An' then he started out an' swum Right through the ragin' sen; "This feels like work," he soon allowed, This ain't no place fer me.

A merchant vessel picked him up, An' in a bunk he curied, Until they dropped him down upon The other side the world.

An' then them pig-tailed Chinamen Set him to pickin' tea, He worked for half an hour, an' said: This ain't no place for me. W'y, this is jest like work," he cried, An awful terror spread Through all his feeturs, an' he fell

He went into a fever. Fell to ravin' like a Turk, An' he thought that he wuz runnin' All the time away from work. Once he dreamed that he wuz work'n'. An' he lcaped up strong an' free, An' lef' his bed, an' run an' shrieked:

Like one who's dropped down dead.

This am't no place for me." He come back to America To hunt for rest an' peace, An' at last he got app'inted With full pay on the police. An' his tired soul it entirtled, "I've foun' my place," sez he, "At last I got away from work,

This is the place for me. -S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.



CHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED. "It is Lucy!" they heard her say, "You could not have painted this if you had not known her. It is Lucy Cromer!"

With one impulse they moved to the spot where she was standing, and the chaplain saw that her gaze was fixed on that study of a hend which Seaward had shown him two or three days ago. Her face had grown pale with intense feeling; her clear eyes were slowly filling with tears.

"It is like, oh, so like!" she said. "It has brought her back to me, and she was my dearest friend. Only while she lived her face was sadder than this. She did not look perfectly happy till she was dead."

"Dead!" the word came from Claud Villiers.

They all turned and looked at him. He stood grasping the back of a chair



"IT IS LIKE, OR, SO LIKE!"

and gazing at Olive with an expression that almost terrified her, it was so full of hopeless misery.

"Where did she die?" he asked, tringing out his words in a strange, hoarse voice. "How long ago?" "At Eastmeon, a little village in

Hampshire, just after harvest last year. This was Olive's answer, spoken in a

tremulous tone. Her eyes seemed to be questioning Claud; an instinct told her that he had been the cause of that mysterious grief which had shortened Lucy's life. As in a vision she saw once more the

little room, filled with the glow of an autumn sunset, and the jessamine flowers. Once more she beheld the light on Lucy's face, and heard the dying voice speaking of forgiveness. "Forgive, if you would find peace," it

said. "Forgive if you would have your wounds healed, and feel the soft touch of Christ's finger on your sore heart."

And then, as if that voice were prompting her, she spoke quite calmly, with her steadfast gaze still fixed on Claud Villiers.

"Lucy had suffered great wrongs. She did not tell me what they were; but at the last she forgave them all. She was very happy when she died. I never saw anyone who enjoyed such perfect peace."

The unhappy man who had listened to these words turned suddenly away. Olive had smitten him as Nathan smote David. For a few seconds there was silence; then the door opened and shut, and they knew that Claud was gone.

"What does this mean, Seaward?" Adeline Villiers asked. Her face was haughty; her tone cool and composed. She was fronting Aylstone and looking at him with gray eyes that seemed to

read his very heart. A flush mounted to his bronzed forehead, and he glanced away, ashamed to meet her searching gaze. It was the chaplain wno answered the difficult question; and his voice, gentle and quiet as ever, soothed the perturbed spirits

near him. "Miss Villiers, you have now learned a thing that ought to have been told you long ago. Do not be hard on Seaward; he wanted you to know everyhing, but Claud refused to speak; Mrs. illiers insisted on his silence. Lucy

Cromer, once your grandmother's companion, was Claud's promised wife.

"And he threw her over," said Adeline, coolly, "because he was afraid of grandmother. He preferred to break his heart (Such as it is!) rather than lose an old woman's money. Mr. Sydney, I thank you sincerely for bringing Miss Winfield here to-day.'

"I did not know that her coming would lead to this disclosure," he replied. "But I am glad that you know the truth. Only I wish that it had not been revealed in such a sudden way." "It "I am sorry," said Olive, softly.

was so startling to find her face here! And I never knew Lucy's story; she did not blame anyone. She forgave all."

the living sinner cannot." Adeline spoke in her old-spirited fashion. "Don't be sorry, Miss Winfield; you have done me avery great kindness. You shall hear now that I have been tricked into an engagement with my cousin Claud-the man who has just gone out of the room. When he was absent, and sad, and languid-as he often was-I set it down to weak health, and not to a guilty conscience. My grandmother always had a store of excellent excuses ready; and even Seaward-"

"Seaward craves your mercy, Adeline," Alystone said, humbly.

