



MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE BATHBONE
AUTHOR OF "SOMEONE ELSE'S BOY" AND "THE GIRL WHO WAS LEFT BEHIND"

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Dick loses his breath, he is so amazed to see the New York girl here. What has brought her? He sees that she is wrapped in a heavy cloak and has doubtless worn a veil over her face.

"Why have you come here, Miss Westerley?" he asks, somewhat shocked to see her.

"To save you," she replies in some confusion.

"What? You knew I was in danger—you have been warned of this fire?"

"She nods her head eagerly. Yes, she came to the hotel almost frantic with apprehension, and begged me to warn you. The boarding house was unknown to her."

"You mean Juanita Lopez?" he cries.

"Yes, the beautiful Mexican girl. She overheard the plotters, and learned enough to know what they meant to do in order to seek revenge, but could not find out the location. As a last resort she came to me, and I hurried as fast as I could, but I greatly feared I came too late. How did you escape, Mr. Denver?"

"I was not in the house at all—but poor Bob, I fear the worst for him."

While speaking, Dick calls to mind the words of the man who was with Senator Barcelona at the time they attacked him on the street, and they seem doubly significant now in the new light of things.

"Think, monsieur, it will be for nothing—we have taken all the risk for nothing."

He undoubtedly meant the incen-

roof know they appreciate his actions and can admire bravery no matter by whom shown—Frenchman, American, Turk, or Arab.

"Look! he seems loth to go. There is some one at the window below! On my life, I believe it is a young girl! Heaven help her, she is lost!" and in her excitement Miss Pauline clings closer to the man at her side.

"Not quite yet. Colonel Bob sees her. It is that sight which holds him. What would he do?"

"He has something in his hands." "Yes, yes, a coiled rope; there, he drops it over, it hangs in front of the window, he motions to her to put her foot in the loop."

"And she is too dazed with fear even to see the rope. Poor thing! death will claim her," says Pauline, every nerve strained under the tension.

"Not yet, not yet! See that my friend of mine! How proud I am to call him my comrade! He is already over the edge of the roof. Strong hands hold the rope above to pull them up; but the flames are terribly close, and I'm afraid Bob has gone beyond his depth this time. There, he is down at the window. Good heavens! he plunges inside to get a blanket with which to enwrap the girl. There, he has done it! Will they be saved or lost?"

Bob, holding the terrified girl with one arm, fastens his foot in the loop, grasps the rope, and then gives a war-whoop that is heard like the report of a rifle above the clamor of flames and engines.

"Holst away!" Those above have been taking glimpses at him—they now set to work to draw the double burden up. Danger menaces Bob on all sides. The rope is slender, and subjected to a double strain, may break. Again, one tongue of flame is likely to cut it in



"IT IS PAULINE"

diary fire; the passing in review of Barcelona and his lieutenants has an easy explanation now.

"Listen! what are they shouting?" exclaims Miss Pauline in some excitement.

Dick is already thrilled by the thought that this magnificent creature, the woman he has already learned to love, has taken this dangerous midnight trip to save his life.

Her words arouse him; he remembers that he has no business now to be thinking of himself when human lives are in peril. Perhaps he might be instrumental in saving some one, though he dislikes leaving Miss Pauline alone in the crowd. Now he catches the cries. All heads are bent back, and every eye seems to be watching something that is going on above—something that commands the admiration of these Parisians, who have a quick eye for bravery.

"The brave American!" is what they exclaim, and Dick is thrilled when his eyes take in the situation above.

Through the fire and smoke he sees a man on the flat roof of the burning house. Some one is perhaps sitting on his legs, for at least half his body hangs over the coping, and in this way he can reach the window of the upper hall, where a number of wretched people have clustered, as though there can be safety in this coming together. In this man Dick recognizes Colonel Bob. The present Sheriff of Secora county was once a Cincinnati fireman attached to the famous Gifts, and thus it happens he knows many of the tricks of the trade.

Though not a large man, he has the power of a Samson in his arms and back. A pair of arms are outstretched to the daring rescuer, he clutches them above the elbows, and lifts the woman up until some one else on the roof can catch hold, when she disappears over the coping and the crowd below gives a subdued cheer.

One has been saved, but there are others left. Already has Colonel Bob taken hold of a second, and with a tremendous pull raises her as he did the other, while the admiring crowd, with the deep veneration for bravery that distinguishes Frenchmen the world over, cheer madly.

Though he sees the flames rushing nearer, the man from New Mexico will not give up his task. When they reach the roof they are passed over to the adjoining house, and in this way finally arrive at the ground.

"Good for Bob!" says Dick, lost in admiration for his comrade, to whom so many owe their lives, and Miss Pauline echoes his words, for she can appreciate bravery, no matter by whom shown.

"I only wish Dora were here to see him," the girl from New York says, and Dick smiles because he knows it does not need such a spectacle to make Dora adore his friend.

"There goes the last one, seven in all! Nobly done, old fellow! Now save yourself!" cries Dick, hoping the other may hear, but this is rendered impossible, for the crowd sets up a deafening clamor that rises above the roar of the flames, and makes the welkin ring, a cheer to let the hero on the

two. They are far from being safe yet.

