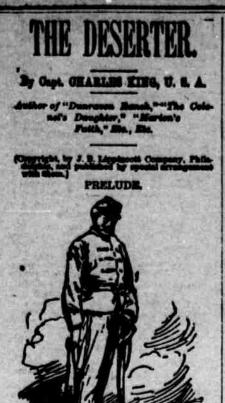
# THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.



Tayne stands mutely looking down on the

Far up in the northwest, along the mks of the broad, winding stream the ioux call the Elk, a train of white top ped army wagons is slowly crawling castward. The October sun is hot at noonday, and the dust from the loose soil rises like heavy smoke and powder every face and form in the guarding battalion so that features are well night indistinguishable. Four companies of stalwart, sinewy infantry, with their brown rifes along over the shoulder, are striding along in dispersed order, cover-ing the exposed southern flank from sud-den attack, while farther out along the ridge line, and far to the front and rear, cavalry skirmishers and scouts are rid ing to and fro, searching every hollow and ravine, peering cautiously over every "divide," and signaling "halt" or forward" as the indications warrant.

And yet not a hostile Indian has been een; not one, even as distant vedette has appeared in range of the binoculars, since the scouts rode in at daybreak to say that big bands were in the immediate neighborhood. It has been a long, hard summer's work for the troops, and the Indians have been, to all commands that boasted strength or swiftness, elusive as the Irishman's flea of tradition. Only to those whose numbers were weak whose movements were hampered have they appeared in fighting trim. But combinations have been too much for hem, and at last they have been "herd ed" down to the Elk, have crossed, and are now seeking to make their way, with women, children, tepees, dogs, "travois," and the great pony herds, to the fast-nesses of the Big Horn; and now comes the opportunity for which an old Indian fighter has been anxiously waiting. In a big cantonment he has held the main body under his command, while keeping out constant scouting parties to the eas and north. He knows well that, true to their policy, the Indians will have scat-tered into small bands capable of reassembling anywhere that signal smokes may call them, and his orders are to watch all the crossings of the Elk and nab them as they come into his district He watches, despite the fact that it is his profound conviction that the Indians

will be no such idiots as to come just where th

the camp. When will the United States learn that its frontiers can never be purged of the Indian accurges of our civilization until the conduct of affairs in the field is intrusted to other hands than these martinets of the drill ground? It is needless to remark in this consistion that the expedition led by Gen. — has proved a complete failure, and that the Indians easily escaped his clumsily led forces. "

Indiana easily escaped his clumsily led forces." The gamblers, though balled for the time being, of course "get square," and in this sort of warfare, but they are a dis-gusted lot as they hang about the wagon train as last of all it is being hitched in to leave camp. Some victims, of course, they have secured, and there are no de-vices of commanding officers which can protect their men against those sharts of the prairies when the men themselves are bound to tempt providence and play. There are two scowiling faces in the cav-ality escort that has been left back with the train, and Capt. Hull, the command-ing officer, has reprimanded Sergts. Clancy and Gower in stinging terms for their absence from the command during the night. There is little question where the night. There is little question where the night. There is little question where they apent it, and both have been "clean-ed out." What makes it worse, both have lost money that belonged to other men in the command, and they are in a dot. "The anise the stempered the provent of the march has tempered the provent is a first because the store of the second the second and they apply and still they keep plodding ouvard, making for a grassy level on the rows as far behind as possible, if he has

river bank a good mile farther. "Old Hull seems bound to leave the sports as far behind as possible, if he has to march us until midnight," growls the battalion adjutant to his immediate com-mander. "By thunder! one would think he was afraid they would get in a lick at his new site."

his own pile." "How much did you say he was carry-ing?" asks Capt. Rayner, checking his horse for a moment to look back over the valley at the long, dust enveloped

"Nearly three thousand dollars in on "How does he happen to have such a

sum?

"Why, Crane left his pay account with him. He drew all that was due his men who are off with Crane-twenty of men who are off with Crane—twenty of them—for they had signed the rolls be-fore going, and were expected back to-day. Then he has some six hundred dol-lars company fund; and the men of his troop asked him to take care of a good deal besides. The old man has been with them so many years they look upon him as a father and trust him as implicitly as they would a savings bank." "That's all very well," answers Ray-ner; "but I wouldn't want to carry any

such sum with me."

