The American Volunteer.

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SPRING! 1867. 1867.

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April 18, 1867.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just returned from the East with my Spring Stock, and as usual, I am selling Goods a little cheaper than any other Dry Goods House in town. I do not think it necessary to occupy a column of newspaper to endeavor to keep my reputation for selling Cheap Goods, nor do I wish to resort to any other clap-trap to gull the public. All I ask of them is to call and examine for themselves, and if not satisfied with the prices, not to buy. Remember the stand, No. 32 North Hanover street, next door to Dr. Kleffer's, and Miller & Bowers' Hardware store.

WM. A. MILES.

P.S. I will say nothing about my third and fourth grand openings. April 18, 1867.

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628.

NEW SPRING STYLES.

"OUR OWN MAKE."

Embracing every New and Desirable size, style and Shape of Plain and Trimmed HoopSkirts,—2 1-4, 2½, 2 3-4, 3 1-4, 3 1-2, 3 3-4 and 4 Yds., round, very length and size Waist; in every respect FIRST QUALITY, and especially adapted to meet the wants of First Class and most fashionable trade.

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Address all orders to MARLIN CONNOR, ALBANY, N. Y.

May 16, 1867—1y

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The subscribers have opened a new DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, *No. 7, East Main Street, Carlisle,* where they have just received a large and fresh supply of the very best DRUGS AND MEDICINES to be found in the City Markets, to which they invite the attention of the public.

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All Drugs and Medicines warranted pure. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded. CORNMAN & WORTHINGTON. April 25, 1867—6m

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The certain extension of the town Westward, partly consequent upon the improvements made and contemplated by the Railroad Company in that direction, drawing, as they necessarily will, nearly the whole trade of the town to that end, will very greatly enhance the value of this land to the future owner, for any purpose whatever, rendering it a safe and profitable investment. Feb. 28, 1866.

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The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the Undertaking business, and is ready to wait upon customers either by day or by night. Ready made COFFINS kept constantly on hand, both plain and ornamental. He has constantly on hand *Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Case*, of which he has been appointed the sole agent. This case is recommended as superior to any of the kind now in use, it being perfectly air tight.

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His workmen are men of experience, his material the best, and his work made in the latest city style, and all under his own supervision. It will be warranted and sold low for cash.

He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. For the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him he feels indebted to his numerous customers, and assures them that no efforts will be spared in future to please them in style and price. Give us a call.

Remember the place, North Hanover street, nearly opposite the Deposit Bank, Carlisle.

DAVID SIPE. Dec. 1, 1865.

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BEALE'S (LATE POWELL'S) EMBROCATION,

For all Diseases incident to Horses, Cattle, and the Human Flesh, requiring the use of an external application.

This new Compound, prepared by a practical Chemist having a full knowledge of all the medical virtues of each ingredient that enters into its composition, is warranted to exceed anything of the kind ever yet offered to the public as an external application for the diseases which it is recommended. We are satisfied that it will work its own way into the confidence of all who use it, and those who try it once will never be without it, and therefore we rely on experience as the best test of its usefulness. It is pronounced by Farriers, and all who have tried it to be the best application ever used. This Embrocation has been put up for over eight years, and it is only through the increasing demand and urgent request of my friends and the public that I send it forth as the grand remedial agent for the various diseases to which that noble and useful animal, the horse, is subject.

Many remedies have been offered to the public under different forms, some of these are injurious, others at best of little use, and many wholly improper to answer the purposes for which they are recommended.

A judicious and really useful composition, free from these objections, has therefore long been desired by many gentlemen who have valuable horses, and are unwilling to trust them to the care of designing and pretended Farriers. Their wishes are at length fully gratified by Dr. Beale being prevailed upon to allow this valuable Embrocation (which has proved so efficacious for the various diseases) to be prepared and brought out to the public.

This Embrocation was extensively used by the Government during the war.

