

LAFFITTE OF LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XIX.

Before the week had ended the "Black Petrel" filled her sails for Baratara, with Grelolre's parting words of advice repeating themselves in La-fitte's ears:

"Wind up your affairs in Louisiana, mon ami, and do as the emperor desires—return to France, and assume your own name and rank."
So back to Louisiana he sailed, with his mind in a turmoil that gave un-wanted austerity to his manner, and averted his crew into much speculation. The fever of his first impulse having now abated, he began to upbraid himself for having left Pierre, and wondered if anything evil might have befallen his foster-brother. Day by day, as the "Black Petrel" drew near to Baratara, he kept himself busy by querying as to what, if any, changes would be found there, and as to what progress the war had made.

Louisiana, and especially New Orleans, must, in his judgment, be destined to bear a share in the conflict, even though this might not be until the eleventh hour; for the possession of the Mississippi and its valley had, for many years, been a dream of Great Britain's ambition.

Night and day, thinking matters over, he resolved that his next step would be to gather what he might of men and shipping and wealth, and in the hope of wiping all stigma from his name, offer these to the Governor of Louisiana, for use in warring against the English. And the possibility of this opportunity being afforded him, with its reward—a pardon for himself and men, covering all past offenses—the rehabilitation of himself before his world, made his blood tingle.

This accomplished, he would return to France, assume his father's name and rank, and stand ready to serve the emperor.

And the Island Rose—how had she been faring all this time, and what, amid the changed conditions he was mapping out for himself, would be her place?

The remembrance of the last time he had seen her, with her girlish face and form manifesting such shrinking terror of him, had its sorrow now lightened by the hope, so strong in his heart, that he would be able to redeem himself in her estimation.

The "Black Petrel," keeping a sharp lookout for English vessels, stole into the Gulf of Mexico, and sped across it. Then, turning to the east and north, La-fitte made for the western shore of Grande Terre and the harbor of Bara-



"You know my secret, Pierre; for the present let it rest."

taria, where, in due time, the brigantine dropped anchor.

It was the evening of La-fitte's arrival. He and Pierre were alone together, and, being unable to count upon unlimited privacy, they seated themselves for a full talk and comparison of notes.—Jean to give Pierre the particulars of his recent trip, and to hear from him an account of the happenings at Baratara and New Orleans.

"I wish I might have been with you in Toulon," Pierre said, with what sounded like a sigh. "I have a longing to see France again before I die."

"Before you die!" repeated Jean, a slight touch of testiness in his tone. "Why do you talk thus? One would think you were three-score, at least, instead of a stalwart giant of half those years; and he laughed, half-playfully, half-deridingly.

There was no answering smile on Pierre's face, which was again turned to the fire. But after a momentary silence he said, abstractedly, as if thinking aloud, "I cannot give a good reason for it, but there has of late been something like a conviction growing upon me that I have not much longer to live. Perhaps—and he raised his eyes to Jean's wondering face—"it is nothing more than that I am homesick."

"We will wind up our affairs here and go to France," declared Jean decisively. "Rouse thyself, Pierre, and speak no more in such a fashion. What nonsense!—thou, after all the dangers we have met and overcome together, to have such a premonition! I think, my brother, and the tone brought a gratified sparkle to the other man's eyes, "that thou hast missed me."

"Missed thee? Aye, in every way, as I ever do when we are apart. But somehow it was a taste worse this time, perhaps because thou wert away in France, where, as thou hast said, I am growing homesick to go."

"And, as I have also said, we will go together, and soon. We will return to Languedoc, thou and I, Pierre, and see the old gardens, and roam in the park, and try to be boys once more." The words ended with a joyous laugh.

"And read of De Soto, and Pizarro, and the tales of Louisiana!" added Pierre interrogatively, a curious sadness touching his voice.

"Nay, indeed not," replied Jean, so-

bering at once. "We have lived too many practical chapters of a like sort, my Pierre, to ever again enjoy the old book."

"And the emperor," said Pierre irreverently; "to think of his keeping the little box of papers for thee!"

"Yet it was like him to do such a thing," asserted Jean, with vibrant tone and glowing face. "Ah, if he were back in France, and free from those cursed English!"

"Aye," Pierre affirmed, a growl sounding in his voice. "The English throne on Elba, their power behind the throne of France, and their ships sneaking in here to snatch at Louisiana and the Mississippi. Cursed English, say I."

