davidson, Sergeant Major.

Sergeants.

C. Derrick, J. M. Sample, R. W. Carper, J. H. Gwathmey, C. P. Miles, J. H.
Van Dyke, R. Woltz, W. S. Bralley, J. C. Brooke, H. W. Bowly, C. A. Jackson,
A. Y. Waddey, J. E. Lear, J. N. Ashton, G. B. Ford, F. D. Webb, J. R. DuPriest,
S. Treverton, F. J. Rudd, A. W. Kinney, D. Fernald, A. H. Fleet.

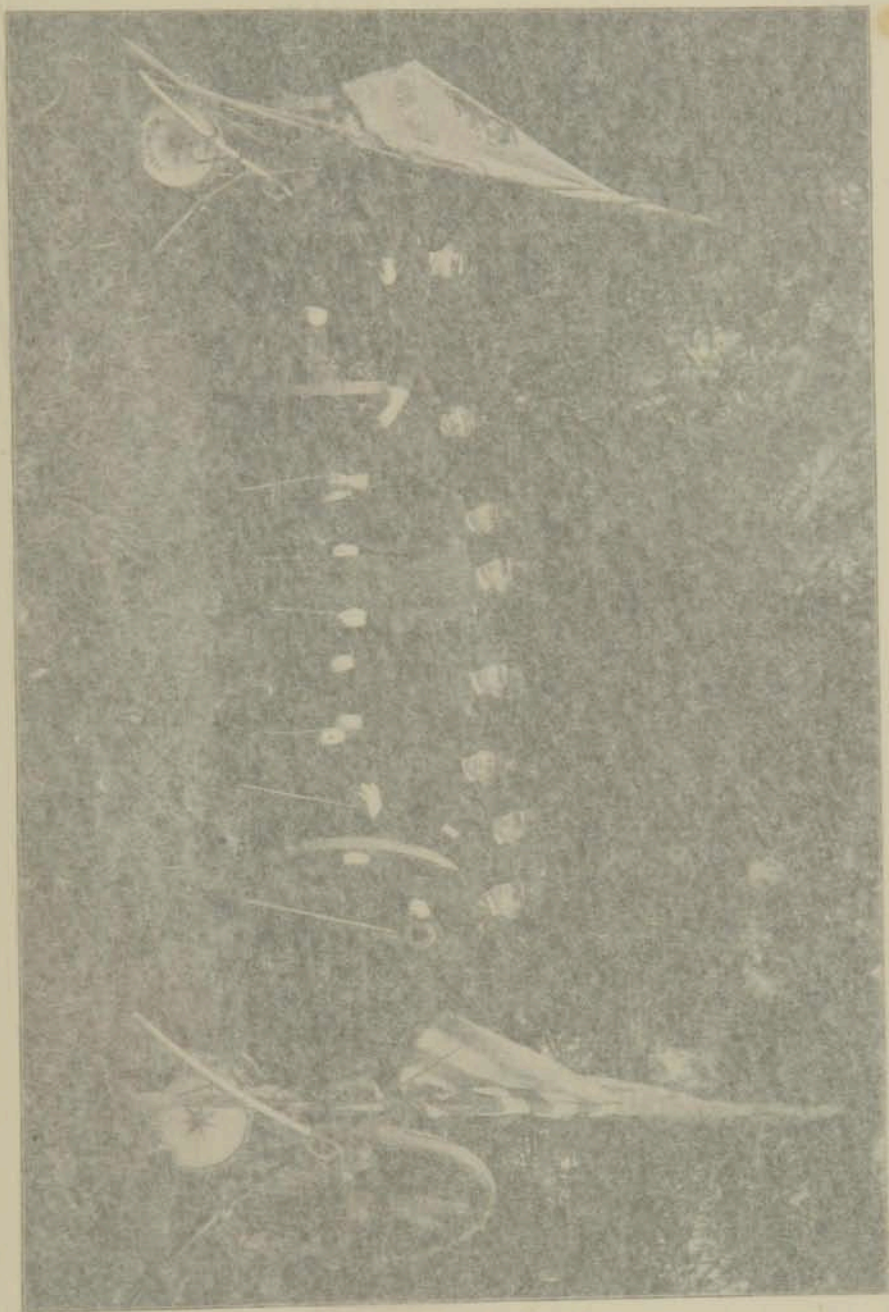
Corporals.

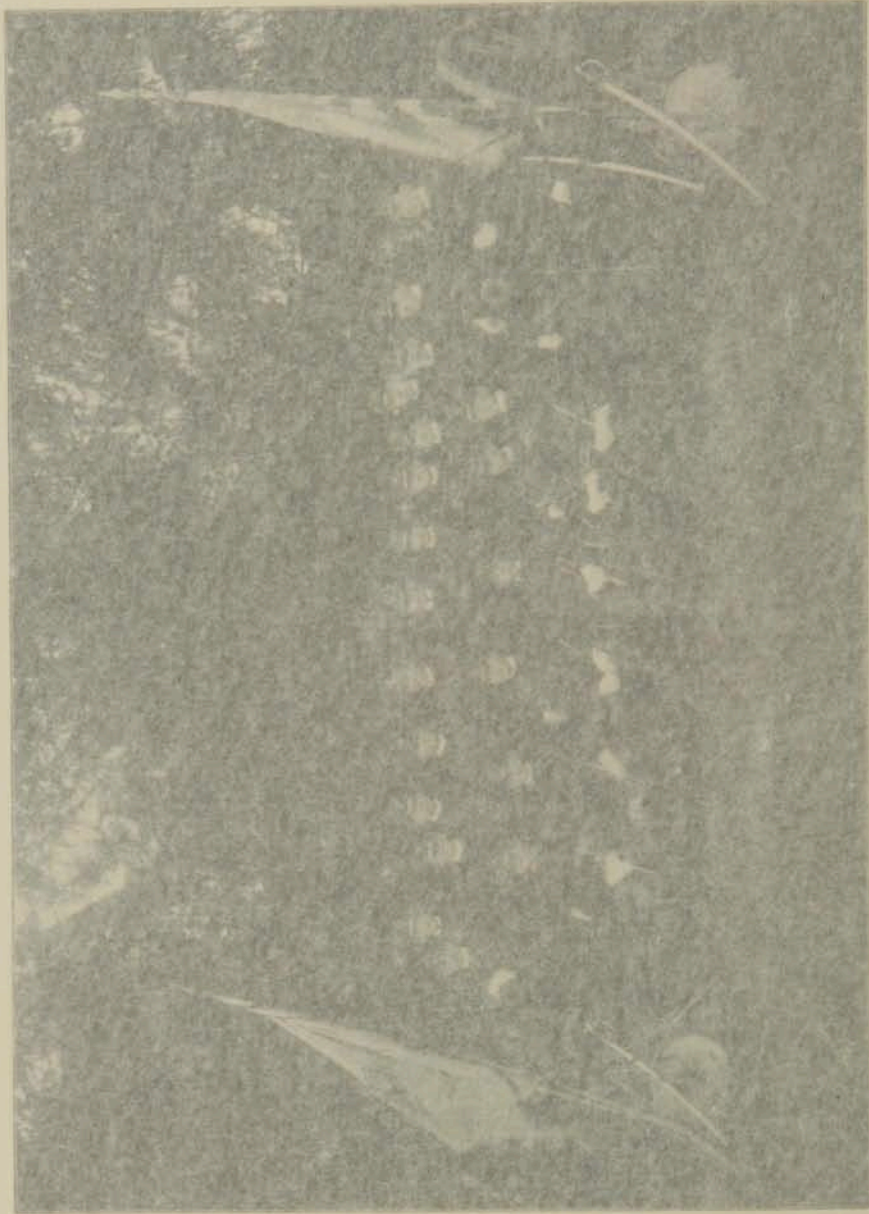
R. M. Barton, J. T. Brown, H. L. Davidson, R. T. Brooke, C. L. Proctor,
F. M. Spiller, C. L. Cook, H. Wysor, W. A. Yowell, J. C. Dantzler, A. A.
Richardson, C. Williams, J. P. Kitchen, T. M. Yancey, W. P. Hill, N. C. Poe,
G. R. Talcott, J. M. Bland, C. B. Seagle, J. I. Lee, C. D. Newman, R. E. Hollister,
S. H. George, C. M. Dunklee, H. B. Mish.



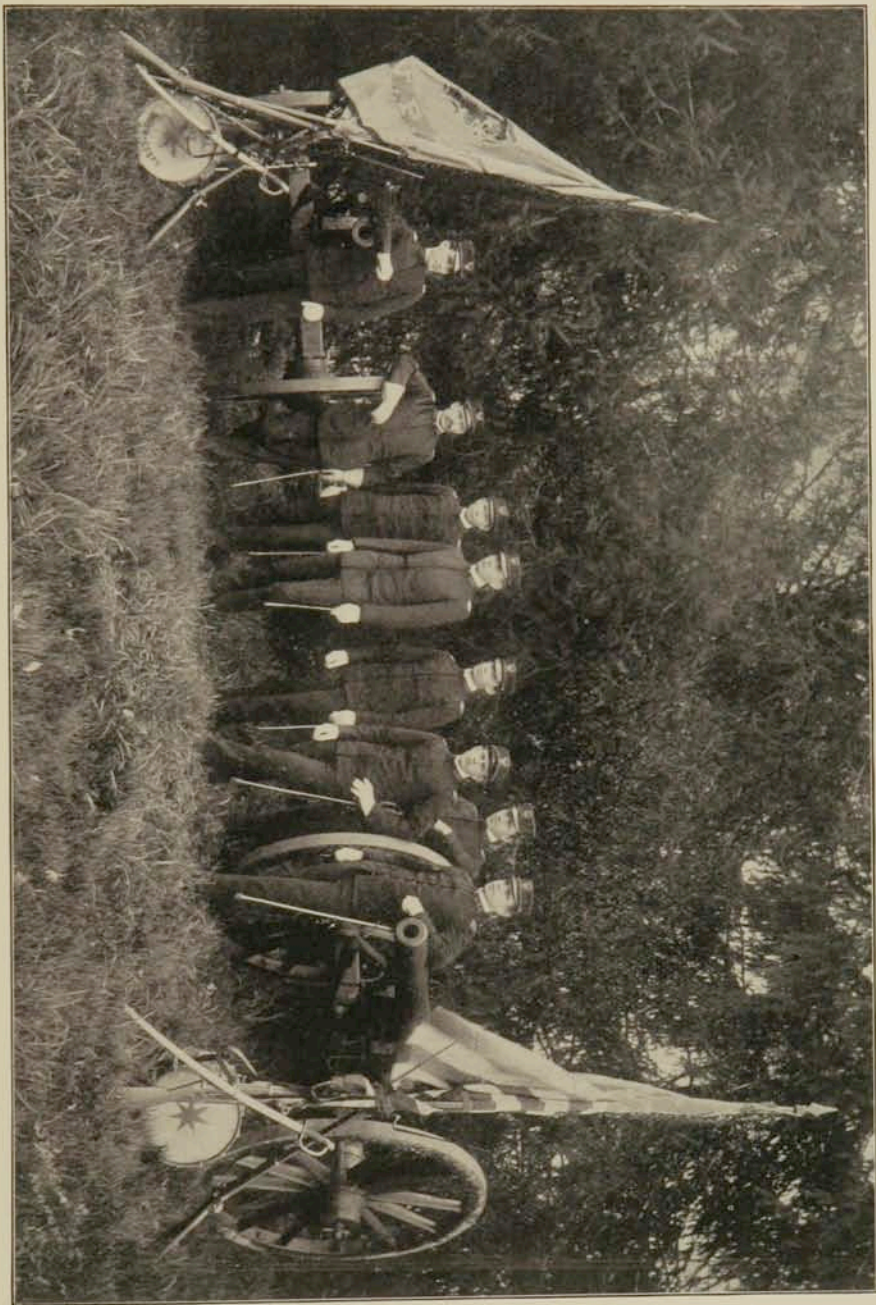
LINE OFFICERS.

STAFF OFFICERS





SINE OFFICERS.

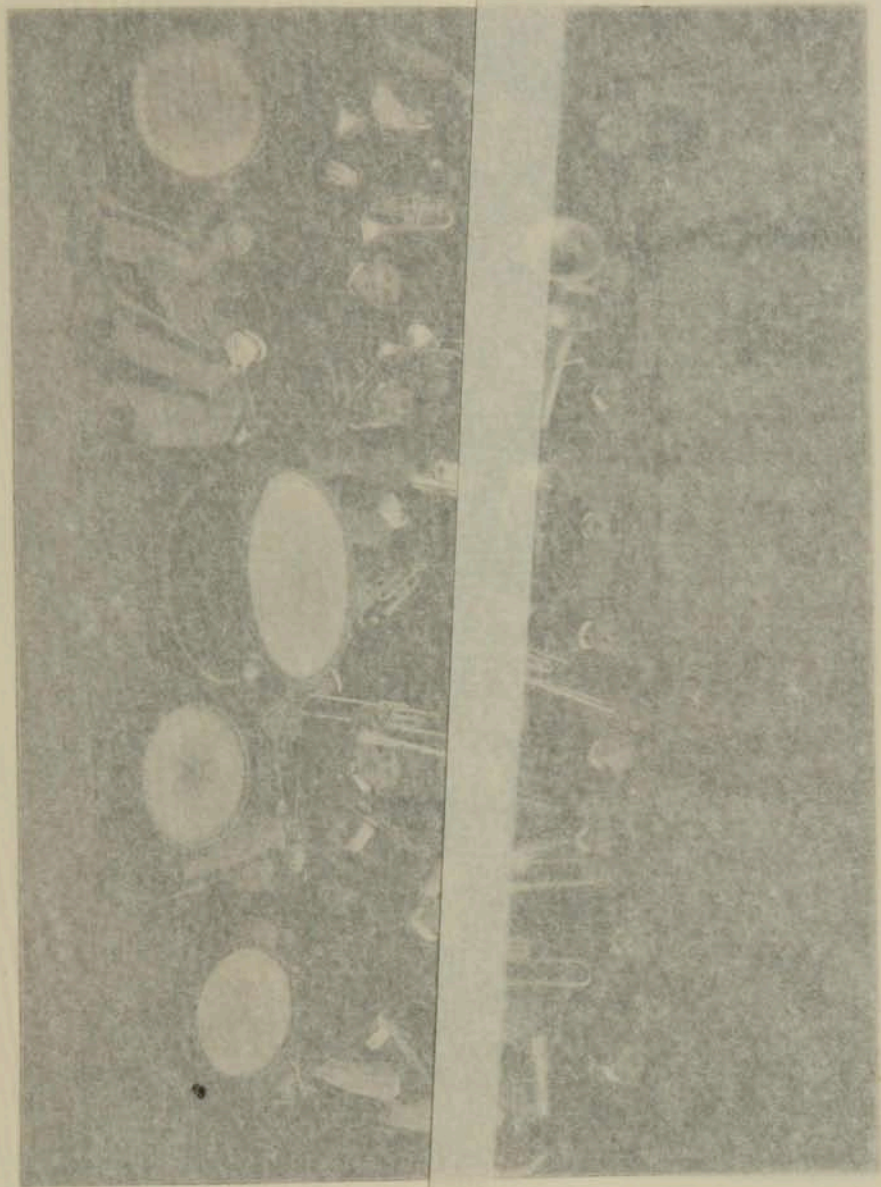


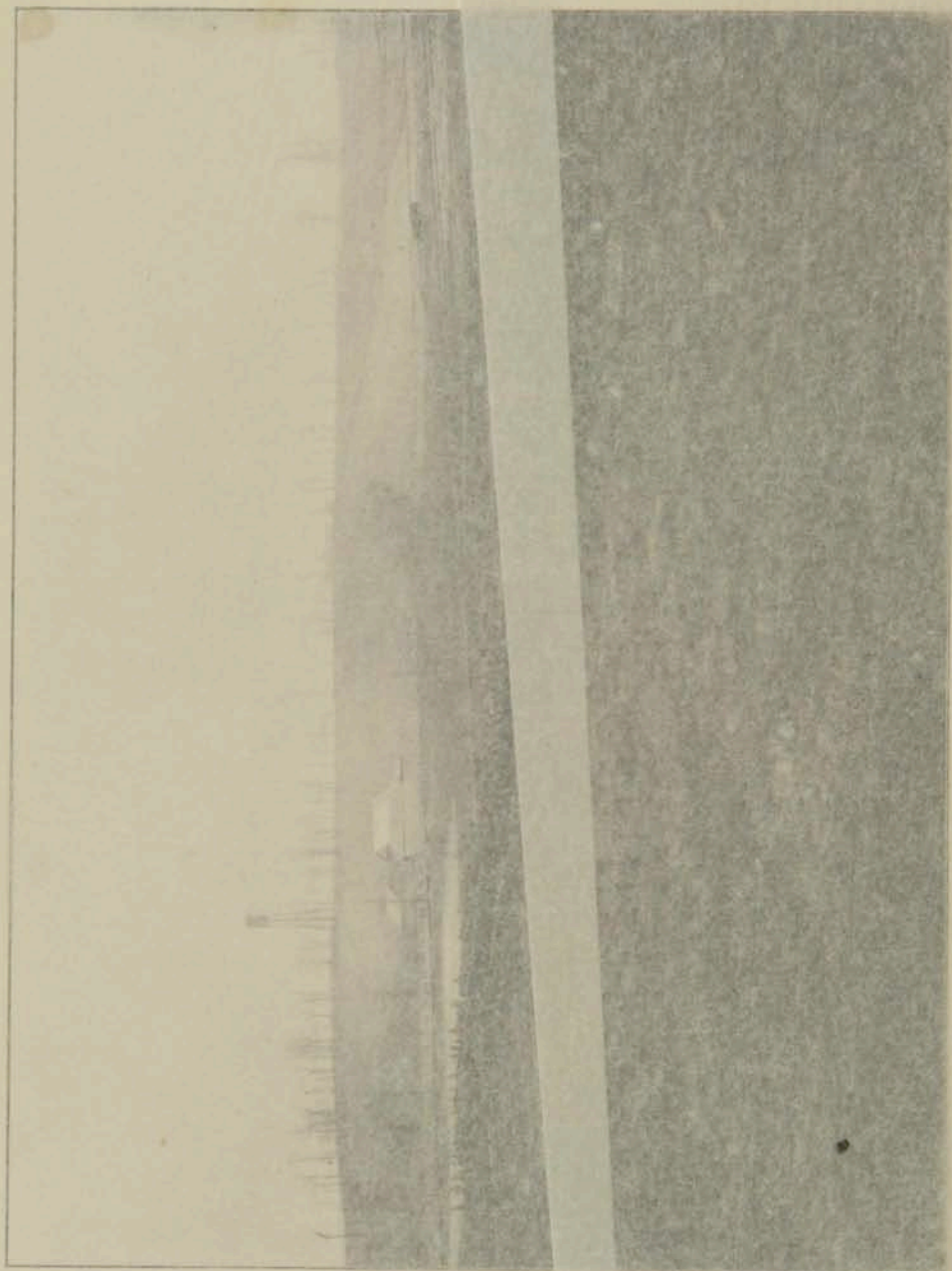
STAFF OFFICERS.



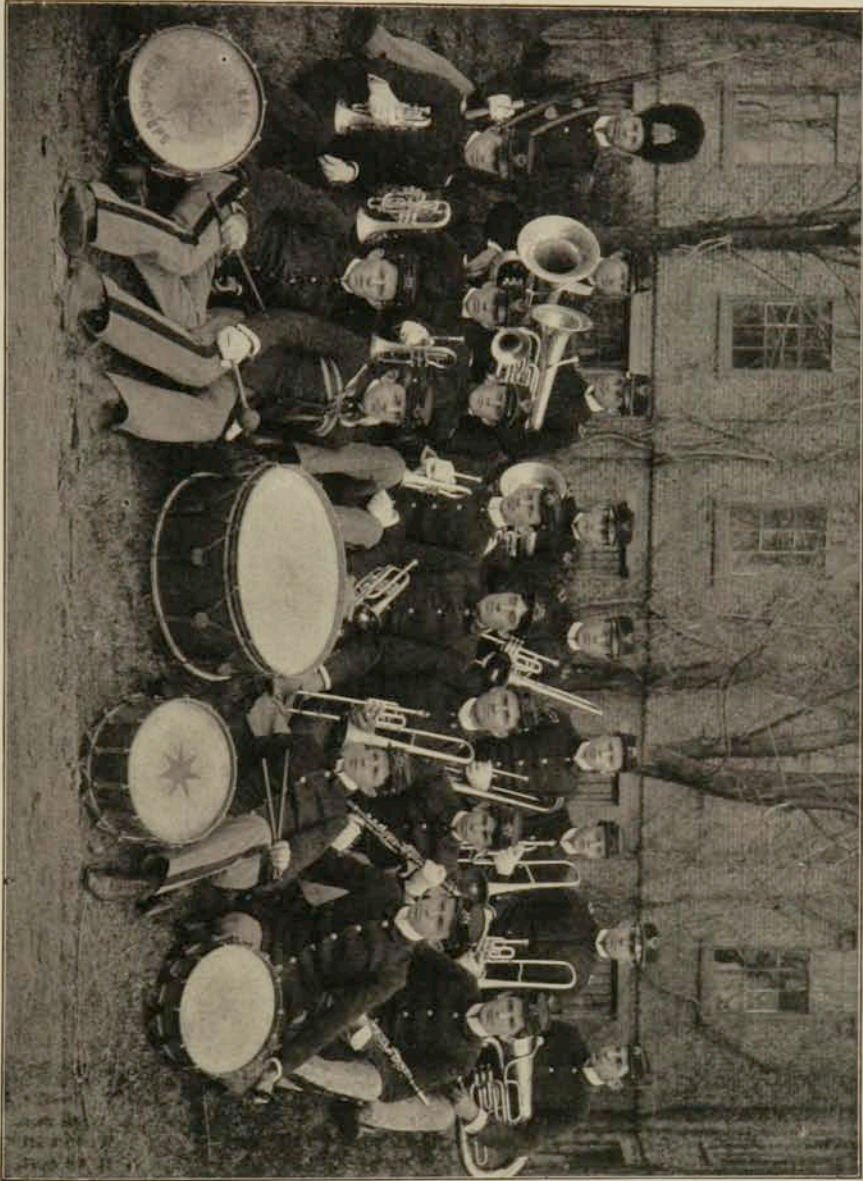
THE BATTALION.

CADET BAND.





THE BATTALION

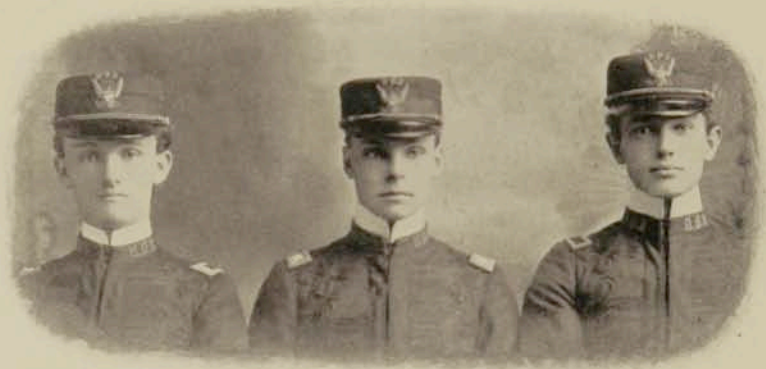


CADET BAND.



Company "D."

Captain, J. R. Hardesty.		Second Lieutenant, E. W. Allen	
First Lieutenant, A. A. Phlegar.			
Sergeants.		Corporals.	
First, F. Powell,	First, J. T. Brown,		
Second, R. Woltz,	Second, H. L. Davidson,		
Third, H. W. Bowly,	Third, F. M. Spiller,		
Fourth, A. Y. Waddey,	Fourth, C. La F. Cook,		
Fifth, D. Fernaid.	Fifth, C. B. Seagle,		
	Sixth, J. I. Lee.		



