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coes, which we are offering at $5,6,7$ and 8 cents per yd, strong and wide ; BEsT valu coss, which we are offering at 5, 6,7 and 8 cents per yd, strong and wide; BEST vaLue
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## ADVERTISNG RATES.

 Mity cinTie Evening Telegram


 = HIS VISION OF DEATH A Crions Tale of the Late Civil War THE WARNING OF FATE How a Union Soldier Gazed Upon His Ow


## ' " Oh, I'm well enough," he answered, with more composure than I bad given him credit

for, " but I have had such a horrible dream
ne, not a dream, a vision""
"How I kept from laughing in his face I
not know. But indeed his agony was pitifu
and I felt almost amed by it. At least I felt sort of sympathy for him, thougb 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 hasky with ingers clasped over it and his voice hasky with
exceitement because he had had a bad dream. I remember thinking that many of the poor
fellows wrapped in their blankets there might voyant in their sleep. However, I mastered
the inclination both to laugh and to sneer, and opening a little flisks of brandy which I kep
for special oceasions, I poured some into a t for special occasions, I poured some into a tin
cup, and holding it to his lips, told him to drint His teeth fairly chattered as he drank it off.
I gave him a campstool, took another myself and gave him a campstool, took another myself and
waited for bim to recover his equanimity. After a while he said:
' '" You are very kind, Lieutenant.
silly, no doubt. I don't know how I can
silly, no doubt. I don't know how I came to
be so affected. I don't believe I am a coward, bat it was so real-so terribly real. I wouldn't
mind it myself-I really would not," he repeat mind it myself-I really would not," he repeat-
ed 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. Yo
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, edueated and loved her all the time with the double ove of father and husband. nsisted upon it before 1 came a way. She wa are I would be hart-killed, perhaps, and new it was poolish. I ough not to her married her. Why, she is only seventeen an am boys call me sometimes, and they are right I was not worthy of her-mever can be, bat lope her and she worhips me-it would make you ashamed if you could see her letters to me. I sm the pinnacle of the world's life and
orth in her eysa, I know I don't deserve nd I ought not to bave let her get such a foolish ides, In tratt, I did nothing to enourage it-but-bat I loved her and I could " " Rel her illusion-conld I now?

- "But what has this to do with your dream
an?"
"Ab, yes-my dream," cried he with
shadder. "Well, it wasn't a dream yon see
at all, for I wasn't asleep. I had been lying down looking up at the stars and thinking of
dhe answered. I am sure I never saw sa every
place before, and yet I seemed to know ever
foot of the ground. There had been a battle


## :1

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$\stackrel{\substack{o r \\ \text { otit } \\ \hline}}{ }$Banking Schr. For Sale.
$\qquad$ vavaxaw $== \pm=\mathrm{E}=$ Butter -:- Butter. 50 tubs choice the grase was fresh and green as it is in the
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$\qquad$
$\qquad$P. \& L. TESSIER.$\$ 1.00$CLIFT, WOOD \& Co,

Laundry Soap
ON SLAE BY CLIFT, MOOD \& COT THE CHEAPEST


## mall. Sydney Mille

Eil was rather glad to be dead, except fid
thily-1 couldn't bear that she should suffer
rain crazed with sorrow!'
' "My God, Bridges," said
ou learn where we are going?"

## ' "Where we are going?" he

tmost minuteness the place we are expected twe reach and attack on the morning of the
twentixth-the day after to-morrow-at daybreak."
alize words were out of my mouth before 1
xpedition. I had betrayed the secret of the
Bridges, but I was mortifed that I should,
en for a moment, have forgotten my trast.
The poor fellow's face became a shad
aler, I thought, but he did not show any
"Well," he ssid, quietly enough, after a
$\qquad$
off our coure and atrike were going to tor
off our co
ville."
ars nswer.
"That is the name I saw on the head oard," he answered. "Poor Emily!" ho added with a sigb

Banking Schr. For Sale.
S.:- A.:-B.

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A. Bazaar

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