Now they are at the coping—hands are seen to stretch out; they take the girl from the clasp of the nearly exhausted American.

Somehow his clutch upon the rope is lost, and he falls over backward. Dick gives a shout; a mighty shudder convulses the crowd below. Then comes a cheer. The loop has caught about Bob's ankle; he dangles head downward, forty feet and more above the ground, and in this condition is drawn up over the edge of the roof.

Again the crowd shouts and laughs. There do not seem to be any more wretched human beings in danger of death. Let the fire have its own and devour wood and furniture—it has been charred of its prey through the cool daring of a man who knows not the meaning of the word fear.

Dick turns to his companion, his face, lately so pale, now flushed, and his eyes sparkling.

"What do you think of that Miss Pauline? Wasn't it worth looking at? Did you ever see such a brave fellow in all your life? Heaven bless Bob Harlan."

"I am proud to call him my friend," she replies.

"And you came here at dead of night to warn me of this danger?" he continues, holding her gaze with the magnetism of his own.

"What else could I do? I knew where you were to be found, though it would have been too late had all depended on me."

"Nevertheless, it is the motive we remember in a case like this. Bob would have been just as much a hero had he failed to rescue a single one of those unfortunates, and lost his own life in the attempt."

"Yes I realize that; but let the praise, if any there be, rest with the daughter of Lopez. She overcame many obstacles in doing what she did."

"Heaven bless her for her noble purpose," he says, in earnest tones, as though he means it.

"There comes the colonel; hear how the people cheer him. A king never had such an ovation. They wave their hats, they shout themselves hoarse. I would not be surprised to see them take him upon their shoulders yet in triumph."

"Bob will never allow that, he is too modest by half. He sees us now—he comes this way. By my soul, is it Bob—he has undergone a change since I saw him last, shorn in part of his locks, and with his clothing half torn or burned, but alive, than! Heaven for that."

The sheriff of Secora county reaches them—both hold out a hand, and Bob blushes under the ardent glance of admiration which Pauline of New York bestows on him—blushes like a school boy when the belle of the village deigns to give him a smile of encouragement.

"Dora shall know of this, we will be sure to tell her," says Miss Pauline.

Some heroes would have begged her not to breathe a word of it to any one but Bob is quite human he knows full well that he has more than done his duty in risking his life for the sake of others, and it will be a pleasure to have Dora know, so he remains quiet

"Let us go to the hotel, we can do no good here, and the crowd is dense. I suppose we'll have to get a new outfit in the morning, Bob," says Dick.

"Why?" demands the other.

"Because all our effects are helping to keep yonder fire burning—my pictures, note-books, and a good many mementoes I valued."

"The duse they are—begging your pardon, Miss Pauline. That may have been stolen, but not burned, that's dead certain."

"How do you know, Bob?"

"Because I lowered them from the window with a rope and saw our neighbor across the way carry both trunks into his house. Remain here a few minutes, and I'll see if they're safe."

With which he bounds away while Dick and the New York girl watch the progress of the flames.

They do not say much, but both of them are doing a considerable amount of thinking. Dick, on his part, is secretly admiring the nerve of Miss Pauline in hurrying alone to warn him of danger just as much as he has admired her good looks, while she at the same time steals side glances at her companion and is quite pleased to believe he cares for her more than with a mere friendly feeling.

At last Bob heaves in sight again—the crowd recognizes him, and wherever he goes, enthusiastic cries arise, "Bravo, Monsieur l'Americain."

They are together again, and head at once for the Grand Continental, which, adjoining the garden of the Tuilleries, is not far away.

"Trunks are all right; gentleman says he will keep them safe if not burned out, and give them to no one but myself in the morning," remarks Bob, at which his companion is pleased.

They reach the hotel, and Dick, explaining how they came to be homeless and trunkless at this strange hour of the night, secures a room for both.

"Step in and reassure Dora; the poor girl may not credit my story otherwise," says Miss Westerley, and Bob, as they enter, Dora is seen flying forward—Dora, wild-eyed and apprehensive, with her front locks in curl papers and a gown covering her remarkably pretty figure.

"Oh, Miss Pauline, I've been watching, and the sky was so red. Don't tell me you were too late—that both of them were burned in their beds! I shall faint, I know it. Speak quickly—who is this? Not my Bob, oh, no, don't tell me this is the man I admired—his fright with the black face and hair, his hair burned off! I shall shriek if you come near me. Go away now, there's a good fellow. You scared me, but I know you can't be my dear Bob."

(To be Continued.)

Lesson in Patience. There are two women in the waiting room at the railway station. One of them is tall and thin and of the appearance which is sometimes described as nervous, yet she sits with folded hands, placidly gazing at nothing.

The other woman is plump and pretty. By every evidence of feature and build she should be joyous and contented, yet she is fidgeting around; she cannot sit in one place more than two minutes; she gets up and walks to the door, and then to the windows; she keeps looking about incessantly and from time to time she sighs anxiously.