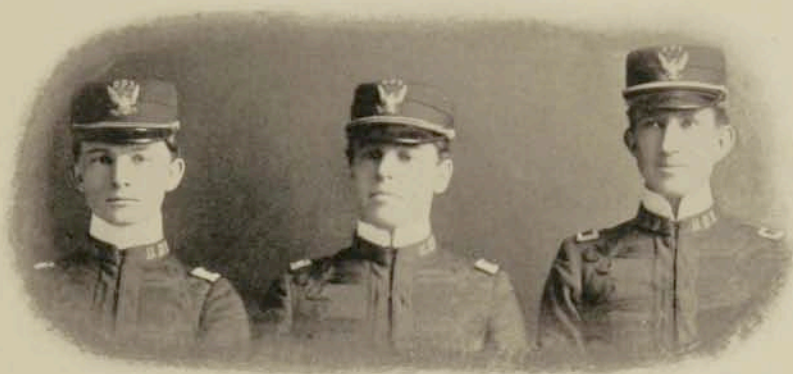
Company "A."

Captain, W. C. Burnet.		Second Lieutenant, H. R. Hortenstine.	
First Lieutenant, J. W. Jacobs.			
Sergeants.		Corporals.	
First, J. M. Hicks,	First, R. T. Brooke,		
Second, C. P. Miles,	Second, C. Williams,		
Third, J. C. Brooke,	Third, W. P. Hill,		
Fourth, J. E. Lear,	Fourth, G. R. Talcott,		
Fifth, A. W. Kinney.	Fifth, J. M. Bland,		
	Sixth, C. M. Dunklee.		



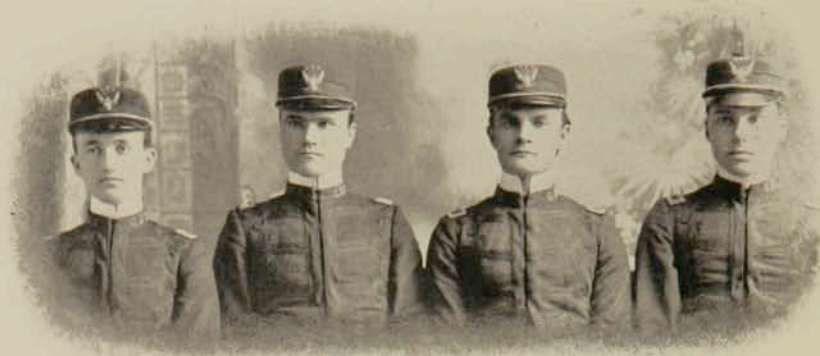
Company "B."

Captain, R. C. Beverley.	
First Lieutenant, S. F. Chapman,	Second Lieutenant, B. F. Randolph.
Sergeants.	
First, W. M. Brodie,	First, R. M. Barton.
Second, R. W. Carper,	Second, W. A. Yowell,
Third, W. S. Bralley,	Third, J. P. Kitchen,
Fourth, G. B. Ford,	Fourth, T. M. Yancey,
Fifth, A. H. Fleet.	Fifth, C. D. Newman.
Corporals.	



Company "C."

Captain, S. H. MacGregor.	
First Lieutenant, C. L. Reynolds.	Second Lieutenant, R. B. Bean.
Sergeants.	
First, J. H. Gibbony,	First, Wysor,
Second, C. Derrick,	Second, J. H. Charlton,
Third, J. M. Sample,	Third, R. E. Hollister,
Fourth, S. Treverton,	Fourth, S. H. George.
Fifth, F. J. Rudd.	
Corporals.	



Battery "E."

Captain, J. A. WADDELL.
 First Lieutenant, . . . H. M. JACOBS. Second Lieutenant, . . . J. W. LATANÉ.
 Additional Second Lieutenant, . . . W. J. JAMIESON.
 First Sergeant, W. L. MANN.

First Detachment.		Second Detachment.	
J. H. GWATHMEY,	Chief,	F. D. WEBB,	
A. A. RICHARDSON,	Gunner,	C. L. PROCTOR,	
J. C. STEELE,	First,	A. O. ARVIN,	
M. G. YOUNG,	Second,	J. J. COBBS,	
J. W. DICKERSON,	Third,	W. A. MONCURE,	
E. Y. WOOTTEN,	Fourth,	W. S. MOFFETT,	
A. L. HASKELL,	Fifth,	W. P. TAMS,	
C. E. ALLEN,	Sixth,	E. B. POWERS,	
R. M. MONTGOMERY,	Seventh,	H. E. SANFORD,	
C. P. McCUE,	Extra,	T. G. WOOD,	

Third Detachment.		Fourth Detachment.	
J. H. VAN DYKE,	Chief,	J. N. ASHTON,	
N. C. POE,	Gunner,	H. B. MISH,	
J. B. HUFFARD,	First,	F. H. DEWEY,	
P. B. EARLE,	Second,	H. C. BALLARD,	
J. T. MARSHALL,	Third,	G. A. CHALKLEY,	
S. A. ORENSHAIN,	Fourth,	C. J. B. DECAMPS,	
W. R. YOUNG,	Fifth,	R. L. FARMER,	
H. H. ROYER,	Sixth,	C. N. CARPENTER,	
W. W. SANFORD,	Seventh,	E. H. RIDDLE,	
J. V. M. HACK,	Extra,	W. T. FOWLKES,	

Cadet Band.

MAJOR F. C. CARPER,	Director and Solo Cornet
CAPTAIN J. R. BROWN,	Solo Cornet
FIRST LIEUTENANT J. A. JACKSON,	First Cornet
M. C. BROCE,	Second Cornet
W. E. VAUGT,	Second Cornet
J. P. HARVEY,	E Flat Cornet
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. A. SMYTH,	Solo Clarinet
H. C. MICHIE,	Second Clarinet
A. DAVIDSON,	E Flat Clarinet
FIRST LIEUTENANT C. F. BROWN,	Trombone
SECOND LIEUTENANT L. L. JEWEL,	Trombone
CORPORAL J. C. DANTZLER,	Trombone
W. F. COX,	E Flat Bass
SERGEANT J. R. DUPRIEST,	B Flat Bass
SECOND LIEUTENANT G. D. WALTERS,	Euphonium
SECOND LIEUTENANT J. D. HOFFMAN,	Solo Alto
Y. B. KIESTER,	Alto
S. B. BRAGG,	Alto
M. C. DOLLMAN,	Alto
H. R. COX,	Bass Drum
H. KIESTER,	Snare Drum
—————,	Drum Major



AND
Organizations

Young Men's Christian Association.

Organized in 1873.

OFFICERS.

1899-1900.		1900-01.
SCOTT H. MACGREGOR, '00,	<i>President,</i>	J. M. HICKS, '01
R. BENNETT BEAN, '00,	<i>Vice-President,</i>	C. P. McCUE, '02
	<i>Treasurer,</i>	C. L. COOK, '02.
W. LOWRY MANN, '01,	<i>Recording Secretary,</i>	W. T. YOUNG, '02
E. P. WALLER, '00,	<i>Corresponding Secretary,</i>	W. F. TAMS, '02.

COMMITTEES.

Devotional.	W. L. MANN, <i>Chairman.</i>
Bible Study.	J. A. WADDELL, JR., <i>Chairman.</i>
Mission Study.	R. B. BEAN, <i>Chairman.</i>
Hand-Book.	S. H. MACGREGOR, <i>Literary Editor.</i>
	E. A. SEPARK, <i>Business Manager.</i>
Membership.	E. P. WALLER,



OBJECT.

The salvation of our students through faith in Christ and the promotion of their welfare, by furnishing mutual support and encouragement in well-doing and correct living. The stamping out of vice, and the development of higher morals.

STATISTICS

For the Year Ending February 28th, 1900.

MEMBERSHIP:—ACTIVE,	70
ASSOCIATE,	24
BIBLE CLASSES,	3
MEMBERS OF CLASSES,	56
REGULAR MEETINGS HELD,	30
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE,	48

Delegates to Conventions.

Owing to conflict, no members could attend the Summer School at Knoxville, Tenn. State Convention, Hampton, Va.

Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Chartered April 18th, 1893.

Officers.

REV. UPTON B. THOMAS, Rector.

SAMUEL F. CHAPMAN, '00, Director.

JOHN W. LATANÉ, '00, Vice-Director.

WILLIAM L. MANN, '01, Sec. and Treas.

Former Directors.

C. G. PORCHER, 1893-94.

F. W. SIMPSON, 1894-95.

E. V. JONES, JR., 1895-97.

E. A. SEFARK, 1898-99.

Members.

D. T. BROWN, '02,

F. D. BROWN, '02,

H. P. BROWN, '02,

J. T. BROWN, '02,

B. BOLLING, '03,

S. F. CHAPMAN, '00,

C. W. HARRISON, '02,

J. S. A. JOHNSON, '98,

J. W. LATANÉ, '00,



Members.

W. L. MANN, '01,

B. F. RANDOLPH, '00,

F. M. SPILLER, '02,

R. SALE, '03,

U. B. THOMAS,

G. R. TALCOTT, '02,

R. C. TURNER, '03,

J. H. VAN DOREN, '03,

C. WILLIAMS, '02.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY—November 28th.

PERIODICAL—*St. Andrew's Cross*.

CONVENES—Sunday Afternoon.

HYMN—"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult."

Object.

The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men, and to this end every man desiring to become a member thereof must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood so long as he shall be a member. These rules are two: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the service of the church and in young men's Bible classes.

Athletic Association.

J. A. JACKSON, *President.*

Executive Committee is composed of one member from the Faculty,
Post-Graduates, Senior, Junior, Sophomore
and Freshman Classes.

Departments.

Football, Baseball, Field-Day, Tennis.

W. F. COX, Captain Football Team, 1899
W. F. BELL, Captain Baseball Team, 1900

A Southern trip each session for each Team.

Football Record for '99.

St. Albans,	o	Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 21
University of Tennessee,	o	Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 5
University of Virginia,	28	Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 0
Roanoke College,	o	Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 45
Washington and Lee,	o	Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 35
Total,	28	Total, 106





V.P.I. Engineering Club.

Officers.

- J. A. JACKSON, '00, *President.*
 H. R. HORTENSTINE '00, *Vice-President.*
 R. C. BEVERLEY, '00, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Members.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
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| E. W. ALLEN, '00, | J. S. A. JOHNSON, M. E., '99, |
| F. G. BAKER '00, | B. S. JOHNSON, B. S., '99, |
| R. H. C. BEVERLEY, B. S., '99, | J. M. JOHNSON, |
| W. F. BELL, B. S., '99, | J. W. LATANE, '00, |
| S. G. BRALLEY, '00, | C. LEE, B. S., '96, |
| W. G. CONNOR, M. E., '96, | S. H. MACGREGOR, '00, |
| F. C. CARPER, B. S., '99, | C. L. REYNOLDS, '00, |
| W. F. COX, B. S. '99, | W. H. RASCHE, |
| R. E. CECIL, '00, | M. A. SALE, B. S., '99, |
| J. R. HARDESTY, '00, | E. P. WALLER, '00, |
| P. A. HOBDAY, B. S. '99, | J. A. WADDELL, JR., '00, |
| J. D. HOFFMAN, '00, | W. M. PATTON, C. E., |
| G. W. HUTCHINSON, B. S., '99, | L. S. RANDOLPH, M. E., |
| L. L. JEWEL, '00, | S. R. PRITCHARD, A. M. |

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J. R. BROWN, '00.

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THESPIAN CLUB



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G. D. WALTERS, '00.

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J. R. BROWN,

H. M. JACOBS,

F. D. BROWN,

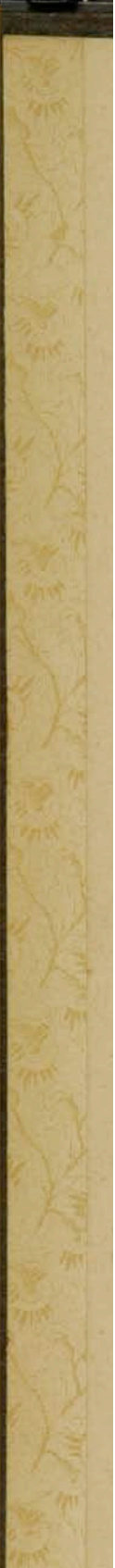
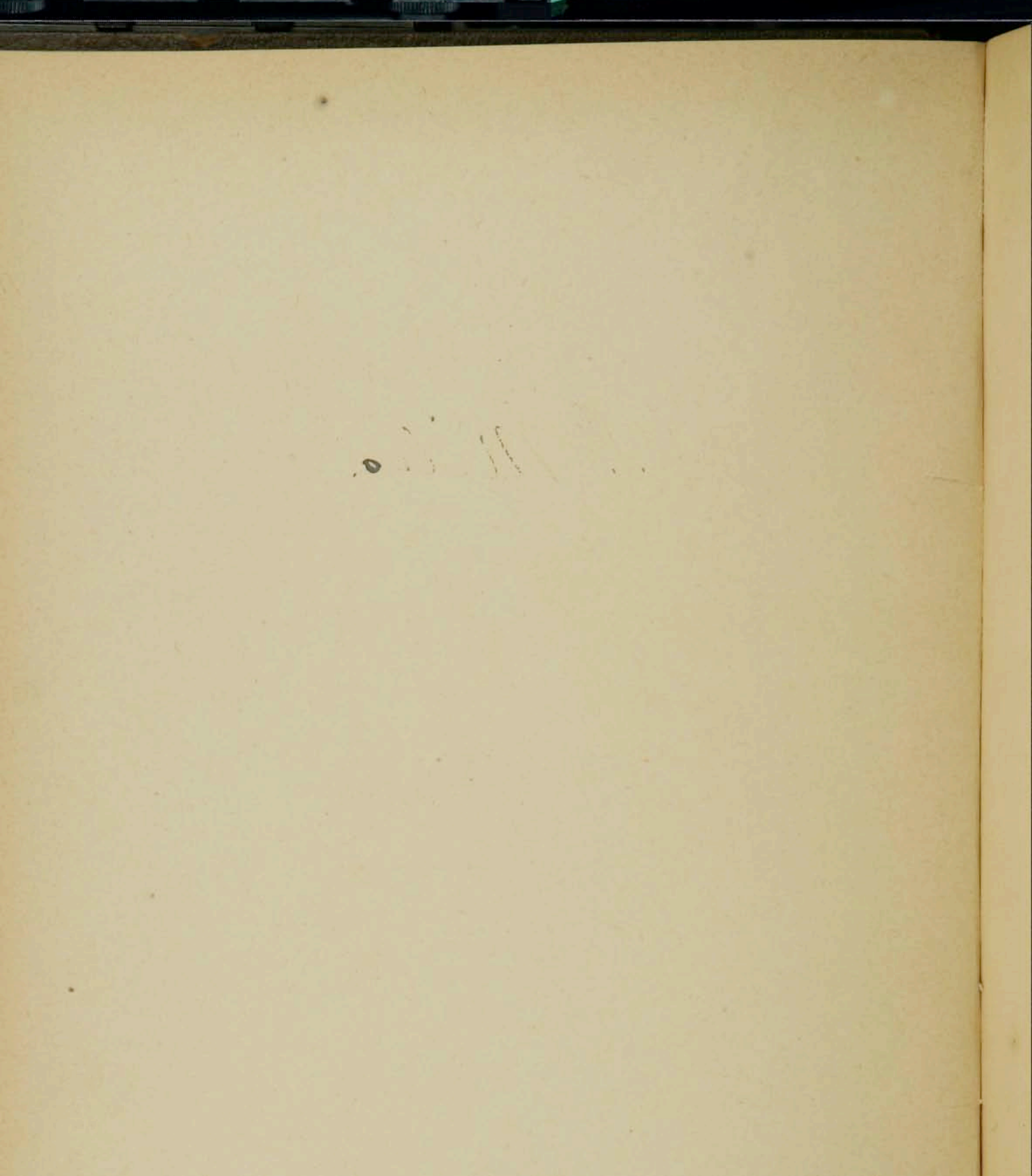
G. D. WALTERS.











C. P. Miles.







The Bugle.

VOLUME
SIX



Printed at the
New Printing and Manufacturing Co.,
Birmingham, Ala.

Photographed by James, Bantick.





The Bugle.

VOLUME
SIX



Press of The
Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.,
Roanoke, Va.

Photographs by Landes, Roanoke.



visitors,

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minent as
zealous
exhibit-
noblest
as evi-



To the Honored Rector of our Board of Y

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. VAWTER

Distinguished in his youth and early manhood as a student and soldier; in his mature years eminent as an educator and administrator; at all times a diligent and able worker in his Master's cause—thus illustrating in his life many of the highest and noblest attributes of man—this volume is dedicated to the remembrance of our admiration and esteem.





CAPTAIN C. E. VAWTER.



To the Honored Rector of our Board of Visitors.

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. VAWTER.

Distinguished in his youth and early manhood as a student and soldier, in his mature years eminent as an educator and administrator; at all times a devoted and able worker in the Master's cause—this volume in his life story of the highest and noblest standards of man, this volume is dedicated to the honor of our attendance and officers.





CAPTAIN C. E. VAWTER.

and Public Service Charles E. Vawter.

of the oldest in Virginia. Their
centuries ago in Essex County,
been, like their neighbors, good
1731, Vawter's Church, in Essex,
ers in 1857 as "an old and venerable
yet used for divine service.

born in Monroe County, Virginia,
ne 9th, 1841. His father must have
education, for we find Charles and
dents at Emory and Henry College
ng through the State in 1861, both
the other in his Junior year, threw
the Southern army. Charles joined
ought in nearly all its battles, rose
fore the end, in March, 1865, at the
Waynesboro, was taken prisoner.
e until June, 1865. The four years
or his future duties than a college
schoolmaster, but as Von Moltke
ne. The good graduates are very
horrid. Charles knew nothing of
mere episode or vacation, he went
ed his interrupted work, graduating

ttanooga, we find him entering the
nt in mathematics. After a brief
and proficiency in this branch led

Sketch of the Life of Captain Ch

THE Vawter family is one
ancestors were found tw
Virginia, and must have
churchmen, for as early a
was built. To it Bishop Meade ref
brick church," and we believe it is

Charles Erastus Vawter was
near the Red Sulphur Springs, J
had a high opinion of the value of
his older brother, James, both stu
in 1858. When the call to arms ra
brothers, the one a graduate and
down their books and enlisted in t
the immortal Stonewall Brigade, f
to the rank of captain, and just be
disastrous fight with Sheridan at
He was confined in Fort Delaware
of war were a better preparation f
course. War is a stern and awful
has pointed out, a very efficient o
good indeed and its bad ones are
this, but counting his military life a
from prison back to college, resumi
in June, 1866.

After a year of teaching in Cha
University of Virginia, as a stud
session, his unmistakeable ability

to his being allowed the unusual privilege of doing his subsequent session's work at Emory and Henry, where he had in the meantime been elected Professor of Mathematics, and returning to the University to stand the examinations. As his friends expected, these examinations were to him easy exercises. He answered every question perfectly. His diploma was gained, with the added and peculiar honor attaching to an able man who was willing, while a professor at one institution to seek and win a diploma at another in the science he was teaching. Such an exhibition of manliness was destined to bear unexpected fruit ten years later. For the next decade he taught his classes at Emory, and grew steadily in range and power, when by an unexpected conjuncture of events the whole course of his life received a new direction, and latent energies of his character were called into exercise. Some years before, the death of the richest man in Virginia left the County of Albemarle chief heir to his large estate, and after protracted litigation and loss, the county came into possession of more than a million dollars, devoted to the establishment of an industrial school for its own poor white orphan and other indigent children. Certain Commissioners of Court proceeded to ransack the North and Canada to find an institution of similar aims and conditions, but a protracted search revealed not one. They had to undertake an experiment without a model and set an example instead of following one. They contracted for a great building and then looked over the land for a superintendent of the forlorn hope. When it was known that such an office was seeking an occupant, applications with bulky testimonials flowed in from all sides. Among the candidates were men of approved character and ability—several eminent graduates of the University, and one, the conspicuous head of the most successful department of the Confederate government. Two days of patient weighing of these applications, aided by personal knowledge of many of the candidates, resulted in the unanimous verdict of the Board that the safest and most promising man for this untried office was the young mathematical teacher of the Southwest, their pupil ten years before—Captain Charles E. Vawter. Accordingly, upon their strong recommendation, he was called to this post by the County Court in 1878, and opened the Miller Manual Labor School in the fall of that year. The result is well known to the people of this Commonwealth. Under the wise management of the Superintendent, seconded in turn by three of the best judges that any county in the State ever had, the school has

e of the county—
 r at its door can-
 ital of one and a
 y of seventy-two
 gift, and it owns
 d beautiful build-
 machinery, lab-
 a million more.
 State, as a monu-
 Captain Vawter.
 other great public
 ernor of Virginia
 he benefit of his
 cksburg, now the
 with the consent
 ered position and
 d thought to the
 n what success he
 ncently written to
 Dr. McBryde, on
 e post of rector:
 to give adequate
 es you have ren-
 able administra-
 nce of the Board
 f everything per-
 n courtesy in the
 have long com-

ne Miller School
 him to take up
 e Sunday-school
 s of that beloved
 if he had not yet
 one of the com-
 In all these mis-
 y, which charac-

grown in size and usefulness, until it is now the prides
 filled always to its limit with pupils, and having eve
 didates ready to seize any vacancy. Its invested cap
 quarter million dollars, yielding an income yearly
 thousand dollars, considerably exceeds the original
 besides a fine farm of a thousand acres, with solid an
 ings of brick, waterworks, electric plant, workshops
 oratories and apparatus, representing in value half
 It stands, in the judgment of the judicious men of the
 ment of the wisdom, persistent activity and loyalty of

But he was to render to his fellow citizens yet an
 service. His success at the Miller School led the Gov
 in 1886, to ask him to give the Commonwealth t
 experience in the reorganization of the college at Bla
 Polytechnic Institute. By the advice of friends and
 of the Miller School authorities, he accepted the off
 for fourteen years he has devoted much labor and
 development of this great interest of the State. Wit
 has done this, may best be learned from a letter re
 him by the distinguished president of the Institute,
 the occasion of Captain Vawter's retiring from the
 "It would be difficult," says Dr. McBryde to him, "t
 expression to our appreciation of the valuable servic
 dered the institution and the State by your wise and
 tion of the important affairs falling within the provi
 of Visitors. * * * Your thorough knowledge o
 taining to sound technical training and your uniform
 discharge of the duties attaching to the rectorship
 manded our admiration."

While carrying on these laborious offices at t
 and at Blacksburg, his friends in Albemarle forced
 the work of superintending, undenominationally, th
 work of the county, suddenly dropped from the hand
 and excellent man, Captain Eugene Davis. And as
 enough to do, Governor Tyler induced him to act as
 missioners in behalf of the epileptics of the State.
 sions, he showed the same public spirit and industr
 terize all his work.

In this brief sketch we have tried to refrain from mere laudatory phrases. Such a life as we have described, speaks for itself and would be belittled by eulogium. Captain Vawter enjoys the respect and good will of our people, as few before him have done. They regard him as a benefactor who has spent his powers of mind and body in their service, without fee or material reward. It is their united wish that he may yet live many years to witness the success of the institutions he has contributed so much to build up.



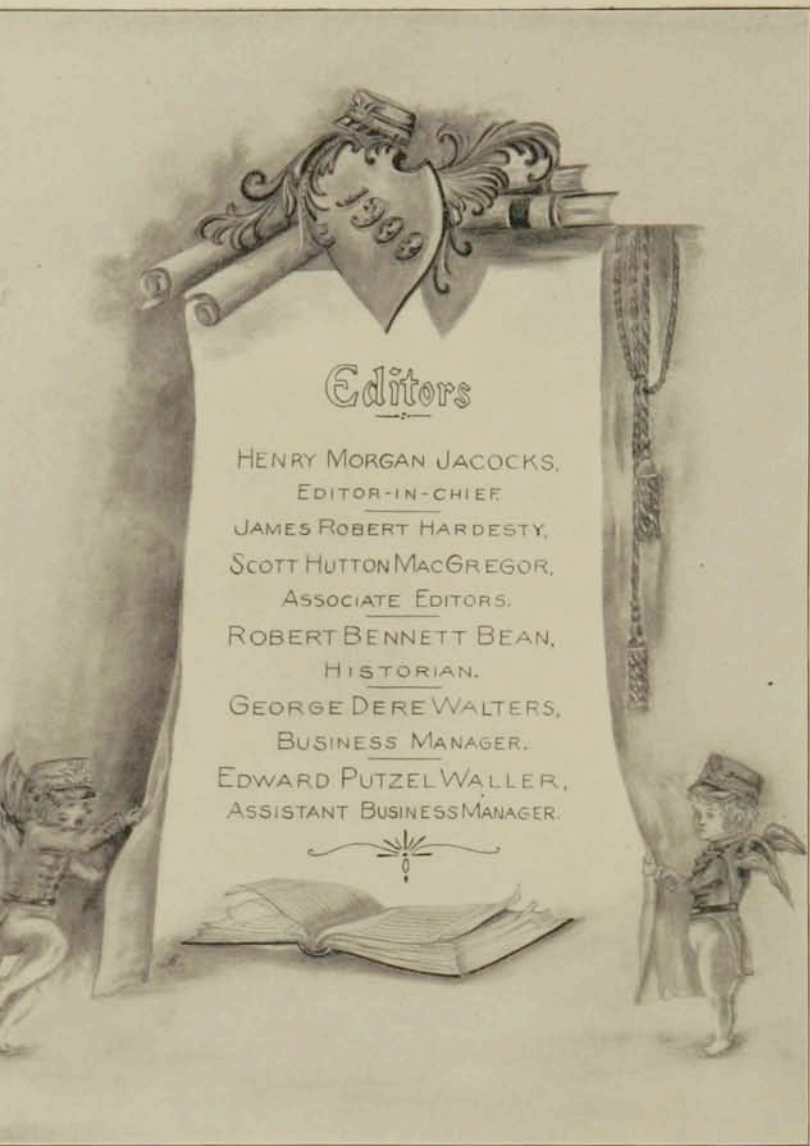


At the dawn of day when the sun beams clear,
 And the flowers awake in their beauty fair,
 When each bird trills out his merriest song,
 Then joy runs riot the way along,
 And hearts are light.