"I was blinded," she went on. thought, as people generally do think, that it would all come right by and by. for him and for me. As if anything could go well with a man who had been utterly and hopelessly false!"

Again there was a pause; and then the chaplain turned to Olive, and said, quietly, that they would go.

"Good-by, Miss Winfield," Adeline said, kindly. "We will meet here again some time. I am very glad to have seen you. Don't be sorry, please, for what has happened to-day.

Poor Olive, with old memories and new feelings whirling in her brain, was glad to find herself outside the house. Mr. Sidney wisely forebore to talk to her just then; but he did not part with her without speaking reassuring words. She went through the shop, and up to her little room like one in a dream. Her recent grief seemed to be put far away in the background; Lucy's story was more real to-day than her own. Yet through all her confusing thoughts she was conscious of a kind of tender compassion for Seaward Aylstone, and a distinct remembrance of his distressed look. It was always hard, she mused, for a true person to be mixed up with falseness and deceit; and he was surely true.

When the two cousins were left alone in the studio, Adeline's face underwent a change. She softened a little, and sat down quietly in a low chair by the fire.

"Seaward," she said, looking up at him as he stood leaning dejectedly against the chimney piece, "if you the spring. Aaron, the most faithful were to win that girl and cast her off I heart cannot wait and trust for ever if should hate you. I hope you will mar-ry her: I hope you will prove that baseness does not run in our blood."

"She must have carried away a delightful impression of Claud and me." he muttered, gloomily. "I daresay she will be afraid ever to look at me again."

"You can remove the impression if you take pains," Adeline replied. "And of course Mr. Sidney will help you. I like that man; he has made a study of humanity, and knows exactly how to deal with it. If it had not been for him I should not easily have got a di-rect explanation to-day."

"It would be good for y of London. Promise me.

Seaward shifted his position and sighed.

"Claud must remember the morning when he brought Lucy Cromer here for me to make a study of her," he said. "Grandmother had sent her out shopping, and they contrived to meet. He set the jessamine spray in her hair: it was his favorite flower, and he liked her to wear it. You see, Adeline, he counted on granny's real affection for the girl, he thought they might persuade her to forgive them if they were once married."

"She might have forgiven them: it was quite possible. I have never once heard Lucy Cromer's name till to-day. Granny has kept the secret with wonderful craft. Go on, Seaward, and tell me all that you know."

Seaward did tell her all that he knew. And when he had finished, she drew a long breath and rose from her seat.

"I don't want to see Claud any more," she said, quietly. "If I remain with granny, it must be understood that he is not to come to the house. As to granny herself, I feel quite equal to the task of reducing her to submission. If you are not too much used up, Seaward, you may come and hear me announce my intentions to her."

But Seaward weakly owned that he would rather not be present at the seene. He wanted to smoke a pipe in peace, and calm his mind. So Adeline went off alone.

Mrs. Villiers was indeed reduced to submission that very evening. To do the old woman justice she had sent many an uneasy thought after Lucy Cromer. And when Adeline described the afternoon's experiences, and told of Lucy's death, the shock was too great for granny. She astonished Miss Villiers by bursting into tears, and losing all her starch and buckram, so that Adeline was really touched and softened.

"Never mind, granny," her grand-daughter said. "You cannot restore Lucy to life; but you can carefully refrain from meddling with other lives, in the future."

CHAPTER XVL

OLD LOVES. Winter days have come at last; the plane-trees in the old churchyard of the Savoy was stripped of leaves, the ash showed only a lattice-work of bare boughs; but the grass was freshly green, and the ivy spread its beautiful tapestry over the bank that sloped sharply down to the chapel walls. The gray tower stood up against a grayer sky, but the sunshine of a contented mind lay warm on Olive's life.

thing in the world for Seaward Ayl- mit any new affections. It was this stone to join her as they came out of morbid faithfulness that had made him

chapel on Sundays. They always cling to Michael and had made Michael talked to each other in a friendly tashion; yet on her side there was a little reserve, on his a great deal of deference. Olive was not a girl who wore her heart upon her sleeve. It was a very faithful heart, its deep wounds were even now scarcely healed, and she carried it securely locked up in her own bosom. As to Seaward, he had always been rather a grave young man, who had chosen to live his own life and work hard at his profession. But it had never been a selfish life, and the fame that he had won had not been gained at the cost of better things.