From what Pierre told him that night, Jean La-fitte knew, as clearly as though he had remained at Baratara, all that had transpired since his departure.

This had been shortly after Gen. Andrew Jackson defeated the Creek Indians at the battle called "Tohopekah,"—a disaster that broke their power, and compelled the English to cease reckoning upon them as allies. And after this signal victory Gen. Jackson had been given command of the Seventh military district, which included the State of Louisiana.

It was now very evident that New Orleans was to be attacked as soon as the English could concentrate a sufficient force for that purpose; and Gov. Claiborne had called a session of the legislature, besides taking all other measures in his power toward raising means for defense. But the legislators were slow to co-operate with him; and the same malcontents whose scheming had already wrought such harm to Louisiana were using all possible means to neutralize the governor's efforts.

As La-fitte listened to all this, he congratulated himself anew that the "Black Petrel" lay anchored safely before Grande Terre. He felt also that no time could have been more auspicious for making the offer he proposed to lay before the governor,—an offer of service by himself and his followers, in consideration of pardon for all past misdeeds, whether actual or alleged.

When he voiced these thoughts and plans to Pierre, the latter agreed unreservedly; and both men were confident of their ability to obtain the acquiescence of their followers.

"But think you, Jean," inquired the more cautious Pierre, "there is not reason to doubt if Gov. Claiborne ac-

cept our offer? I do not wish to dampen thy ardor; but we must remember the threats he has made against the Baratarians."

"He surely will not make the mistake of refusing our services in such an emergency—at a time when every man able to bear a gun will be sorely needed in New Orleans," was Jean's confident reply; and Pierre raised no more doubts that night.

Among the other items of information he had given (and which, although of slight interest to himself, were otherwise to his listener), was that Count de Cazeneuve had, at La Roche's invitation, closed his house in New Orleans, and gone with his granddaughter for a visit to the former's plantation, La Tete des Eaux, near the head of Bayou Bienvenu; also that La Roche had taken this occasion to persuade his ward, the Senorita Lazalle, to join his house party.

"He is now a general in the state militia," Pierre added; "and—with a laugh—"it is common talk in New Orleans that he is mad for love of the Spanish girl."

"And she?" inquired Jean carelessly, as he patted the head of a hound crouched by his chair.

Pierre shrugged his broad shoulders. "She is a woman; who, therefore, may say what she thinks, or will do—or not do?"

Jean laughed as he knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Thou hast a poor opinion of the fair ones, my Pierre."

"Have I? If so, it was thyself I taught me the lesson."

The laughing face sobered at once, and a troubled look came into the eyes fixed upon Pierre's half-mocking ones.

"Say you, Pierre, that I taught you any such lesson?"

"Aye, that you have, with your scorn of women and their ways. Seeing through your eyes, I long ago learned to look upon women as but snares, to love whom brings mischief and the ruin of a man's heart."

Pierre wondered at the gentleness of the tone that answered. "If ever I taught you such a thing, I taught, unknowingly, something I never believed myself; for I think a true woman is a thing to reverence as the saints, and that love in a man's life is like—"

He stopped short, and his dark face took

a dreaming look as he gazed into the fire.

After a short silence he continued, "The lack of love in a man's life is like a world without sunshine, or a lamp without oil—without light. And to live always in darkness would make life little worth the living."

Pierre had been staring at him, and as he stared his slumbering wits awoke.

In a groping but certain way, he began to rightly suspect the possible cause of a hitherto puzzling change he had noticed in his foster-brother, and, satisfied as to this, he now blurted out, "Jean, my brother, tell me—who is she you love?"

Jean started, and his brows contracted into a frown.

"Thou art not angry with me, that I asked?"

"Angry!" The word was repeated with a soft laugh, as if the supposition were too absurd to call for refutation.

"And she loves thee in return?" Pierre ventured, encouraged by the laugh.

Jean shook his head, and a bitter sadness touched the still smiling lips. "Not love thee!" exclaimed Pierre, incredulously. "Then she must be blind, or a fool," he added, in sudden wrath.

"Neither the one nor the other, my Pierre," Jean answered, as he rose from his chair. "I had never thought to ask her love, nor knew that I loved her, when, by accident, she discovered that I was the terrible pirate, La-fitte, and shrank from me as if I had been the plague, or death itself. That was long ago; and I have not since laid eyes on her."