But the sun goes ever his westward way,
 And an end must come to the happiest day,
 And songbirds cease from their carolling gay
 When night comes on.

May our morning hours be glad and bright,
 And the noontide sun pour a glorious light
 On our path. May we reach our rest
 With a purple splendor in the west,
 When night comes on.

—E. D. L.

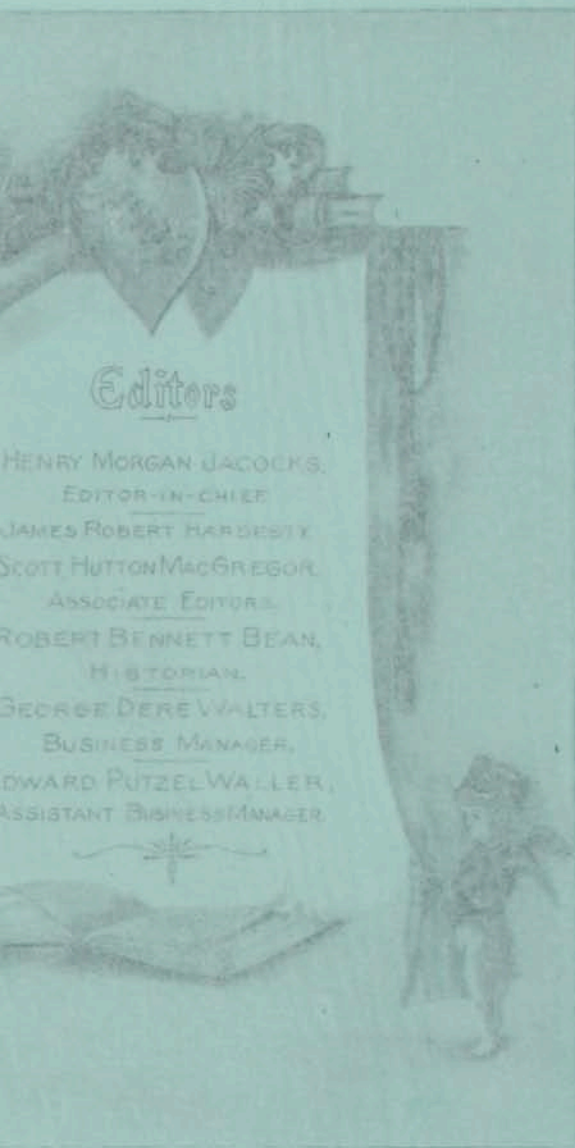


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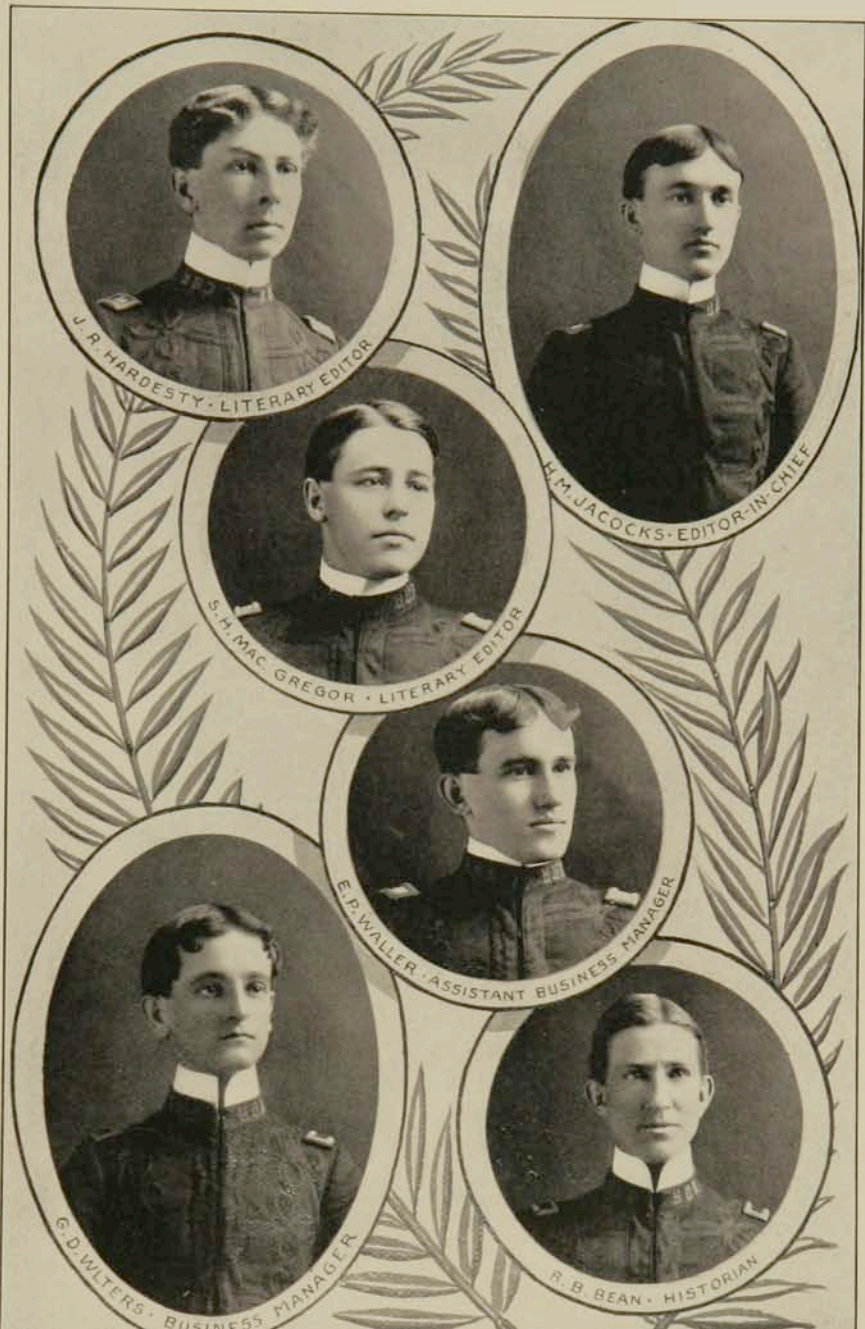
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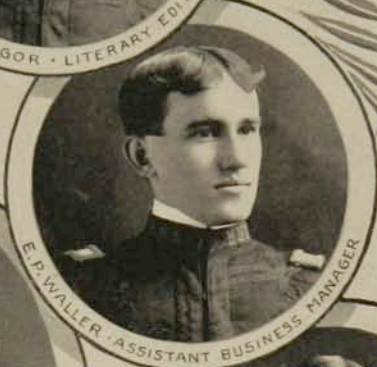
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R. B. BEAN · HISTORIAN

EDITORS "THE BUGLE."



Virginia Polytechnic Institute

FOUNDED 1872



Colors :

ORANGE AND MAROON.

Yell :

Hoki, Hoki, Hoki Hy,
Tech! Techs! V. P. I !
Sola-Rex, Sola-Rah,
Polytechs—Vir-gin-i-a!!

Rae, Ri,
V. P. I.!!!

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Term expires January 1, 1902.

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Term expires January 1, 1902.

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B. R. SELDEN, Richmond, Henrico County.
Terms expire January 1, 1902.

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Terms expire January 1, 1904.

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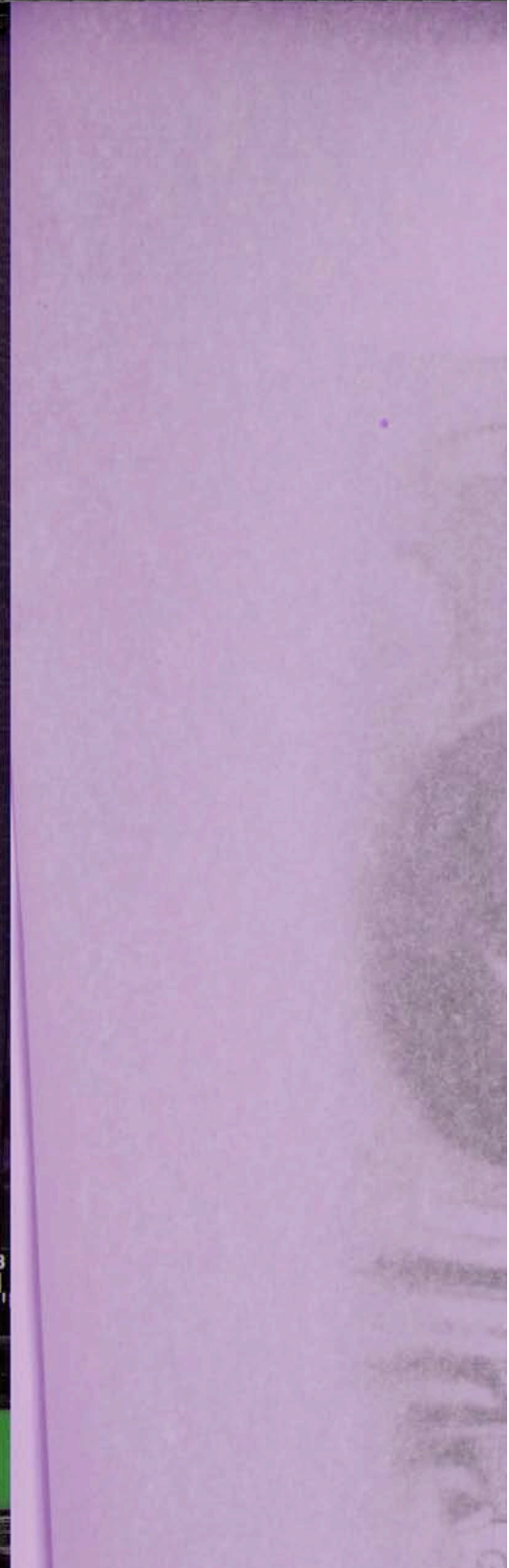
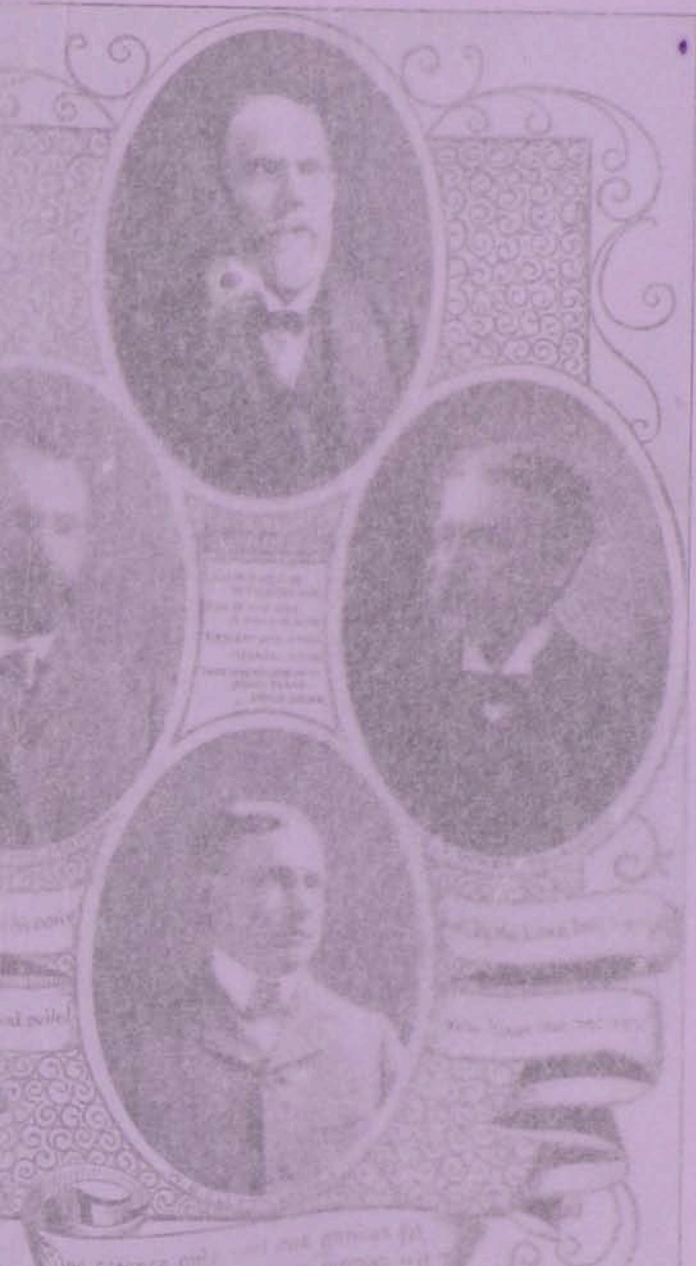
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E. M. McBRIDE (ex officio), Blacksburg, Montgomery County.

HENDERSON
RGEON

HE WAS
MEDICAL LON
HIS SIDE
FOUL HE WORE
E WITH STRENG
RPHETL FONDUS
UNDI NINE MILES
INY BLANK
WOULD SOLFA:

C. I. WADE, TREASURER

But, by the Lord, lad, I am glad
you have the money.

ETT CHEMIST

will one genius fit
human wit

D. O. MATHEWS, MARSHAL

Confusion heard his voice
and wild uproar stood veiled

W. E. S. U.

LEARN
FOR B
A
REPLE
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THAT H
P

W. E. S. U.

only



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GEORGE W. WALKER, A. M.,

Assistant Professor of Mathematics, English and Latin.

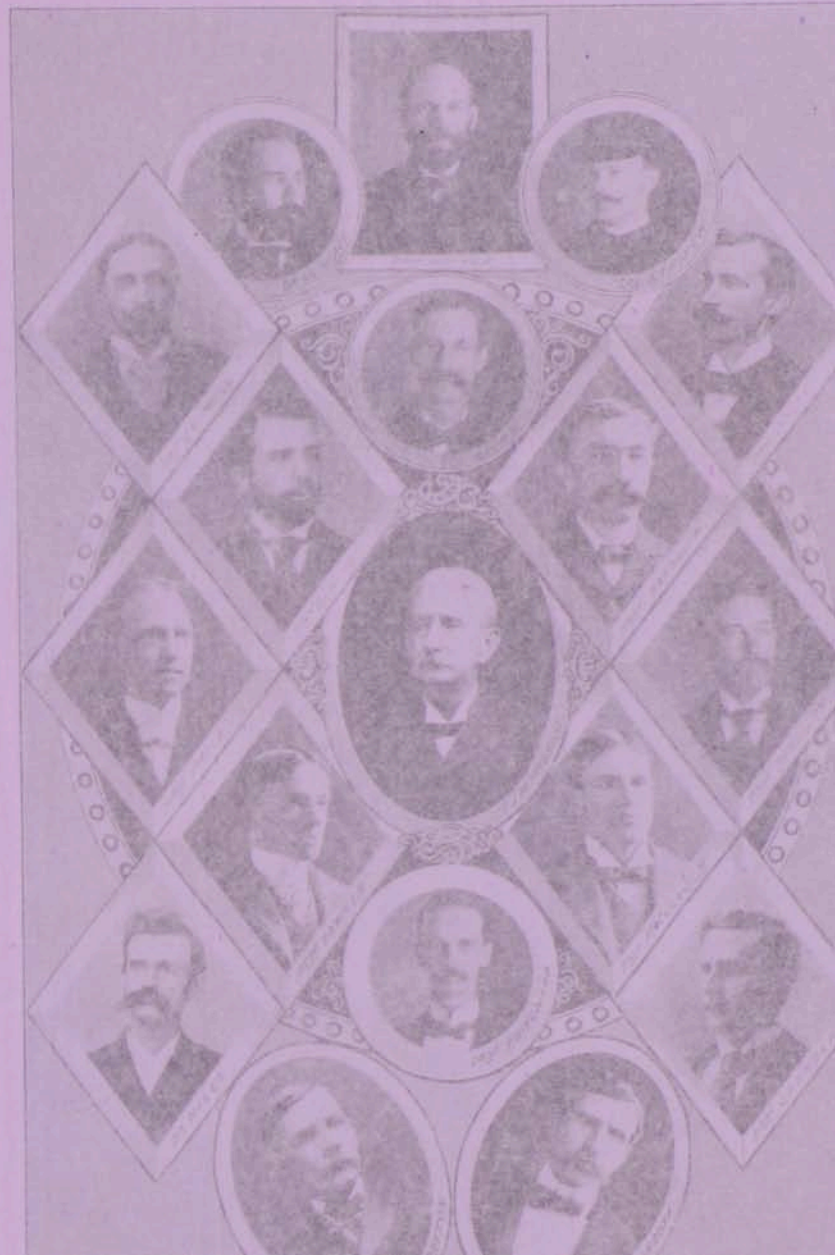
CHARLES McCULLOCH, D. V. M., M. D.,

Assistant Professor of Veterinary Science, and State Veterinarian.

A. W. DRINKARD, M. S.,

Secretary of Faculty.





ADAM T. FINCH, B. S., M. D.,

*Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Commandant of Cadets, and Lecturer in
Physiology and Materia Medica.*

JOHN R. PARBOTT,

Adjunct Professor of Wood Work, and Director of the Shop.

WILLIAM D. SAUNDERS,

Assistant Professor of Dairy Husbandry and Superintendent of Canning.

GEORGE W. WALKER, A. M.,

Assistant Professor of Mathematics, English and Latin.

CHARLES McCULLOCH, D. V. M., M. D.,

Assistant Professor of Veterinary Science, and State Veterinarian.

A. W. DRINKARD, M. S.,

Secretary of Faculty.



Instructors.

WILLIAM G. CONNOR, M. E.,
Instructor in Machine Work.

JAMES M. JOHNSON,
Instructor in Forge and Foundry Work.

WALTER T. ESKRIDGE, M. S.,
Instructor in Geology, German and Chemistry.

EDWARD W. DRINKARD, M. S.,
Instructor in English and History.

WILLIAM H. RASCHE,
Instructor in Drawing.

WALTER S. A. JOHNSON, M. E.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, and Assistant Commandant.

WALTER AUDIUS LEE, B. S.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Superintendent of Electric Light Plant.

WALTER VEY L. PRICE, B. S.,
Instructor in Horticulture.

WALTER L. PHILLIPS, B. S.,
Instructor in Entomology and Mycology.

WALTER N. E. BONSAK, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics and English.

WALTER HEW A. SALE, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

WALTER H. C. BEVERLEY, B. S.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.

WALTER LEY S. JOHNSON, B. S.,
Assistant in Wood Work.

WALTER HUTCHINSON, B. S.,
Assistant in Engineering.

WALTER V. F. BELL, B. S.,
Assistant in Engineering.

WILLIAM
Instructor

JOHN
Instructor

ALLEN
Instructor in

ALFRED
Instructor

WILLIAM
Instructor

JOHN
Instructor in Mathematics

CLAYTON
Instructor in Electrical Engineering

HAROLD
Instructor

J.
Instructor

JOHN
Assistant

MATTHEW
Assistant in

RICHARD
Assistant

BRADY
Assistant

G. W.
Assistant

V.
Assistant



Instructors.

WILLIAM G. GUNNOR, M.
Instructor in Machine Work.

JAMES M. JOHNSON,
Instructor in Forging and Foundry.

ALLEN T. ESKRIDGE, M.
Instructor in Geology, German and Chemistry.

ALFRED W. DRINKARD, M.
Instructor in English and History.

WILLIAM H. RASCHE,
Instructor in Drawing.

JOHN S. A. JOHNSON, M.
Instructor in Mathematics and Engineering, and

CLAUDIUS LEE, B. S.,
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Superintendent

HARVEY L. PRICE, B. S.,
Instructor in Horticulture.

J. L. PHILLIPS, B. S.,
Instructor in Entomology and Mycology.

JOHN E. BONSAKE, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics and Engineering.

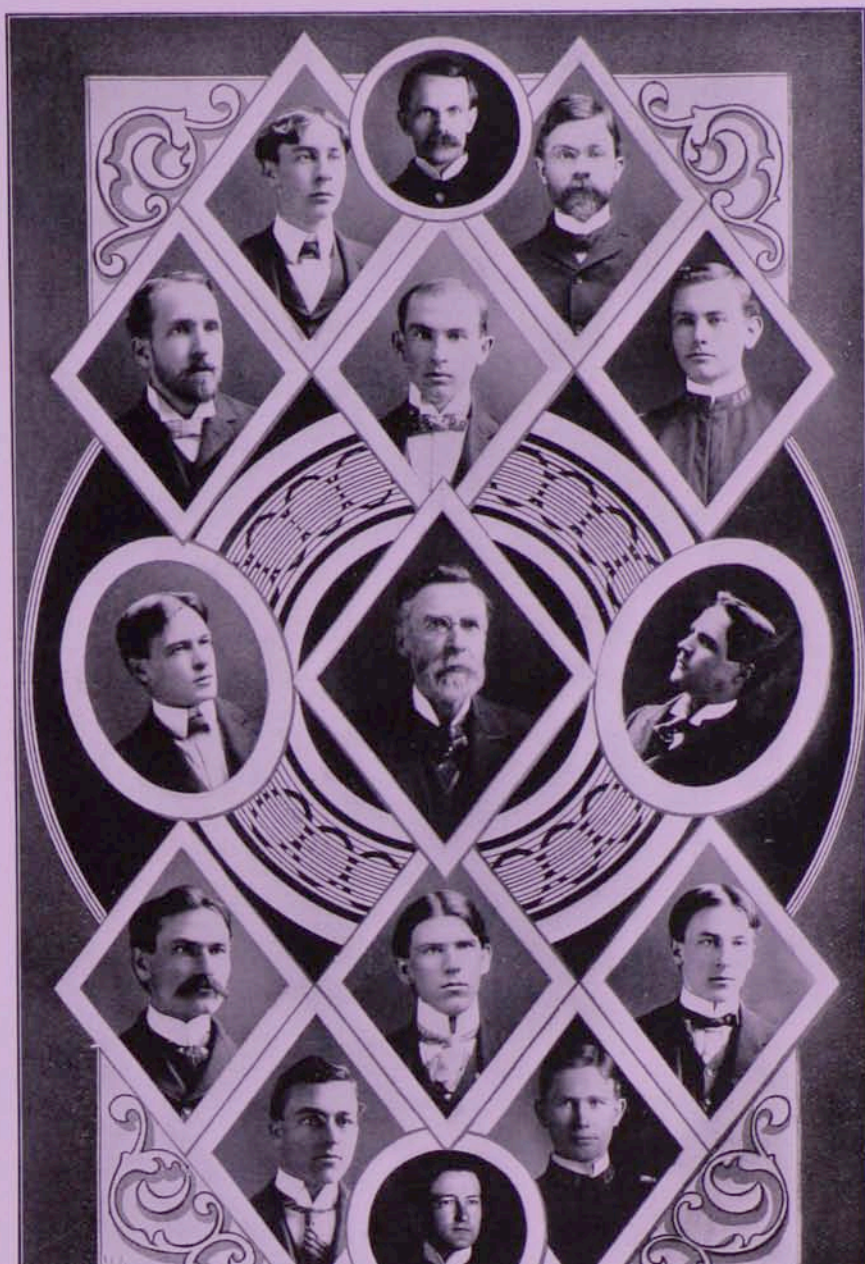
MARSHALL A. SALE, B. S.,
Instructor in Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

WILLIAM S. D. BEVERLEY, B.
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.