Address all Orders to DR. EDMOND BEALE, *602 South Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

☞ For sale at the Drug Stores of Cornman & Worthington, East Main Street, and D. Ralston, South Hanover Street, Carlisle. April 11, 1867—6m

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Send all orders to P. O. Box 177, Troy, N. Y. May 16, 1867—1y

[*Correspondence of the Press.*

THE FAR WEST.

[The following extracts from a private letter were not, as their form indicates, originally intended for publication. As they, however, contain a large amount of interesting information, we have given them in the original language in which they at first appeared in the writer's diary.]

CAMP OF CHIEF ENGINEERS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY E. D., TRINCHERA PASS OF RATON MOUNT, COLORADO TERRITORY, August 9, 1867.

My last letter gave you, though in abridged form, the principal events of our journey to August 3. From that date I continue:

August 3.—Another stage having reached the fort and the tongue of our stage having been mended, with an escort of a sergeant and ten men, we started at 7½ A. M., having said good-bye to Col. Rockwell and wife and others whose acquaintance we had made. Our road led for some distance along the Pawnee Fork, which flows in a northeast direction, emptying into the Arkansas some seven miles east of the fort. Gradually leaving the creek, we took our road along the valley bottom of the Arkansas, and soon struck the true buffalo grass, which is short and very fine. At 12 M. we saw a solitary buffalo, the first during this trip. He was no doubt an old bull, and unable to keep up with the herd. All the buffaloes, by the way, are said to have gone north. We watered our stock at Rock Hollow, nine miles from Larned, and stopped at Big Coon creek, twenty-four miles from that place, to graze. At 8 P. M. we stopped at Little Coon to water again. The moon shone brightly, giving us a pleasant ride to Fort Dodge, which post we reached at half-past ten, and where we remained until morning. Here we passed two coaches "bound East," and here, too, I was gratified by meeting Lieut. Stanley Brown, of the 3d Infantry, Lieut. Philip Reade, of Lowell, Mass., and Richard Johnson. We quartered with these gentlemen, and were most hospitably entertained. Here, too, I was introduced to Capt. Thompson, of the 7th Cavalry (Gen. Custer's regiment), commanding the post. There are four companies here, and stone buildings are being erected by Lieut. Hesselberger, A. A. Q. M.

The cholera has raged here cruelly, there having been 29 cases since July 1st, of which 12 were soldiers. Major Douglas is at present sick, and I regret to add under the painful affliction of the loss of his wife, which occurred two days ago.—Major General Grover is now on the road for New Mexico, with 200 men of the 38th Infantry. The Kansas militia are supposed to be at Cimerron Crossing, 25 miles from this place. This post is 55 miles west of Larned.

August 4.—When one travels on the Plains, a bath is often a luxury. I am happy to say, that I secured one here before breakfasting with Lieutenant Reade, and then started, with a new escort and fresh teams of mules at 8 A. M. The road runs along the Arkansas river, sometimes within a few yards of the bank, sometimes three-quarters of a mile distant. The river bottom averages half a mile in width, and then the land gradually rises to the Plains, say 100 to 150 feet high. This bottom land, I think, can be easily cultivated by resorting to irrigation and as the stream is very rapid, descending eight feet in the mile, the water can very readily be drawn off in small ditches, and two or three miles from the point where the water enters the ditch it can be spread over land from 15 to 23 feet above the river.

We watered our mules seven miles from Dodge, and from the water of the Arkansas. I tasted it and found it muddy, but sweet, with no trace of alkali. Eight miles out we passed the spot where stood an old ranche, called Fort Mackey.

Across the river there is a stream called Mulberry creek, running northeast, and emptying into the Arkansas, twelve miles east of Fort Dodge. It has timber—ash, walnut and hackberry—some of it large enough to make railroad ties.

Twelve miles from Fort Dodge we left the river bottom and crossed Three-mile Ridge. This ridge "butts" against the river, and where the road crosses it is about one hundred feet high, but a railroad could be run along its river front with very little cutting, in a soft limestone rock, at an elevation of thirty-five feet above the river.

