## USE PERRY

exchanged with the American man-of war. All who could be there were or board witnessing, with fury in thei hearts, the Yulu passing with the risoners toward Greytown. Mr. Thomp son says that several hours before th Yulu left for Greytown Captain Sun ner was informed of the intention the Spaniards and could have acted i the matter if he had wished to do so, br probably having instructions from foreign office he could do nothing. is the opinion in Nicaragua that the caragua canal company's concession a certain extent, responsible for failure of the American government display a firmer foreign policy.

The present situation in Bluefields

as deplorable as ever. Indians and Ja maican negroes are daily arrested an nobody is certain of his life and proper ty, expecting every hour to be im ed on some frivolous charge. It is the present opinion in Bluefields that the property of all foreigners who may have een banished from Nicaragua, or wh have left on their own account, will h confiscated by the government. At the time the Rover left Bluefields the Co umbia had left for Port Limon and the Marblehead had just arrived. steamer Yulu came back from Greytow next evening after leaving Bluefield oringing news that Captain Stuart, the English man-of-war had arrived a Greytown and visited the prisoners the Greytown prison.

Canadian News.

Many rumors have been current Winnipeg regarding the revival of the Hudson's Bay railway scheme. It understood that Messrs. Mann & Holt. the old contractors, still have a claim of \$150,000 or \$160,000 against the road which can only be realized on if the road is reorganized and pushed forward. These gentlemen are in Winnipeg with Mr Mackenzie, of Toronto, and have beer holding informal interviews with the l cal government regarding the road. A young Englishman named Wellin

ton arrived at Winnipeg, having drive all the way from Calgary in a light cov ered wagon. The time occupied was on month and three days. The weekly report of the Northern Pa-

cific agents throughout the province of Manitoba is better this week than ever before and indicates that the crops are turning out better than expected, while the weather has been all that could be desired. Grain is a much larger viele than had been estimated. The C. P. R. has reduced the rates on

produce on its Edmonton branch. A woman accomplice of the robbe along the north shore of Lake Superior has been sentenced to three years' imp She was caught by the poli of Winnipeg.

of Winnipeg.

The depression which resulted in a very serious falling off in the earnings of the Canadian Pacific railway for the past six months, was never noticeable in the local traffic, which has been remarkably good throughout the spring and summer. was the freight and elling that told the sad story. It is understood the Government

ecided to make the channel in Lake St. Louis, starting at Lachine wharf, of lepth of sixteen feet with a width in pro ortion until deep water is read This will enable steamers for points a long the lake to avoid the great circuit now necessary. The estimated cost of the work is \$300,000.

Mrs. Jane Lyon Mackenzie, eldest sieter of Hon. George Brown, is dead. She had been a resident of New York city for the past fifty years and her body wi taken there for burial. A section of the French-Canadian pre-

Montreal is indignant at what it calls an outrage on the part of the authoriies who have charge of the provinci exhibit at Quebec. The difficulty lies in the fact that the French flag is not given official recognition. The Patrie says: We ask all exhibitors to exact that the ri-color flag is made to float over th exhibition buildings, and to withdraw ather than abide by the dictates of edantic official who is ashamed of being Frenchman. Let there be no exhib tion rather than allow France to be i sulted. Therefore, If there is then a fi asco, the people of Quebec will know Workmen engaged in excavating

the foundation of a factory, to be bu on Duke street, Toronto, exhumed th ody of an officer of the Eighth King's Own Regiment, which had been interr n 1812.

Charles Hyman, ex-M. P., left Lon join Mr. Laurier and party at nipeg on Monday, when he will speak a a demonstration there. Mr. Hyman W. accompany Mr. Laurier to the Pacif

Edward Ryan, painter, formerly of Toronto, and W. Weaver, who claims to come from Glencoe, were arrested Windsor charged with manufacturing ounterfeit money in their room. In their quarters were found moulds, melting

oots, etc. Anxiety is felt at Chatham for safety of D. M. Prittie, barrister, Geo. F. Rispin, of that place, and Arthu Northwood, modern language master the Ottawa college, who left about thr weeks ago on a canoe trip on the Georg an bay. Nothing has been heard of then

since the 20th inst. At Osgood Hall on Saturday the tion of R. E. Foy against James Con-mee who was defeated for West Algoma by J. M. Savage at the late election was filed. Personal charges are ma and Conmee's disqualification for eight

years is asked for. Dr. Selwyn, F.R.G.S., who has min all arrangements for continuing the el plorations for coal oil in the Athabasci region, has returned to Ottawa where will have samples of the various strat found at or about every 100 feet sent him. In this way he will be able superintend the work and know what being done as well as though he we there himself. When the party through boring at the Landing a test natural gas will be made at Winnipe -Edmonton Bulletin

## BUTTONS OF GUIDON

'Tales of Ten Travelers' Series

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

the Student Traveler, as our Ten ner of life, if he had."
were all comfortably seated in And then as if recurs brigades and even single regi-infantry, a few battalions of a number of field artillery which had been hastily massed

Confederate forces under gal- might do." Hood, and which made pos-

"quite young enough to der eyes above a far life's horizon where

e one sultry June afternoon, as our were about going into camp for the after a severe day's march over the of northwestern Georgia, our own my, Battery D, First Illinois Light were moving on beyond, and that we had but a moment more together.