Their talk about Lucy had brought them nearer together than anything "The dying saint might forgive, but else could have done. Her portrait was hanging now on the wall of Olive's little room, and its presence there gave her a sense of quiet companionship.

All was quiet in Olive's life nowthoughts, friendships, hopes, were all that had first fallen on her spirit within the chapel walls had never passed away, the chaplain's voice still led her "forth beside the waters of comfort;" and day after day she proved that

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight: Better the twilight of the dawn than the noon

day burning bright." One day Aaron Fenlake came to see her again. He had found work to do, but the wages were small, and he looked sadly wan and wasted. There was no need to tell her that Michael was married; she had seen the announcement of his marriage in the paper, and no further tidings of him had ever reached her ears. But Anron had watched opportunities, and had even hung about old Mr. Battersby's great house at Hampstead to find out how things went

"Why are you anxious to know?" Olive asked. "I think it is best to be in ignorance. Let him alone; we have nothing more to do with him. Aaron "

"I want to see whether the wicked will always flourish like the green bay tree," he answered grimly. waiting for the time when he will be withered up, root and branch. Hasn't he spoiled your life and mine?"

"No." she said; "it is our own fault if our lives are spoiled, not his. We are fools, Aaron, if we will not build a new house because the old palace is a ruin. Are we to waste our time in sitting among the fragments of shattered hopes and mourning over them?"

"That is just what I am doing every day," replied Anron.

"And that is just what you must not do. Aaron, why can't you leave off brooding over your wrongs? Is your heart so full of hate that there is no room for love in it?"

He was silent, and she went on. "Have you forgotten Jane? I hear that Robert Steel is expected home in no sign is given."

His gloomy face flushed, and a sudden light gleamed in his eyes. The little shaft had sped home at last.

"Instead of waiting to see Michael withered up root and branch-a thing which never will come to pass, I hopewhy not make sure of one good thing while it may still be had? Why not go back to the old village and revive the old love? I wish, Aaron, that you could get some work to do in the country."

"I have never thought of trying," he said, struck by the idea. of London. Promise me, Aaron, that you will write to your old acquaintances

in Petersfield. There may be something for you to do." "I will think of it, Olive," he replied. "No, don't think of it-do it. Somehow your thinking always ends in a kind of melancholy dreaming. Write to

Jane, and tell her that you want to come back to the old shire! He looked irresolute. She sprang up and got pen, ink and paper. "There," she said, dipping the pen in

the ink, and putting it into his hand. 'I will stand over you resolutely till the letter is written.' And she laughed-a soft, merry laugh that seemed to come ringing back from

He had never heard her laugh since she had come to London, and the sound recalled their early days as nothing else had ever done. Once more he was a shy lad, roaming through old meadows with two happy girls. Once more he



HE LOOKED IRRESOLUTE.

seemed to breathe that fresh, free air that has a wild poetry in it, and sings to the heart like a sweet song. The scent of the fields, the keen breath of morning, the perfume of honeysuckle on the warm evening breeze, all this came back to him again.

Olive was right. Among the old downs he might find his true self again and be a happier man than he could ever have been in London. Some men are always rusties at heart-they lose all sense of freedom in cities, and constant intercourse with many people drives them back into the grim fortress of self. Aaron had never thriven on London soil; the fresh hill breeze had often whispered to him in the crowded streets and brought tears to his eyes. He was passionately in love with his It seemed to be the most natural old home, and his heart refused to ad-

almost hate him

His face had softened when Olive laughed. Both faces seemed to grow younger as they bent over the sheet of note-paper; hers had recaptured the sunny playfulness that sorrow had driven away, his had regained the old boyish took of sober amusement. While the sunshine of the moment lingered about him he began to write, and so the letter was finished and folded and stamped, and actually dropped into a

letter-box. That letter came to Eastmoon in the gray of a winter morning, when Jane Challock, having given ber father his breakfast, was standing at the cottage door. A robin had broken the chill silence with its clear song, unconsciously cheering Jane's heart as she looked out across the bare garden. The well-known step of the postman sounded on the road, but Jane had left off lookof the most tranquil kind. The calm | ing for letters from Aaron, and was trying to live on unsustained by the old hope. Yet she started and felt her



heart throbbing very fast when the man paused at the gate.

