

Cavalry just in time to stop a revolver bullet and to receive a saber cut from a South Carolina gentleman in the gallant mellay known as the fight at Brandy Station. Two days later, a young girl in Philadelphia, anxiously reading the list of killed, wounded, and missing, looked up and said faintly:

"Mother! Harry Swanwick is wounded—mortally. I must go to him at once—at once."

Mrs. Fairthorne, who was one of the Maryland Grays, and as brave as the rest of them, said:

"You were in doubt, dear, yesterday."

"I was—now I am not."

Then the mother, being wise enough never to believe a newspaper until it had said the same thing for three days, said: "You must stay at home. We do not do that kind of thing. I will go. If he is to die I will wire you to come."

The young woman, who was very white and longing to scream with the pain of it, said quietly:

"Yes, but go soon—at once! I will write a letter for him if he be able to read it."

Captain Swanwick was very ill when Mrs. Fairthorne came down to the hospital camp at Flouertown, and, acting on the advice of the young surgeon, Sydney Archer, ventured to carry North a man in deadly peril. He was put in the officers' hospital in Camac's woods, and, slowly mending, found that for him active service was over.

The day he read Miss Margaret Fairthorne's letter had been ever since kept by them as an anniversary of which they spoke to no one. Now he said:

"It was ten minutes to nine when I read it. If