"Here," he said quickly, as he tremblingon account of some temporary abreast of an imposing country n, where, to avoid only a slight dethe marching columns had cut a roadway straight across the plant-

owner's beautiful gardens and lawn, he sappers and miners had demolished is and fences. Fountains had been ovand broken. Statuary lay prone ide pedestals or, in shattered pieces, been crushed into the earth by the avy wheels of transport wagons and the illery. Grotos and vine-laden summer uses were leveled as by a tempest; and stly shubbery, which another quarter ntury's loving care could not replace, destroyed like wayside weeds peneath the trampling of frenzied herds.

The general in command had mercifully placed guards about the fine old mansion; and we could see upon the colonnaded pora few members of the household hudled together as if fascinated by the porious scene, while gazing in stuperfied lessness over the destruction which an

hours time had so sadly wrought.

Most of our officers, postillions and gunners had dismounted and flung themselves from an almost stupid exhaustion upon the sward; and our jaded horses, freed for a few moments from rein and spur, lowered their heads listlessly or reached burgetly. tween the deeply sunken ruts.

foolhardy way of youth to have me, which revolted at the inhumanty need less destruction of war; which made me almost traitorous in heart to the power behind our own flag, when it waved above belief to the first place, in park, in camp.

Everyone knows the story of the Atlanta apon the wicked and wanton desecration

and them-chilled and sickened me.

turned from it and leaned against my rse, mutely patting his neck as though he this feeling, if the patriotic ! numan souls around me could not, and with my face against his dusty shoulder "Ah Charlie, old friend!-" Charlie was

and our colors into many a direful place carnage and death; for "Battery D" had ained a name for savage work afieldlow long must this business last?" I remember, too, that I thought old Charlle, tenders interpreting my boyish mod of despondency, had turned his hon-

st face to rumple my ragged artillery jactet with his lips and teeth, and say as plainly as faithful horse could: give way so, Little Buttons; his being my nickname, friendly st(wed by the battery boys, who were really fond of me on account of my dimin-utive size. "It's a dreadful shaking up, be sure; but as I am considerably older yourself, and have seen longer ser-I hope you won't mind my mentionave thought it all out more dis-

sionately. "Oh, no. Charlie!" "One good thing'll come of it, anyhow; Little Buttons!

I don't mind fighting; sure! You and destruction, are what break my boyish and foolish as they may

seem to some of you quizzled travel s about me; and they were the greatest comrades rather gloried in the ruin on this occasion I thought old Charlie ed my shoulder a second time comfort-

agly and seemed to say in that brave, ery way he had: Litle Buttons, brace up! When you and e old vets, all this rumpus will be so ally forgotten that we couldn't get a we needed one. Besides, rememwe carry the colors, my boy!'

This last seeming reminder from old ought me to somthing like "Atwhen I saw to my surprise that had not been old Charlie's touch upon oulder at all.

was looking into the deep hazel eyes known rest upon them before. seemed to me for a moment that I When he laid his hand upon ulder again, it was as my own fath-

r's loving touch. terrible strain upon mental and physical possible!" he half whispered. being into keened activity I knew that the could have no boy as young as this added impetus ever came to me, not from

little over thirty years ago," musing- | He would not permit him to lead this manwere all comfortably seated in and then as if recurring to some hope or purpose in his own mind, he looked at ne appealingly and said:
"My lad, you have a heart, if you are a

"Oh, I hope so, sir;" I bashfully replied. which had been hastily massed the fillinois, were urged speedily forway of the Cumberland river and rapid marches over the mountermeastern Alabama into continued, hesitatingly, "because it remindrapid marches over the mounnorthewestern Alabama into
o reinforce Sherman, who was
fighting his way to the doomed
lanta.

ned him at Etowah river and
to the bendfought flank more. d in the hard-fought flank move-the resulting in the defeat of the kindness that human heart and hand

I was almost overcome by the intensity tain Hood, and which match of his feeling and the homesickness every tone he uttered evoked, and I stammered was yet scarcely a streak of the Student Traveler's hair and early familiarity with the stir-

rested only cloudless, happy skies.
We heard the dull chucking an Whereupon without further interruption whereupon without further interruption whereupon without further interruption whereupon without further interruption with a supplication with the following with a supplication with the following with a supplication with a sup

but a moment more together.

"Here," he said quickly, as he tremblingly pushed the packet into my pocket, "her
name and address and a little note to her are all in there. We cannot hear from her. Your army is between us. She is at a sort of music school, with an Italian master—not in good hands, we fear. Atlanta will fall. My God, boy! what will become of our darling Beatrice, in those hours of defeat, of victory, of pillage, rapine and

Captain Cooper and the officers were already in their saddles. The postillions and gunners were sulkily creeping to their I saw the bugle raised to Bugler Andy's lips. Old Charlie was already restless and the clarion note of the order to mount half drowned the planter's almost despairing words.