"It's different with Hull's men, cap tain. They are ordered in through the posts and settlements. They have a three weeks' march ahead of them when they get through their scout, and they want their money on the way. It was only after they had drawn it that the news came of the Indians' crossing, and of our having to jump for the warpath. Everybody thought yesterday morning that the campaign was about over so fai as we are concerned. Halloa! here come young Hayne. Now, what does he want?"

want?" Riding a quick, nervous little bay troop horse, a slim built officer, with boyish face, laughing blue eyes, and sunny hair, comes loping up the long prairie wave; he shouts cheery greeting to one or two brother subalterns who are plodding along beside their men, and exchanges some merry chaff with Lieut. Ross, who is prone to growl at the luck which has kept him afoot and given to this favored youngster a "mount" and a temporary staff position. The boy's spirits and fun seem to jar on Rayner's perves. He regards him blackly as he of the Sweet Root. The steamer with rides gracefully towards the battalion Rayner's men is tied up at the bank commander, and with decidedly nonsome five miles below, around the bend. chalant ease of manner and an "off-The -th are far off to the northward hand" salute that has an air about it of across the Elk, as ordered, and must be saying, "I do this sort of thing because expecting on the morrow to make for the old Indian "ferry" opposite Battle one has to, but it doesn't really mean anything, you know," Mr. Hayne accost Butte. The main body of the Sioux are reported farther down stream, but he his superior: "Ah, good evening, captain. I have just come back from the front, and Capt. bers of them within signal, and he Hull directed me to give you his compli wishes with all his heart the --th were ments and say that we would camp in the bend yonder, and he would like you here. Still, the general was sure be to post strong pickets and have a double guard to-night." little luck in scouting during the sum "Have me post double guards! How

commutation in the regulars was secured through well paid congressional influence. The fact that Rayner had developed into a good officer did not wipe out the fact that Rayne for reviving the secure of the secure "It is all an outrage and a blut

"It is all an outrage and a blunder to pick out a boy like that," he growls be-tween his set teeth as Hayne canters blithely away. "Here he's been away from the regiment all summer long, having a big time and getting head over ears in debt, I hear, and the moment he rejoins they put him in charge of the wagon train as field quartermaster. It's putting a premium on being young and cheeky -- besides absenteeism," he con-tinues, growing blacker every minute. "Well, captain," answers his adjutant, injudiciously, "I think you don't give hyme credit for coming back on the jump t's moment we were ordered out. It was no fault of his he could not reach us. He took chances I wouldn't take."

us. He took chances I wouldn't take." "Oh, yes! you kids all swear by Hayne

"Oh, yes! you kids all swear by Hayne because he's a good fellow and sings a jolly song and plays the piano—and poker. One of these days he'll swamp you all, sure as shooting. He's in debt now, and it'll fetch him before you know it. What he needs is to be under a captain who could discipline him a little. By Jove, I'd do it!" And Rayner's teeth

emphasize the assertion. The young adjutant thinks it advisable to say nothing that may provoke further vehemence. All the same, he remem bers Rayner's bitterness of manner, and

has abundant cause to. When the next morning breaks, chill When the next morning breaks, chill and pallid, a change has come in the as-pect of affairs. During the earliest hour of the dawn the red light of a light draught river boat startled the outlying pickets down stream, and the Far West, answering the muffled hail from shore, responded, through the medium of a mate's stentorian tones, "News that'll rout you fellows out." The sun is hardly presented outline of the peeping over the jagged outline of the eastern hills when, with Rayner's entire battalion aboard, she is steaming again down stream, with orders to land at the

mouth of the Sweet Root. There the four companies will disembark in readines to join the rest of the regiment. All day long again the wagon train twists and wriggles through an ashen section of Les Mauvaises Terres. It is a tedious, trying march for Hull's little command of troopers-all that is now left to guard the train. The captain is constantly out on the exposed flank, eagerly scanning the rough country to the south, and expectant any moment of an attack from that direction. He and his men, as well as the horses, mules and

teamsters, are fairly tired out when at nightfall they park the wagons in a big semicircle, with the broad river forming a shining chord to the arc of white can-vas. All the live stock are safely herded within the inclosure; a few reliable soldiers are posted well out to the south and east to guard against surprise, and the veteran Sergt. Clancy is put in command of the sentries. The captain gives strict injunctions as to the importance of these duties, for he is far from easy in his mind over the situation. The Riflers, he knows, are over in the valley

feels it in his bones that there are num-

would stir up war parties on the other

shore. Individually, he has had very

working like a horse all day. His voice

sounds so full of cheer and life that Hull

"Every bit of it, captain. I was cut

looks up smilingly.

ound this money! How I wish I could

"Where do you keep it to-night?" "Right here in my addiebage under in here in my addiebage under the do not wake; and my revolver is here the bolks a little camp lantern over the bage, opene the flap, and piecer is. "Yes, all serene. I got a big hunk of green sealing wax from the paymaster and memorandum list inside. It's all afte of far, even to the hunk of sealing wax. --What is it, sergeant?" A tall, soldierly, dark cycel trooper ap-pears at the doorway of the little tent, his language, though couched in the physical rise and in the intonation of every phrase that he is a man whose an-thous of the majority of the rank and its: "Will the captain permit me to take" Where do you keep it to-night?