Dowen, a driver, says Indian attacks have been made on coaches and trains, a few miles this side of Cimerron Crossing, just the other side of Nine-mile ridge and at Pawnee Forts, twenty miles beyond Cimerron Crossing.

Half-way across Three-mile Ridge it is cut longitudinally by a deep and wide ravine, which would certainly necessitate the construction of a railway along the river front, unless it should ascend to the level of the Plains before reaching Three-mile Ridge, and so go around it, descending by easy grades to the valley on the other side. Half a mile farther on is a large ravine. Dowen says the river bottom is never overflowed.

Reached Cimerron Crossing, twenty-four miles from Dodge, at 12½, and took dinner. The ranche is an adobe, has three large rooms, with the walls loopholed.—There is also a corral for stock, surrounded by an adobe wall. The household arrangements are conducted by a very tall white woman from Kansas City. She is disgusted with Indians and wants to return to the States.

Changed team, driver, and escort, and went on from Cimerron Ranche. Half a mile west of the ranche is the crossing of the Arkansas river, where the old Santa Fe route turns off. Here Nine-mile Ridge commences. We ascended it, and had gone about three miles, when the driver of our coach suddenly cried "Indians!" We were out of the two coaches in an instant, and with the escort formed and prepared to resist them. They came on in a large body, and we began to think our case was desperate. The sergeant concluded to go back to the ranche for safety, and had started with the wagon and coaches; but we induced him to stop, as his plan was useless, the enemy were so close. So we again formed, and were just about to fire on the nearest party, when Dr. Schiffman called out: "Don't fire! they're Kansas militia." He was right, but their irregular and undisciplined manner of marching made our mistake pardonable. So we went on, after exchanging news with the major in command. There were two hundred of them and they were scouting for Indians.

Passed Pawnee Forts just before dusk, and as it was considered a dangerous place, we got out of the coach and went in advance on the road, while the escort advanced on top of the bluffs. The road runs close to the bluffs here, and a number of ravines debouch on the road and make capital hiding places for the Indians. The place derives its name from the fact that a number of years ago the Pawnees defended themselves two or three weeks, from a siege by other tribes. They threw up wide breastworks of stone, which are still to be seen. We saw nothing, however.

August 5.—Passed Choctaw Island early in the morning, and reached Aubrey at 9 A. M., one mile from the river, and thirty-six miles from Bluff Ranche.—There are two or three fine springs here, and 300 yards from the ranche is a small lake. While breakfast was being prepared, General Palmer went to the lake and took a splendid bath, although the water was very cold.

This ranche is well fortified. Here we took breakfast, changing teams and escort, and leaving at 11 A. M. Very little timber along the Arkansas river. Road sandy. Bottom from ¼ to 1½ miles wide. Watered our stock 7 miles from Aubrey, in the river. Here, on the 27th ult., a man was found, who had been scalped from his eyebrows back, and had been horribly mutilated. He was unknown. River water still good rock limestone.

Four miles east of Sand Creek, and 31 miles east of Buttle's ranche, and 45 miles west of Aubrey, we passed the stake driven by General Wright on arriving at the Arkansas river, with the surveying party from Fort Wallace. They went on to New Fort Lyon by the stage route. We may find them there. The bottom here, just west of the stake, is about one mile wide, and close to the river would no doubt produce corn, as would also the many islands in the river. The soil is sandy, which makes the road heavy.

I forgot to record that twenty miles west of Aubrey we stopped half an hour at Pretty Encampment, where Lieutenant Pulford—late brigadier general of volunteers, commanding a division of Michigan troops in the Army of the Potomac—now commands ten men. He was very lonely, and seemed glad to see us. He was acquainted with Dr. Schiffman.