She ran out to receive the letter. Perhaps it was for Mrs. Hooper or Mrs. Challock. Olive wrote regularly to them both. But no, this letter was addressed to Jane herself in Aaron's wellremembered handwriting. The warm blood rushed to her cheeks, and she was rosy and gay in spite of the bleak morn-

She carried her treasure into Mrs. Hooper's cottage that she might enjoy it in peace; for Peggy Challock, her sister, had a habit of tarnishing the luster of new joys by a few chilly words. Peggy had never had any lovers of her own, and always steadily refused to believe in other people's sweethearts until they became husbands. Michael Chase had proved himself utterly false; Aaron Fenlake had forgotten old attachments: men were all alike, and sensible girls ought not to allow themselves to be taken in. As no one had ever attempted to take Peggy in, she had never been exposed to any danger; but she went on dinning her warnings into Jane's ears

until the girl was tired of hearing them. So Jane read her letter in the friendly shelter of Mrs. Hooper's kitchen, and the old woman and the young one re joiced together. They rejoiced all the more because old Bartlett, the well-todo miller, was looking about for a steady young man to help him in his business and be the prop of his old age. And who could be steadier than Aaron?

TO BE CONTINUED. GREAT SAURIANS.

Some Truths About the Biggest Reptiles Which Grow in the United States

"Did you ever see an alligator eatch flies?" asked a naturalist of a Washington writer. "I have watched the performance by the hour. The saurian lies on a muddy bank in the sun with his mouth wide open. Winged insects, attracted by the saliva of the beast, gather in swarms upon its tongue, just as though it were a sheet of fly paper. When a number has collected it closes its jaws suddenly, and with a gulp the little torments have disappeared, affording at once revenge and an agreeable flavor. You have often heard, I dare say, of the little bird that enters the mouth of the crocodile without fear, in order to pluck therefrom certain parasites which the reptiles could not otherwise get rid of. This is a fact, although it failed to be recognized as such by science for a long time.

"On many occasions I have had opportunities of observing alligators in pursuit of prey. They will cat meat in any shape, from water fowl to fishes. Sometimes they moor themselves by their tails to the shore, with mouths agape, and silently absorb shoals of mullet and other comparatively small fry which pass along through the shallows. But a favorite way of theirs is to lie upon the surface of the water and quietly gobble any ducks or other animals that come within reach. Their heads are so constructed that when they are thus floating only their eyes and the tip end of the nose are above the surface. Thus they are able to breathe and to see at the same time. without exposing themselves to any extent. A snap, and all is over with the victim. - Washington Star.

Seven Thousand Miles of Wheels. If all the locomotives in the United

States were coupled together they would make a train of solid iron and steel over 300 miles long. Add the passenger cars and we would have 200 miles more of wood and iron: this would give us a gigantle passenger train 600 miles in length, counting both engines and cars. Should we want a huge "mixed" train we might add the "box," "flat" and every other kind of freight car, and our train would then have a total length of over 7,000 miles! The passenger ears in this gigantic train would be capable of senting 1,-500,000 people, and upon the freight cars could be loaded the weight of all the pyramids of Egypt, and all the state capitol buildings in the United States besides. Verily, great is the railroad system of America.

Election in Mississippi. Under the new state constitution there will only be one election in Mississippi between now and 1895.

AWFUL WORK.

Desperate Conflict at the Homestead Iron Works.

Three Hundred Pinkerton Detectives Son to the Works Fire Upon Workmen and a Fearful Battle Ensues-Many Killed and Wounded.

Prirsnurou, Pa., July 7 .- Early yes terday morning 300 Pinkerton detectives arrived in Pittsburgh from the cast. They were quietly marched to the Monongahela river where they were loaded on barges and shipped to Homestead at 2:15 o'clock. It was exactly 4 o'clock when the

steamer and barges were sighted by the watchers gathered on the river bank a mile below the town. Directly the fleet was sighted, three messengers, each mounted on fresh horses, started for Homestead, shouting as they rode, the advance of the dreaded barges. Some one notified the engineer at the electric light works and the whistle sounded the general alarm. The people responded with wonderful alacrity. There were old men and young men, elderly women, mothers with their babies in their arms and any number of children. The throng headed towards the river. The day was just dawning and clouds of thick grayish vapor hung over the waters. Suddenly from out the shadows were seen the lights of the steamer. On either side of her were the barges. The moment the people on the bank caught a glimpse of the flotilla they made a break toward the works.