STANLEY A. JOHNSON, B.
Instructor in Machine Work.

H. M. HUTCHINGS, B. S.
Instructor in English and History.

W. F. BROWN, B. S.
Instructor in Drawing.





INSTRUCTORS.



Virginia Polytechnic Institute Alumni Association.

...CH, '93, President,	Blacksburg, Virginia
...EL, '86, First Vice-President,	Radford, Virginia
...OUCH, '89, Second Vice-President,	Lynchburg, Virginia
...INKARD, '93, Corresponding Secretary,	Blacksburg, Virginia
...RIDGE, '94, Secretary and Treasurer,	Blacksburg, Virginia
...AVES, Esq., '93, Annual Orator,	Roanoke, Virginia

Some of Our Alumni; Their Occupation and Address.

Engineers, Machinists, Draughtsmen, Etc.

...nnor, '92, Manager Land Department, Speedwell Furnace, Speedwell, Virginia.
...nnor, '92, Instructor in Machine Work, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
...cher, '92, Assistant Engineer United States Revenue Cutter Service
...ay, '93, Assistant Professor Mechanical Engineering, Texas Agricultural Mechanical College, College Station, Texas.
...ight, '93, Assistant Engineer United States Revenue Cutter Service
...rick, '94, Draughtsman, Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad, Galveston, Texas.
...erson, '94, Electrician with General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
...erton, '94, Assistant Engineer United States Revenue Cutter Service.
...tt, '94, Superintendent Petrolia Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.
...hittle, '94, Electrical Engineer, Denver, Colorado.
...ber, '95, Chief Electrical and Mechanical Engineer, Central Gold Mining Exploitation Company, Johannesburg, South Africa.
...nley, '95, Secretary and Treasurer Southern Electric Company, Charlotte, North Carolina.
...gnard, '95, Superintendent Brick Manufacturing Company, Columbia, S. C.
...f, '95, Assistant Engineer United States Revenue Cutter Service.
...rrell, '95, Instructor in Shopwork, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
...rt, '95, Machinist Engelback Foundry and Machine Company, Leadville, Colorado.
...eeler, '95, Assistant Engineer United States Revenue Cutter Service.
...ridge, '96, Engineer United Gas Improvement Company, Jersey City, New Jersey.

A. T. F...
R. J. Nor...
W. W. C...
A. W. D...
A. T. Esk...
S. H. Gr...

Some

G. W. Co...
gi...
W. G. Co...
Bl...
C. G. Por...
*R. T. Br...
and...
R. E. Wr...
G. H. Der...
Tex...
A. H. Ap...
T. G. Lev...
H. B. Pra...
*R. P. W...
J. B. Car...
and...
H. S. Gor...
No...
C. G. Gui...
U. Harve...
*L. W. J...
bur...
R. C. Stus...
Col...
C. A. Wh...
A. P. Esk...
Je...

- J. R. Guy, '96, Draughtsman Cramps Shipbuilding Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
- C. Lee, '96, Instructor in Electrical Engineering and Superintendent Electric Light Plant, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
- R. R. Lewis, '96, Electrician with General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York.
- E. Price, '96, Electrician with General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York.
- O. C. Thompson, '96 Draughtsman, Atlantic Coast Line, Rocky Mount, N. C.
- F. P. Turner, '96, Division Engineer, Virginia and Southwestern Railroad, Elizabethton, Tennessee.
- E. V. Jones, Jr., '97, Draughtsman, Trigg Shipbuilding Co., Richmond, Virginia.
- E. J. Kerfoot, '97, Engineer, Nicaragua Canal Survey, Nicaragua.
- W. R. Kirkpatrick, '97, Draughtsman Keystone Bridge Company, Pittsburg, Pa.
- J. M. McBryde, Jr., '97, Electrician with Sprague Electric Co., Jersey City, New Jersey.
- D. F. Morton, '97, Machinist, Trigg Shipbuilding Company, Richmond, Virginia.
- F. Saunders, '97, Electrician with Electric Works, Mystic, Connecticut.
- R. Turnbull, '97, Machinist, United States ship "Gloucester."
- J. B. Urquhart, '97, Resident Engineer, Seaboard Air Line Railroad, Charleston, South Carolina.
- J. B. Danforth, '98, Electrician to Electric Light and Power Company, Richmond, Virginia.
- J. S. A. Johnson, '98, Instructor in Mechanical Engineering Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
- J. I. Palmer, '98, Draughtsman, Richmond Locomotive Works, Richmond, Va.
- E. S. Smith, '98, Draughtsman, Engine Design Department, Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, Newport News, Virginia.
- D. M. Taylor, '98, Electrician to Trevor Binford Electric Co., Richmond, Va.
- F. M. Waring, '98, Machinist, Pennsylvania Railroad Machine Shops, Baltimore, Maryland.
- O. F. Whitehurst, '98, Electrician with General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.
- R. B. H. Begg, '99, Assistant in Civil Engineering, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
- W. F. Bell, '99, Assistant in Mechanical Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
- R. H. C. Beverley, '99, Assistant in Mechanical Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
- G. Boswell, '99, Instructor in Shopwork, High School, Marion, South Carolina.
- C. B. Connelly, '99, Electrician with General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
- A. B. Hubard, '99, Instructor in Shopwork, Miller Manual Labor School, Miller School, Virginia.
- G. W. Hutchinson, '99, Assistant in Mechanical Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
- B. S. Johnson, '99, Assistant in Shopwork Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
- W. D. Ligon, '99, Instructor in Shopwork Miller Manual Labor School Miller

Chemists.

Patch Ore and Mining Co., Low Moor, Virginia.
 Chemist, Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station,
 Chemistry, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacks-
 burg, Virginia.
 Chemistry Tufts College, Tufts College, Mass.
 Virginia Department of Agriculture, Richmond, Va.
 Baird & Co., Roanoke, Virginia.
 Crozer Iron Co., Roanoke, Virginia.
 Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co., Richmond, Virginia.
 C. Baird & Co., Iron Gate, Virginia.
 Gas Improvement Co., Jersey City, New Jersey.
 Baldwin Fertilizer Company, Savannah, Georgia.
 Lehling Laboratory, Richmond, Virginia.
 Chemistry Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacks-
 burg, Virginia.
 Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Co., Bristol, Tennessee.
 Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Co., Bristol, Tennessee.

Professors, Teachers, Etc.

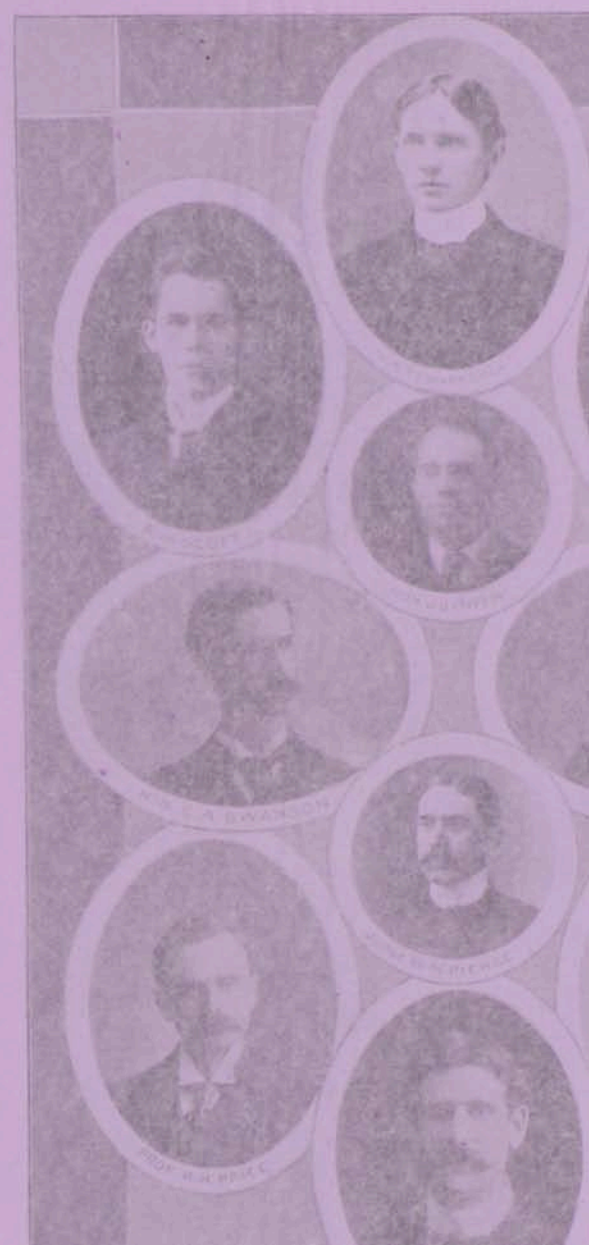
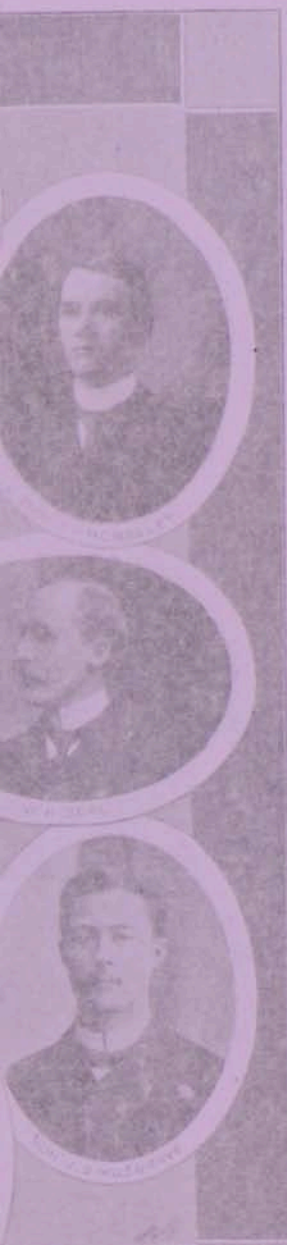
Botany, Cornell University.
 Machine Shops Virginia Polytechnic Institute,
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 United States Volunteers, Manila,
 Philippines.
 Agriculture and Botany, Texas Agricultural and Me-
 chanical College, Texas.
 Geologist of Georgia, Atlanta, Georgia.
 in History and Secretary of Faculty Virginia Poly-
 technic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
 ary Science, Professor Physiology and Commandant
 Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.
 ent of Schools Franklin County, Virginia, Rocky
 Mount, Virginia.
 United States Department Agriculture.
 High School, Clarksville, Virginia.
 Geologist of Georgia, Atlanta, Georgia.
 Insect Scale Work, Virginia Polytechnic Institute,
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 in Mathematics and Physics, Rhineheart College,
 Rhineheart, Virginia.
 Horticulture Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacks-
 burg, Virginia.
 Craddocksville, Virginia.

J. W. Stull, '93, Chemist, Rich-
 mond, Virginia.
 W. B. Ellett, '94, Assistant C
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 A. T. Eskridge, '94, Instructor in
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 F. D. Wilson, '94, Instructor in
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 J. G. Heavener, '95, Chemist to
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 J. W. Sample, '95, Chemist to B
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 F. W. Smithers, '95, Chemist to
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 S. H. Sheib, '96, Chemist to Virg
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 O. M. Stull, '96, Chemist to C. B
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 C. C. Tutwiler, '96, Chemist Uni
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 W. E. Eakin, '97, Chemist to Ba
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 H. H. Hurt, '97, Chemist in Fro
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 J. E. Bonsack, '99, Assistant in
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 P. H. Carter, '99, Chemist in Vi
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 F. Wilson, '99, Chemist in Virgi
 Blacksburg, Virginia.

Pr
 W. A. Murrill, '86, Assistant in
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 J. R. Parrott, '80, Director o
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 C. G. Rorebeck, '99, First Sergea
 Philippine Islands.
 R. H. Price, '92, Professor Hor
 mechanical College, College S
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 T. L. Watson, '93, Assistant Sta
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 A. W. Drinkard, '93, Instructor
 Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksbu
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 A. T. Finch, '93, Professor Milit
 of Cadets, Virginia Polyte
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 W. O. Frith, '93, Superintend
 Mount, Virginia.
 *J. C. Dabney, '95, Inspector Se
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 *W. A. Perry, '95, Principal Hi
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 W. M. Scott, '96, State Entomol
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 J. L. Phillips, '97, Assistant in
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 J. A. Burruss, '98, Instructor
 Walask, Georgia.
 H. L. Price, '98, Assistant in B
 Blacksburg, Virginia.
 H. A. Wiles, '98, Principal Sab
 Blacksburg, Virginia.

Noted Alumni.

- W. A. MURRILL, A. M., PH. D., Ithaca, New York
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1886; Assistant Cryptogamist Botanist
Cornell University, 1900.
- R. H. PRICE, B. S., College Station, Texas
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888; Professor of Horticulture and
Mycology, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.
- HON. CLAUDE A. SWANSON, Chatham, Virginia
Member of Congress.
- W. H. BEAL, B. S., Washington, D. C.
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1886; Assistant Editor U. S. Department
of Agriculture.
- W. M. SCOTT, B. S., Atlanta, Georgia
Graduate Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1896; State Entomologist of Georgia
- HON. W. M. PIERCE, Christiansburg, Virginia
Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1884; Judge County Court.
- HON. J. R. HORSLEY, Concord, Virginia
Member of the House of Delegates.
- HON. J. J. OWEN, Green Bay, Virginia
Member of the House of Delegates.
- HON. EDWARD LYLE, Roanoke, Virginia
State Senator.
- HON. J. S. MUSGRAVE, Periopolis, Virginia



Noted Alumni.

MR. A. STRICKLAND, Ph. D., Ithaca, New York
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1886; Assistant Cryptogamist Botanist
 Cornell University, 1890.

MR. H. PUGH, B. S., College Station, Texas
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888; Professor of Horticulture and
 Forestry, Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.

MR. THOMAS A. SWANSON, Chatham, Virginia
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888.

MR. W. H. HAY, B. S., Washington, D. C.
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1895; Assistant Editor U. S. Department
 of Agriculture.

MR. W. H. SCOTT, B. S., Atlanta, Georgia
 Graduate Virginia Agricultural College, 1890; State Entomologist of Georgia.

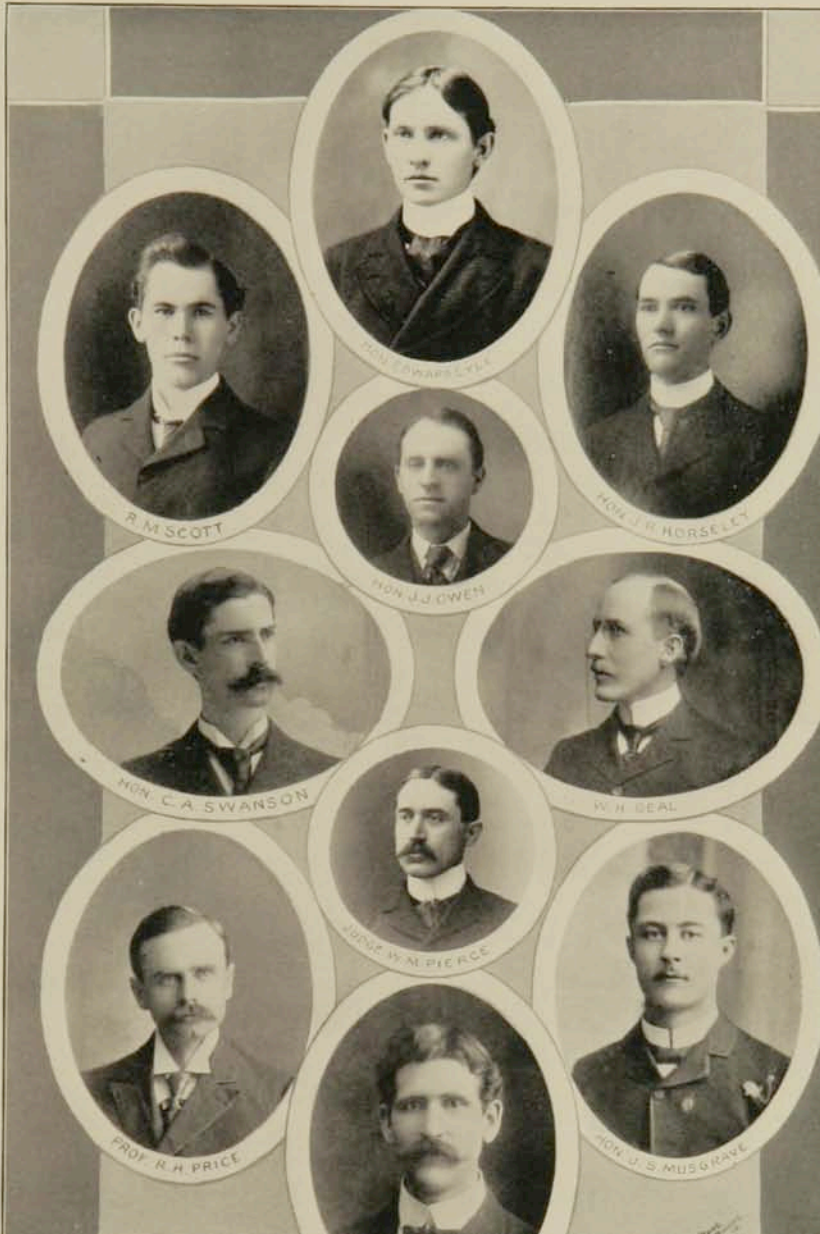
MR. W. H. PUGH, Christiansburg, Virginia
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888; Judge County Court.

MR. J. W. HARRISON, Concord, Virginia
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888.

MR. J. J. HARRISON, Gosport, Virginia
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888.

MR. HARRISON, ROANOKE, Virginia
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888.

MR. HARRISON, PERUPOLOIS, Virginia
 Graduate Virginia A. & M. College, 1888.



R. M. SCOTT



HON. T. W. WARELYLL



HON. J. W. HORSELEY



HON. J. J. OWEN



HON. C. A. SWANSON



HON. W. H. SEAL



HON. W. M. PIERCE



PROF. R. H. PRICE



HON. J. S. MUSGRAVE



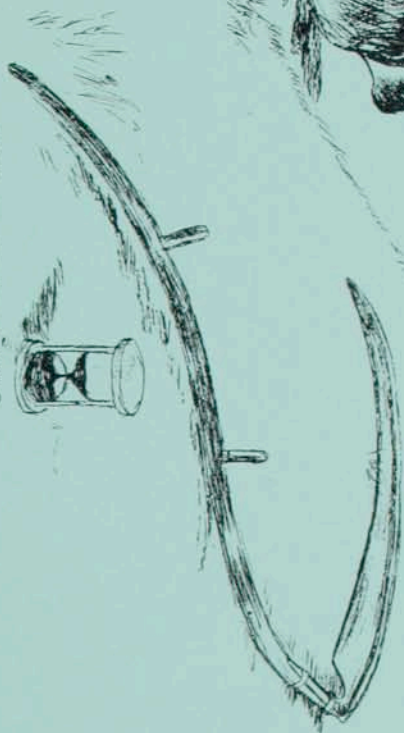
HON. J. S. MUSGRAVE



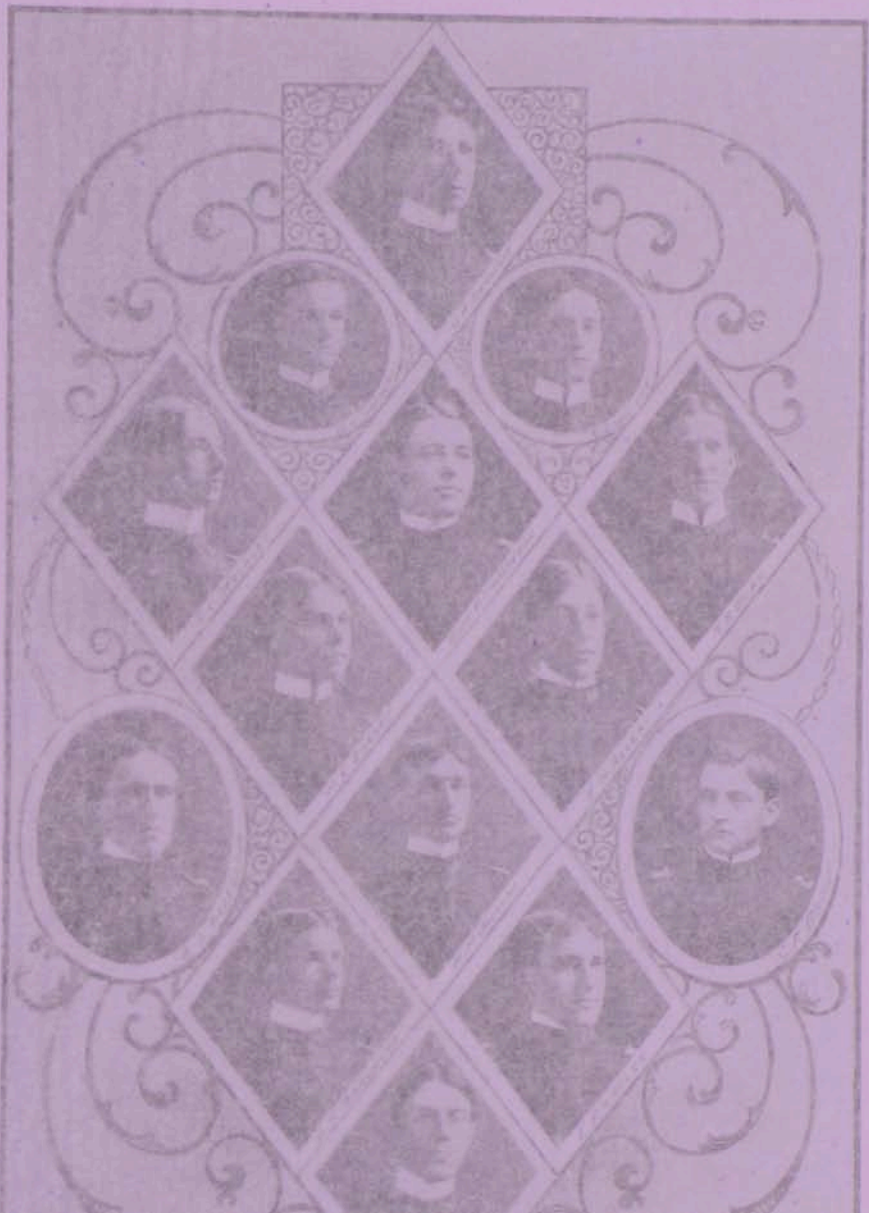
NOTED ALUMNI.



Will he make a hit?