There was a world of suppressed passion sounding underneath the ring of mockery in his voice, and Pierre saw his hand tremble as he laid his arm against the stone support of the chimney and looked down into the embers.

Pierre now rose and tossed his clear into the fireplace, appearing to think there was nothing more to be said. But he turned quickly to Jean as the latter, laying a hand upon his foster-brother's shoulder, added, "You know my secret, Pierre; for the present let it rest where it is, and give no heed as to who she is. I may yet win her; and I may not. If I do, then you shall know her, and you will love her; of that I feel assured."

"Well you may, my Jean, if she is dear to thee; for that she must now be to me."

"Aye; and God bless thee for a true other self," said Jean, grasping the other's hand. "That I could know, without the telling. Still it is pleasant to hear thee say it. I will clear my name, Pierre—thine and mine; that must be first. After that—we shall see."

(To be continued.)

DRESS OF THE JUNGLE LADY.

Simple Costume Sufficient for Her Savage Life.

The low caste Siamese of the jungle have few wants, and live like animals, eating chiefly wild fruits and rice, which they raise in small cleared spots, wherever they happen to temporarily settle. Like the Karens, the jungle people of Burma, they are always on the move, and in common with all low caste Siamese are petty thieves of an incurable propensity.

Yet they are obedient—servile to an unpleasant degree for white blood. They manufacture nothing save crudest domestic household necessities and personal ornaments from bamboo. Clothes are of slight consequence. On the jungle edge they go uncovered, men and women, above the waist, the paunch reaching within four inches of the knee; but deep in the jungle they are practically naked.

Their single implement is a long-bladed, butcherlike knife, used as path-maker, as weapon (together with a wood spear) and industrially in fashioning out of the ubiquitous bamboo their ornaments, their buckets, their rope, their string, their houses and the food receptacles which take the place of pots and pans and plates.

Nearly all of the jungle folk on both sides of the Siam-Burma line tattoo the thigh, sometimes from knee to hip, more often from the knee to only six inches above. The design may be a turtle, or the much-dreaded tiger done elaborately, but the one most frequently seen, and the simplest, is a sort of lace or fringe pattern in the middle of the thigh, or just below the knee, like a garter. The women do not tattoo, believing in beauty unadorned; heaven knows they need adornment.—Outing.

KEPT HIM AT BUSINESS.

Phonograph Corrected Officials Weakness for Flirtation.

"During the times of Harrison's administration," said Senator Dubois of Idaho in his committee room, "there was a tall, lean clerk in the postoffice department whose ingenuity I much admired. I wish I could remember his name or knew what ever became of him. He was stenographer to an important official, who, in the dictation of letters, was the worst error."

"This official's weakness was gazing out of the window upon F street as he answered his correspondence. With one eye to the window he would talk along in loud sentences till a high stepping horse or a flashy bit of millinery passed. Then his voice would graduate into nothingness, leaving his stenographer up a stump. Coming to life again, with the passing of the object he had been admiring, he would begin with:

"Read that last sentence, please." "This sort of performance was kept up interminably. The letters were about as bad as they could be and generally had to be rewritten the succeeding day.

"An agent for a phonograph, then a novelty, came along and sought to introduce the instruments for use in correspondence. The agent got only an icy reception from everybody in the department, except this one clerk.

He was bright enough to see its opportunities, and a phonograph was installed. It proved the taming of no mere frisky old official. He paced no more back and forth in front of the F street window. Tied down to the speaking tube of the instrument he dictated his letters in finished phrases, and the government undoubtedly saved many dollars in the expenditure of clerical energy."—Washington Post.

New Electric Engine

A black iron monster, with reversible front and a corridor extending from end to end and communicating with the cars it draws—such is the general appearance of the famous electric locomotive.

In nontechnical language, says a writer in the Review of Reviews, it consists of a ninety-five-ton engine on four driving axles, the motive power being produced directly without intermediate gearing, from a powerful electric motor, developing a capacity of 2,000 horse-power, which can be increased to 3,000. The method is by the third rail, a section of six miles in the open country west of Schenectady having been equipped especially for this trial by the General Electric company, which also furnished the power for the tests. The third rail was protected by a wooden hood, so that no one could reach it unless he tried.