"Will the captain permit me to take my horse and those of three or four more my horse and those of three or four more men outside the corral? Sergt. Clancy says he has no authority to allow it. We have found a patch of excellent grass, sir, and there is hardly any left inside. I will sleep by my picket pin, and one of us will keep awake all the time, if the captain will permit." "How far away is it, sergeant?"

"Not seventy-five yards, sir-close to the river bank east of us." "Very well. Send Sergt. Clancy here,

The soldier quiety salues, and disp-pears in the gathering darkness. "That's what I like about that man

"That's what I like about that man Gower," says the captain, after a mo-ment's silence. "He is always looking out for his horse. If he were not such a gamble: and rake he would make a splendid first sergeant. Fine looking fel-low is the?" low, isn't he?" "Yes, sir. That is a face that one

souldn't well forget. Who was the other sergeant you overhauled for getting fleeced by these sharps at the cantonment?

"Clancy? He's on guard to-night. A

very different character." "I don't know him by sight as yet. Well, good-night, sir. I'll take myself off and go to my own tent."

off and go to my own tent." Daybreak again, apd far to the east the sky is all ablaze. The mist is creep-ing from the silent shallows under the banks, but all is life and vim along the shore. With cracking whip, tugging taxee, sonorous blasphemy, and ringing shout, the long train is whiring shead shout, the long train is whirling ahead almost at the run. All is athrill with excitement, and bearded faces have a strange, set look about the jaws, and eyes gleam with eager light and peer searchingly from every rise far over to the southeast, where stands a tumbling heap of hills against the lightening sky. "Off there, are they?" says a burly trooper, dismounting hastily to tighten up the "cinch" of his weather beaten sadde. "We can make it quick enough, up the "cinch" of his weather beaten saddle. "We can make it quick enough, 's soon as we get rid of these blasted wagons." And, swinging into saddle again, he goes cantering down the slope, his charger snorting with exhilaration in the keep morning air the keen morning air. Before dawn a courier has galloped

Before dawn a courier has galloped into camp, bearing a dispatch from the commanding officer of the Riflers. It says but few words, but they are full of meaning: "We have found a big party of hostiles. They are in strong position, and have us at disadvantage. Raynet with his four companies is hurrying to us Leave all warene with the best us. Leave all wagons with the boat under guard, and come with every horse and man you can bring." Before 7 o'clock the wagons are parked

close along the bank beside the Far West, and Hull, with all the men he can muster-some fifty-is trotting ahead on

go back to the right and order the attack at once. The moment we begin and you at once. The moment we begin and you hear our shots, you give a yell, and charge full tilt across there, so as to drive out those fellows in that ravine. We can do the rest. Do you understand?" "I understand, colonel: but—is it your

"I understand, colonel: but—is it your order that I attempt to charge mounted across that ground?" "Why, certainly! It isn't the best in the world, but you can make it. They can't do very much damage to your men before you reach them. It's got to be done; it's the only way." "Very good, sir; that ends it!" is the calm, soldierly reply; and the colonel more bounding area.

caim, soldierly reply; and the colonel goes bounding away. A moment later the troop is in saddle,

ager, wiry, bronzed fellows overy one, and the revolvers are in hand and being carefully examined. Then Capt. Hull signals to Hayne, while Hayner and three or four soldiers sit in silence, watching the man who is to lead the charge. He dismounts at a little knoll a few feet away, tonses his reins to the trumpeter and steps to his saddle bags. Hayne, too, Taking his watch and chain from the

pocket of his hunting shirt, he opens the therefrom two packets - one heavily scaled-which he hands to Hayne.

"In case I-don't come back, you know what to do with these-as I told you last night."

Hayne only looks imploringly at him: "You are not going to leave me here, captain?" "Yes, Hayne. You can't go with us.

"Tes, Hayne. You can't go with us. Hark! There they go at the right. Are the packages all right?" Hayne, with stunned faculties, think-ing only of the charge he longs to make —not of the one he has to keep—replies he knows not what. There is a ringing bugle call far off among the rocks to th westward; a rousing cheer; a rattling volley. Rayner springs off to his men on the hillside. Hull spurs in front of his eager troop, holding high his pistol

"Now, men, follow till I drop; and

then keep ahead! Come on!" There is a furious sputter of hoofs, a rush of excited steeds up the gentle slope, a glad outburst of cheers as they sweep across the ridge and out of sight, then the clamor and yell of frantic battle; and when at last it dies away, the riflers are panting over the hard won position and shaking hands with some few silent cavalrymen. They have carried the ridge, captured the migrating village, squaws, ponies, travois, and pappooses; their "long Toms" have sent many a stalwart warrior to the mythical hunting grounds, and the peppery colonel's

triumph is complete. But Lawrence Hayne, with all the light gone from his brave young face, stands mutely looking down upon the stiffening frame of his father's old friend, and his, who lies shot through the heart. Continued next Saturday