A more determined body of men never entered a battle. The sight of their wives and children seemed to give them courage. The men resembled a drilled army more than a howling mob as all lined the bank evenly. There they stood for an instant, watching every move of the Pinkertons.

Suddenly a form was seen to break from the ranks of the workingmen and move toward the water's edge. Almost instantly a flash was seen on the boat followed by a report, and a man was seen to fall and roll down the bank. One had met his death.

The shot was the signal for attack, and opened one of the greatest wars between capital and labor that the Keystone state has ever witnessed.

After the exchange of shots the crowd grouped on the bank fell back and climbing over a heap of rubbish, rushed toward the big trestle leading to the railroad bridge. Here over 3,000 men stood their ground and returned a desultory fire with their revolvers at the invaders. These shots did little or no apparent damage.

The first battle occurred at dawn yesterday morning when the Pinkerton men attempted to land. They were met by thousands and after a desperate fight were driven back.

Then followed a truce of about four hours. This was broken by a second attempt of the Pinkertons to land, and for several hours fighting followed. At least ten men were killed on shore and a dozen wounded. The losses of the lip. Pinkertons was estimated at from four to ten killed and wounded.

At 11 o'clock the strikers secured a cannon and began bombarding the barges, and at the same time efforts

of a blazing stream of coal oil. Flags of truce raised by the Pinkerton men were shot down, and at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon the Pinkertons were besieged in their barges.

At 3:45 p. m. the Pinkerton men were in a terrible position, being exposed to the perils of fire, bullets, cannon shot and dynamite. Sensational reports excite the people on shore and it is believed that the detectives who are imprisoned on the burges will perish if rescuers do not speedily appear.

The strikers captured a 600 gal-

lon oil tank at the east end of the works at Munhall station. The oil was set on fire and let into the river, but a strong wind blowing in the opposite direction saved the barges a few yards below.

4 p. m.—During the afternoon a fourth flag of truce was raised, but the man holding it was shot. Then another cannon was brought and blazing oil was turned on the barges.

The steamer Little Bill, which

fired on as it returned, but the crew all hid. 4:15 p. m.—Two thousand workmen from the South Side mills of Pittsburgh have just marched into Homestead with flags and banners flying. They say they

have come to the assistance of the strik-

brought the barges from the city, was

rs. The excitement is increasing. Supplies of ammunition and arms are being furnished to the strikers by the citizens of Homestead, and are arriving from Pittsburgh and McKeesport. It is feared the carnage has but begun.

Later in the day the Pinkertons offered to surrender. The mob accepted it, disarming the men as they left the barges and hurrying them to custody. The Pinkertons lost nine killed and many desperately wounded. Eleven workmen were killed and eighteen wounded. The barges were burned.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 7.-A complete list of the killed and wounded was not obtainable at midnight. As far as could be ascertained, eleven workmen and nine detectives were killed and eighteen workmen and twenty-one detectives injured in the battle. In addition to these at least 100 detectives were seriously injured by the strikers, while on their way to the jail.

Truce Flags Shot At. HOMESTEAD, July 7-1 p. m.-A flag of truce was displayed by the Pinkerton men and was shot down. It was hoisted the second time with the same result. The third time the flag was riddled with bullets and hardly enough of

it remained to hoist again. Men on both sides of the river opposite the barges containing the Pinkertons are lying in wait for some of the detectives to show themselves. The men fire at every moving object on the Pinkerton men have been wounded during the skirmishing.

THE HOMESTEAD TROUBLES.

renes and Incidents Connected With the Battle at the Homestend Iron Works. HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7 .- As when a battle lulls, the singing of minie balls, the bursting of shells and the roor of the cannon become desultory, so the fierce fight which broke with the dawn, took up the morning hours and reached far into the afternoon became only a

skirmish by 3 o'clock p. m. Thousands of relatives and sympathizers with the strikers and hundreds of curious flocke 4 to the Carnegie plant, the immense bone of contention in the great struggle, and centered their optics on the two white barges, hugging the steep banks which sheltered the bated Pinkertons.