We reached Butle's ranche at dark, 39 miles east of New Fort Lyon, and 277 miles from Fort Harker. Having had supper, we went on at 9 P. M. We crossed Sand creek (30 miles up which the celebrated Chivington massacre occurred), half a mile west of the ranche.—The bed of the creek was dry, but it was evident that water was just below the surface of the sand, and still percolating towards the river. We were obliged to get out of the stages and walk across the creek, as the sand made the road very heavy.

We reached Old Fort Lyon at 11 P. M. Here the mosquitoes were "awful," and we were of course obliged to wait two hours and a half on account of changes in the mails and our escort. We left at 2 A. M., August 6, and reached New Fort Lyon at 5½ A. M. Here we parted with Dr. Schiffman and wife, who had made our journey very pleasant, and met Gen. Penrose, commanding the fort, who informed us that General Wright had crossed the Arkansas river, just above the fort, and gone in a southwest course up the Purgatoire river towards the Raton Mountains, continuing his surveys. So we went right on, making for Trinidad by the stage road, which continued on up the north side of the river. At Cady's Ranche, a few miles further on, we took a bath in the swift, but muddy waters of the Arkansas river, and then had a good breakfast.

General Wright stopped at Fort Wallace one week. Distance to Arkansas river from Fort Wallace by his route, 69. 77 miles; from that point to New Fort Lyon, 101.5 miles. Trinidad is 106 miles from Lyon. The road from Old Fort Lyon to New Fort Lyon, 20 miles, is good, on a slightly elevated plateau. Timber is now becoming quite abundant on the river.

Just as we caught sight of New Fort Lyon, about sunrise, we also beheld for the first time, Greenhorn Mountain, one of the "Rockies." It loomed up grandly and the view was a great event for us.—Fort Lyon is beautifully situated near the bank of that river. Its garrison consists of three companies. From Cady's ranche where we took breakfast, our road was sandy and exceedingly dusty, making our ride very uncomfortable. We now had but one coach, and no escort. I forgot to mention that at Fort Larned, Mr. Gardiner, photographer for the railway surveying party, joined us. He now rides with us in our stage, as also our servant, "Tecumseh," so named by General Palmer. We learned that General Wright was at Trinidad two days ago.

We passed on to Bent's old fort, which is 14 miles from Fort Lyon. Here we made a long halt and dined. The keeper of the ranche has a pet antelope. There could not be a more celebrated place to refresh a tent, of mountain fame, used of old to have his headquarters here. We had antelope meat for dinner, but I cannot say that, in its fried form, I found it very palatable.

Six miles from Bent's old fort we came to Doane's Ferry, where we crossed to the south side of the Arkansas river, in a dilapidated ferry boat, which was fastened to a rope stretched across the river to keep the mules had to be taken over, then the stage. The river is about 300 yards wide here, and very rapid. On the south side the bank is very abrupt, being about thirty-five feet high. At 3 P. M. we were on our way again. Four miles southwest of the ferry we passed 'buff trains," laden with pine timber and boards from Spanish Peaks, over one hundred miles distant. Our road now lay over an elevated plain, and we had a magnificent view of Pike's Peak, Greenhorn Mountain, and the Spanish Peaks—all over one hundred miles distant. As the coach was in motion, I took such sketches of them as I could.

Approaching Iron Spring, sharp, precipitous bluffs, resembling gigantic field fortifications, became frequent on the sides of the road at some little distance.—The country is entirely bare of trees for some distance, except a few cedars of very small size, which became more and more frequent and larger as we approached the mountains.

At dark we reached Iron Spring, forty miles from Bent's old fort, and fifty-two miles from Trinidad. This spring is thoroughly impregnated with iron and is excellent for drinking, the water of the spring being retained in an artificial lake 60 feet in purport. We had supper, and having changed team and driver, left at 9 P. M. It was a bright, beatiful night and quite cool. I rode with the driver, enjoying the silent starlight scenery until 11 P. M., when I "climbed down" into the stage, curled up and went to sleep.—While thus riding I caught sight of the dim outline of the Raton Mountain. I will write you again to-morrow.