He clutched at my foot as I reached my saddle. I could barely hear him agoniz-

ingly plead: "In heaven's name search her out. Tell her of this meeting. Give her the letter. Be to her as though she were your kin!" The infantry beyond had been sent on at double quick to regain our lost time. Captain Cooper's piping voice gave an impatient order to Bugier Andy.

"Forward—double quick!" shrilly follow-

ward; and our jaded horses, freed for a few moments from rein and spur, lowered their heads listlessly or reached hungrily none side or the other for a few smirch ad blades of grass which still lay half buri-God!

I was the guidon or color sergeant of the attery; at this time a lad of scarcely figure years of age. While valorous enough gaged foot and we tore ourselves from the man—it was as though I had struck my won in a year's relentless service the lik-ing of my officers and the friendship of own father a blow—and in an instant more of my omeers and the friendship of own lather a blow—and in an instant more by comrades, there was still a strain in Battery D, with its six glaring howitzers was thundering over the ruined lawn and

field and helpless; and which fired my tersville, at Allatoona, at Acworth and at heart with intolerable hatred for my own Big Shanty; of the investment, in blazing, whenever I was compelled to look burning July days, of lordly Kennesaw Mountain, where the attacks and repulses the feints and sallies and the tremendous I shall never forget how the picture of this half ruined homeside—the utter destruction on every hand, the guarded shell engaged, and like majestic and terrible engaged, and like majestic and terrible of a home, its few remaining occupants, the old and the young, looking upon invaders out of the very desolation of fear, while a few faithful blacks crouched be-Kennesaw, and Mariette for a hospital camp and a scondry base of supplies; o the weeks of thunder and smoke by day and thunder and flame by night, in the terrible artillery duels across the Chatta-hoochee; of the vast Federal demonstration to the south, and the lightning like flank-ing stroke away around to the northeast, name of the horse who had carried me where Peachtree's banks opened to ten thousand soldier graves and the brave Mac-Pherson fell; of the final investment of the beautiful city, the deadly assaults and re-pulses and their endless carnage; and then the awful whirl and whirlwind of half a hundred thousand desperate men aro the south and southeast-a solid advancing resistless front of half a score of miles in length, of raining lead, of blood-red bayonet, of belching cannon and of the all consuming torch—to the horrible slaughter of Rough-and-Ready and Jonesborough: un til, just thirty years from our next first September day, a shout went up that shook the earth and split the sky: "Atlanta is ours!" while the brave but defeated Confederates withdrew to Lovejoy's; and the face of the earth, almost from Chattanooga to Atlanta, seared as with flame, blackened as by deadly frosts, was a putrid desolate desert, silent as it buried and unburied dead!

the North and the South'll get a permanent introduction to one another that'll lead to lasting brotherhood and respect; believe emy, the field artillery guidon and his tiny On dress parade and in drill service, even emy, the field artillery guldon and his tiny flag are well enough and pretty enough as Oh, but Charlie, the horror of it while military trappings; but where there are ceaseless battles and carnage, the need is now that. The needless sufferng, the desperate for every human at the guns.

Partless cruelties and the wanton indig-As I pleaded for a place like this, Cap-tain Cooper smiled grimly, took old Charlie eart, old Charlie, and sometimes make me for an extra saddle horse and promptly often had talks like these, old Char- fighter, Sergeant Dennis McGee, of the

centre section guns.
"Faith, I'll put you where the inimy about me; and they were the greatest niver'll clap eye on ye, for the smoke," ing comforts to me, when so many of said Dennis with a wicked twinkle in his little green eyes.

"It'll be 'Number 5,' ye'll be;" he added sternly; "t' thumb th' vint, and fire the gun. An', mind me words, me lad; if ye iver let air in 'er (the cannon), an' cause a premachure discharge, or break away on yer lanyard before I guv th' word, I'll just impty th' six barrels o' me revolver into th' small o' yer poreen back!' With similar engaging rallyings from Dennis, I took my place at the gleaming twenty-four pounder and kept it to the

of battle heroes is. I remember it all as a terrible dream where I knew that death was ahead anl where I felt as sure tha owner of the mansion, whom I had in the group upon the portico and now stood before me with a white regarding my own features with a complish my atomike toll in the measure-

In such dolorous times there is no chance seemed to me for a moment that I for respite; no place for humanizing commy own father's face in his. When panionship; no moments for more than the oke, my own father's tones were in dumb and ceaseless efforts to do and live and kill. Yet if it were possible to intensify the

"We took thirty-seven positions at Peach-

"We took thirty-seven positions at Peachtree," Corporal Rz Carter would proudly retort, as he cut in two a bar of "Daisy Dean," which he was endlessly and plaintively whistling or singing in battle or out "and Little Buttons never lost his grip at the gun's wheel, never missed a tight vent and never got rattled with his lanyard."