## A Story of the War. [Special Correspondence.] BOSTON, Feb. 20.—Two veterans of the

civil war keep bachelors' hall in a pretty New England town. Both are heroes, but both are modest; so, out of respect for their feelings, they will be designated here as Federal Capt. Thomas and Con-federate Capt. Williams. They had been college chums, and the three weeks pre-ceding the firing of the first shot at Charleston were spent by Williams at the home of Thomas-the same home where Williams now does the carving because his host has but one arm, and where Thomas does most of the walking, because his guest has but one leg. As soon as it was certain that war was inevitable the friends separated and went to the front, one donning the blue and to the front, stay, the other the gray.

### ap their ranks, which the stilles were thinning more and THE COMTE DE PARIS IN '62 ong line scarcely wavered.

## HIS HONORABLE AND COURAGEOUS CAREER WITH M'CLELLAN.

On His Coming Visit to the United Sta He Will He Warmly Welcomed by Many Old Comrades-Fits John Porter's Strategy at Gaines' Mill.

Should the Comte de Paris pro Should the Comte de Paris prolong his visit to the American states it will give occasion for some pleasant re-unions with those of his old camp asunions with those of his old camp as-sociates in the Union army who sur-vive at this date. Although he was on headquarters duty—he served as a captain and aide-de-camp under the title of Louis Philippe d'Orleans—he was by no means a carpet knight, but one of the rough and ready soldiers, who braved danger and hardships with his American comrades like & yeoman, prince though he was and king that might be. The fact that he was a student and observer, as well as a daring man of arms, no doubt gives a sober hue to the personal recollections of the war, which he has published in Europe and America, yet his observations are so frank and earnest his observations are so frank and earnes that, coming from a foreigner of rank so exalted, they have all the interest of the most stirring narratives. The count reached Washington short-

ly after the battle of Bull Run, when

Scott was gen-eral-in-chief, and was assigned to duty on the staff of McClellan, who 26 had just arrived on the Potomac to command the forces in front of the capital. those days the army was being created from the mob of volun teers, and there

CONTE DE PARIS. were many sights rom a recent photograph.]strange to the eves of observant foreigners. One of the earliest personal incidents parrated in his istory of the civil war is of a balloon trip he made from the Union camp, near Fairfax, over the opposing lines, which were very close at that point. The bal-loon floated above both the Union and Confederate camps, and the author re-lates with considerable detail the novel spectacle spread out before him. The Confederates, he says, were strag-

The Confederates, he says, were strag-gling about their quarters, and hanging over their campfires, gossiping, or wait-ing for their rations, while on the Union side the troops were under arms and en-gaged in drilling or dress parade. Of the count's headquarters services Gen. McClelian has many good words in his memoirs. He took the dangerous and disagreeable things incident to his call-ing as an aide with the best grace. His first avariance in real way in this arm. first experience in real war in this service was had at Yorktown, on the penin sula, where he bivouacked for some weeks under the fire of the enemy's shells.

When Yorktown was evacuated by the Confederates he hastened forward in pursuit with the mounted column and was one of the first to reach Williamsburg, where the Confederates halted in retreat and stood at bay. During the two months that followed, which intwo months that followed, which in-cluded the march up the peninsula and the battles on the Chickahominy, ending with the "Seven Days," the soldier prince was constantly at the front, where his person became quite well known to subordinate officers and soldiers of the ranks. At the battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, the three princes of McClellan's staff, De Joinville, Duke do Chartres and the count, distingui themselves, as the battle was fought at



"They paused for a moment to fire, but Hood instantly pushed them for ward. They rushed onward with load ward. They rushed onward with long yells to the very mouth of the genus which had so mercilessly poured graps into them. The artillery horses hitched to the limbers either ran away with its drivers or were driven off by them ••• and the gunners who had persisted in remaining at their posts to the last, also disappeared in the tide of Texans, which overwhelmed them in an instant, leaving nothing babind but corners lying on the nothing behind but corpses lying on the ground

ground." Porter's battle field was in the form of an arc and could be seen from all points. His headquarters were near the center, and the count, his uncle, Prince de Joinville, and his brother, Duke de Chatter were invalued in the activities Chartres, were involved in the activity of this fight. Gen. Porter in his story of Gaines' Mill, in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," relates that durers of the Civil War," relates that dur-ing the highest excitement of this battle the count came to him on the field and begged him to send his uncle, de Join-ville, on some trumped up errand to army headquarters so that he might escape the peril of the position. The message was given, but the old prince did not go; it was repeated and still he did not leave the field. He said after-ward that things assumed so favorable ward that things seemed so favorable all at once that he decided to wait for good news to take back to the command-ing general. This battle was the first one fought by