At crossings or other places where the third rail was interrupted the motive power was supplied by connection with an overhead wire, a trolley from the locomotive meeting at these points by means of a pneumatic device controlled by the engineer. The frame of the locomotive is of steel, which acts also as part of the magnetic circuit for the motors. In the test at Schenectady the center

of the cab was taken up by a set of recording instruments showing speed, voltage, consumption of current, how curves are taken and various other qualities of the locomotive. When in use hauling trains, however, this space will be occupied by a heating apparatus.

According to law, there must be two men on the locomotive—the master engineer and a helper, who will take the place of the old-time fireman. In designing the locomotive the general features of the steam engine have been kept in mind and valves, whistles, controllers, bells and other devices are within easy reach of the engineer. It was the aim of the designers to secure in this machine the best mechanical features of the high-speed steam locomotive, combined with the enormous power and simplicity in control made possible by the use of the electric drive.

The elimination of gear and bearing losses permits of a very high efficiency and it is claimed for the new machine that it will pound and roll much less than the steam locomotive, and thus reduce the expense of maintaining the rails and road-bed. By the use of the Sprague General Electric multiple-unit system of control two or more locomotives can be coupled together and operated from the leading cables as a single unit.

City Built Upon Rubies

Mogok, a city in the northern Shan states of Burma, is literally "built upon rubies," says a writer in the Booklovers Magazine. The earth in the streets and inclosures is of a crystalline limestone formation, containing numerous veins of gem-bearing gravel. The numerous houses and pagodas represent so many rubies converted into cash.

The houses of Mogok are practically the dwelling places only of ruby miners and merchants and their families and each pagoda is a votive offering to the gods for luck. It is said that a king would be ruling at Mandalay to-day if it had not been for rubies and Mogok would still have been an obscure village with a few score inhabitants had there been no rubies in the vicinity, whereas now there are about 40,000 people of every color and hue—the Englishman, American, the Frenchman and German, the Armenian, pure native and Jew."

Mogok is so far removed from the

ordinary tourist's track that few venture there who are not on business bent, owing to the difficulty of transit in Burma.

Fair promise of gain will tempt men to go anywhere in search of it. Some go to burning South Africa for diamonds, and others to frozen Alaska for gold. Even so men go to Burma for rubies. For the ruby ranks next to the diamond among precious stones, and holds a preeminence all its own among the colored gems with which men and women love to bedeck themselves.

It is not strange, therefore, that many should search for a stone that is a brother to the amethyst, the sapphire and the topaz, and which not infrequently outranks the diamond in value, being, in fact, the gem of gems of the east. A flawless five-carat ruby will bring twice as much as a diamond of equal weight, while a ten-carat ruby will bring three times as much and cannot be bought for much less than \$5,000."

Fog Tied Up Metropolis

London experienced the worst fog of years on Dec. 22. Some of the scenes were described as follows: "In certain parts of London the authorities were quickly alert to the danger and endeavored to bring some light into the darkness by erecting 'flares' to guide the traffic. These flaming torches in their iron brackets were both useful and picturesque. It was strange to stand and watch the little region of welcome light where one of these beacons shone into the darkness. For fifty yards around they illuminated the fog with a dull red glare, casting a flickering light upon the vehicles and people who thronged toward the torches like moths round a candle flame, while farther off the blackness set this strange picture in a black frame of absolute denseness, as if a great iron wall had been built up in the street. The ordinary street lamps were but of little avail.

"Most picturesque and perfect were the scenes on the river. Stand-

ing on the Tower bridge and looking down into the pool was like gazing into a cavern of darkness in which one could see only tiny green and red lights gleaming like fireflies at the bottom. One's ears were thrilled by the screaming of sirens from the larger vessels, the hoarse barking of little tugs, the shrill whistle or deep-toned foghorns of other river craft, intermingling with a continual hoarse murmur of many voices, ringing out at times into a sharp staccato shout as a skipper hailed through the darkness.

"As the day wore on carters and errand boys and all whom the business of Christmas kept out in the streets provided themselves with lanterns and links. It was a strange reminiscence of old-time London to watch these modern 'link boys' making their way from street to street and house to house with improvised torches of rags and sticks soaked in paraffin."

A Great Church Ceremony

There is a quaint ceremony of an annual blessing of the waters which may be witnessed in any country where the Greek Church exists. The ceremony occurs during the first two months of the year and is always attended with great demonstrations and rejoicings, particularly in Roumania, Russia and Bulgaria.

