

his frame.

At the same time he lifted himself up on his elbow for a moment, looked at a part of the battle field about sixty feet from where we stood, and while trying to catch his breath he said to me: "Go and see if Major Downs is dead." Major Downs was an officer of a New York regiment and was adopted by Captain Deveraux's father when he was a boy. But there was a rupture between them for some years that made them silent and deadly enemies. Hence I was astonished when he asked me to inquire into his condition.

I went over to where the major lay and ascertained that he was dead, which I reported to the captain, who drew a deep sigh and said:

"Well, we will die closer to each other than she ever dreamed we would."

"Too bad, captain," I said. "If you had only remained with us that scoundrelly grape-shot would not have deprived us of a captain we all love. Why did you go back for him, captain? I supposed you and he were not friends, and that some injury he had done you in the past released you from even deeds of charity, much less risking your life to help him. He was wounded unto death, and what was the use of caring for him?"

"Much," answered the captain, with a strangely sweet smile. "Raise my head a little, Ned," he said to me; "then bring me a few drops of water from yonder stream. Is it not written in the book of life, 'Forgive and you shall be forgiven.'"

One of the soldiers held the crystal draught to the captain's lips, while all the party felt the solemnity of the situation, the place and the expression.

"And now, Ned," said the dying soldier as he sank back on the stretcher, "I have one favor to ask of you, so listen, and don't interrupt me in the few moments I have to live:

"Twenty years ago a poor boy, handsome, black-haired, and attractive, called at my father's house, then on Brooklyn Heights, and was permitted to become attached to the house as a servant. He proved to be intelligent and my father took a liking to him. First he sent him to the public school, then to college. Finally, when the congressman from our district appointed him to West Point, my father adopted him, so that he would not be con-

sidered a waif in that institution.

"I became somewhat attached to him. He premeditatedly courted my friendship and I took him into my confidence.

"We both grew up somewhat like brothers. I was confidential with him and entrusted him with my secrets. He was secretive and never spoke much of his designs, which I attributed to the fact that he knew that I was aware of his history, and consequently he did not like to mould fortune with the same abandon that a youth brought up on his father's floor is likely to do.

"When he passed through West Point my father became quite attached to him and gave him much of his confidence.

"I was twenty-one when he arrived at the age of twenty. My father proposed that I should make a tour of Europe before settling down to business.

"Preparations for my trip were in progress for several weeks, while I was trying to brace myself up to part with the one creature I ever loved.

"Ellen Jewett was the daughter of a wealthy merchant that lived in Paterson, New Jersey. I met her two years before while visiting a mutual friend in Fifth avenue, New York. We met often, and the oftener we met the deeper I became entangled in the meshes of her fascination.

"At last I made up my mind to name a day for my departure, but not until we had mutually plighted our love and named a day, two years hence, when we were to be married, the secret of which I intrusted to Downs, making him the confidential agent between us until I should return.

"I was absent a year and a half. The answers to my letters became gradually cold. Miss Jewett complained about reports she heard about me. I treated it as some silly pouting of a young girl whose alliance was away, and she must necessarily find some fault, and I retorted by charging her with coldness. She upbraided me and ordered our correspondence to cease. I was thunder-struck. About the same time I was ordered home, as my father was dying. When I arrived my father was dead, and when his will was opened I found myself almost penniless, and Stephen Downs the heir to my father's estate.

"This announcement shook my reason and brought on a brain fever which