Ing general. This battle was the first one fought by Gen. Robert E. Loe as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. In noting his advent in a new field the count ays: "His first efforts in war had not been more brilliant than those of Grant, and he personally was but little known to the troops he was about to lead in battle. Always a patient, persevering and pre-dent calculator, yet ready to risk much at the opportune moment; handling a large army with great dexterity in the midst of the thickest forests; understand-ing men, selecting them carefully, and securing their attachment by his equily; worshiped by his soldlers and obtaining from them what no other chief could have thought of asking them; respected and obeyed by all his lieutenants; hu-mane, of a conciliatory disposition, one whose only fault as a general was an ex-cess of deference to the opinions of "sub-ordinates, which at times caused him to lose a little of that firmness which is so indispensable in the midst of battle." The services of the count ended within a week after the battle of Gaines' Mill

ek after

In the

wise astonished when a courier comes in on jaded horse to tell him that they have "doubled" on the other column and are now two or three days' march away down stream, "making for the big bend His own scouting parties are still out to the eastward; he can pick them up as he goes. He sends the main body of his infantry, a regiment jocularly known as "The Riflers," to push for a landing some fifty miles down stream, scouting the lower valley of the Sweet Root on the way. He sends his wagon train guarded by four companies of foot and two of horsemen, by the only practi cable road to the bend, while he, with ten seasoned "troops" of his pet regi ment, the -- th cavalry, starts forth with on a long detour in which he hopes to 'round up" such bands as may have slipped away from the general rush Even as "boots and saddles" is sound ing, other couriers come riding in from Lieut. Crane's party. He has struck the trail of a big band.

When the morning sun dawns on th picturesque valley in which the canton ment nestled but the day before it illu mines an almost deserted village, and brings no joy to the souls of some two-score of embittered civilians who had ar rived only the day previous, and whose unanimous verdict is that the army is a fraud and ought to be abolished. For four months or more some three regi ments had been camping, scouting roughing it thereabouts with not a cent of pay. Then came the wildly exciting gs that a boat was on the way up tidin the Missouri with a satrap of the pay de partment, vast store of shekels and a strong guard, and as a consequence there would be some 2,000 men around the cantonment with pockets full of money and no one to help them spend it, and nothing suitable to spend it on. It was a duty all citizens owed to the territory to hasten to the scene and gather in fo local circulation all that was obtainable of that disbursement, otherwise the curs of the army might get ahead of them and the boys would gamble it away among themselves or spend it for vil whisky manufactured for their sole enefit. Gallatin Valley was emptied of its prominent practitioners in the game of poker. The stream was black with "Mackinaw" boats and other craft. There was a rush for the cantonment that rivaled the multitudes of the mining days, but all too late.

The command was already packing up when the first contingent arrived, and the commanding officer, recognizing the fraternity at a glance, warned them outside the limits of camp that night, declined their services as volunteers on the impending campaign, and treated them with such calmly courteous recognition of their true character that the eastern press was speedily filled with sneering comment on the hopelessness of ever sub duing the savage tribes of the northwest when the government intrusts the duty to upstart officers of the regular servic. whose sole conception of their functions is to treat with insult and contemp' the hardy frontiersman whose mere presen with the command would be of incalcu able benefit. "We have it from indisputable authority," says The Miner's Light of Brandy Gap, "that when our esteemed fellow citizen Hank Mulligan and twenty gallant shots and riders like himself went in a body to Gen. - at the cantonment and offered their services as volunteers against the Sioux now devastating the homesteads and settlements of the Upper Missouri and Yellowston valleys, they were treated with haught; and contemptuous refusal by that band-box caricature of a soldier and threatened with arrest if they did not quit

mer, and he cannot help wishing he the devil does he expect me to do that were with the rest of the crowd instead after marching all day?" of here, train guarding. Presently Mr. Hayne appears, elastic and debonair as though he had not been

"I did not inquire, sir; he might have told me 'twas none of my business, don't you know?" And Mr. Hayne has the infferable hardihood to wink at the battalion adjutant-a youth of two years' longer service than his own.

larity from the start. He was full of

courtesy and gentleness to women, and

became a pet in social circles. He was

frank, free, off handed with his asso-

ciates, spending lavishly, "treating" with boyish ostentation on all occasions

living quite en grand seigneur, for h

seemed to have a little money outside

his pay-"a windfall from a good old

duffer of an uncle," as he had explained

His father, a scholarly man who had

been summoned to an important under

office in the state department during the

war of the rebellion, had lived out his

honored life in Washington and died

poor, as such men must ever die. It was his wish that his handsome, spirited,

brave hearted boy should enter the army,

over the father's peaceful grave the

young fellow donned his first uniform

and went out to join "The Riflers."