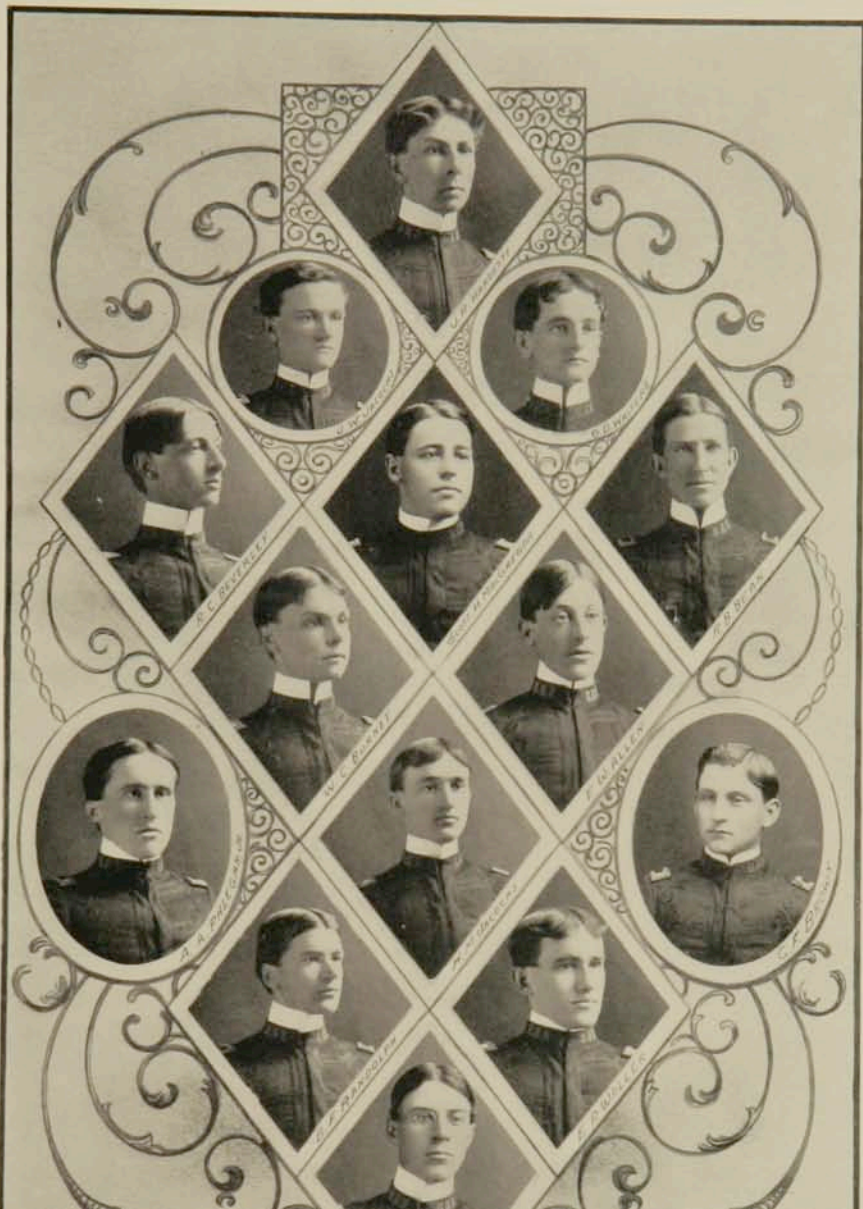






SENIOR CLASS







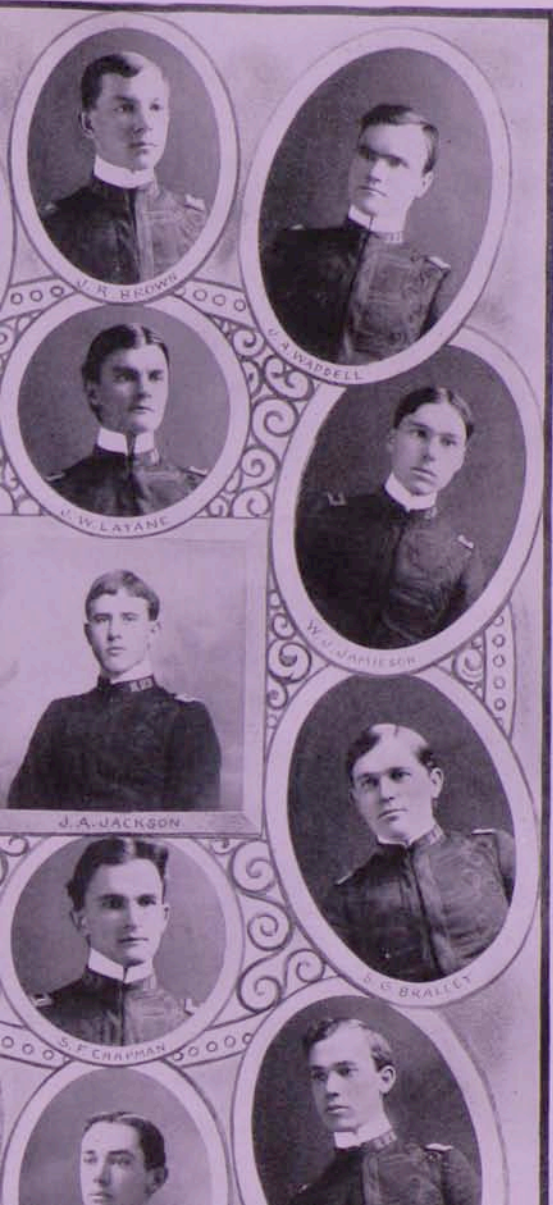
SENIOR CLASS





SENIOR CLASS







SENIOR CLASS.

11



Class of 1900

Officers.

CHARLES FRANCISCO BROWN,
CHARLES LUTHER REYNOLDS,
JONATHAN WILBUR JACOBS,
RICHARD CARTER BEVERLEY,
ROBERT BENNETT BEAN,

Colors.

Old Gold and Brown.

Motto.

Mundum Deleti Sumus

Yell.

Razzle, Dazzle! Hobble, G
Sis! Boom! Bah!
1900! 1900!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

President.
Vice-President.
Secretary and Treasurer.
Sergeant-at-Arms.
Historian.

obble!

Members of Senior Class.

- ALLEN, EDWIN WOOD, Buchanan, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; Vice-President Class, '99
- BAKER, GEORGE FRANCIS, Graham's Forge, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering; Vice-President Wythe County Club, '96-97.
- BEAN, ROBERT BENNETT, Gala, Virginia
General Science; Critic Maury Society, '99; President Botetourt Club, '00;
Vice-President Young Men's Christian Association, '00; Literary Editor
The Gray Jacket, '00; Class Historian, '00.
- BEVERLEY, RICHARD CARTER, Caret, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering; Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Club, '00; Secretary and Treasurer German Club, '00.
- BRALLEY, SAMUEL GUY, Walton Furnace, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; President Wythe County Club, '99-00.
- BROWN, CHARLES FRANCISCO, Greeneville, Tennessee
Chemistry; Business Manager Thespian Club, '99; Chaplain Maury Society, '99; President Class, '00; Vice President Thespian Club, '00.
- BROWN, JOSEPH RAMSEY, Greeneville, Tennessee.
Chemistry.
- BURNETT, WALLACE CLAYPOLE, Norfolk, Virginia
Chemistry; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '98-99.
- CECIL, ROBERT ERNEST, Brookwood, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; Vice-President Maury Society, '00; Exchange Editor
The Gray Jacket, '00.

HARDESTY, JAMES ROBERT, Berryville, Virginia

Mechanical Engineering; Vice-President Class, '98; Class Historian
Local Editor *The Gray Jacket* (two terms), '99; President Maury Society, '00; Associate Editor THE BUGLE, '00; Assistant Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '00.

HORTENSTINE, HENRY ROBERT, Montgomery Virginia

Civil Engineering; Vice-President Engineering Club, '00.

HOFFMAN, JOSEPH DAVID, Flint Hill, Virginia

Electrical Engineering.

JACOCKS, JONATHAN WILBUR, Berkley, Virginia

Chemistry; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '00.

JACOCKS, HENRY MORGAN, Berkley, Virginia

General Science; President Thespian Club, '98-99; Literary Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '98-99; President Thespian Club, '99-00; President German Society, '99-00; Vice-President Maury Society, '99; President Maury Society, '00; Editor-in-Chief *The Gray Jacket*, '99; Editor-in-Chief THE BUGLE, '00.

JACKSON, JAMES ALFRED, Richmond, Virginia

Electrical Engineering; President Class, '99; President Richmond Club, '99; President Athletic Association '00; Critic Lee Society, '00.

JAMIESON, WILLIAM JORDAN, Buffalo Junction, Virginia

Civil Engineering; President of H. M. C. Club, '00.

JEWEL, LINDSEY LOUIN, Christiansburg, Virginia

Civil Engineering; Secretary Class, '97; President Class, '98; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, '99; Secretary and Critic Lee Society, '00; President Lee Society, '00; Editor-in-Chief *The Gray Jacket*, '00.

KEISTER, JOHN TAYLOR, Blacksburg, Virginia

Chemistry.

LATANÉ, JOHN WILSON, Oak Grove, Virginia

Electrical Engineering; Vice-Director St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '99-00.

MACGREGOR, SCOTT HUTTON, Avon, Virginia

PHLEGAR, ARCHER ALLEN, Christiansburg, Virginia
General Science; Vice-President Lee Society, '99; Secretary Lee Society, '97-98;
Local Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '99; Leader German Club, '00; Business
Manager *The Gray Jacket*, '00; President Christiansburg Club, '00.

RANDOLPH, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Colleen, Virginia
Special.

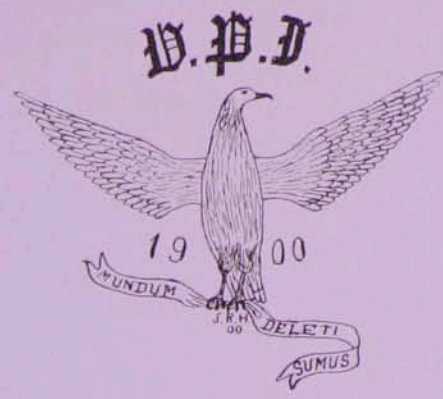
REYNOLDS, CHARLES LUTHER, Falls Creek Depot, Virginia
Civil Engineering; President Pittsylvania Club, '98-99-00; Vice-President
Class, '00.

ROBINSON, SAMUEL RICE, Lexington, Virginia
Special

WADDELL, JOSEPH ADDISON, JR., Garth, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering; President Albemarle Club, '00.

WALLER, EDWARD PUTZELL, Martinsville, Virginia
Electrical Engineering; Secretary and Treasurer Class, '98; Literary Editor *The
Gray Jacket*, '99; Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, '99-00;
Literary Editor *The Gray Jacket*, '00; Assistant Business Manager THE
BUGLE, '00; President and Critic Lee Society, '00.

WALTERS, GEORGE DERE, Christiansburg, Virginia
Medical; Secretary and Treasurer Lee Society, '98-99; Vice-President Chris-
tiansburg Club, '00; Business Manager of Thespian Club, '99-00; Exchange
Editor *The Gray Jacket*, (first term) '98-99; Assistant Business Manager
The Gray Jacket, (second term) '98-99; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, (second
term) '99-00; Business Manager THE BUGLE, '00; President Lee Society, '00.



Class History.

WE present the department of our Class History in a different form from that usually adopted, because we recognize that such histories as a rule are so much alike that when one has been read, all are known. We make no excuses. We seek no criticisms. The work stands just as it was conceived and executed.

The four sections of this department are, "Dates to be Remembered" (Past), "Their Characteristics" (Present), "A Tennysonian Dip into the Future" (Future), and the "Class Album," which well represents the class, both individually and collectively.

We are indebted to Lieutenant R. E. Cecil and others for valuable assistance rendered in the preparation of this department.

"Dates" to be Remembered.

- Sept. 21, 1896, Birth, Reception, Bondage
- Feb. 27, 1897, Shorn of locks & strength.
- June 20, 1897, Freed from slavery.
- Oct. 30, 1897, Football victory (vs. N.C.) + Celebration, "Calaboozle"
- Feb. 22, 1898, Flag raising on Tank.
- Mar. 13, 1898, The Memorable Night.
- June 1, 1899, The Cannonnading.
- Sept. 21, 1899 - June 1, 1900, Persecution.
- Mar. 13, 1900, Flag raising - half mast. "Crepe"
- April 1, 1900, Theses submitted (?)
- May 25 - June 5, 1900, Final Troubles.

June 20, 1900, Final Triumph.
June 21, 1900, Auf wiedersehen(s).

Characteristics.

Character sketch, sometimes caricature, of each individual member of the Class of 1900.

Harold, who is a good captain and a talented man. He has strength of character. His sentimentality, his channels, will do him no harm. His qualifications "and still the wonder grew that one small head could hold quite all his knowledge."

It is true that he has just waked up to a realization of life, and is beginning to bend his energies in the right direction. He was always a bright boy. We hope that his brilliancy will increase more and more.

Hoffman, a sturdy specimen of humanity, whose originality may be called genius by some, but we object. In spite of his originality he may fail in his ambition of becoming a second Demosthenes. His usual punning suggests a question and answer: "When is a pun not a pun?" "Usually."

His assuming manner impresses one favorably. He is earnest and diligent in all his work. His devotion to the "widow" which we fear may lead him astray. Surely "Seriousness to the front. Wake up and speed on. You are not yet."

His punning manner, and is a general favorite—especially in the classes. He is an all-round athlete, and is fond of tobogganing. As a musician, he is like the poet, "born, not made." He also stands well in his classes.

His most pronounced characteristics, but not his most original. He attributes his great powers to the influence of the "widow," as well as moved in the intricate figures of the great Napoleon, another Bon(e)-aparte!

Jacocks, H. M., the leading literary character

The

This is a brief sketch of individual member of the Class of 1900.

First comes Harold. He is level-headed and if guided into proper channels, will do him no harm. His qualifications justify his pride, and still the wonder grew that one small head could hold quite all his knowledge."

Allen is a *man*. It is true that he has just waked up to a realization of the seriousness of life, and is beginning to bend his energies in the right direction. He was always a bright boy. We hope that his brilliancy will increase more and more.

We now turn to Hoffman, a sturdy specimen of humanity, whose originality may be called genius by some, but we object. In spite of his originality he may fail in his ambition of becoming a second Demosthenes. His usual punning suggests a question and answer: "When is a pun not a pun?" "Usually."

Baker's quiet, unassuming manner impresses one favorably. He is earnest and diligent in all his work. His devotion to the "widow" which we fear may lead him astray. Surely "Seriousness to the front. Wake up and speed on. You are not yet."

Jackson has a witty and assuming manner, and is a general favorite—especially in the classes. He is an all-round athlete, and is fond of tobogganing. As a musician, he is like the poet, "born, not made." He also stands well in his classes.

Again, Beverley is a general favorite—especially in the classes. He is an all-round athlete, and is fond of tobogganing. As a musician, he is like the poet, "born, not made." He also stands well in his classes.

Then we notice

His influence has been most marked in the
city, Athletic Association, *The Gray Jacket*, and
sweet boy, and has lots of personal magnetism.
What stray hair to lie straight!

40

in the student-body.
Maury Literary Soci
THE BUGLE. He is a
If he could only get t

Now we see Brown, C. F., the studious and earnest, who is deep, too, and politic in his actions. There is a good deal in "Chas."—after meals. His musical talent is unquestioned, as well as his ability to flirt with the boys (?).

Jacocks, J. W., has an evenly balanced nature, and is studious and thorough in his work. He is one of those rare happy characters we delight to know. All honor to his true worth and nobleness.

It is said that Jamieson has a "Will" and a way of his own. He is quietly determined in all he undertakes, and will surprise this sleepy world some day, if he does not sleep too much himself.

Brown, J. R., "His Majesty, Myself," blows his own horn right lustily. There is no use for me to write anything. "Joe" is smart, though, and has music in his soul, and love, too. His dashing nature, if the proper curb be put upon it, will some day gain for him notoriety.

Jewel is a passionate, impulsive being, but his splendid mind and sound common sense keep him on the road to success and fame. He has decided literary talent, wonderful conversational powers, and is an athlete of no mean ability, and is the brightest "Jewel" in the Class of 1900.

The clever youth, Burnet, is noted for his geniality,—when he wants to please. He is another bright boy, and would work wonders should he once try himself. It is so hard for some of us to settle down to duty. "Bullets" needs a little powder behind him.

Keister represents an earnest, persistent, energetic soul, who combines German and English in his ancestry as well as in his classes. He unquestionably deserves a great deal of credit for his work. We commend his diligence and perseverance, and honor him for what he has done.

Next is Chapman, our only "farmer," and a most interesting character. He is not one of "Chimmie Fadden's" "dead farmers," either. He takes life seriously, has a decided and determined expression always, and one is sure to feel that he will accomplish something in the world. His deeply pious nature has earned for him the deserved sobriquet, "Parson."

Latané typifies the exemplary preacher's son. He is modest, and quiet, and actually *good*. He may have been spoiled by the girls, but he has the most admirable qualities. Incomprehensibility defines him.

...distinctly, we take a rare turn
...the great "MacGregor" clan, of
... "Scotch" is in character—a
...son,—warm hearted, impulsive,
...s and strong in his principles.

...ock—a veritable judge—stern
...ple and decidedly kind hearted.
...enjoys (?) occasional chats at
...k. He is true as steel, and to

...ve little business man, and fond
...n takes precedence with him.
...ore trouble than all things else
...ormally developed.

...ng fellow—active, eager, rest-
...nd man, our "adjutant" and
...not his *flowers* bloom when he

...on, so we see little of him in
...nner, and has an easy, natural
...y into the hearts of those with
...ce, and gentle disposition, his
...old-school Virginia gentleman
...o the active, and find Walters
...e in his individuality. It is not
...his character. We all know
...m? He is jolly, bright, inter-
...the influence of his personality
...nical laboratory, his researches
...human physiology have already

...ast. He is a persistent worker,
...ng fellow. He is satisfied with
...for perfection. Thoroughness

From treating young Americans
to admire a living representative of the
Scotland, a Scot turned American.
Christian above reproach; in dispositi
generous. He is decided in his opinio
To know him is to love him.

Waddell is a chip of the old bl
strict, unyielding, yet just, true to princ
His hatred of women is noted, but he
the shops with members of the fair se
him one may safely pin his faith.

Further on we see Phlegar, an acti
of pleasure. It is hard to say whic
German exercises and girls give him m
combined. His guessing powers are al

Then Waller comes, another stirr
less. He is Colonel Finch's right-ha
future assistant commandant (?). Will
gets that position?

Randolph has a retiring dispositi
active college life. He is a graceful da
manner that enables him to win his wa
whom he associates. His dignity, gra
culture and refinement, denote the typic

We now move from the passive t
lively, attractive, and altogether unique
necessary to delineate the traits of
"Deary" and who would not love hi
esting, and always in for fun. We feel
daily. His experiments (?) in the cher
(?) in bacteriology, and his work (?) in
brought fame to him.

Reynolds presents a striking contr
a thorough student, and an earnest yo
small visible results, yet ever strives

as "born tired," if Robinson
industry. I trust to his good
ng for three years. When the

is his forte.
The next picture is of one who v
will pardon a personal allusion to his
nature. "Sam" has been ill each spr

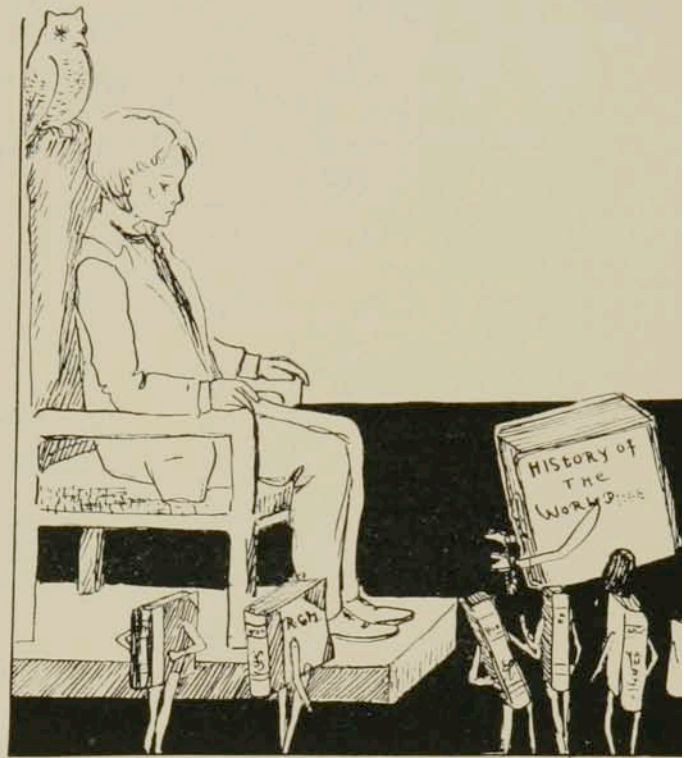
gentle zephyrs of January, February, and March blow through the land, effeminate reminders of luxurious ease (?), he invariably suffers and retires. We are sorry to miss him from our midst.

Bralley is so jolly, when tickled, that one can hardly write of him without laughing. Yet he is not all fun and frolic. He mixes it well with work. Professor Lee finds him valuable in electrical manipulations. "Jingles" is very accommodating, in *his* way, especially in military affairs.

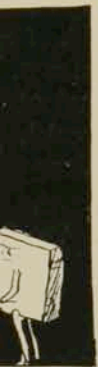
"Professor" Hortenstein, the modest man, of civil engineering fame, brings us to another phase of our college life and work. Here we find one of our brightest classmates acting as Instructor, and his head retains its original size!!

We put Cecil last but not least. He has marked individuality, a strong, ready mind, lots of good hard, common sense, and altogether combines in a rare way the elements of a genius.

Cecil and Bean contrast well, and represent the two opposite poles of a magnet; Bean represents the pole, while Cecil, the magnetism. Cecil "looks up" all subjects; Bean "looks down" on them. Cecil is bright and quick, yet "E(a)rnest;" Bean is slow, but determined. Cecil loves all the girls alike; Bean loves each one in a different way. Two such diametrically opposite characters would be hard to find again, and one would perhaps suppose they would not be congenial. But opposites attract and they are the best of friends. The long and short of the whole class is—Bean and Cecil.



"I have taken all knowledge to be my province"



"I have taken all knowledge to be my province"

A Tennysonian Dip into the Future.

"That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

DECEMBER 25TH, 1931.

DEAR "CEASE:"—

Hearing that you and R. Bennett have just arrived in the city, I hasten to invite you to dine with me this evening at five o'clock. I will accept no excuse from either of you. Come and we will have a good long talk.

As ever, your schoolmate and friend,

"SCOTCHY."

Chief Engineer of the Grand Consolidated Aerial Route to the Klondike, Maine, Texas, Porto Rico, Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, via San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, Calcutta, Melbourne, Johannesburg, and Borneo.

1721 South Scotchman's Row, Chu Fu on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Such was the note received at the International Hotel by "Cease" and Bennett shortly after their arrival in Chu Fu.

They immediately made their arrangements so as to accept the invitation, and that afternoon at half-past four found them at 1721 South Scotchman's Row. The dinner was excellent. Mrs. "Scotchy" was at her best, and wit and repartee went the rounds. After dinner the gentlemen adjourned to a cosy room heated by one of "Spunk's" celebrated incandescent refrigerators.

"Scotchy," remarked "Cease," as he seated himself comfortably in a pneumatic steamer chair, "I came across Bennett on the zero-plane just before reaching Chu Fu and prevailed on him to stop over a day with me. He has just performed a wonderful surgical operation in Australia. He took out a woman's heart and substituted a man's, and both patients are doing well."

"Yes," said Bennett, "we hoped to reach London to-day but could not deny ourselves the pleasure of looking in on the Scotchman."

"Cease" has just perfected a wonderful electric light that illuminates the whole of the British Isles, thus doing away with lamps. He came over here last year, his ear being mobbed, though, in your old town of Edinburgh by the

'spooning couples.' At present he is negotiating with the King of the Cannibal Islands to put one in for him, so that His Majesty may hunt rabbits by night as well as by day. 'Tit for tat,' old fellow. You told on me, so I tell on you."

"Ah, so," observed "Scotch," "I noticed a glow towards London the other night and suppose that was what caused it, and I hear that Bennett has been appointed Royal High Chirurgeon of the Anglo-American Empire. I suppose you two are 'doing' the Anglo-Saxon nation now."

"Oh," said "Cease," "we are painting it a bright vermillion just at present, but what do you think! I ran up on "Chas." the other day in South Africa."

"Why, what is he doing there?" said "Scotch."

"He is the leader of the Salvation Army Band, evangelizing the Zulus and Hottentots."

"I hardly thought "Chas." would rise to the occasion like that, but then you know he always said he was going to be an evangelist. But have you heard anything of "Josephine?" I haven't seen him since we left college."

"I saw him about a year afterwards," said "Cease," "and he wasn't doing anything then. Maybe Bennett can tell us something of him."

"Most assuredly," said Bennett, "he played 'short' on the All-American Team which held the world's championship back in the 'teens.' Then he got married and went into a chemical establishment in Mexico. Afterwards I heard that his wife had left him and he had gone to the Upper Congo to teach King Luquengo how to blow the cornet. I haven't heard of him since."

"Poor fellow," said "Cease," "I hope His Majesty has not made a dainty meal of our "Josephine." But Scotch, I believe you said you saw "Drake" the other day. What about him?"

""Drake" is eternally beset by the girls. He had a position in a large steel plant showing visitors around and explaining the machinery, but he is now Lord High Commander of the artillery of the Bushman and Pickaninny army in Central Africa, and displays his amazing military genius to multitudes of sisters in black and tan.

But "Cease," how are you and "Spunk" coming on? I hear that you are partners now."