"No, and he never squealed when the big Johnnie Reb yanked him, that day, over his gun and was bringing his sabre down on him like slicin' 'sow-belly,' an' Irish Dennis shot the big Reb over him, an they stuck there in the blood on the sizzling gun together!" snorted Freem Harford, our together!" snorted Freem Harford, our brawny Number 1, chucking me under the chin and smiling encouragingly into the al-ready set features of my tiny boyish face. "Faith, if we'd had Little Buttons at Aughrim—sure that's over agin Ballinasloe

"Sregeant McGee would add with backward prophesy and a wise solemn smile, "ould Ireland'd be ould Ireland still, an

is early familiarity with the stiruts of so remote a period caused approxingly.

"We have a daughter in Atlanta—just about your age, my lad. Here is her picture."

And so the running fire of half satire and half compilment would flash across the guns or between the limbers and caissons, or be taken up by the sprawling postillions. Traveler, who had seen hard ing events of so remove a period around a position of surprise to filt almost expressions of surprise to filt almost the faces of the assembled company. The Almess Traveler, who had seen hard the Almess Traveler, who had seen hard rive in the Franco-Prussian war, seemed arive in the franco-Prussian war, seemed companions, as if to guard so sacred a subject from intrusion, he placed a little ambrotype in my hands.

The Almess Traveler, who had seen hard company that a place in the franco-Prussian war, seemed arive in the Franco-Prussian war, seemed company.

With an alert glance toward my tired company that the follows of sales of purpose in the franco-Prussian war, seemed are the filter in the filter in Atlanta-Just while Big Andy, the German bugier, grave as a kalser, would polish his bugie on his sleeve or silently nip comforting pinches of snuff, and Captain Cooper, Lieutenants ambrotype in my hands.

I saw the sweet face of a lass of perhaps sixteen years—almost the image of my, own around upon their men as if to say, "We're not all regulation size, nor age, nor dress; but we're fighters, lads, Little Buttons, one and all!" or still bestow upon me a glance hard of pity and half of affection; all of the faces of the assembled company.

Traveler, who had seen hard the follows of such around my tired companions, as if to guard so sacred a subject from intrusion, he placed a little around the follows of such around my tired companions, as if to guard so sacred a subject from intrusion, he placed a little around the follows of such around my tired companions, as if to guard so sacred a subject from intrusion, he placed a little around the follows of such around my tired companions, as if to guard so sacred a subject from intrusion, he placed a little around the follows the triumph in a brave enemy's defeat-kept my diminutive being and childish spin

it in dogged, tensest key.
I say these things because I always look back upon that time and upon that soldier lad almost as a separate epoch and distinct personality from those in which I have ever really existed; and also in the nature of confession of meritless boyish foolhardiness which won me whatever affection the rough and kindly natures about me had in

their inclination or power to bestow. In the listless and idle September and October days that followed Sherman's great victory, which was really the beginning of the end of the American civil war Battery D was encamped with various other com-mands near the hamlet of East Point, a few miles south of the city of Atlanta.
Old Charlie and the little flag had been

returned to me; and to the trifling duties of guidon had been added the more onerous camp life exactions of company cierk. In this capacity I carried and brought the mall to and from army corps headquarters, delivered and often received the voluminous reports and briefer orders, and, in fact, gradually became a sort of general orderly for our officers and mounted errand boy or our droning roadside camp.

This often brought me on various trifling

nissions within the captured city. While its activities were very great through Sherman's reorganization of his army and the extensive preparations for his still secretlyplanned march to the sea, they were mili-tary activities alone; and to me, boy though I was, the half ruined public edifices, the dismantled forts, the barred or silent empty shops, the avenues of leveled elms and limes, the shell-ridden churches, schools and warehouses and above all the dreary, ghostlly homes, closely shuttered and barred or transformed into slatternly barracks for our soldiers, were amongst the saddest spectacles of the war.

This was intensified and still more deeply

embittered by the utter failure of my chivalrous mission for the discovery and rescue of Beatrice.

This charge had grown upon me as the

sacred Mecca of my childish aspiration. That white face of the father had haunted me reprovingly. The beautiful and inno-cent face of his daughter had beconed me

when the cry "Atlanta is ours!" went up in full uniform and without warrant, infrom an hundred thousand throats, it stilled my heart and choked my tongue. Beatrice hopeful and innocent. Beatrice nelpless and alone, Beatrice ground beneath

merciless teeth of war, flitted through my dreams, whispered encouragement in the very "ping!" of bullets beside my head, hung like the flaming Virgin in the rapt pictures of the masters floated sniritlike within and above the smoke of our cannon and took on dolorous and awful forms in very grewsome change of cloud-hung bat-

Never did old Charlie's hoofs ring out such impatient staccato as when he bore the ancient mansion where found Signor Bellini's conservatory to be ocated. Never did his laggard hoofs so as when we turned away from the place. ow transformed into army engineers' headquarters, where smart sentries were pacing the broad portico or loitering beside the si ent fountains.

Then followed weeks of fruitless, heartdeadening search.
The flutter of every woman's gown, the flash of every woman's hand, the half-caught glimpse of every woman's face,

startled me on and on with the thrill of tope which ever ended in a desolate pang of utter dread and loss. Back to camp, where I had become hag gard, moody and silent, one day Corporal Ež Carter stopped his tender numbers of "Dalsy Deane" long enough to remark in a melancholy tone to some comrades near "The campaign was too much for Little Buttons. He's going off all in a heap!