High spirited, joyous, full of laughing

fun, he was "Pet" Hayne before he ha

been among them six months. But with

in the year he had made one or two ene

mies. It could not be said of him that

he showed that deference to rank and

station which was expected of a junio

officer; and among the seniors were sev

eral whom he speedily designated "un-conscionable old duffers" and treated

with as little semblance of respect as a

second lieutenant could exhibit and be

permitted to live. Rayner prophesied of

him that, as he had no balance and was

burning his candle at both ends, he would

come to grief in short order. Hayne re

torted that the only balance that Ravner

had any respect for was one at the bank-

er's, and that it was notorious in Wash

ington that the captain's father had made

most of his money in government con-

tracts, and that the captain's original

and long after the sod had hardene

"Well, youngster, you seem to love this frontier life." "Well, Mr. Hayne, this is no matter for levity," says Rayner, angrily. "What does Capt. Hull mean to do with his own out for the army, as father thought. men, if I'm to do the guard?"

"We used to talk it over a good deal in the old days when I was stationed around Washington," answers Hull. "That is another point, Capt. Rayner which I had not the requisite effrontery to inquire into. Now, you might ask "Your father was the warmest friend I him, but I couldn't, don't you know? had in civil circles, and he made it very responds Hayne, smiling amiably the pleasant for me. How little we thought while into the wrathful face of his su it would be my luck to have you for perior. It serves only to make the indigquartermaster!" nant captain more wrathful; and no

"The fellows seemed struck all of a wonder. There has been no love lost be heap in the Riflers at the idea of your aptween the two since Hayne joined the plying for me, captain. I was ready to Riflers early the previous year. He came swear it was all on father's account, and n from civil life, a city bred boy, fresh would have told them so only Rayner from college, full of spirits, pranks, fun of every kind; a wonderfully keen hand happened to be the first man to tackle me on the subject, and he was so crusty with the billiard cue; a knowing one at about it I kept the whole thing to mysel cards and such games of chance as colrather than give him any satisfaction.' lege boys excel at; a musician of no "Larry, my boy, I'm no preacher, but mean pretenzions, and an irrepressible leader in all the frolics and frivolities of I want to be the friend to you your father was to me. You are full of enhis comrades. He had leaped to popu-

thusiasm and life and spirits, and you love the army ways and have made yourself very popular with the young-sters, but I'm afraid you are too careless and independent where the seniors are concerned. Rayner is a good soldier, and you show him very scant respect, I'm told."

"Well, he's such an interfering fellow They will all tell you I'm respectful enough to-to the captains I like"-

"That's just it, Lawrence. So long as you like a man your manner is what it should be. What a young soldier ought to learn is to be courteous and respectful to senior officers whether he likes them or not. It costs an effort sometimes, but it tells. You never know what trouble you are laying up for yourself in the army by bucking against men you don't like. They may not be in posi

tion to resent it at the time, but the time is mighty apt to come when they will be, and then you are helpless.' "Why, Capt. Hull, I don't see it that way at all. It seems to me that so long as an officer attends to his duty, minds his own business, and behaves like a gentleman, no one can harm him, es pecially when all the good fellows of the

regiment are his friends, as they are mine, I think, in the Riflers. "Ah, Hayne, it is a hard thing to teach voungster that-that there are men who find it very easy to make their juniors' lives a burden to them, and with out overstepping a regulation. It is harder yet to say that friends in the army are a good deal like friends out of it-one only has to get into serious trouble to find how few they are. God grant you may never have to learn it, my boy, as many another has had to by sharp experience! Now we must get a good night's rest. You sleep like a log. I see, and I can only take cat name. Con-

the trail of Rayner's battalion. him rides Mr. Hayne, eager and en-thusiastic. Before 10 o'clock, far up along the slopes they see the blue line of skirmishers, and the knots of reserves farther down, all at a stand. In ten minutes they ride with foaming reins in behind a low ridge on which, flat on their faces and cautiously peering over the crest, some hundred infantrymen are disposed. Others, officers and file closers, are moving to and fro in rear.