"Oh "Spunk's" electrical inventions have made him famous: If you were to see him in our laboratory at home you would hardly

...k goes well with him, he weighs two hundred
...way, Bennett, what is the news from "Bob"
...ve you heard anything from them lately?"
...resident of our Alma Mater, and "Professor"
...il Engineering Department. They have just
...of two millions, from "Brit," who recently
...his fame by spanning the British Channel
...in the world. With this endowment they
...eir departments so as to accommodate thirty
...of fifteen thousand as at present."
...n" is there, too," said "Scotchy."
...charge of the Agricultural Department, and
...entific farmers annually."

"Scotchy," "let's have a little light wine, just
...ou know." He pressed a button and a panel
...e, disclosing a dainty little table laden with
...fine wines, which moved slowly to the center

...of "Long Jake's" California vineyard," said
...n to see him some time ago, and had a royal
...le a great success at fruit-growing and wine-
...place strictly on a scientific basis, and his
...helps him wonderfully. But say "Scotchy,"
...Henny" and "Bullets" and "Tot," and the
...y class?"

...resident of the Combined Alaska-Transvaal-
...lishment, and "Muttonhead" is chief assayer
...ining and Exploitation Company, with head-
...I think "Bullets" and "Tot" have formed a
...manufacturing explosives, paints, poisons, and
...ey are doing a thriving business among the
...t find the North Pole but he married a pretty
...ent to Chile, where he bought up most of the
...ow chemist in his own establishment. "Sam"
...ks in Cuba and fell in love with a native belle,
...estilian prince. He got over it after a while

...recognize him, hard work
...and fifty now. By the
...and the "Professor," ha
... "Why, "Bob" is p
...is at the head of the Civ
...received an endowment
...added another laurel to
...with the longest bridge
...expect to enlarge all the
...thousand boys, instead o
... "I suppose "Parso
... "Oh, yes. He has
...turns out numbers of sci
... "Say, fellows," said
...for our stomach's sake,
...in the wall moved asid
...glasses and decanters of
...of the room.

... "This reminds me
... "Cease." "I dropped i
...good time. He has ma
...making. He runs his
...knowledge of chemistry
...what ever became of "
...rest of that old chemist

... "Well, "Henny" is
...Peruvian Banking Estab
...of the Great Siberian M
...quarters at Kamchatka.
...partnership and are ma
...cosmetics, in Brazil; th
...natives. "Ben" couldn
...Virginian heiress and w
...saltpeter mines and is ne
...went into some iron wor
...who kicked him for a

ca, and I don't know what he is doing now.
heard what he did, but Bennett, you ought to

and went back to Amer
As for "Deary," I never
know."

"You can bet I kept up with "Deary." After he got his degree as M. D. he received an appointment as surgeon in the Boer army and tried to save them from their final extermination in 1905, thus attempting to disprove Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. Failing in this and becoming disgusted he returned to Christiansburg, married, and settled down as a plain country quack for a while, and is now assistant pill pulverizer and principal poultice preparer at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute."

"Well," said "Scotchey," "I hope he is happy, but what became of the rest of your old class, "Cease?"

"Let's see. "Shanghai" and "May Flower" worked on a perpetual motion machine for a few years and then set up a private institution for the instruction of American youths in the science of soldering and wireless telegraphy. The "Adjutant" went to Paris and is now manufacturing artificial flowers. You know flowers always had a special attraction for him. I believe "Jingles" has "Judge's" old place now, but he has several assistants, and is kept busy seeing that everything runs smoothly in the populous city of Blacksburg. I saw "Jimmy" in St. Louis a few months ago. He is interested in the manufacture of electric orchestras, and has invented a new pattern himself, but hasn't been able to get it in tune, so far. By the way, Bennett, what was that you were telling he about "Jamie" and "Charlie" as we came up on the aeroplane to-day?"

"I said that the Nicaraguan Canal question has at last been settled. The Anglo-American Empire will have complete control of it and "Jamie" and "Charlie" have the contract for its construction; they have just designed a new dredging machine, which is considered fine. Their fortune and fame are assured. The "Sergeant-Major" has a great deal to do with the construction of the machine and is going with them. The Government has employed him as consulting engineer. I suppose you both heard that he married 'the widow' soon after graduation and since then his troubles have been little ones, but fortunately, few and far between."

"But have any of you heard what "Bones" is doing?" asked
Bennett

Bennett.
"Well, yes," said "Scotchy." He has charge of the municipal Water Supply System, and the air compressor at Blacksburg. He has succeeded in raising the efficiency of the compressor to nearly eigh-

s his spare time in working
its are lost in the transmis-

cat," and a ten-year-old lad
d and excited.
emonious proceedings, sir?"

with a look of blank amaze-
men folks would come into

and Scotchy turned to his
y oldest boy, what do you

of the younger Scotchman
otchy will have to tell you



teen and three-fourth per cent. and spend
out and explaining how many thermal un-
sion."

"Papa! Towser is woolin' my kitty
in Scotch plaid burst into the room flush-

"What do you mean by your uncer-
said "Papa."

"Oh, I forgot!" answered the boy, v-
ment. "But mama says she wishes you
the parlor, she wants to talk too."

"All right, son; we'll be there soon,
friends with a look of pride. "That is n-
think of him?"

After duly commenting on the merits
they adjourned to the parlor and Mrs. S-
the rest.



Class Album OF 1900.

Noted for -
Greatest
Achievement -
Most signal
Failure -
Pet Aversion -
Motto -
See 20

Factor - "Deary"
Success as a "Saw-bone"
"Dutch"
To effect a cure -
Christiansburg.
Dutch sweets are best.

Allen - "Spunk"
Laziness
Railing time
Getting a partner for Easter
Work
To err is human.

Baker - "Sargent Major"
Famously for "Cakes"
Unknown -
To win the woman.
Ephraim Satter
Every man to his taste.

Brown, J. R. "Josephus"
Greeting abolitionists.
Being small
To work the faculty.
The "Raw"
Do others or they'll do
you.

Phleger - "Fot"
Gossiping in class.
Grey Jacket.
Dancing?
Study.
Labor Congress.

Brown C. F. "Chas."
Treatment of "Josh"
Playing base balls
Society duties
Mead
Pleasant words are
as an honey comb.

Hortelentine - Prof.
Seduction -
Star on Civil Engineering
To grow a moustache
Social life
Silence is golden.

Jewel - "Brit"
Logan's love.
To like the truth.
Commandant.
Love Congress all
things.

Randolph - "Ben"
Chemical researches
To look pretty
Examinations
Safe defired -
the f

Beverly "Bones"
Door-keeping abilities
Graduation
Ask the girls.

Chapman - "Tarson"
Vice
Ask gentle Annie
To be a farmer.
Cat fight
Never debar

Brawley, S. G. "Jingles"
Fondness for military.
Hard study.
To keep from being tickled.
Uniform.
Wisdom is better than
wealth.

Maddell - "Drape"
Manner of inspecting
Charming girls.
To become a military
genius.
Women.
Staten sweets are best.

Latane - "Shanghai"
Incomprehensibility.
Might have conspired but
To see the point of a joke.
Calculus.
Act without talking.

STONE, MARSH, VA.

Quocho J. W. "Mystic"
Lushy hair
Military
Does his brother
Each name
of the class

"Glover boy"
Likes to flourish
Love to "Buck"
In first division
He gives his beloved

White H. M. "Army"
Imping
Baffle
Can everything
and water
is danger in

Industry - "Bob"
Ambitativity
rank
leave
every

Relinson - "Denn"
Affinity for "me"
Fishing the doctor
"Bobbie" only knows
Exercise
To catch one his own

Reynolds - "South Star"
"Farming" says
"Calculus" says
To become a water boy
Sulphur Springs
See and believe

Par
His
The

Cecil - "Cares"
Length
Colored Junior Class
he disjunct
"Sweets"
Be good and gentle
he lonely

Heister - "Long John"
Stuckfastness
Farming
Hardly about writing
Play
Make tests slowly

Waller
Fond
Made
To 5
He 5

Burnet - "Buddete"
Requiesce
Capt. Co. "A"
To be impressive
Industrial Chemistry
Love is mighty but
the dollar is abrightly

Jamison - "Jammie"
Big-headedness
Had long
Singing
The battery
Be wisely moderate

Jan
The
To
Soap
There
del

Jackson - "Damed off"
Size
Acquired a good leg
To grow tall
Military reports
Fortune favors the
hold

She
S
The
Power
Go at



LITERARY.



Truth, But Not Poetry.

2:00 A. M., June 1, 1899.

There was not a sound to be heard that night,
And the Junior Class had gathered then
In strength and her chivalry, and bright
The moon shone o'er fair faces of brave men.
Their hearts beat happily; and when
The moon was seen in her majestic swell,
Their voices spoke to those who spake again—
But not a word of this would do to tell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did we not hear it? No. 'T was but the wind,
A rattling shutter just across the street.
With the work! Let joy be unconfined:
To sleep 'til morn, when youth and mischief meet
To ring at grim cannon hard, with slippery feet.
But hark! that ominous sound breaks in once more,
The clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
Haste! haste! it is—it is—the mastiff's roar!

Then and there was labored breathing low,
And straining muscles, and tremblings of distress,

There
An
Her s
Th
A se
Th
Soft
Ye
Did
Or
On w
No
To t
Bu
As if
A
Ah!
A

cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
ashed at the thought of anticipated success,
there were sudden pantings, such as press
e breath from our young lungs, and choking sighs
ch ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
hat thoughts would rise, when meet those mutual eyes;
Since upon night so wet such glorious morn did rise.

54

And there was tugging in hot haste; like steeds
The mustered squads, and the clattering guns
Went rushing forward with changing speeds
As over many gullies they did run.
And the deep baying of the mastiff quite undone,
And the weird screech of the bird of plume
Roused up the "Doctor" ere the morning sun;
While thronged high officials to prevent their doom,
For the air had just been rent with deafening roar, boom! boom!

On snowy pillows nestle temples warm,
Dewy with perspiration flowing fast,
With beating hearts, as fearing harm,
While flashes the dark lantern quickly past,
As officers make inspection, stern, at last,
Hoping to find some wet or muddy shoes,
Or scattered clothes, all wet with dewy grass.
But we, the Juniors, did not choose
Thus to be caught. We were prepared, and too, had just begun a
dreamy snooze.

Last Sabbath found us full of lusty life.
The other morn we did arrange it all.
The midnight found us quite for mischief rife,
The hour of two—the signal to begin—to fall,
Or to be conquerors in the strife.
To say we won, we leave it to the world
To judge how well the deed was done,
For while we so snugly in our beds were curled,
They sought—and still do seek—in vain, before they wish their
boastful flag be furled.



La Tour D'Auvergne.

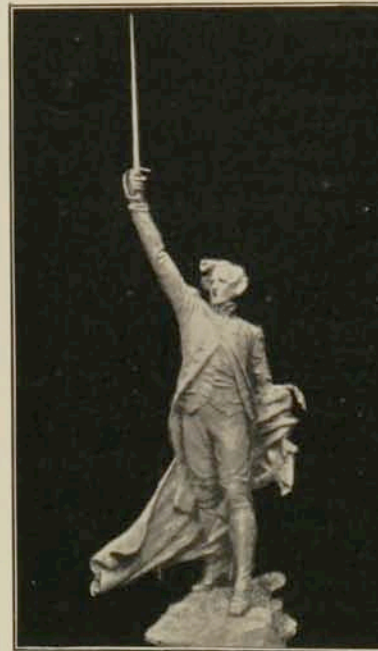
MINNIE DOUGLASS MURRILL.

Did you live in Brittany,
Grenadier La Tour D'Auvergne,
Once, when France had need of men,
And her call rang loud and stern?

Here you stand with sword in hand,
Face and sword against the foe;
They have made a statue grand
But their words have touched me more.

to talk with you
arts your deeds can stir,
sacred strain,
mp de honneur."

Only room for one at home,
Brothers for the plain or sea
Left the beauty of Auvergne;—
Came your sires to Brittany.



So I've come
From the he
To repeat the
"Mort au cha

You were alien at Carhaix;
Ah, I know you mountain folk,
Who could keep the foe at bay
But were conquered by the wolf.

thro' their lives the vision lived,
And in fancy they would stray
From the barren Northern plain
To the verdure of Doré.

On the lowlands by the sea,
Did they never dream of home?
Were the shores of Brittany
Proof against the Puy de Dome?

He, the splendor of whose dreams
Fell your heritage at birth,
Foreign to his fathers' fields,
Scorned to claim a foot of earth.

* * * * *

"Premier Grenadier de France,"	Flame-like passed your spirit out
Though you would not bear the name,	Through the thundering of the west,
Death espied you in the ranks,	On your lips the battle shout,
Recognized the regal mien.	Glory slumbering on your breast.

* * * * *

Sword of honor, you shall rust
Dreaming of the battle fray,
For the mighty arm is dust
That with you had won the day!



Born at Carhaix, died at Oberhausen; called by Napoleon "The First Captain of France." His name was retained on the roll after his death, the sergeant responding with the words "dead on the field of honor."



field.

to us by tradition
 which could tell
 quaint old home
 lies in one of the
 ded by meadows
 e appear in truth
 uisite translucent
 look across from
 er, until they end
 Should I aspire
 arcel of the dear
 legend of many,
 an old lady from
 nd descent. She
 over the remains
 ers of his race, in
 were completed,
 he graveyard for
 white stone, her
 ce, she told me
 es at rest around
 rejoiced even as
 of Smithfield, just



A Legend of Old Smith

AMONG the many Virginia homes endeared to
 and association, there is none, I am sure
 more thrilling tales than Smithfield, the
 of many generations of the Prestons. It is
 fairest portions of the most fair Southwest, surround
 sweet beyond compare, which, to the wayfarer's gaz
 to be "dressed in living green," as, through the exq
 atmosphere which bathes these "hills of beauty" we
 one wide reach of swave and emerald field to yet anot
 at last in the embrace of the encircling woodland
 to tell all the many tales which are a part and p
 old mansion, I should be rash indeed; it is only one
 which I propose to give,—and that was told me by
 Kentucky, allied to the Prestons both by marriage a
 had come to Virginia to place a suitable monument
 of her distinguished father, who lies, with many oth
 the private graveyard at Smithfield. Her labors
 it was her last day in Virginia, and I drove her to t
 a farewell visit. Standing with her hand upon the
 hair still whiter, blowing softly about her faded fa
 many a story of by-gone days, when the dust and ash
 us were men and women who suffered, loved and
 we. At last, pointing to one of the dormer windows

...nfield, just
! The one over
to hear a most
o you think there

...er. At last, pointing to one of the dormer windows
visible between the trees, she said:

"Do you see that upper window? No, not that
the porch, looking towards the meadows. I used
romantic story connected with that little window. Do
is time for me to tell it?"

I assented, and we seated ourselves upon the "mossy marble slab" covering some of her dead and gone forefathers, and what she told me, I will tell to you!

Of all the daughters of Smithfield, far famed for beauty and wit, none at the time of which I speak, could vie with Nancye Preston. Perfect alike in form and face, she was a reigning toast and belle, and many sighed and sued, but all in vain, for the fair Nancye from a little schoolgirl had given her heart and promised her hand to her Kentucky cousin, Alan Breckinridge; and although five years had come and gone since first they met and fell in love, neither time nor absence, not even hosts of lovers had ever yet made Nancye waver. It can not be said, however, that her dashing Kentucky cousin was quite so faithful, or, to tell the truth, that he was altogether worthy of her faith and affection, for the young Alan was much given to feasting and dancing, sometimes, alas! to "too long tarrying at the wine cup." Now, this welding of the two branches of the family was a cherished scheme on both sides; for no other purpose was the young Alan sent to a Virginia college rather than to Oxford, as was his ardent desire. However, to Virginia he went, and in due time to Smithfield, to meet his father's relatives. In the group gathered to greet him on the rose-embowered porch of old Smithfield, there was a slim, lily-like girl of sixteen whose sweet, appealing eyes and shy yet gracious welcome won his heart at once and so, with all due reverence for his "pastors and masters," he dutifully fell in love with his fair little Virginia cousin and she as dutifully responded. As I have hinted, Alan was not all that he should have been as a lover, even when directly under the influence of his gentle little love, but as he came more and more to see the beauty and purity of her guileless nature, all that was best and most manly in Alan Breckinridge seemed to assert itself. He presented himself before his uncle and future father-in-law, and first telling him of his unchanged devotion to his little cousin, begged his advice as to the best way in which to retrieve the past. Colonel Preston was naturally much relieved that Alan should come to such a desirable state of mind, and cordially offered his purse, his advice—

anything for the furtherance of his plans. So, after a touching good-bye scene with his little Nancye, Alan bade farewell to the land of his birth, and went abroad, to fit himself by travel and study for the practice of his chosen profession, the law. He left, expecting to be absent a year. At first his letters came frequently, and brightened

all the quiet country home, with their strange stories of foreign lands, all told with such a sparkling wit and vivacity as Alan possessed in a wonderful degree. Then came a day when no letter was received, and another—and another—and so began and continued a weary silence, which was never broken. No other letter came from "far across the deep blue sea" and poor little Nancye grew pale and hollow-eyed. But she possessed too much of the spirit of her forefathers to pine away for a lover lost—whether by intent or not. She took up her life bravely and cheerfully, and after a time with nature's sad but sure acquiescence came resignation—and then youth pulsing in every vein, the world once more put on gala attire for little Nancye, and she was quietly but really happy. There was no lack of suitors, if they could yield her any comfort, but none seemed to win more than a kindly tolerance, until Fielding Marshall came, one summer day. He had heard of Nancye's pathetic little love story and was prepared to pity her sad lot, but we all know to what "pity" is so closely "kin." He came to pity, and remained to love! Before very long, Nancye found, too, that the love she had given to her Kentucky cousin, compared with what she felt for this strong, gentle wooer, was "as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," and when Mr. Marshall left Smithfield, Nancye was his promised bride.

Far down the long, green lane, which leads to Smithfield, and across some smooth and rolling meadows, there stands a giant oak, long called by all who knew it the "Merry Oak." Here Fielding Marshall had sat with Nancye through many a perfumed summer day, with only the song of birds and the breath of hay upon the wind—with no discordant sight or sound, alone with the girl he loved so fondly—and here he had told her how he loved her, and asked her to marry him. The evening before he was to leave, after their engagement was consummated, they walked as usual to their "trysting tree," Nancye holding a great cluster of her favorite flower—the lovely eglantine, or wild rose. "Do you know, Nancye," said Fielding, "so dear to me is every leaf of this old tree, and so fondly do I cherish everything about it, that I could never pass it by. It is nearly a mile

out of the way, yet every time I pass in this direction, I turn in, just to touch and see our 'Merry Oak.' Do you doubt me? Ah, well! some day you may be convinced."

Time passed on, and Nancye's wedding day was very near. Smithfield was rapidly filling with guests, and still they came, carriage

ge load following each other until only the proverbial
ature of Virginia country houses, could account for
und for all. The day had come for Fielding Marshall
ancye was preparing to receive him. We all know that
things a young girl's heart is by far "the contrariest,"
ith Nancye. She was thoroughly convinced that her
etter and finer man than Alan Breckinridge, and she
ely more; and yet she felt a kind of shame, in remem-
lover, and in a girlish, sentimental way, cherished
of him, in a manner eminently calculated to mislead
roughly acquainted with the ins and outs of a young
t was the misfortune of Mr. Marshall to regard with
eyes, the tenacity of Nancye's affection for her lost
ness was always tempered by a vague feeling of uneasi-
she loved him only because Breckinridge was beyond
er—and this feeling Nancye's little foolish sentimen-
o well sustained, and so, all unknowingly, the poor
slowly but surely undermining her lover's security in
All this was a sealed book to Nancye, however, that
n day which was to bring her lover back to her, to
re. The dew was still wet upon the meadow path, as
orning she blithely walked across the fields to the
—the scene of so many happy hours. Once arrived,
somewhat peculiar. She had carried with her a little
favorite eglantine, and this she now tucked securely
the old tree, in an inconspicuous spot. She put her
e, and viewed her handiwork complacently, then with
etraced her steps. Two hours later, when she opened
ent down the long, dim parlor to meet her lover, she
ger face of welcome, and then—the little bunch of
haps the happiest hour of Marshall's courtship was
en and there, alone with his little sweetheart, the scent
vading all the room.

as full of all the bustle and excitement attendant upon
in "the golden times." A dozen cooks were busy

load after carriage
India rubber na
a place being fo
to arrive, and N
of all contrary t
and so it was w
lover was a far
loved him infinit
bering her lost
all mementoes o
any one not tho
girl's nature. I
far too serious
lover; his happi
ness—a fear that
her reach forev
talities only too
child's folly was
her affection. .
beautiful autum
leave her no mo
in the early m
"Merry Oak"—
her actions were
nosegay of her
into the bark of
head on one sid
a merry laugh r
the door, and w
saw first his ea
eglantine! Per
the one spent th
of eglantine per

Next day w

e home, maddi

ye other times. A dozen fowls were busy
a hundred fowls had been slaughtered for the occa-
sion of saddles of mutton, great rounds of beef, and
things that go to make an old Virginia banquet the mem-
orable was.

a home wedding
in the quarters,
sion, to say not
all other delicacies
orable thing it

The evening shadows were gathering rapidly, and Nancye's bridal hour was drawing near—she had been sent to her room by her mother for an hour's rest, before the solemn duties of the wedding toilette began. She stood at the little dormer window over the porch, gazing dreamily out upon the sleeping meadows, now glistening with the evening mists which were rising and swelling until, soon, the level stretch of meadow land would seem some wonderful inland sea, where silver billows rose and fell to the very bosoms of the surrounding trees. In the girl's heart was not one single regret, nor backward look—the billows of her pure and timid love were rising, and indeed, already had quite submerged all memory of her early fancy. Standing there in her happy reverie, Nancye seemed the embodiment of beautiful and happy maidenhood, with God's benediction for the pure in heart upon her gentle face. Suddenly there comes a blot upon the peaceful scene—a dark shadow is seen stealing slowly and irregularly along the circle, stopping now and again to rest against one of the great cedars which border the drive. Nancye looks out, a little startled as she sees, by the glimmering moonlight, that the shadow develops into a man—most miserably and wretchedly clad, and seeming more dead than alive. Presently, he utters a low groan, and falls prostrate. Nancye cries out sharply, as he falls, and her cry brings her old mammy to the window. When she sees the cause of "her chile's" agitation she is much disgusted, and starts out, muttering dire threats upon the impertinent stranger who has had the temerity to faint in the drive upon "little mistis' weddin' day." But Nancye's gentle heart will not hear of any such summary dismissal, even of a tramp, upon her wedding eve, so she sends mammy away with orders to have him fed and cared for, at the quarters. Then the merry bridesmaids came trooping in to dress the bride—so much fairer and sweeter than any among them, as she stands at last, dressed in her shimmering robes, with only the jewels of her youth and beauty, and with her deep eyes shining clear and steadfast as a star, with "the light which never was on land or sea."

The bustle of robing having somewhat subsided, the merry talk

grows less, and in the quiet, they become conscious of some unusual excitement in the house below. As they pause to listen, with startled faces, the door opens suddenly and Nancye's mother appears. Her face is very white, and her voice trembles exceedingly as she extends a note towards Nancye, saying falteringly, " Daughter, prepare for a shock—I can not tell you—read."

bridesmaids, Nancye reads:

held your heart so long as your
back. I love you so unspeak-
greater love for *him* could nerve
uld suffer, than that you, in your
with your best love gone with
sings follow you, and so, Good-

ever forgot the dazed misery of
re, after she finished the note.
iteously, " Oh call him back! I

all the love of her whole soul
ng, come back! Oh, Fielding,

ugh the summer dusk, but there
in the distance the clatter of a
that flowed below, the mournful

* * *

ong swoon the room was filled
e there was, with face strangely
daunted eye was that of Alan

wed—the dumb despair of the
es of parents and relatives, the
ning at once upon a young heart
ustomed to the perfect obedience
the exception, at that period?
child over, and at the appointed
e chance of bridesmaids

So, standing in the circle of her

" MY LITTLE SWEETHEART:

" I have always known I only
first love were not here. He has com-
ably that only my knowledge of your
me to this sacrifice. Better that I sho-
noble womanhood should marry me,
your first lover. May all God's bless-
bye."

None of those who witnessed it,
the face upturned to her mother's gaze

" Mother! Mother!" she cried p-
love him! I can not let him go!"

She sprang to the window and
pulsed in the thrilling cry: " Field-
come!"