Then the boys began to regard me mor closely. The rough fellows would edge up to me with cheery and sympathetic words. Some brusquely took from me various por-tions of my work. Even the best of our poor food found its way to my plate, at

They plied me with all manner of father ly questions. While the tears welled into my foolish eyes, I could only remain stubbornly silent. Then by a little ruse they brought me to the doctor's attention at

"Shamming!\_Rah!\_shamming!" was his pleasant dictum with an oath, as he mounted his horse and with his assistant rode away; but the brigade surgeon would never have returned to headquarters with whole bones had not his good steed taken him at a lively pace out of the clutches of

the fighting boys of Battery D. "Faith, it's shammers ye all are!" indignantly remarked Sergeant McGee. "Can' ye see it's th' ache o' th' heart for home behind, that's altin' th' life out o Little Buttons?" And so it stood at homesickness with the

men; and Ex Carter, loyal soul that he was! sang himself hoarse and whistled himself parhed and dry from his efforts to enliven my spirits with the saddening strains of "Daisy Deane," and even Big Andy, with progruding eyes and bulging cheeks, worked beside me for hours out of the very goodness of his honest German heart with the ear-splitting bugle's blare: while Manzel Burr, Freem Harford, Doc Lewis and Seed Rogers from as many different squads—and bless their generous tenderness to the end of their civilian days endeavored to win me back to comrade ship, through cards, in the adroit bestowal upon my fortunes of various tempting

'lack-pots!' But I carried my secret and hurt alone; he sorriest way on earth to carry a griev-us load.

Added to its crushing weight was another

we waded, watted and swam.

Shert as the preternatural silence brooding between brooding armies, we halted
where a huge sycamore had fallen across the sorriest way on earth to carry a griev-

come the dread, the actual despair and the agony of compassion which L as that boy soldier, constantly suffered until this measureless brutality of pretended military ne-

cessity was partially complete.

Contemplation of the monstrous inhumanity, coupled with certain extinction of my last hope to succor the ill-fated Beatrice, so maddened my childish soul that I would almost have committed murder to have averted it. For the few days between the

such as had no other means of conveyance. A double line of federal guards fen the highway to a point where the flags of the Union and Confederacy, with the white emblem of truce between, stood almost sid by side.

Here, the confederate guards carried on the bristling fronts of soldiery to the picket and main lines of the Southern army. Nearly thirty thousand human souls, driven ruthlessly from their homes, were forced through this infamous Highway of Despair; and with flashing eyes and heart of shame for my country and its cause, I believe I looked into the face of every refugee that passed that way. May God spare the world anothr such frightful panorama of human

Toward evening on the third and last day of the dreadful exodus, all but a half score wagons had passed our camp. Interested and curious comrades in solemn-faced and curious comrades in solemn-faced squads, from time to time had kept me company.

"Come on to mess, boys. That's the last of 'em!' cried one of the artillerymen; and all but myself, who was watching the

cavalcade to the last lagard refugee, and Sergeant McGee, who was regarding me gravely and quizzically, departed hastily for their suppers beside the campfires.

I had risen from my seat on the old stone wall abutting the road to return to my tent with Dennis; but at that moment I saw two faces which set my little body a-tremb-

One was the dark face of a man of Latin blood. Jotted from side to side by the heavy wagon, he was wheedling and scowling and half supporting as best he could the slight figure of a maiden. The other, when the violence of the wagon's jolting had for an instant tossed her curls aside, knew was the face of Beatrice.

"Ye have a bad chill;" said Dennis curt-turning toward the tents. "Come along, Little Buttons, an' we'll bate that agy wid a drop o' th' rale right sort!" In the moment his back was to me. I had sprung into the open end of the wagon be-hind the one containing Signor Bellini and Beatrice, a wagon filled with singing and walling negroes; and in another moment Sergeant McGee and the pleasant camp of Battery D were shut from sight by the

blinding dust of the road. All roads my be alike to the madness of youth; but the road that led to the possi ble rescue of this helpless girl was the only one then open on earth to me. All th transport wagons belonging to General Sherman had been rapidly returned. The last few that were bing hurrid

forward blonged to the enemy. I could see through occasional glances, as we passed, the guards, done with their sad day's work into squads, and the squads deploying gradually forming into dark blue masses for impatient return to the friendly envir onments of their own camps.

The point of truce was soon gained. Here cavairy from both forces had been stationed. The formalities of their final separation were trifling. As the flag of truce was furled, the hostile flags moved in opposite directions. With grim salutes and rightalmost traitorous in heart to the power behind our own flag, when it waved above lindigity to the innocent or cruelty to the campaign: Of the flery conflicts at Carteble and helpless; and which fired my feeble and helpless; and which fired my heart with intolerable hatred for my own own believing guns upon the doomed city, seemed to my overwrought fancy a moving to hear to marching order and went their separate of the morning following.