They are of Rayner's battalion. Farther back, down in a ravine, a dozer forms are outstretched upon the turf, and others are bending over them, ministering to the needs of those who are not past help already. Several officers crowd around the leading horsemen and Hull orders: "Halt, dismount and loosen girths." The grave faces show that the infantry has had poor luck, and the situation is summarized in a few words. The Indians are in force occupying the ravines and ridges opposite them and confronting the six companies farther over to the west. Two attacks have been made, but the Indian fire swept every approach, and both were unsuccessful. Several soldiers were shot dead, others severely wounded. Lieut, Warren's leg is shattered below the knee; Capt. Bloun is killed.

"Where's Rayner?" asks Hull, with grave face.

"Just gone off with the chief to look at things over on the other front. The colonel is hopping. He is bound to have those Indians out of there or drop a-try ing. They'll be back in a minute. The general had a rousing fight with Dull Knife's people down the river last even ing. You missed it again, Hull; all the -th were there but F and K, and, of course, old Firewater wants to make a big a hit here."

"The -th fighting down the river last night?" asks Hull, in amaze.

"Yes-swept clean round them and ran 'em into the stream, they say. I wish we had them where we could see 'em at all. You don't get the glimpse of a head, even; but all those rocks are lined with the beggars. Damn them!" says the adjutant, feelingly.

"We'll get our chance here, then," replies Hull, reflectively. "I'll creep up and take a look at it. Take my horse, orderly."

He is back in two minutes, graves than before, but his bearing is spirited and firm. Hayne watches him with kindling eye.

"You'll take me in with you when you charge?" he asks.

"It is no place to charge there. The ground is all cut up with ravines and gullies, and they've got a cross fire that sweeps it clean. We'll probably go in on the other flank; it's more open there. Here comes the chief now."

Two officers come riding hastily around a projecting point of the slope and spur at rapid gait towards the spot where the cavalry have dismounted and are breathing their horses. There is hardly time for salutations. A gray headed, keen eyed, florid faced old soldier is the colonel, and he is snapping with electricity, apparently.

"This way, Hull. Come right here, and I'll show you what you are to do." And, followed by Rayner, Hull and Havne, the chief rides sharply over to the extreme left of the position and points to the frowning ridge across the intervening swale:

"There, Hull; there are twenty or thirty of the rascals in there who get a flank fire on us when we attack on our side. What I want you to do is to mount your men, let them draw pistol and be all ready. Rayner, here, will line the ridge to keep them down in front 191

first met as foes. It was on the field of one of the terrible last battles. Early in the fight Thomas, who had become a captain of infantry, had his right arm shattered by a fragment of a shell that exploded above his head. In his excitement he did not perceive how seriou his wound was, but simply placed the wounded member in a sling made of his handkerchief, took his sword in his left hand and dashed to the front again. The battle grew hot and furious. sition at first held by the Confederates was usurped by Capt. Thomas and his company, who, by their audacity, were drawing a heavy fire from the men in gray. For a quarter of an hour they were unable to advance one inch, and were constantly charged by a reckless company of cavalry, led, Capt. Thomas soon perceived, by his friend Williams. Presently one of these charges proved lisastrous to the Confederate captain. He fell from his horse midway between the opposing forces and lay motionless

in an extremely dangerous spot, where shells from a distant part of the field were dropping every minute. Capt. Thomas saw that his friend was still alive, and made up his mind in an instant.

"Come on, boys," he shouted, and dashed forward, followed by his men. Five men fell before they had advancd fifty yards. Still shouting encouragingly to his followers, Capt. Thomas ran to where his wounded friend lay, raised him to his shoulder and darted toward a large rock which offered shelter from the flying shells and bullets. The rock was only a dozen paces distant, but once a shell burst almost at his feet, covering both with dirt. When the coveted place of safety was reached Capt. Thomas collapsed. A little later he was found by is victorious comrades lying insensible beside the man whose life he had saved. Capt. Thomas carried away the stump of an arm and Capt. Williams the stump of a leg as souvenirs of the fight; and when the war was over they laughingly greed to form a pool of sound limbs and keep bachelors' hall for the remainder of their lives.

#### At the Paris Galete.

Among the recent successes in Paris is "Le Voyage do Bu-sette" at the Gai-R. ete. It is a pantonime of more than usual elaborateness. Nothing has been overlooked which could add to the perfection of the presentation. It has been put on with an expend ture of mo and scencostur ery lavish even for Paris, and the French papers predict for it a long and profitable run The piece is the work of M. Reichan and the musio by Offenbach Mme. Simon Githe eading role. She has already become well known in Paris MMR. SIMON GIRARD.

as a burlesquer, and her present venture promises to add to her popularity. It is said that she is paid a nightly salary of 700 france The accompanying portrait is from Le Monde Illustre.