The words went echoing out thro-
was no reply—except, faint and far-
horse's feet and in the little stream
dirges of the frogs.

* * * *

When Nancye woke from her
with pale and startled guests, and on
aged and altered, but the eager, un-
Breckinridge.

Who shall explain all that follo-
suffering girl, the eager importunit-
bewildering sense of unreality—all con-
unused to such crushing grief, and acc-
to parents which was the rule, not
Suffice it to say, they won the poor
keep the wedding took place with

change of bridegrooms.
his long silence by a shipwreck,
to his brain which resulted in a
he lived, he knew not how, and
to find himself a penniless wreck

hour the wedding took place with
Alan Breckinridge accounted for
in which he had received an injury t
total loss of memory; and for years
recovered mind and memory at last, t

in a foreign land. Resolved to regain his home without applying to his family for aid, he had struggled desperately, until in the woful plight in which we found him, he dragged his way to the Smithfield door; only to find it was his betrothed wife's wedding day. Marshall's mad act filled Alan with a boundless amazement, but he was only too ready to step into the place thus made vacant for him, with, it appears to me, very little concern as to whether or not Nancye welcomed the exchange.

Whether in the words of the immortal Rip Van Winkle, they "lived long and were happy," I can not say. Mrs. P. being a direct descendant of the errant knight, naturally thought so, and looked upon his return as the direct interposition of Providence but, for my own part, I shall always believe that in the long span of life allotted her, Nancye Breckinridge found many a weary hour in which she whispered to her lonely heart the wish that the absent had never returned. Naturally, I admitted no such rank heresy to Mrs. P., but as we drove down the graveyard hill, in the cool of the summer dusk, I let fall these words:

"Well, she 's not the girl I thought she was, she had no will of her own at all. She ought to have married Marshall, but he was much too good for her."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. P. with mild severity, "she was my great-grandmother! If she had married Marshall, where should *I* be now?"

C. B. PRESTON.



"Finnie's Boy."

CHAPTER I.

RICHMOND, VA, March 1

William C. Robinson, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—I have learned from various sources late in life that you are the father of a fine, intelligent child of my son's unfortunate alliance with your daughter. He is an unusually bright boy, now in his sixteenth year, and that with the advantages of wealth and culture, such as I am able to give him, he will become in every way worthy of the name of Letellier.

My home is open to the lad, and all that I have is to invite him to come to me and be a loving, dutiful grandson. I am old and feeble, and feel very greatly the need of a fresh young life about me.

Of course, you and your wife will not stand in the way of the boy's interests by any attempt to coerce him to remain with you. I could not be so selfish.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS D. LETELLIER.

Twice, thrice Uncle Billy Robinson, as he was called all over Louisa County, read the above letter; and when he had finished refolding it, he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!"

Here his wife entered the room, workbasket in hand, and proceeded to make herself comfortable before the big log fire.

"Susan," said the old man and then stopped, looking into the face of his mate.

"Well, William," she responded.

"I wish you'd read this here letter, Susan. It's the best thing I ever read," he continued, handing it to her.

She glanced at the signature.

"Why, dear me! It's from old Tom Letellier," she exclaimed. "Pray, what does he want now?"

"He wants our boy."

"He'll git him, too," with fine scorn.

"Yes, like Sambo got the 'possum."

And, adjusting her spectacles to her satisfaction, she read the letter.

"Well, I do think it's 'bout time he was off'rin' to do somethin' for Jack, seein' the boy's his own son's child," remarked Granny Robinson, when she had finished. "But for all that, he ain't gittin' Jinnie's boy from us. No, siree. List'n yere, William, will you? 'I am old and lonely and feel very greatly the need of a fresh young life about me.' It took a passel of gall, I do declare, to write that to us, don't you think?"

"He is all gall, Tom Letellier is," answered Uncle Billy, with an emphatic grunt.

"I wonder if he don't think we are ole and lonely as well as him," said Granny, "and if we don't need a fresh, young life 'bout us same as he does."

"Ah, well, my dear," replied her husband, with a touch of cynicism in his tone, "the poor ain't got no feelin's or rights where the rich and proud air bound to respect. Ain't you lived long enough, ole woman, to find that out? Here 's Jack now," his face and tone softening, as the sound of a boy's voice, in the throes of change, was heard in the porch attempting a rendition of "Annie Laurie."

"Bless his heart!" murmured Granny, looking toward the door.

A second later a stalwart, comely lad bounded into the room, and, flinging his cap aside, threw himself down between the old couple.

"The first of the season, Granny," he exclaimed, holding up a small bunch of sweet violets. With a smile he leaned over and fastened them on the old lady's bosom.

"Look, William, at his decoratin' me," said Granny.

"I see," chuckled Uncle Billy. "Makin' a regular flower garden of you, eh? Well, it 'pears like you air tickled mightily over it from the way you 're grinnin'. One would think Jack was your lover."

"That 's what I am," declared the lad. "You are my sweet-heart—the only one I ever had—ain't you?"

And the big, affectionate youngster wound his arm about her neck and kissed her lips, cheeks and brow.

"Don't they hurt you might'ly, Susan?" asked Uncle Billy,

looking roguishly out of his blue eyes.

"What hurt me, William? What air you talkin' 'bout anyways?"

"Why, Jack's whiskers," and the old man roared. "Don't they *erritate* you, Susan?" he pursued.

The lad crimsoned from ear to ear and from hair to throat.

"Poor little fellow," murmured Granny, patting the boy's head. "William, it's a shame the way you do tease this chile. You've got to stop it."

"What are you mending for me now, Granny?" said Jack, a minute later, his embarrassment gone in a measure. "A shirt this time, eh?"

"Yes, honey."

"I'm not very good to my clothes."

"Well, if you was you wouldn't be a boy. That's the *man* of it, honey. William," turning severely upon that individual, "why don't you show the chile that impudent letter of old Tom Letellier's?"

"Why don't *you* show it to him? There 't is stickin' out your bosom. And that 's the *woman* of it!"

Ignoring this remark and the chuckle that accompanied it, Granny Robinson produced the letter and laid it in Jack's hand. Then she and Uncle Billy watched him furtively as he read it. He rose as he reached the signature, crumpling the letter in his grasp.

"He can go to——"

"Now, honey, don't forget your Baptis' raisin'," quickly interposed his grandmother.

"Oh, I didn't mean any very bad place," laughed the boy. "I just meant Guinea or Halifax or some other place in Virginia."

Then facing his grandfather, he said, seriously:

"I wouldn't mind having some of the advantages his wealth could afford me. How I would love to go to college! But I wouldn't live with him—I wouldn't forsake you and Granny and this dear old place—for all he has got; no, not to save his life. After the way he cast off my father and mother and the way he has ignored my existence all these years, he isn't coming his affectionate grandfather racket on me at this late day."

Uncle Billy and his spouse exchanged significant glances, which, interpreted, read, "That 's Jinnie's boy."

"He has no claim on me," continued Jack. "He has snubbed me. Now I'll snub him. I wish to have nothing to do with him. I

know and love but one grandfather."

He put his arm about Uncle Billy's neck and laid his cheek against the old man's. And the latter fell to stroking the lad's hair as though he were a babe.

matter, however, did not end here. The whole neighborhood, people of other neighborhoods, took an active hand in the affair. With one accord, they all thought it would be an everlasting shame if the youth were allowed to throw away this the golden chance of his life.

Among others, came the parson to advise.

"You love your grandson, of course," he said.

"Don't reckon there 's any mistake 'bout that, passin'," returned Uncle Billy. "We love every bone in that boy's body, me and Susan

when it follows that his happiness and success in life are the things you think of."

"Look here, passin, me and Susan ain't agin Jack's goin' if he

It 's him hisse'f where refuses pint blank to go, and you use we air goin' to drive him from us when he don't want to

I reckon not, passin. Jinnie's boy ain't goin' to leave his old and granny unless he wants to."

The minister smiled superiorly.

"Law! A boy has no voice in matters of this sort, or should have. His elders—those who love him unselfishly and have his life at heart—are the ones to do his thinking for him, to lead him, to act for him. A few years hence, if he throws his chance away, he will realize what he has missed, and, in the long, plodding life of a farmer before him from which he has escaped, he will curse himself and——"

"Me and Susan," interposed Uncle Billy.

"Yes, I fear so. Unjustly or not, he will be likely to look upon the millstones that dragged him down."

"Well, he shall never have that to say of me and Susan. We have no millstones 'bout his neck. He won't have no cause ever to curse us. Passin, you 've opened my eyes; you 've showed me my duty. Though it breaks our ole hearts, though all the sunshine will be lost for our ole lives when he 's gone away, he has got to go—Jack 's gone. That ends it." And Jack went.

The minister and even the old man were in the affair. Vain as it was, it was a shame if the youth were allowed to throw away this the golden chance of his life.

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at time o' day is it, Susan?"
 "Oh on to five, William—five minutes, I b'lieve. You ain't
 the depot yet, William? It 's a hour 'fo the up mail."
 "Now it, Susan; but I just as well go as not. One place ain't
 n' nother now sense he bin gone."

"Wh
 "Nig
 goin' to t
 "I k
 no more'

With a groan, Uncle Billy took up his cane and moved toward the door; but he had taken only a step or two when he turned back and laid his hand on his wife's shoulder.

"How long sense he 's bin gone, Susan?" he asked pathetically.

"Seven weeks, William; seven weeks to-day."

"And we ain't got nary line from him in all that time?"

"No, William, not a scratch of the pen."

"It 's curious, Susan, mighty curious. But," brightening a little, "mebbe, we 'll hear from him to-day."

"Mebbe so, William," trying hard to smile.

"You don't reckon he 's forgotten us, Susan?"

"I can't believe it of him, William. Never!" she added, emphatically.

At least thrice daily he had asked this question since Jack had left them, and every time she, patient soul, had answered in like manner. It soothed him for the moment.

"You recollect what to-day is, Susan?"

"I reckon I do, William. It 's his birthday; he 's sixteen to-night."

"Sixteen! Yes, yes. Almost a man, ain't he, Susan?"

"Almost a man, William."

"I reckon if he was here you 'd be making pies and cakes like it was big meetin' times."

She sighed, and, stepping quickly into the pantry, returned a second later bearing a beautiful pound cake such as she alone could make.

"Mebbe 't was foolish, seein' he ain't here to eat it," she explained. "But I jes' went on like he was here and made it in honor of his birthday, same as I 've always done. You know how he loves pound cake, William."

And then, unable a moment more to contain herself, she put the cake on the table, buried her face in her apron and wept as if her dear old heart would break.

"Now, now, dear," murmured Uncle Billy, patting her head. "There now, dear. It 'll all come right. Don't cry. Mebbe a letter 'll

and it is downright pitiful. It poor
for nothin' 't all. He 's *dyin'* inch by inch,

only one where 's *dying* inch by inch."
eyes, and turned to set out again on his
niscence brought him back before he had

I've noticed it, with
ole Stonewall, he ain't fit
poor ole dog."

"Yes, and he ain't the
Uncle Billy wiped his
journey, but another remi
gone a yard.

"Say, Susan, you ricollic' that Sunday, years and years ago, that
we took Jack 'long with us to ole Ground Squell Meetin'-house, down
in Hanover?"

"Just as well as I ricollic' anything, William."

"Jack he 'd jes' learnt his letters and was prouder 'n sin of it,
Susan."

"Yes," almost smiling.

"And when he 'd run 'cross one 'o 'em on a tree, house, sign or
what not, my! the fuss he 'd make over it. You 'd thought he 'd run
up agin an ole friend."

"Yes, he used to make a great time over it," smiling outright.

"Well, somebody had whittled a big A, if you ricollic' right on the
back of the bench in front of us, and as soon as Jack's eyes spied that A
he hollered right out in meetin', 'Grandpa, there 's A!' I thought
I 'd bus' sho, I was so full, and so was you, Susan, but you pretended
like you warn't, settin' up there in your alpaca and that white table
cloth round your neck and hangin' down your front. It tickled every-
body, Jack's pointin' out that A, 'ceptin' that ole guinea-headed
Prosser woman from Hoecake Cross-Roads."

"Mary Eliza Prosser," said Granny. "I never did have any use
for that woman, and I 've always had less for her sense she acted like
she did that day."

"Yes, she done jes' like she owned the meetin'-house and carried
round in her key basket the only key there was to heaven. You 'd
thought poor little Jack had committed the unpardonable sin, wouldn't
you, Susan?"

"She acted like a fool, that 's what she done," declared Granny,
who was no mincer of words. "She actually wanted us to take the
child out in the woods and switch him! Ketch us doin' it."

"Yes, ketch us switchin' Jinnie's boy!" echoed Uncle Billy. "And
for knowing his A B C's. I reckon not."

CHAPTER III.

"Mebbe it 's foolish to go to all this trouble when he ain't here,

but I couldn't he'p it, somehow. It sort o' eases my pain to make like he 's here."

And with arms akimbo and spectacles pushed back from her brow, Granny Robinson surveyed the table she had spread on this the sixteenth birthday of "Jinnie's boy." There, gracing the center of the

Uncle Billy, and on bread of which Jack sh. Ham and eggs, were also in evidence. d, and this, too, warm a he loved. Then to e cared little for meat, ad just burst the soil ling as smilax, from e an æsthetic touch, s of the valley, culled between the currant

eter from the chile," th time since Jack's etellier has succeeded zie seem to think. I in his ole granny and dy and Mary Lizzie y've always bin jeal- we love their chillen. e shouldn't love him he came in the world iff'rence 'tween him 't no more like him use is like these here My! what do ail that a racket sense that ordy! Can it be—" he picture of canine

s, patting him fondly. leed, with his entire

snowy cloth, sat the pound-cake she had shown either side was a loaf of her sweet, fresh light could eat slice after slice with a prodigious rel another dish that stood high in the lad's favor, v Honey was another thing he by no means despise from the hive, was there, with two kinds of jan gratify the herbiverous instincts of the boy, who there were lettuce and radishes, asparagus that h that morning, and water-ress, crisp and spark the brook's banks. And, finally, to give the tab Granny had placed near his plate a bunch of lilie from the bed he had planted down in the garden bushes and the mint patch.

"'Tis mighty curious we don't git no le reflected Granny, with a sigh, for the hundred departure. "I would like to know if old Tom L in turning him agin' us, as Mandy and Mary Liz don't b'lieve it; ain't nobody turning the chile ag grandpa, much as he 's always loved us. Mar never killed themselves alovin' Jack, nohow; the ous of the po' chile 'cause we love him more 'n . And what 's the reason, I should like to know, v more 'n them? Ain't he bin with us sense the day and po' Jinnie went out? Then there 's a big and the other grandchillen. Lordy! They air then them jimson weeds out back of the ice-ho flowers," meaning the lilies of the valley. "My! dog all on a sudden? He ain't kicked up such chile 's bin gone. He acts like he 's seen him. Lo

Here Stonewall bounded into the room, t rapture.

"What ails you, ole man?" asked his mistres He tried to tell her with his eyes and tail—in

ere was no mistaking
rushed past the dog

you?"
out of the shadow cast
n his arms.

anatomy—but the next moment she knew, for th
that familiar, elastic step on the porch. She
out of the house, crying:

"Jack, honey! Granny's baby! Where is
And Jack—for it was he—sprang forward, o
by the honeysuckle, and gathered the old lady i

"Granny! My Granny!" he murmured, kissing her again and again, while she, with her arms about his neck, fell to sobbing from the excess of her joy.

"Where's grandpa?" asked the boy, as they entered the house. "He isn't sick?"

"He's up at the depot," answered Granny. "Wonder you didn't meet him."

"I got off the train at Buckner's to avoid a scene at Frederick's Hall."

"Then, of course, you didn't see your grandpa. Poor William! Won't he be overjoyed to see you? Day after day, rain or shine, the poor ole creature's dragged hisself up to the depot in hopes of gettin' some word from you."

Tears came into the blue eyes of the finely fibred lad.

"And I have watched as anxiously every day for a letter from him or you. I wrote home the very night I got to Richmond. Failing to get an answer when it was time, I wrote again. And again and again—at least a dozen times—have I written to you or grandpa. I couldn't understand it. So this morning, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I told him——"

"Who? Ole Tom Letellier?"

"Yes'm. I told him I was going home to see what was the matter. He turned fiercely upon me. 'You shall do nothing of the sort,' he stormed. 'Look here, sir, we had just as well come to an understanding now and be done with it. You had just as well know the truth now as later. I have closed all communication between you and that Robinson tribe. Your letters to them have all been destroyed and so have all their letters to you. This was done at my command and for your good. I wish you to sever all connections with them and the past. You are to have nothing more to do with the ignorant, vulgar scrubs, or any of their class. You are a Letellier, and you are to demean yourself as such in the future.'"

"The old wretch!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Robinson. "And what did you say to all this insulting talk?" she demanded, after a

pause.

"I was furious, of course. I forgot I was a kid and he an old man, forgot he was my father's father, forgot everything but his mean, dishonorable action in destroying letters that were not his, and his

abuse of you and grandpa who are far superior to him, I don't care how blue his blood is. I told him what I thought of his conduct: that I couldn't respect any man who had so little sense of honor."

"Good for you!" cried Granny, clapping her hands.

"I told him, too, that I would not hear you and grandpa abuse me that I loved you both better than all the world and that I would never never turn my back on you."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He called me all sorts of names, among them an impudent, low-bred, ungrateful upstart. He told me I had to choose before the war was over between him and grandpa. I replied that I didn't wish to choose that time. I could make my choice then and there. And I did. As the result of that choice," taking his grandmother's hand, "I'll be home again, with those I love. There 's grandpa coming! Let 'em hide."

With one bound he concealed himself behind the door that opened into the next room. A minute later Uncle Billy came in, leaning heavily on his cane.

"No letter, William?" said Granny, trying to look the picture of despair.

"No letter, Susan," he returned, looking at it, indeed. With a groan, he removed his hat and put aside his stick. Then he sat down, looking upon the floor and chasing his thumbs, after the manner of an aged man, as he looked downward. Presently he laughed. Granny looked at him, startled.

"What ails you, William?" she demanded, "you ain't losin' your wits, is you?"

"I was jes' athinkin', Susan, of ole times," he answered. "Yer ricolic' what pranks he used to be all the time aplayin' on me and you? How he used to creep up 'hind you and untie your ap'n strings and the fust thing you 'd know, Susan, you 'd be walkin' on yer ap'n."

"The chile had a heap of mischief in him. There 's no two ways 'bout that, William."

The old man laughed again.

"Say, Susan, you ricolie' how he 'd hide hissef 'hind the door a jump out at me when I wouldn't be athinkin' 'bout him bein' near Uncle Billy stroked his chin. "Say, Susan, them was mighty happy days. I wouldn't keer if he was here now to untie your ap'n string

at me. Jes' 'spose he was 'hind that door ready to jump at his old grandpa. Lordy! I wouldn't want never to go to 'ard."

Young arms stole lovingly about his neck, and a fresh, pressed against his furrowed old face. Thrilled by the son, Uncle Billy started to his feet.

!"

could say, and then he kissed the youth and hugged and so tightly, that Granny felt it her duty to protest. "Tak the chile's ribs, William," she declared, half crying

g.
Susan, go way," he chuckled. "If you didn't break when you fust seen him, I lay I won't break none. Say mighty hungry? I lay you could eat a cow and a calf e. But I reckon you'd better brush that caterpillar lip 'fo' you set down to eat. It might crawl in your

e, William Robinson," broke in his spouse, looking on't you be pesterin' that chile the minute he comes any of them old rancid jokes of yourn 'bout his skers."

WALTER MARION RAYMOND.

and to jump out jump at his old heaven, I 'm afeared

Here two young pink creek was p delicious sensation

"Jack! Son

It was all he and hugged him,

"You 'll bre and half laughin

"Go way, S none of his ribs w son, ain't you m this very minute off 'n your upper mouth."

"Look here very severe, " do back home with mustache or whi



A Memory.

One April night, so long, ah, long ago,
When pulsed the air with sense of spring's young bliss;
Forgetting all the doubts that wrong thee so,
I gave my all to thee—in that first kiss!

And, at the pressure of thy lips on mine,
Thrilled with the solemn, tremulous, new bliss,
My soul went out to thee—forever thine!
By the dear memory of that first kiss.

Years have passed since, and joys have come to me—
Kisses of little children, and the bliss
Of happy wifehood—happiest in this—
I know O love, thou lovest me utterly!
And the love deepens to a mighty sea
Which thrilled to being 'neath thy tender kiss.

“CLARCHEN.”

One Hundred and Years Ago.

, nearly all of Virginia west of the
in the county of Augusta, of which
-seat, so that in 1755 the site of
ntry around it were in Augusta
region were few and far between.
land, came from Pennsylvania with
4 made an excursion into the wilds
supposed that about that time the
he Draper family, who had settled
ttonsburg, on James River. About
es, Adam Harman, Henry Leonard
James River and settled near the
called the place Draper's Meadow.
as, and Mary Draper were married
tty Robertson in 1754. No doubt
married, as no minister authorized by
near to them.

professed to be at peace with the
es often perpetrated robberies, and
portunity. In April, 1749, Adam
ans, who carried off much plunder,
murder; and the fact was reported
with a view to obtaining the com-
1755, the fearful French and Indian
untry for many years. The defeat
Pennsylvania, occurred on July 9th,

Draper's Meadow Forty-Five

FROM the year 1738 to 1769
Blue Ridge was embraced
Staunton was the county
Blacksburg and the coun
County. The white settlers in this

Thomas Ingles, a native of Ire
three sons, and about the year 174
of Southwest Virginia, and it is
Ingleses became acquainted with t
at or near the present village of Pa
the year 1748, the Drapers, Ingles
and James Burke removed from
present town of Blacksburg, and

William Ingles, son of Thoma
in 1750, and John Draper and Be
they had to go to Staunton to be m
law to perform the ceremony lived

Up to this time the Indians
whites; but roving bands of savag
the whites retaliated at every op
Harman's house was raided by Ind
without, however, committing any
to the County Court of Augusta,
pensation allowed by law. But in
war arose, which devastated the co
of General Braddock, in Western I
1755

e of the early settlers of Augusta
Ireland, a man of large frame, over
length. Before he came to America
and had a wide experience with men
was the leading man in the settle-

1735.
Colonel James Patton was of
County. He, too, was a native of
six feet in height, and of great strength.
He had been in the British navy, and
in trade and business. While he lived he

ment. He was indefatigable in bringing from the old country settlers into the Valley, and is said to have crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty-five times. Under his auspices, the Prestons, Breckinridges, McClanahans, Campbells, Logans, Poages, and many others came over and settled around the site of Staunton. He was the first high sheriff of the county, an important and dignified office; he represented the county for some time in the Colonial Assembly, called the House of Burgesses; and at the time of his death, was county lieutenant, or commander-in-chief of the county militia. His residence, called Springhill, was twelve or thirteen miles southeast of Staunton. His youngest sister was the wife of John Preston, whose only son, William Preston, was the ancestor of the numerous family of that name. Colonel Patton's children were two daughters, one of whom married John Buchanan and the other William Thompson. He obtained by grant from the British Crown one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land west of the Blue Ridge, then in Augusta County, and now in Botetourt, Montgomery, etc. The old town of Pattonsburg was called for him, and the opposite town of Buchanan for his son-in-law.

Having business in this region, Colonel Patton came to Draper's Meadow in July, 1755, accompanied by his nephew, William Preston, and bringing a wagon with him. How they got the wagon here is a mystery, as there were no roads worth speaking of in the country at that time.

There has been much uncertainty as to the date of the tragedy about to be related. Some authorities say it was on Sunday, July 8th, 1755, but a register of persons killed by Indians from October, 1754, to May, 1758, gives the date as July 30th. This interesting document is preserved amongst the archives of the Historical Society of Wisconsin, having been obtained from some unknown source by the late Lyman Draper, the founder of that Society. For reasons unnecessary to state here, we are inclined to believe that the date was earlier by several weeks than the thirtieth, but whether on July 8th or 30th is not material.

On whichever day it was, Colonel Patton was resting from the fatigue of his journey at the dwelling of William Ingles and the Drapers, a log cabin which probably stood about where the old Smithfield house now stands. William Preston had gone to a distant cabin to obtain help for some farm work. The family anticipated no danger;

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a man named
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two children,
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Philip Barger,
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County Court
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en miles from
it was impos-
s Meadow to
the massacre,
to mark the

most of the men belonging to the premises were absent from the premises and Colonel Patton was sitting at a table writing, with his sword before him, when a party of Indians broke in upon them.