Great preparations are made the day before the ceremony. A route is set apart leading from the church to the spot on the quay which has been selected for the ceremony, a carpet of straw being laid down. It is usually a bitter cold day, but the people are eager and happy. They arrive on foot or in sledges, dressed in the picturesque national attire. All the houses are gayly decorated with worsted favors and tassels.

On the quay a layman is actively engaged in stirring a barrel of water to keep it from freezing. At ten

o'clock, heralded by the sound of many brass instruments, the priests leave the church, preceded by a troop of cavalry. With them are borne numbers of religious emblems and banners. The priests chant as they march to the quay where they go through the special form of blessing the waters of the country. No matter how severe the weather no word of the long service is omitted. The water is distributed among the people, who treasure the few drops which fall to their share as an antidote against the evil eye and other fearsome ills. The straw is eagerly grabbed up after the ceremony to perform the same office for horses and cattle. Until a few years ago it was the custom to cut a hole in the ice of a stream, and into this hole a cross was cast. The Roumanian men diver for this and the fortunate man could carry it for three days and collect money—Montreal Herald.

Sung by the Philosopher

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair will afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away life's sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day
Hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for To-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the shade, too,
With a barn for the use of the stall;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honors may wait him To-morrow.
From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely

Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what To-day may afford,
And let them spread the table To-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for three-score years and then,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And smile count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare To-day,
May become Everlasting To-morrow.
—John Collins.

Sleepy Judges.

Walter Shaw, writing on the subject of "Sleepy Judges," says: "I was once at the bar of the House of Lords engaged in an appeal case. The lords were Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and I think Lord St. Leonards. Appeal lords always appeared to me as if inattentive and sleepy. The Scotch solicitor-general was speaking for the client in the case in which I was myself engaged. Even the solicitor-general seemed to

think the lords were drowsy. He said: 'Now, my lords, I have come to the most important point of my case, and I have to beg your lordships' most particular attention to what I have to say.' Up jumps Lord Brougham, and in his usual excited style said: 'Mr. Solicitor-General, let me tell you that we give our most particular attention to every case that comes before us.' The solicitor-general had then to apologize.—Law Notes.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

True worth is in being, not seeming; In doing, each day that goes by. Some little good—not in the dreaming Of just ideas to do by and by. For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kingly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure; We can not do wrong and feel right; Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure. Of just ideas we do not wait. The air for the wing of the sparrow, The bush for the robin or wren, But always the path that is narrow And straight for the children of men.

We can not make bargains for blisses, Nor catch them like fishes in nets. And sometimes the thing our life misses Helps more than the thing which it gets. For good is not in pursuing, Nor gaining of great nor small; But just in the doing—and doing As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hatred, Against the world early and late, No jot of our courage abating, Our part is to work and to wait. And slight is the sting of his trouble Whose winnings are less than his worth. For he who is honest is noble, Whatever his fortunes or birth. —Alice Cary.

Lights and Shadows of War.

The grim visage of War in Manchuria has been turned to the public so long that people had come to believe there were to be no lights to offset a single shadow in the terrific conflict.

It appears, however, that the grim fighters on both sides are simply ordinary human beings, given, like the sturdy fighters of our civil war, to frolic and fun even at inopportune times. On Jan. 1, 1893, two veteran armies were in line of battle at Stone River. There had been twenty hours of the hardest fighting of the war and each army was watching the other in expectation of a renewal of the struggle.

The sullen quiet of the waiting lines was broken by an uproar on the left. A score or more of hogs, startled by the cavalry on the flank, scurried along the Union front. At first a dozen, then fifty, and then a hundred men joined in a chase to capture them.

The onslaught turned the hogs toward the Confederate lines and the Unionists pursued until they ran over the pickets in gray and were warned good-humoredly to keep on their own ground. Then the Confederates joined in the chase and turned the hogs again toward the Union lines. The men in blue had learned a lesson by this time and opened a way for the frightened hogs to run into the Union lines, where they were caught and killed.

Meantime there was much shouting and frolicking on both sides, the Confederates insisting that the Yankees should "play fair" and give them another chance, and some asking to be remembered when the "Yanks butchered." The generals in command took a serious view of the incident, but nothing came of it.