W. L. C.

A BENEVOLENT MINISTER.—Not long since a small boy in very dilapidated clothing called at the residence of Rev. Mr. R. and asked for something to eat.—The servant who came to the door asked the minister what she should give him, when he pointed to a pile of bread, that was very hard and stale. "Give him some of that." The servant did so and as the boy was going away chewing on the crust of bread the minister called out, "Bridget, send that little boy here."—The little fellow went into the dining-room, where the minister and his family where about sitting down to dinner and was staring at the eatables on the table when the domitile, said "My little man, did you ever go to Sunday school?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever learn to pray?" again asked the minister.

"No. sir," replied the boy.

"Come here and I will teach you."

The boy went up to the minister, when he commenced:

"You must say just as I do, Our Father"—

"Your Father," said the boy.

"No, no; you must say 'Our Father.'"

"Your Father," again said the boy.

"Will you never learn?" said the minister. "You must say 'Our Father.'"

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and then commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread and exclaiming between his sobs:—

"You say that your Father is my Father yet you aren't ashamed to give your little brother such stuff as this to eat, when you have got so many good things for yourself."

The minister looked astonished and although it hurt his feelings, asked the little fellow to sit down and take dinner with him.

A LARGE SECT.—When the Board of Overseers of Harvard College were elected by the Legislature, the struggle was not to elect men peculiarly fitted for the position, but to secure in that body a representative of each religious sect. Upon one occasion, while the contest was in progress, a member complained that the Methodists were unrepresented on this Board. Another denied this, saying; "J——H——is an overseer and he certainly is a Methodist." "No," replied the complainant; "he is a back-slider; he has joined the Presbyterians." Upon this a third member rose in his place and gravely remarked: "Mr. President, it is all right; the Back-sliders are a numerous body and should certainly be represented on the Board."

Poetical.

THE CITY OF GOD.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

O thou not made with hands,
Not thronged above the skies,
Nor wall'd with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

Not thronged above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
He in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

Miscellaneous.

BULLET MARKS.

A WIMBLEDON STORY.

We were sitting round our tent one evening last year, at Wimbledon—the "we" being our major, the captain and sub of our company, his covering sergeant, corporal Williams and a certain sapper, to wit, myself. We were drinking pale ale and smoking, as was every one else in the hundred tents around us.

"Here's my last bull's-eye," and the sergeant produced from his cap-pouch a flattened bullet, turned inside out as neatly as possible.

"What's the cause of all that, I wonder," said the corporal.

"You see," said the captain—being an engineer he was bound to know—"when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet's motion and goes off in the splash, the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts must stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup. Is that so, major?"

"Yes, quite right; but if you like, I can spin you a yarn about these said bullets, that may just last out these weeds."

"Well, let's have it."

I had a sort of second-cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brothers and sisters when one day he woke up to find he could not live in the same delightful ship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman and there was a little family fracas.

He had only a hundred a year and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did; there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a dozen years, or any kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden; there was no scope for his energies and he would go—and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get something to do. He had been well educated and a clerkship or something of the kind, could be got for him. He still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did so well, that was shoot; and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us his profession, his home and his prospects.

He disappeared and six months after we heard he was with, say the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote and offered to buy his discharge, but he would "have none of us." He liked it very well; was already corporal; expected the three stripes soon; and was "Gentleman Jack" with his comrades.

Some six months after this I was sent out to India with a company; and as my sister was getting thin and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea-voyage, and of a warm climate, it was agreed I should take her over.

We reached Calcutta and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on and I was placed in charge of one of the chief depots for small-arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

"Look, Charles, poor Gerald's in dreadful trouble."

I put her into an office chair and took the newspaper and read—

"Yesterday evening as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot at from behind a clump of bushes; the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had sufficient presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nicknamed "Gentleman Jack" by his comrades whose, rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived and the man was at once arrested. A court-martial will of course be held at once and although the man had previously borne a good character and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped he will receive the proper reward for so abominable a crime."