Mrs. John Draper being in the yard was the first to be seen by the Indians, and hastened into the house to give the alarm. She picked up her infant child, she ran out on the opposite side, but was captured by an Indian and captured. Her right arm was broken and the savage brained the child on a log. Colonel Patton killed several Indians with his sword, but was shot and killed before he could get out of his reach.

Other persons killed were Mrs. George Draper, and Casper Barrier. The Indians plundered the premises, seized the guns and ammunition, and setting fire to the buildings, they started on their retreat. They took with them as prisoners Leonard, Mrs. John Draper, and Mrs. Ingles and her children, Thomas, four, and George, two years of age. The unfortunate party in the field could do nothing but provide for their own safety, the country being sparsely settled, several days elapsed before the party could be collected. By that time it was too late to overtake the rapidly retreating enemy.

In their retreat, the Indians came to the cabin of William Preston, an old man, and cutting off his head, carried it in a bag. William Preston and Lybrook had gone back to Draper's Meadow by a different route from that taken by the Indians, and thus they escaped.

Colonel Patton's will was admitted to record by the Court of Augusta, at November term, 1755. In it he expressed his desire for eternal happiness through the merits and intercession of Lord Jesus Christ. He further expressed the wish that, if possible, his body be buried in Tinkling Spring Churchyard, seven miles from Staunton, where his deceased wife had been buried. But it was not possible at that time to transport a corpse from Draper's Meadow to Tinkling Spring, and he was interred near the scene of the massacre, probably in the grove at Smithfield. There is no stone monument to mark the spot. Surely he deserved a monument.

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of endurance.

spot. Surely he deserved a monument.
The prisoners were taken by the Indians to O
unbroken wilderness, and Mrs. Ingles being separated f
dren, determined to escape, if it were possible. The
her adventures on her return is as thrilling as any roman
her to have been a woman of rare courage and power
Only a brief mention of the main facts can be given here.

With an elderly "Dutch woman" captured in Pennsylvania, she was taken by the Indians to Big Bone Lick, in Kentucky, where they went to obtain salt, and there she persuaded the woman mentioned to accompany her in the attempted escape. They loaded a horse with corn, and stealing away, proceeded up the Ohio River. But before they reached the Kanawha, the old woman became insane, and Mrs. Ingles had to fly from her. After wandering for many days over mountains and through pathless forests, and nearly dying from starvation, she arrived in a forlorn condition at a clearing on New River, made by Adam Harman. He recognized her call, and hastened to her assistance.

The old "Dutch woman" afterwards found her way to the settlements, and was sent to her home in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Draper was released six or seven years after her capture. What became of Henry Leonard is not known. George Ingles died in captivity while still a child. Thomas was redeemed by his father when he was seventeen years old, and unable to speak English. It is said he never became reconciled to civilized life.



The Whippoorwill.

On summer nights, when sleeping lie the meadows,
 And busy sounds of day are hushed and still;
 When in the woods throng deep mysterious shadows,
 We hear thy plaintive notes, O whippoorwill!

Deep in the shadows of yon giant cedar,
 Secure from human eyes, thou wild, shy thing!
 Thy thrilling note needs naught of song or metre;
 Thou strikest human chords—thou dost not sing.

The stream near by goes rushing to the river,
 The stars shine down serenely over all,
 While on the soul rush thoughts of that "forever,"
 Which seem embodied in thy flute-like call.

The heart responds to Nature's many voices,
 Of which thy song is one, O whippoorwill!
 And, as with song of lark the soul rejoices,
 Thou sayest to wearied spirits, "Peace; be still."

From hidden depth thy plaintive note is uttered—
 Clear, patient, calm—it strikes upon the soul—
 And wearied hearts, that rose and fell and fluttered,
 From thee may learn the secret of control.

Amid the stillness of earth's quiet places,
 We hear the sounds the world's loud clamor stills;
 Far from the haunts of human griefs and faces,
 I learn thy message, O sweet whippoorwill!

—CARY B. PRESTON.

Historic Blacksburg.

A Glimpse into True History.

[The following was abridged from "Trans-Alleghany Pioneers" where the events here mentioned are fully elaborated upon by the able author, John P. Hale.]

PIONEER history does not repeat itself." There is enacted on its stage but one drama and never are the scenes reversed. When all the parts have been played the massive doors are closed and thus forever the curious spectators of the pioneer world are excluded, and thus the actors go never to play their parts again or have them imitated.

Some one has said, "There is no theatrical drama that is not the mimic of that imposing stage which history represents." But there is no drama to mimic the imposing stage of pioneer history. There is no theatre for us to enter where we can see reproduced the solemn and awful events which went hand in hand with the colonization of this country.

On the stage one may see the glittering pageant of patriarchs, kings, queens, conquerors, captives, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, and magicians, but never the martyrs of America, those brave, rugged, sturdy pioneers whose life's battles are the skeleton on which has grown the proud flesh and blood of America.

We may read of Napoleon's life, of the carnage of Wagram, of his fall at Waterloo, and may thrill with the early dreams of the Corsican soldier or sadly ponder with him at St. Helena; we may tremble with the heroes of the Crusades, we may build the long bridge of Alexander at Tyre or peer with covetous eyes on the Persian treasures at Susa; or we may watch the world-beleaguered Frederick

events

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undering in blood to immortality, now turning a verse to meet
uneful ear of Voltaire, but we shall never be able to see, experi-
nor conceive the simple life of those early settlers so full of
dy and misfortune.

We concern ourselves here only with the glorious Southwest
inia, which nature has lavishly painted with her masterly hand so
tifully, that as we look out upon the mountains no grating thoughts

of the scenes these mountains saw and the fearful tragedies which have
been enacted here force themselves upon us. Perhaps time has erased
the bloodstains from the soil and nature absorbed the scattered brains
of innocent babes snatched from their mothers' loving arms by brutal
force and battered out against some tree.

Blacksburg, the little town which claims for itself the honor of
being the foster father of Virginia's scientific school, perched here
upon the Alleghanies, "the culminating points of scenic grandeur and
beauty," may also proudly boast of being the foster father of America's
foremost pioneers.

In 1748, Thomas Ingles and his three sons, Mrs. Draper and her
son and daughter, together with Adam Harmon, Henry Leonard and
James Burke "came west to grow up with the country." They made
the first settlement west of the great Alleghany "divide" by the
waters of the New River which ran far into the mysterious West
which they knew not. The site of their settlement they called
"Draper's Meadows." The first buildings, but crude log cabins, were
erected where now stands the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, but all
traces of their existence are buried forever, and their memory lives
only in the pages of the awful history of the terrible, heart-rending
scenes which they witnessed.

At the time of the settlement the entire population of Virginia,
which extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was but eighty-two
thousand people; only a few hundred of this number were included
between the Blue and Alleghany ridges, in the Valley of Virginia
which is erroneously claimed to have been discovered by Governor
Spottswood and his "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

The Ingles and Drapers who were of Scotch-Irish descent, were
the first to press far beyond these frontier settlements of the Valley,
scale the lofty Alleghanies, the limit and western barrier of civiliza-
tion and discover and pitch their tents, or build their cabins, in the
wild, unknown wildernesses beyond.

There are but a few facts and dates preserved in relation to the

Ingles-Draper frontier settlement, owing, in a great measure, to the fact that but few records were written in those days and perhaps also to disinclination and to disadvantages under which people labored: further, a few years later all their houses, and books, and papers and every collateral which would have helped to fix dates were destroyed forever by the Indians.

acts are substantiated by recorded evidence
ts themselves to the hearts of those who are
g of the toil and hardship which were under-
nd suffered in those days.

sturdy hunter and pioneer made his way
Meadow camp. He came in the form of
light-eyed, rosy-cheeked god of love with bow
game and golden coils to bind it. William
had fallen victims to his skillful archery and
white wedding west of the Alleghanies was
not bliss and serenity to them. They lived
other but trials came and suffering over-
ate which directs men's lives, driving them
and forcing their bare and bleeding feet to
paths of hidden purpose, began to direct
ful lives and to prepare the way for some of
ng history the world has yet known. Their
ness were not realized.

was married to Miss Bettie Robertson and
Draper's Meadows.

lack of life and activity there grew up that
e who gave us our country, our chivalry and
valiant deeds which will echo down all the
m to humanity with all the might of their
press on."

of northern Indians passed and repassed
tlement to make raids upon the Catawbas,
er south, but they had given the whites no
asionally by thieving. The friendliest rela-
aces but that was destined to be of but short
dians had already meditated or determined
guised their designs by a show of friend-

The few following fa
and appeal strongly as fac
desirous to know somethin
gone by those who lived a

Soon another adven
quietly into the Draper's
that little, mysterious, brig
and arrow to strike his g
Ingles and Mary Draper
early in 1750 the first w
celebrated. But all was
firmly in the love of each
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In 1750, John Draper
they settled in the wilds of

Notwithstanding the
band of stern, brave peopl
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Several times tribes
the Draper's Meadow set
their enemies, living farth
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upon mischief but had d

ature their plans. At any rate the storm
y the black cloud which spread with electric
d destruction and devastation over the entire
e stinging arrows of fate now pierced the
k and turned to rage the intrepid men whose
d beautiful. On Sunday, the eighth of July,
addock's memorable defeat near Fort Du

ship until they could m
arose and without warning
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camp and settlement. Th
calm soul of a peaceful foll
lives had been so calm and
1755, the day before Bra

Quesne when all was peace and no suspicious cloud floated in the quiet heaven, with no warning of danger, Draper's Meadow was overrun by a party of Shawnees and every soul there present was either killed, wounded or borne captive away. Mrs. John Draper, who was in the yard, was the first to discover the enemy approaching and discerning as by intuition the design of their presence, ran to the house to give the alarm and to protect her sleeping infant. Seizing the child she ran wildly to escape but was detected, fired at by an Indian and wounded in her arm. The wound caused her to drop the innocent babe but hastily picking it up she continued her flight; but was overtaken and made prisoner and her poor child was brained against the house before her eyes. Oh, awful moment for that agonizing mother. Her first born murdered and she a captive in the hands of the merciless Indians!

In the meanwhile the other Indians concerned themselves with the other members of the camp, killing, wounding or capturing the entire number. William Ingles, who fortunate for his life, was in the field when the attack was made; but was made cognizant of the conditions by the ascending smoke from the burning houses which clouded the sky and stifled the atmosphere. He hastened home to save his family, but on approaching the house he saw that the number of Indians was large and recognized that it meant certain death to undertake defense single-handed so he very wisely turned to flight. But he had been seen by two Indians whom he evaded as they pursued him.

All the circumstances connected with this raid and the subsequent results are fit themes for the historian and require more space than is here allotted us. So we will concern ourselves with but one or two events and those pertaining especially to Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Ingles, their captivity and their final restoration to their husbands and remaining families. Nothing perhaps could be more thrilling than the story of Mrs. Ingles' life from this point until she again found her home.

On the third night out the course of nature which waits not upon

conveniences nor surroundings made Mrs. Ingles a mother. Far from human habitation, in the wild forest unbounded by walls, with only the bosom of mother earth for a couch and covered by the green trees and the blue canopy of heaven, with a curtain of black darkness around her, she gave birth to an infant daughter. Not being allowed time and shown but few attentions by the wild Indian squaws, she

break with the caravan,
er humanity or cold busi-
spare their lives?

ndians the prisoners were
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cept her infant, torn away
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can conceive the agony of
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a woman of nerve. She
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ff in the company of an
e and friends. There were
ient word to express the
led her on. It was God's
d her from starvation and
Woman" and brought her
hearing distance of Adam
ost thrilling escapes in all
e to her loving husband.
but thinly clad and with
elds of thorns, no one can
ng half starved and nearly
dreds of miles imagination
day out in his field heard
tending to the spot whence

was forced to advance on horseback at da
holding her infant in her arms. Was it tend
ness speculation that caused the Indians to

Soon according to the custom of the I
distributed among the tribes and not allow
with one another. It was a truly agonizing
to have her young and helpless children, ex
from her and from one another, but the fate
submitted with all the grace she could. After
of the wild Indians as long as she could e
escape. 'Mid all her trials this was the sup
She had determined to escape,—but what
child? Clearly there was but one thing to de
the unhappy sufferer to its hard fate. Who
a young mother compelled to decide such a
such alternatives before her? But she was
decided and acted. And after events proved
leaving her babe behind her she started o
"Old Dutch Woman" on a search for home
no roads, no guides; but instinct (a conver
divine direction of the hand of Providence)
protecting hand that shielded her and saved
the fiery hungry threats of the "Old Dutch W
again, feeble, exhausted and weak, within I
Harmon and restored her after one of the m
of history, more dead than alive once mor
What she suffered while feebly trudging,
bare feet, over the streams and rocks and fi
ever know. What she endured while climbi
dead up mountain ridges and traveling hun
can not conceive. Adam Harmon while one
the pitiful groans of a dying person, and, ha

soil the weary form of
place he bore her to his
es. He wrapped her ten-
a corner on the floor where
her relief and bathed her
restful sleep. This new
ows are" when compared

they came, found helpless there upon the
Mrs. Ingles. Gently lifting her from the
cabin and kindly ministered to her necessiti
derly in his blankets and stored her away in a
soon "Nature's sweet restorer" came to
wearied senses and aching limbs in balmy
resting place was "as soft as downy pillow
with the headrests that were hers before.

Mrs. Draper was still among the Indians. She had made an attempt to escape but was recaptured and condemned to death by burning. But the old chief concealed her for a time and by his influence and authority finally secured her pardon. Finding escape impossible she set to work to secure the favor of the tribe. She taught them to sew and to cook, she nursed the sick or wounded and had soon gained for herself very kind and considerate treatment. She thus spent six years after having been separated from Mrs. Ingles when the prisoners were divided; but in 1761, when a treaty was held between the races, John Draper, after much negotiation and paying a heavy ransom succeeded in effecting her release and restoration to himself. The couple being once again united, again made their home at Draper's Meadow.

This scarcely begins the life history of these people but space does not permit us to go further into their eventful careers. It is to such women as these that Virginia and America owe their homage and such people as these that the world should mostly honor. These were Virginia's patriots and the martyrs of the Revolution and their descendants are an honorable folk. When time shall have grown gray and the evening of the world shall welcome the angels of liberty encircling the earth with a halo of glory and peace and men shall look to the headlights of the ages, as they shine in the dim aisles of the past, none will emit a brighter effulgence than these pioneers. With conceptions and hearts like theirs we can help to lead our nation on to eternal glory, for guided by impulses so sacredly born, this grand old ship of state will glide over the waters of a national existence as placid as a surface of an Italian lake at sunset, and in the sunlight of such a peace permeating the atmosphere of every hillside and every valley the American people, united in purpose, united in true happiness and everlasting love will gather under the sheltering folds of a common banner and shout the immortal cadences of its heroes and no names in that never-dying song of national glory and honor will be more

The Old Chapel.

DOWN in the Valley of Virginia, in sight of the deep blue mountain, and beneath a cluster of vine-clad willows and oaks that have howled bleak winter for many a year, rear the stony walls of an old churchyard. A enough looking place it is in the bright sunlight; at night it is witching.

But now while the sun is shining, let us take a brief survey of the enclosure and the quaint old church standing there in the corner yard, for history and tradition and superstition hover hand in hand over the time-worn tombstones that seem to struggle hard for a glimpse of the sunlight through the matted ivy and honey-suckle, clambering from tomb to tree and hanging in wild and beautiful irregularity.

The "Old Chapel burying-ground"—for that is the name which the place is known and recognized by many an old Virginian with a certain feeling of awe and reverence—was built about the year 1730, and originally the church stood in the center of the grounds, but for some cause was removed to where it now stands, in the corner of the yard, and approached by three roads.

On either side of the three-cornered enclosure stand tall and aged trees, through which have whistled in by-gone days the wrath of the warring armies, and to the south, a little stream wends its way toward the Shenandoah River.

The first thing one sees upon entering the church is the old pulpit and the high sounding-board, carved after the fashion of the time, which has never been removed since it rattled and thud-

another
of the
hyard.
e quar-
ascend
eparate

with the voice of the youthful Meade, to whose memory on the
wall is erected a quaint, yet expressive, tablet.

On the same side of the church and just across the door is a
tablet, or list of the dead of the Clarke Cavalry, a noble band
Virginia youth, many of whom are buried without in the church.

And there is the queer old gallery, where the servants were
seated during the sermon. It is curious to note that in order to
reach the gallery one must enter from the outside through a side

There being no stairs leading thither from the church. A
gallery it is, indeed, for there in the dark, among the dust
of ages, lies the lid of a coffin, where it has lain undis-
turbed for a period of twenty-six years; of this I shall have something

going in colonial days seemed a requisite of social posi-
tion. On some bright sabbath morning, a century and a
half ago, when a tranquil quiet rested over all the land, came many
of the four-in-hand depositing the powdered gentry, smiling
and courtesying in royal fashion, and talking tobacco and
perhaps the unreasonable taxes which George III had just
imposed upon them.

In the groups on the lawn you may have recognized the
names of the Pages, the Monroes, the Jeffersons, the Randolphs,
and the Carters, and yonder stood the little lonely Lord

There must have been the sight here, when the high-backed
chairs were filled with stiff, dignified old gentlemen, long-queued and
well-dressed in satin and feathers; and plump, fair Mistress
Mistress, nodding and winking through the parson's stops;
and when the benediction was over to see them filing down the aisle,
with patches of floating sunlight from the square-topped
windows, exchanging neighborly news, nodding and smiling, giving
and accepting invitations; passing down on the green to their lumber-
blazoned with crests and filigreed metal, and rolling off
in the dust, with serene countenances, and inward congratula-
tions on having performed a duty to God and man.

And I say, must have been this scene in those days. But now
it is deserted; and it is painful to think of the plain, unpic-
turesque and humble assemblages, which gather here once a year, to
renew memories of the past, which, justly they think begirth with
more honor and comfort than ever the present can be.

entrance, there
"goblin" gal-
and cobwebs
disturbed for a p
to say later.

Church-gal-
tion, and her
quarter ago, v
a richly liveri
and bowing a
horses, or per
imposed upon

Among
Washingtons
the Burwells,
Fairfax.

Pleasant
pews were fil
beruffled; do
Betty and P
and when the
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ing coaches,
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Pleasant
the aisles are
picturesque and
honor the me
more splendor

...e painful the thought that this good old edifice is crumb-
... with the weight of its years, or the sorrow that echoes
...s; however, soon it must be a mouldering ruin of stone,
...nd moss, and lichen, and cobweb,—a reeking rendezvous
...d birds and reptiles that even now shriek at its doors for

Still mor-
ling, whether
from its wall
and plaster, a
for ill-omene
admittance.

I have called the "Old Chapel" a weird witching place, but that scarcely expresses my meaning, nor can I find the words that do. One should see it after night, and hear the owls and whippoorwills calling and plaining among the tangled tombs, to understand the awe which trembles through the breast as I recall a gloomy midnight scene there enacted many years since, and feel the inadequacy of all human expression to picture my meaning.

It is in the middle of the night, now, reader; the air is pleasant and cool, and if you are not endowed with the popular superstition that the "sheeted dead do squeak and gibber" through the streets of this silent city of the tombs, making night hideous among their mossy spectral ruins, come with me; let us walk down through the aisles of box and honeysuckle.

If you are afraid, do not come; but I should like to tell you a story of love and war that lies buried beneath an unmarked grave yonder. You need fear no enemy but toads and snakes, the only living things that flourish beneath the matted undergrowth. Should we cross one of those ominous phantoms of the night, I think we will have been well rewarded for our adventure.

I see you are following me, so, come! and let's talk of the "good old times," of which many of these silent tongues could tell, were there only some power by which we could restore that crumbling organ. Now, do not start at anything you may see or hear, for much depends upon retaining our composure. What a beautiful place it is, now, under the starlight! And how the nerves chilled when the leaves rustled there at our side; sense yet can not rule the emotions, for we had schooled and reasoned away the idea that there were "ghosts," and strive as we will, we can not suppress the desire to turn toward every rustle of a leaf. That slab we have just passed marks the tomb of Edmund Randolph, the same, I believe, who was for a long while the King's attorney-general. And there are a cluster of the Bene-

the King's attorney general. And there are a cluster of the Pages, there the Burwells, and the Carters, and many an old historic family. Under that unmarked mound there lie the "ashes" of John Esten Cooke, the Virginia novelist and historian; and by his side is his brother, the poet, Philip Pendleton.

But now we have reached a number of unmarked graves. They are called the "unknown dead"—those poor fellows who lie beneath

part from the rest; you must sit down
I have a story to tell; sit down and

* * * *

er, a quarter of a century ago, the
through the trees upon a far more
that which we see to-night. These
re sitting upon, had just been dug,
of three Confederate soldiers. They
e, by the side of a road near the little
uped around the graves were a little
n through the Valley as the "Night-
e deep night to perform the last duty
e verge of one of the empty graves
a second glance reveals a fair and
t a grace which was but the more
stood with her hands crossed before
er-book, gaping into the cold, damp,
ible battle she waged with her emo-
e slender frame quiver, and the dark
ollowed by a faint, half-smothered
et as it is now, my friend, for over
s of bullets which rattled against the
, and from the crest of the hills on
shouts and huzzas of battle. Now,
were lowered into the ground, and
derates stood bare-headed and lean-
nd delicate voice breaks strangely in
g girl is reading by moonlight the
iscopal Church. This being over,
and soon the mounds were rounded

them. Here are three of them ap-
there upon that mound, for of these
listen, I shall be brief.

* * * *

Here, on a night in September
swooning harvest moon trembled
weird and harrowing scene than
three graves, one of which you a-
and around them lay the bodies of
had been hung, a few hours before
village of Millwood yonder. Gro-
band of sorrowful partisans, know-
hawks," who had thus come in the
to their dead comrades. Upon the
stood a shrouded female figure;
beautiful face; sorrow had lent it
beautiful under the moon, as she
her, in which were clutched a pray-
reeking graves. Despite the terr-
tions, you might have noticed the
shroud tremble about her feet,
sob. But the air was not as quiet
their heads were whistling shower
gray walls of the Chapel Church
either side of them rang the wild
everything was ready; the coffins
then, while the poorly-clad Confe-
ing upon their muskets, a sweet a-
upon the din and noise—a young
solemn burial service of the Ep-
the clods rattled upon the coffins
beneath the sods.

anding officer, during all this weird
upon the brink of one of the graves.
occasional groan; the man was suffer-
ances he shot toward the young lady
with her, yet no word had passed
t Landon was suffering,—you may
hall tell you.

91

beneath the spades.
St. Leger Landon, the comm
affair stood pale and motionless
No sound escaped him save an o
ing intensely. The mysterious gl
betrayed a former acquaintance
between them. I have said tha
judge for yourself from what I s

Making the young lady a profound bow, he said in frigid cour-
tesy:

"I thank you, Miss Adair; this is an unexpected meeting."

"Yes, sir; my appearance no doubt surprised you, equally as
much as yours astonished me. I thought you dead, sir," she replied
in the same calm tone, though the bullets were singing above; "and
yet my appearance is easily explained. You are aware that I live near,
and this evening, I walked down by moonlight to visit the chapel,
my—mother!" here her voice quavered despite the terrible effort she
was making. There was a pause of several minutes mingled with
sobs and tears; he should not know, for worlds, that *his grave* had
brought her there at this odd hour of the night.

"Captain Landon," she presently continued, "I wish to speak
with you for a moment," and walking away for a few paces from the
group, Landon followed her. "You look at me so coldly!" she said
in a low trembling tone. "Why do you do so? We can not be
friends, but we need not be enemies. I have forgotten the past."

"Miss Adair is too kind," was the cold reply, while he drew his
head back with calm, quiet dignity.

"Enough, sir!" she said, "I will not further annoy you," and,
turning away she was about to leave him, when her eyes fell upon
the graves. She stopped, gazed at the awe-stricken group, then her
head sank and a low sob issued from her lips.

"Why do you speak to me so?" she murmured, hurriedly, turn-
ing to Landon. "Is it kind? Is it courteous? Shall not I rather
speak thus to you? I knew a St. Leger Landon once, who, alas! war
has changed you, sir."

Scarcely had she finished the sentence when a horseman dashed
into the wondering group, and hastened to the side of Landon and
exclaimed:

"The enemy are driving us, Captain! They have two or three
regiments at least. We can't be able to hold ground for minutes