Indistinct were the notes of the reveille, at Allatoona, at According pickets; and here I suddent to marching order and went their separate of the morning following.

Indistinct were the notes of the morning following.

Indistinct were the notes of the morning following.

Indistinct were the notes of the reveille, the ways. Our wagons were shortly beyond the looks outlying pickets; and here I suddent to marching order and went their separate of the morning following.

Indistinct were the notes of the reveille, the product of the morning following.

Indistinct were the notes of the morning following. enly realized that I was a Union soldier.

I do not think that this startled me at first. It simply spurred me to action. remember that my instant impulse was in some manner change my apparel. Some of the blacks were stupid from drink, and effecting this was not difficult. With one I exchanged my hat, with another

my jacket, with this one my padded artillery vest and with another, in the darkness, my tidy artillery trousers.

Hardly had this been done when we came upon a belated refugee's camp, outside of Hood's main lines, but close under the Confederate advance redoubts Here a few hundred humans were shelter from the night heside a small stream. Some were dejectedly munching scanty food; but most had fallen spiritless or from exhaustion beside their pitiably meagre belongings where the wagons had hurriedly left them.

Noticing these things, but with tention fixed only upon two human beings I followed the latter to the edge of the stream beside an abandaned campfire, where, after almost threatening injunctions for the girl to remain where bidden, the Italian left her apparently to make provision for food for the night. In an instant I was beside her, excitedly

whispering,
"Beatrice!—Beatrice!" She was not even startled. She seemed merely listening as in a dream for surer token of kinship and affection in the half as-pirated calling of her name. "Beatrice!—Beatrice!"

I bent close to her wan and haggard face. "Oh God! Have one of you come at "Yes, yes, yes!—from your father. Hush!

"Yes, yes, yes!—from your father. Hush! and haggard civilian who burst through the Here, see this picture he gave me. Read the words with it. I will take you from this My Beatrice is left to me!—saved to us," villain to him." She sprang to her feet; but I gently though instantly forced her down. "No, no! Not now. Not until a few hours later. Seem doclle and obedient to

Bellini. Can you swim?" "Yes, yes!" "Are you brave?"
After to-day there is little fear." "Will you obey me implicitly to reach

"To the limit of my life?" "To the limit of my life?
"Then, when you are certain your black devil of a companion and the camp are asleep steal to the bank of the stream. Move fearlessly down stream, until you meet me. Bellini is returning. Remember!"

I do not remember how long I waited for Beatrice; but, sure of her bravery and prudence as she was unquestioning of my loyal guidance, these were the only calm and certain hours I had known since our forces

I knew she would come; as she did. I rossed Etowah. knew that the approaching stealthy footsteps were hers. I knew that the unseen form I felt before me was that of Beatrice; form I feit before me was that of Beatrice; and it was the happiest moment of my life when her outstretched, groping hand grasped mine, and without even a whispered word, we stepped softly into the placid stream together—two children, seeing through blindness, going forward as in the broad day by night, upheld in their liminite trust. and ignorance by indefinite trust

What were my plans? I had none. stars told me the stream flowed toward the blessed Northland. Silent as our waterfowl and reptile companions has we waded, walked and swam. mions hand in hane

the shouts of victory above the groans of the dying but from those humbler and to my boyish nature subtler promptings to valorous savagery, in the approving words, glances or smiles of the officers and men about me

"Look at the fire in Little Buttons' eye!" Corporal Burr would laughingly halloa to the men of the right or left section guns, as we were warming up to some rattling engagement.

"Whatever depths of dolor this life may have in store for me, there can never again the other footsters approached the left bank of the other footsters approached the left bank of the other footsters

and this challenge:
"Halt!—who goes there?"

"Grand rounds!"
"Advance, grand rounds, and give the

Straight to a leveled gun above us came another muffled form. It bent over the bayonet and whispered:
"Remember—Atlanta!"

averted it. For the few days between the promulgation of the order for the city's depopulation and the saddest exodus of modern history, I was half beside myself with impotence and grief.

The highway leading from the city to the confederate lines above Lovejoy's, trailed alongside our camp. Sherman's huge army wagons were utilized to transport such as half no other means of conversance. The musket clattered to the sentry's shoulder. Then it clattered to the position of "Prsent arms!" The officer of the

Two dripping figures lay for a time to-gether in the rank grass beside the stream. When they arose they stepped fearlessly toward the sentry's path. A stern command rang out: It!-Who goes there?"

"Friends, with the countersign!" "Advance, friends, and give the counter-

Two figures bent over the sentry's leveled "Remember—Atlanta!" they whispered as cheerly as when giving the touchword of some pretty children's game, while with a gruff "Pass on!" the sentry's musket lattered back to his shoul

We sped across an open field, and when we had at last gained the highway over which I had so strangely come, clasping the girl in my arms, I murmured ecstatically in her ear: "With God's help we are outside the Confederate lines!"

"Not a whisper nor a shudder nor even a ripple of emotion was evoked. Just an answering pressure of the brave girl's hand,

and we were away to the North again like two winged wraiths of the night.