"O," I said, "this is all nonsense.—Gerald's no murderer, or else he's very much changed. I'll see what they say at headquarters."

"Do for God's sake go. If anything happened to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa was so cruel, he never would have enlisted at all."

"Don't talk nonsense, Meggie, but go home and I'll come with the telegraph news."

I went to head-quarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report, as if there had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court-martial had declared him guilty and the general's confirmation of the sentence had just arrived.—Fifty lashes in the camp square and four year's imprisonment in the civil jail.—Sentence to be carried out on the 12th!—Everybody was sorry, but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I do not know what to think; there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defence was, that he had just been returning from guard, when he remembered that he had forgotten to bring in a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town, some three miles distant. Without stopping to think he walked off at once; got the book and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages and loaded, to have a shot at it. He had covered the beast and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot and then bound away. In another instant the officer came around the tope bleeding and ordered him into arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed, a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle instead of going through both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report and sent it right through anything at a distance of 200 yards. I felt there was something wrong and made up my mind to go on the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done.—Margaret insisted on going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

"Have I not done all you wish me to do since we have been out here? Do, for heaven's sake, let me have my way in this."

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

"I don't mind the imprisonment; it's the disgrace! The lashes! By God! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it, I know I shall."

"No, no," said Meggie; "don't for my sake. O Gerald! if you knew how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand of lashes. I know you are innocent and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. O, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him."

"O, do, there's a good fellow! get me some stuff that will make an end of me."

"Don't talk like that Gerald; there's some infernal mistake in it. Don't despair yet. Let's go over the ground again step by step," and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

"It seems to me, Gerald, we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at and that we shn't get; and we want the clew to the mystery of the other rifle."

"O, I've thought of it all till I'm sick. I don't care what happens now. I'll wait till the day before it's to come off and then break my head against the walls."

"Don't be a fool, Gerald! I'm sure you are innocent. So is Margaret."

"Yes; so are a hundred others; but it's all no use. In three days I am disgraced for life, if I live."

"Well, I must leave you now and see what I can do."

"Let me have five minutes with Meggie, will you?"

I then left them alone for some ten minutes and then told Meggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve—a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again,—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

"I would," said the captain, "have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen. He's as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse, brave, kind, and as thorough a gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my orderly when I could, so as to have his company. I declare to you that I did my best at the Court-martial for him, and got him to disagree with the general presiding for 'coloring my statements'—that was his expression—so as to favor the prisoner.—I almost snivelled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my brother. The men are mad about it; there has not been a lash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years."

"Major Jackson, reform your column and break off your men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and sister.

"But what did your sister do there?"

Well, she had promised Gerald that he should not suffer the disgrace of the lash; and had, during the hour I thought she was fooling with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor recognizing his own blue bottle, struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it on to the ground, besides disabling her from getting her own share.

"And how did the affair end? was the general of the division satisfied?"

"I don't think he would have been with that evidence alone, and so we went about to work and procure more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search; under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

"We went there, Meggie insisted on joining us. All the officers off duty went, and about half the men.

"Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and from that point we started, crossing and re-crossing, till there could not have been anything as large as a half crown that could be hidden.

"Meggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Meggie exclaimed,—

"'What a horrible smell comes from that copse.'

"'Don't smell anything, Meg.'

"'You've lived here so long that you've no sense of smell left.'

"Of course as Meggie was with us, Blinkers was there to. Blinkers advanced to the copse—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"'There's something in there, Willie.'

"Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Blinkers, and after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungled grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

"The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered; the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some of the natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labor, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind leg, and handed to me.

"Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet, the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing machine.

"Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burnt, the band came and serenaded Meggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, came as to a levee; but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?"

"At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

"I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2 had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings and considerably flattened. Now, there was nothing in the flesh and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks and they must therefore have been made before firing.

"I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either the man or the gun.

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