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ST. JOHN'S, FEBRUARY 27, 1888.

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A Curious Tale of the Late Civil War. THE WARNING OF FATE

How a Union Soldier Gazed Upon His Own Tombstone.

(Continued.)

'It was a beautiful night—the moon nearly at the full, the air crisp, cool and clear, the camp silent save for the tread of the sentinels and the occasional pawing of the horses picketed in their places. The camp-fires were burning low and I could see the rows of men sleeping on their arms near their impromptu Christmas decorations.

" What's the matter, Bridges?" I asked impatiently. He came out into the moonlight, and I could see that his face was pinched and drawn with agony. He looked ten years older than when I bade him good night a few hours before. I was really alarmed, and asked anxiously if he were ill.

" Oh, I'm well enough," he answered, with more composure than I had given him credit for, "but I have had such a horrible dream-

no, not a dream, a vision."

'How I kept from laughing in his face I do not know. But indeed his agony was pitiful, and I felt almost awed by it. At least I felt a sort of sympathy for him, though it was an odd idea of that a soldier should stand there in the moonlight, his face showing pale through the fingers clasped over it and his voice husky with excitement because he had had a bad dream. I remember thinking that many of the poor fellows wrapped in their blankets there might well have troubled visions if they were clairvoyant in their sleep. However, I mastered the inclination both to laugh and to sneer, and opening a little flask of brandy which I kept for special occasions, I poured some into a tin cup, and holding it to his lips, told him to drink. His teeth fairly chattered as he drank it off. I gave him a campstool, took another myself and waited for him to recover his equanimity. After a while he said :

"You are very kind, Lieutenant. It is silly, no doubt. I don't know how I came to be so affected. I don't believe I am a coward, but it was so real-so terribly real. I wouldn't mind it myself-I really would not," he repeated protestingly. "I don't wish to die, but I would never think of being troubled about it in this way if it were not for my wife. You don't know her, Lieutenant. It would kill her. You don't know her life is bound up in mine. It's not any common case. I've been father and lover and husband and savior, all to the poor girl, took her out of the street-no, not out of the street, out of the very shadow of death, when she was but a child, reared, educated and loved her all the time with the double love of father and husband. I would never have married her though-never, if she had not insisted upon it before I came away. She was sure I would be hurt-killed, perhaps, and she wanted to be near to me as she could come. I knew it was foolish. I ought not to have married her. Why, she is only seventeen and

I am forty-a gray-beard, too. That's what the boys call me sometimes, and they are right. I was not worthy of her-never can be, but I love her and she worhips me—it would make you ashamed if you could see her letters to me. I am the pinnacle of the world's life and worth in her eyes. I know I don't deserve it and I ought not to have let her get such foolish idea. In truth, I did nothing to encourage it-but-but I loved her and I could

not dispel her illusion-could I now?" " But what has this to do with your dream,

"Ah, yes-my dream," cried he with a shudder. "Well, it wasn't a dream you see at all, for I wasn't asleep. I had been lying board," he answered. "Poor Emily!" he down looking up at the stars and thinking of added with a sigh. Emily-wondering how she was getting on, you

know, and fearing she was unhappy. The truth is, I don't think of much else. I'm an old fool, I suppose, but I simply can't help it. Remember I've carried her in my heart ever since she was four years old, Lieutenant, and it has been the one joy of my life to think and do for her. I'm not a coward nor neglectful of my duty, but how can I help it if her image is before my eyes all the time? Well; I grew so anxious about her that I got up and sat by the fire with my back against the stump of s sapling the boys had cut down for wood Presently, while I sat there looking at the fire and at the shadows in the woods in front of our camp, it all disappeared, and instead of it I saw a town perched on the side of a hill, with a wide street that ran down to a river, which was crossed by a railroad bridge below the town, while the hill that rose above it had a grove and some sort of an earth work running along its crest."

"Did you ever see the place before," asked in surprise. I was sure he did not.

" That's one of the queer things about it, he answered. "I am sure I never saw such a place before, and yet I seemed to know every foot of the ground. There had been a battle there. I know that-I don't know how-we had been in possession of the railroad—the enemy had driven us back through the town and fired the bridge. We made a stand here and there. It didn't seem as if it was our men exactly, and yet it must have been," he said simply. "I wouldn't have been fighting with any other force, would I?"

"You wouldn't be likely to be," I said though of course that is possible."

"Yes, of course," he assented. "Well, as I said there were some graves along the side of the hill just below the edge of the pines and inside the line of works. By the way, there was a fort of something of that kind on the point above the town. I seemed to be looking on at all this," said he. "There were no soldiers and no camps around, but just those red graves on the hillside with rough headboards at each. Everything was just as still and quiet as death. The sun was shining brightly and the grass was fresh and green as it is in the early spring sometimes.

"" While I was wondering at this, I saw woman standing at one of the graves. She was bowed and her back was toward me, you see. but I knew it was Emily, and knew she was alone in the world. Somehow, I was not surprised, but I wondered where I was and why she was wearing a widow's weeds.

" All at once she looked back over her shoulder, pressed her hand to her heart and l saw that her eves were wild-crazed with much suffering. I knew that in an instant, but did not seem to understand it until I read the headboard which she disclosed as she turned around. I read:

" J. S. Bridges Killed in action at \_\_\_\_\_ville, Ky. 26 of Dec. 186—."

" I did not get the date, because her figure hid a part of the inscription from me. I saw enough though. I knew I had been killed in battle and that Emily was crazed with grief at er bereavement. Remember, I did not dream this, but saw it. I know the vision will be fulfilled, too. I didn't mind having died. I think I was rather glad to be dead, except for Emily-I couldn't bear that she should suffer -that her young life should be destroyed, her orain crazed with sorrow!"

" My God, Bridges," said I, "how did ou learn where we are going?"

" Where we are going?" he asked in sur-

" Yes, indeed, you have described with the itmost minuteness the place we are expected to reach and attack on the morning of the twenty-sixth—the day after to-morrow—at daybreak."

'The words were out of my mouth before I ealized that I had betrayed the secret of the expedition. I knew it was safe enough with Bridges, but I was mortified that I should, even for a moment, have forgotten my trust.

'The poor fellow's face became a shade paler, I thought, but he did not show any further sign of fear.

" Well," he said, quietly enough, after a moment's silence. "I knew it was my fate, though I had no idea we were going to turn off our course and strike toward Mumfords ville."

" And who said we were?" I asked, anxious to regain the ground lost by my previous hasty

" That is the name I saw on the head-

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