After perhaps two miles had been tra-versed, I saw the stream we had followed now winding closely beside the highway; and remembered that at a place where the transport wagons crossed the stream on the previous evening I had noticed a stone bridge, with parapet-like copings, then ocupied by Federal outposts. Reaching this, our dilemma now seemed insurmountable. Here we flung away our shoes and hugging the coping wall, opposite the side where I had seen the pickets in blue, we began moving stealthily aross. One of my hands held fast to Beatrice. The other groped from stone to stone along the rot-ten masonry. A false etep caused me to stumble and sent my hand forward with unusual force. It missed the wall and the

next moment a lance-like bayonet passed entirely through the flesh of my left fore-No challenge word followed, and I made no outery. Dropping the hand of Beatrice for a moment, I bent forward and saw that the figure holding the musket behind the bayonet was strangely silent. I peered again and listened. The picket was grimly and valiantly gripping his gun, which was pointed toward the enemy, but this hero of perhaps half a hundred battles was snoring percentilly in silent peacefully in sleep.

I grasped the gun barrel gently below the bayonet lock; pulled my wounded arm from off the steel, as the blood spurted down up-on the soldier's legs; grasped Beatrice and pressed dizzily forward; when at a safe distance hurled a stone back upon the sentry that he might escape death from being discovered asleep upon his post; in another half hour, without interruption or observation, I had shut the girl securely within my own little white tent, which danced all man-ner of ghostly antics before my eyes; and then, half fainting from exertion, excite-ment and loss of blood, fell in an unconscious heap upon some bags of fodder; when all the world was still.

Always like a troubled yet gladsome dream have remained with me the events ear by Sergeant McGee of "Little Buttons Little Buttons!-Out o' this, t' yer tint,

th' divil's own sorra ye'll see!" Incomprehensible, too, were some strange flights of mine, with seeming clanging, sab re-like wings, to the headquarters' tent and the shadowy guards, the scowling officers the half heard questions and the impatien orders that met me there. Dim and tor turingwasa great placard I seemed to se every letter of whose words like a rlaming ire burned worse than death into my whirl ing brain, of

DISGRACED 1 For Absence Within the Enemy's Lines

WITHOUT LEAVE Faint and far were the bugle notes roll call: the droning summons of the order ly and its responses; the salutes between fficers and men; the reading of some hat ful order: the instant murmur of disar ests and half frightened reproofs.

Dim and unreal still, the signal to my guards, who grappled with me to force the wind the maddened struggle then; the breaking of the lines; the wild rush upon the headquarters' tent; my own rescue; th rending of the placard to tatters; the sud-den vision of a shoeless maiden springing from a tiny white tent, clasping me in he arms, cying piteously, "He saved me from worse than death!" the silence of the strong men and the mist in their eyes they gazed on the ragged, torn and bloc stained children; the flight to our cam from the refugees' roadway of a venerab this as h clutched me, too, in his tree bling arms, "by my own brother's son and then, still as in a dream, the wild huzzas, hand shakings, embracings, min-gled songs of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixle;" officers and men indistinguishable from each other through the ecstat tears trailing over their war-grimed faces with Big Andy perched on the artificers wagon, sounding great blasts from his bugle, and Ez Carter endeavoring to drown the delicious notes with his pean of "Daisy Deane;" brought us all to a pandemonium of joy; until the very cannon seemed wreathed in glittering smiles along the pleasant camp front of fighting Battery D.

"Over all this blessed, sorrow-swept dream there never rested but one patch of shadow;" concluded the Student Traveler with a quiet smile, "Sergeant inis McGee has never quite forgiven Little Buttons because his kindly Hibern-lan diagnosis of the ache o' his heart was for the curly-haired maiden before him, rather than for the dear old farm house

That Tired Feeling Is a dangerous condition directly due depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also

change of season, climate or life. HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingrediCANADIAN NEWS.

News of Bastern Canada in Short Paragraphs.

The Medicine Hat electors have voted on-confidence in Mr. Davin. Wm. Cross, whose home is in Winnipeg, was killed at Grand Forks last

A third rumor makes Mr. Tasse leave the senate to seek election in a county adjoining Montreal. John W. Pickle, aged 20, a farm laborer, has been arrested on a charge of criminally assaulting a five-year-old girl

at Colborne last spring. The sale of Ontario and Quebec timber limits, held in the board of trade rooms, Toronto, was fairly well attended but bids were scarce. Hon. Mr. Laurier will arrive in Winni-

peg on Sunday. He reached Port Ar-

thur and Fort William on Thursday and was presented with addresses of wel-Mr. St. Lawrence, of Quebec, has had gangs of men at work around West Potton, Que., hewing and shipping certain valuable hardwoods such as birch, cher ry, ash, etc., for shipment to England. Jacob D. Spence, of 42 Park road, Toronto, who was killed near Newcastle, was aged 38. He was traveller for Wm.

