

Leaf" for a Canadian lady living in Chicago. Every cadet was on hand when "fall in" sounded, and at 9.30 the train of the Illinois Central drew out of the depot, while the cadets were saying good-bye to the Chicago boys from the rear platform of their car.

CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS.

The motion of the car gave all the rocking that was required to put the cadets to sleep, for the fifteen-mile march and other exercise had made their eyelids heavy. The sentries did not allow Bugler Otter to sleep overtime, but had him up some time before the "rouse" was sounded. To make sure that everyone was getting up, the sentries made a tour of the car. Breakfast was cleared away just before we reached East St. Louis, where Mr. M. H. Bohrer, District Passenger Agent for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, boarded the train and was introduced to the cadets. Mr. Bohrer is a warm-hearted gentleman, one who makes friends everywhere, a man who always has the interests of his employers at heart, and one who is deserving of the highest confidence. It was not long before all the cadets were friends with this gentleman. As the train approached the bridge over "The Father of Waters," a cadet asked, "On which side of the bridge is the water?" A hearty laugh, in which he himself joined, was the answer. Bugler Eddie Otter called to the boys to look at the American war-ships, a name by which he playfully dignified the rear-wheel river boats. One thing perplexed the boys for some time, and that was the red color of the Mississippi River and the other rivers crossed later. The Union Depot of St. Louis was reached just before nine o'clock.

The president and officials of the Illinois Central deserve the highest praise for the way in which they treated the cadets on their way to and from St. Louis. No road could have shown more courtesy than was exhibited by those connected with the Illinois Central.