Fear of the bullets had kept them back since the fight of the early morning, and even now they slipped from one point of vantage to another, ducking their heads at every stir of the wind. fearing a stray shot.

The Pinkertons were very much hors de combat, and their warring became purely passive. Three times they ran up the white flag of truce, but were answered with derisive cheers and more offensiveness. The strikers had the cannon which they tried to train on the boats but each shot flew wide of the mark.

Finally the cannon burst and then they resorted to dynamite. Great chunks of it were thrown at the boat, the most of which only splashed the water. Occasionally it struck the roof but exploded upward and only left a white wreath of smoke. One lucky shot struck the stern of the barges and made a gaping opening which served as an objective point for future throws, but always missed. Other shots ripped great sections off the oaken deck

Previous to this they had tried to fire the boats by pouring oil on the water and igniting it, but after wasting about half a tank they gave this up as futile. They took a long section of hose and

tried to pipe the Carnegie company's gas to the boats to blow up the company's protectors. Time and again they tried it, each proving a failure, while the spectators and strikers awaited the result with bated breath.

All knew that it meant death to the deputies. If not blown up or burned to death they would be shot down like dogs. From behind improvised breastworks of abandoned machinery, buildings, scrap iron, etc., sharpshooters were ready to mow them down while men with revolvers were ready to rake them if it became a fight at short range. At even a slight hope of swimming to the other shore were stationed men ready to pick them up. Meantime the Pinkertons were huddled under dock, dragging in their dead and caring for the wounded, awaiting what seemed their certain doom, as all overtures of surrender had been refused. They dared not act on the defensive, as that would have brought the wild crowd of men fighting for the bread and butter of their wives and children thirsting for revenge for the murder of their brethren down upon them.

"They give no quarter; we will give none," was grimly passed from lip to

Just then there was a shout and down the Pemickey trestle there marched 1,000 brawny sons of toil, waving at their head their country's flag. They were workmen from the Jones & Laughwere made to burn the boats by means | lin mill coming to tender sympathy and encouragement to their locked out brethren.

At this juncture the giant form of William Weyhe, the ex-president of the Amalgamated association, loomed in view. He was accompanied by President Garland and Vice President Me-Every. Weyhe came with a truce proposition from Sheriff McCleary. He cifered to send a boat and tow the barges away if the men would stop firing. For once Weyhe failed to influence the men and they angrily renewed hostilities. Finally they agreed to accept the proposition if the Pinkertons would give up their guns and ammunition. After a conference with the other amalgamated leaders, President Weyhe left for Pittsburgh to again confer with the sheriff. But his attempts to bring about a peaceful climax were unnecessary. At 5:30, after being penned up like sheep and undergoing fire since morning, the Pinkertons again, for the fourth time, ran up the white flag. This time cooler counsel prevailed. The Pinkertons were marched off the boat to the rink and locked up.

When the defeated Pinkertons surrendered the leaders of the workmen proposed to protect the property left on board the barges. In this they contracted for more than they could fulfill, for no sooner had the detectives reached the river banks than the barges were charged on by a crowd of men, women and children. Despite the efforts of the cool headed leaders to keep their promise and their protests against pillage and destruction, the mob rapidly took possession of all on board.

During the looting of the boats, and in the confusion, two men accidentally shot themselves, one fatally. When the crowd had searched out every article of value, kept what they could use and destroyed what they could not, and after surveying the late man of war of their enemies and noting every device for defense and offense, they slowly began to disperse. After a time and when but a few stragglers remained on board, the retreat of the rear guard was hastened by the cry of "Fire." one in that mob had set fire to the model barges, and they were in flames. They were totally destroyed.

An Angry Mob.
HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7.—When an inspection of the boat was made it was found that at least seven of the Pinkertons had been killed and twenty or thirty wounded, many of them so badly

that they will die.
As they were brought from the boat they presented a terrible appearance. Many of them were besmeared with blood, while all of them showed signs of exhaustion fom the long confinement in the close quarters between decks.

several were shot in the shoulders, barges. An occasional snot comes from the barge and it is thought some of the arms and legs and could scarcely limp clong. Blood was running in streams down their shirts.