The men who frolicked one hour and fought like demons the next were of the same race and country and spoke the same language and had grown up under the same traditions of home life. But the other day at Mukden hogs ran down the lines as they did at Stone River forty-one years ago.

Russians and Japanese—of antagonistic races, speaking different languages, and differing widely as to home traditions and customs—joined in the chase, as did the Unionists and Confederates of Rosecrans' and Bragg's armies. At the bottom, then the soldiers of Kourapatkin and Oyama are not very different from other soldiers.

After the defeat of Rosecrans at Chickamauga and his retirement to Chattanooga, Bragg closed in on the Union army and sent his pickets down from Missionary Ridge into the plain under the very noses of the Union pickets. For several days there was constant uproar of rifle fire on the picket line.

Then by arrangement of the pickets themselves there was quiet, and later exchange of papers and a swapping of tobacco for coffee, the vedettes on one side taking a friendly interest in the comfort and conveniences of the watchers on the other. A similar state of affairs has prevailed along the fortified lines on the Shakhke, with limitations imposed on the pickets by difference in language.

In the Atlanta campaign Gen. Sherman was conducting operations against an officer who had been his friend before the war and for whom he entertained the highest respect. In the Mukden campaign Gen. Kourapatkin is matched against Japanese officers who less than two years ago honored him as friend.

General W. H. Powell.

Dec. 28 we laid to rest in Graceland cemetery the mortal remains of Gen. W. H. Powell, and as, in the bitter cold, we stood around his grave, I thought of the words of David's lament over the death of Abner—"know you not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Gen. Powell was a great man and good man. He died at Belleville, Ill., on the morning of Dec. 26, surrounded by his family and his friends. He was a fellow-prisoner with me in Libby prison in 1862. In the battle of Wythesville, Va., he was terribly wounded, and it was supposed that his day's were numbered. He carried the bullet with him to his grave.

When he recovered sufficiently to be moved after the battle he was brought to Libby prison, and while there a charge of murder was brought against him. Of course, it was a false and cruel charge. He told me afterward how he had surrendered. One day he was riding along at the head of his command, when he was lying right in the road over which his troops must pass the helpless form of a wounded confederate officer. Gen. Powell sprang from his horse and, lifting the man from his perilous position, carried him to the side of the road and laid him down under a tree, and then rushed back and mounted his horse. He was so far

ahead of his troopers that he did not see and still was in the lead.

The officer was found dead by his friends and Gen. Powell was charged with having murdered him. I saw the sergeant of the guard take him out of Libby prison and put him into the dungeon to await his trial upon this false accusation. He was kept in the dungeon for thirty-seven days, and then was released because no proof was forthcoming that could be brought up against him. There was no furniture in the cell where he was confined except a wooden bench, and the room was dark and dismal enough. The rats which abounded in the prison were his only companions.

We had a custom in the room in Libby prison where Milroy's men were confined of singing an evening hymn, and every evening "Nearer, My God, to Thee," or "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," or some other familiar hymn would be sung by the prisoners. One day I received a note from Gen. Powell, which was brought to me secretly by a colored man, which read as follows: "Dear Chaplain: Sing a little louder. I can just hear you. W. H. Powell."

And always after that appeal from the dungeon we pitched our tunes in a little higher key so that our lonely suffering comrades, far below, could hear the hymns he loved so well.

I had with me a little copy of the New Testament and Psalms, such as the American Bible society had distributed in the army. I prized it much, but I parted with it to comfort the general, and wrote on the margin of the Forty-second Psalm, "Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise him." The general carried that little book with him for many years. Many times, in addressing Sabbath schools and other religious assemblies, he would take it out and hold it aloft and tell the story.—Bishop Charles C. McCabe in Chicago Tribune.

Old G. A. R. Emblem.



Badge for 1890.

Union Veteran's Gift. A Union soldier who lost a leg at the battle of Spotsylvania was one of the Christmas contributors to the Confederate Veterans' association of Washington. That organization charges itself with the duty of aiding needy Confederate soldiers, and receives many offerings at Christmas time. The Union veteran accompanied his contribution with this letter: "The enclosed is in memory of the late 'John Reb,' who knocked me out at Spotsylvania courthouse, May 12, 1864. In the language of Tiny Tim, God bless us, everyone."

Grant's Suggestion Ignored. According to the ideas of Harmon W. Brown, war secretary of the great commander, if Gen