Brice, wholesale fancy goods, 30 Front street. He left Toronto on Monday for his first trip for the firm. It has been decided to deepen Lachine canal to a uniform depth of 15 feet. Ten-ders have been called for and specifications published. The estimated cost is

\$250,000. The work is expected to be finished in the autumn of 1895. Two vorms men giving the names of Wilson, who opened a commission business in Montreal some months ago, have disappeared, leaving a large number of

mourning creditors. They had succeed ed in working up a good line of credit. Le Monde publishes a rumor that Hon. J. A. Chapleau will be offered the candidature for the new Maisonneuve constituency. The same organ also mentions Sir Hector Langevin as Mr. Chapleau's successor, and says the latter would then run for Three Rivers again.
The C. P. R. land department will endeavor to transform by irrigation, a dry waste of country along the line, in extent about one million acres, into a fertile farming district. The district lies between Medicine Hat and Gleichen in Alberta. The surveyors are now at work. At Leamington recently a fire was caused by the composition with which an electric wire used for lighting purposes was covered coming off. The wire, beng in contact with an iron hook, emitted sparks, which melted the adjacent gas pipe and ignited the gas. A large jet was produced, and ignited the joists

beneath the flooring: T. G. Shaughnessy, vice-president of the C. P. R., in a letter to Evanturel, M. P. P., regarding the desired prosecution of an extension of the new Montreal and Ottawa railway, says: "With large decreases in our earnings and the unwillingness of investors to loan on railway securities at present, we are forced to discontinue everything in the nature of capital expenditure until there is an improvement. It is impossible to form any definite opinion as to when financial mat-

Major John Hughes of the 45th battalion and brother of Sam Hughes, M.P., while rowing alone in a boat to Lisgar Island, Rice lake, on Friday night, where he was camping with friends, was overtaken by three men in another boat. The men knocked Hughes senseless with an oar and robbed him of a valuable gold watech and some money. Thev bound him with cords and took him to a lonely log cabin on shore, where he was left for the night. In the morning the captors came and released him. Hughes then made his way to the nearest farm house and reported the case. There

is no clue to the culprits. A dispatch from Ottawa gives the following particulars of the recent fire in that place. "One of the higgest fires Ottawa has ever seen occurred this afternoon at 5:30, and at midnight is still burning, but is under control. It was set—for it is undoubtedly incendiary—in the centre of J. R. Booth's piling grounds in the southeast quarter of the city, and rapidly spread until it covered ten acres of ground and destroyed about eight million feet of lumber. Besides it burned Cedar street public school, eight railway cars, a portion of the bridge over the St. Lawrence and Ottawa railway, and one frame building. The total loss is about \$200,000, of which 60 per cent. is covered by insurance. During its height the fire was a magnificent spectacle, and was witnessed by about ten thousand people. On June 30th last there was a \$250,000 incendiary fire in his big mill at Chaudiere.

FIRES DURING AUGUST.

As Regards the Number the Month Closely Approaches the Record.

The fire record for August, furnished by Chief Deasy, is given below: Tuesday, Aug. 7.—10:55 p.m., box 31, fire at residence Cadboro road; occupant and owner, Hon. D. W. Higgins; cause, defec tive electric wire; no loss, Sunday, Aug. 12.-3:30 p.m., bush fire on Indian reserve; no loss.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—Grass fire, Indian eserve; no loss Saturday, Aug. 18.-3 p.m., grass fire at Oak Bay; no loss.
Saturday, Aug. 18.—11:47 p.m., box 61; fire in one storey frame building, Douglas street, between Pembroke and Discovery streets; owner, S. J. Pitts; occupant, J. T. Burroughs; cause of fire unknown; loss on

estimated at \$60; total estimated loss, \$110; nsurance on stock, \$1,000. Tuesday, Aug. 21.—3 p.m., grass fire, Indian reserve; 4:45 p.m., box 31, grass fire, Beacon Hill: no loss. Wednesday, Aug. 22.—Box 31, fire at 12.20 a.m.; location, No. 89 Government street; owners, Johnston estate; occupant, J. Marymont; cause, unknown; loss claimed on stock, \$9,025; insurance on stock, \$10,-000. Appraisers are at work taking stock. Loss on building estimated at \$300; insured. Thursday, Aug. 23.—1 p.m., box 61, fire on roof of Chinese laundry, No. 88 Cormorant street, cause, sparks; loss, \$5.

Thursday, Aug. 23.—11:15 p.m., box 61,

building estimated at \$50: loss on contents

fire at two storey frame residence, Russell street, Victoria West; owner, E. Morrison; occupant, W. E. Lossee; cause of fire, explosion of lamp; insurance, \$2,500 on building; \$1,500 on contents. Sunday, Aug. 26.—Two grass fires on property south of Fairfield road; no loss.

Sunday, Aug. 26.—10 p.m., residence burnt on Mount Tolime road, outside city

burnt on Mount Tolme road, outside city limits; building insured.

Monday, Aug. 27.—8:40 p.m., fire at No. 21 Store street; owner of building, R. Porter; occupant, W. H. Jones; cause, children setting fire to bedding with lighted candle; loss on building and contents estimated at \$100. for that weakness which prevails at the mated at \$100; insurance on contents, \$500. Estimated loss for month of August, \$12,-