Bertha Ricci is to return to the stage. She was married less than a year ago to Jeff George, a well known New York man about town. She wanted to live quietly, but her busband didn't. Hence a disagreement, which, apparently, will result to the advantage of lovers of good operatic staging.

distance from the he and staff duty was arduous and attended with grave dangers. That battle was one of the hardest of

place when "Stonewall" Jackson's flank-

ing column got to work is described by

the count with the freedom and warmth

of an eye witness. He says:

and covered a period of about ten months. Although an allon, he held very decided opinions upon the issue of the war, and his work shows that his the war, and it cost Lee within a few hours 10,000 men to dislodge Fitz John conduct was not guided by love of renture, but by conviction. preface to his history he writes: Porter with a strength of only 27,000 against the 64,000 opponents. The hot-test fight was in the center along a woodpreface to his history he writes: "Having been kindly received in the armies of the young republic, which re-members the support given by France to the first defenders of its independence, and has not failed to place the name of Bourbon among those who are to per-petuate its memory on its soil, it has ed region known as New Cold Harbor, and here re-enforcements from Frank-lin's corps—Slocum's division—came up in the nick of time, guided by the French princes to the most dangerous posts. The fighting up to this time had been be tween the troops of Longstreet and Whiting on the Confederate side and Porter on the Union side. What took

Bourbon among those this soil, it has petuate its memory on its soil, it has been the wish of the author to present a grateful testimony to his late co in arms. In writing his personal recol-lections he has been led to describe the war, some incidents of which have come within his own personal observat Nothwithstanding his legitimate pre-ences for the cause he served (Union)

has endeavored to preserve throughout his narrative the strictest impartiality." He believed slavery was the sole cat of the war. "The effects," he declar "of the servile institution upon the dom-"of the service institution upon the dom-nant race presents a spectrele-and and instructive to historian and philosopher -of fatal demoralization as a just pun-ishment for slavery inflicted upon those who expected to find nothing but profit and power. \* \* \* In fact, the slave power could only exist by enlarging its domain and absorbing everything around it. If the north had carried patience and forbearance much further the day when the decisive crisis arrived this power might possibly have been able to impose its fatal yoke upon all

America." The emancipation act was under discussion at the time the count left the country, and was passed soon afterward. Speaking of the proclamation, he says: "It inaugurated a new epoch, and th ..... conflict, freed from the remembrance of past concessions, assumed henceforth its real character. It could only be ended with the entire abolition of slavery from the soil of the constitutional republic, or by the triumph of this institution over the largest portion of America."

The opinion expressed of Lincoln, whom he introduces as "Honest Mr. Lincoln," shows a clear understandin of the trying position of the presiden in 1861. He says:

"The republic had a chief determined to defend it while respecting the consti-tutional rights and liberties of all; those who regarded the principles of free labor as the essential basis of a free and democratic society saw at last a man of their choice regularly invested with the insignia of the chief magistracy; those wh notwithstanding their affinities with slaveholders, considered the mainte nance of the Union as the first article of political faith for every good citizen, could rally around him without fear."

It is rarely that foreigners, even the ablest of them, take pains to study American events with so much diligence and candor as displayed by this young prince while fighting our battles as a for-GEORGE L. KILMER. eign ally.

Only His Sister. Big Boy-Well, that beats me, to see that fellow spooning around that girlf And they say he's proposed and is crazy

to marry her. Stranger—Nothing strange about that. She's a fascinating and beautiful young

lady. "She! She fascinating and beautifull Why, she's my sister!"-Chicago Lyre. imparted his own martial ardor. In vain did the Federal artillery concentrate its

A quail's nest with seven eggs was found on the farm of Joshua Hughes in Butler county, O., ou Jan. 10. It was in the corner of a fence recently built.



The latter finally availed himself of the

confusion into which his adversaries had

been thrown by the loss of the wood at

New Cold Harbor, to take possession of

it; but every time that his soldiers ven-

tured beyond the curtain of trees the en-

emy's cannon compelled them to run back for shelter behind this protecting

screen. Meanwhile the Federal infantry,

which had again formed into line near

its guns, was becoming exhausted by so

unequal a struggle, the ammunition was

giving out, no re-enforcements arrived

and the moment approached when excess-

ive fatigue would overcome the energy

of the steadiest men. The regiments, of

which more than one were reduced to a

handful of men, drew together in isolated

groups; the combat continued, but was

carried on individually by soldiers among

whom all systematic connection had

"Precisely at this moment Jackson

('Stonewall') came forward with his last

reserves and ordered a general attack. The attenuated lines of the Federals

were everywhere shattered. Whiting

sent forward one of his brigades com

posed of Texan soldiers. \* \* \* Gen.

Hood, who was one of the most brilliant

officers in the Confederate army, was in

command of this brigade, to which h

fire to check him like the others as he

emerged from the wood. The four Texan

regiments advanced without faltering

under a shower of shells. As they closed

ceased to exist.