"May I ask," inquires the tall, thin woman, "if there is any worry on your mind?"

"Yes, there is," responds the plump, pretty woman. "I am waiting for my husband."

"But that should not worry you. How long have you been waiting?"

"It's—let me see—what time is it? It's forty minutes now."

"Forty minutes? My dear woman! I've been waiting for my husband for forty years, but you see I am not 1000th as nervous as you."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Joshua Sears' Brown Bread. In the early fifties, Capt. Gideon Hallett, one of Cape Cod's seafaring men, was the proprietor of an eating house located at the head of Long wharf, about where the custom house now stands. In its primitive way it afforded shelter and subsistence for the hungry wayfarers and merchants of those days, where they could partake of a limited bill of fare, including baked beans and brown bread, minced fish and doughnuts and coffee.

Joshua Sears, one of Boston's old-time merchants, was one of Capt. Hallett's patrons, and frequently called for an order of baked beans, which was accompanied with a liberal slice of brown bread. While partaking of the beans it was Mr. Sears' custom to call for additional orders of brown bread, and one day Capt. Hallett remarked: "Mr. Sears, if you will pay for brown bread I will give you the beans."

Woman's Heart. Anxious mother—What's the matter, Arthur?

Adult son—I am desperately in love with Clara Vere de Vere, and I am afraid to risk my fate by proposing. I fear she does not care for me.

"I suppose she often speaks of you enthusiastically to her girl friends when talking to you."

"Some of them."

"Are the ones she praises living in or near the city?"

"No—o, come to think. Some of them live out west, and the rest are on a five-year's tour of Europe."

"Did she ever refer to any girl you or can meet, as being 'sweet,' or 'pretty,' or 'lovely,' or anything of that sort?"

"No."

"She loves you."—New York Week-ly.

Pertinent. In a murder case tried before a certain Judge, counsel for the defendant urged:

"It is better than ninety and nine guilty persons escape than that one innocent man should suffer."

In his charge to the jury the Judge admitted the soundness of the proposition, but added:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that the ninety and nine have already escaped."

BASE BALL

National League News. The Pittsburg club has sold infielder Otto Knabe to the Toledo club.

Pitcher Pittinger, of the Phillies, is coaching the Carlisle Indian team.

Pitch Wilhelm, late of Boston, has signed with the Birmingham (Ala.) club.

The Chicago club has about given up all hope that Sebring will play with them this season.

Brooklyn's good pitcher, "Doc" Scanlon, recently fractured an arm by a fall in a hand ball game.

It is said that St. Louis will release Shortstop McBride, who was secured from Pittsburg in the Brain trade.

Ben Muckenfuss has resigned the secretaryship of the St. Louis club, after a connection of thirteen years.

President Pulliam has promulgated the contracts of Walter Mueller, M. Brown and Pat Moran with Chicago.

Jim Deleahanty has sent thrills of joy through Cincinnati by writing that he is delighted with his shift to Cincinnati.

Outfielder Lumley, of Brooklyn, has an offer to manage the Colorado Springs club and would like his release to accept it.

McGraw is said to have offered Catcher Marshall and \$2,500 for Grady of St. Louis Browns, but afterward withdrew the offer.

President Ebbetts, of Brooklyn, says he is prepared to swap open players to make a complete team for just one first-class pitcher.

The contracts of Phelps, Deleahanty, Overall, Chech, Harper, Ewing, Odwell, Lobert, Corcoran and Carr with Cincinnati have been promulgated.

Pitcher Elmer Moffit, who was secured by Pittsburg from South Bend, Ind., will be turned over to Columbus in case he fails to make good with the Pirates.

In St. Louis they think that Quillin, secured from St. Joseph, has a good chance to beat out Hoelskoetter for the third base position on the Cardinal team.

Third Baseman Harry Wolverton, unable to come to terms with Boston, has signed with the outlaw Williams-

Sioux City has signed Outfielder Hugh Tate, who played in a few games with Washington last fall.

In addition to signing Marx Heusse of Salt Lake City, the Omaha club has signed his brother, Ernest Heusser a pitcher.

President Duncan of Sioux City says: Fred Weed will be at second base as sure as the fans will be glad to see him there.

Infielder Tim Flood of Los Angeles and Portland, booked for transfer to Denver, has jumped to the outlaw Al Touya club.

Toronto gave Outfielder Roman and Infielder Becker to secure Herman Long, the veteran shortstop, late of Des Moines.

Fenlon, the hard-hitting outfielder of Nebraska university, will be given a chance in the outfield of the Omaha team by Manager Rourke.

Fred Lucia of over, N. H., backstop for the Denver team the past three years, has signed with Manager Hamilton of the outlaw Harrisburg (Pa.) team.

John Brennan, successor to Danny Sheehan at the Sioux City club's third sack, batted an average of .312 and fielded .935 in eighty-five games played last season.

Central League. Dick Merryman has signed with Springfield again.

If Catcher Shannon is not retained by Indianapolis he will return to Springfield.

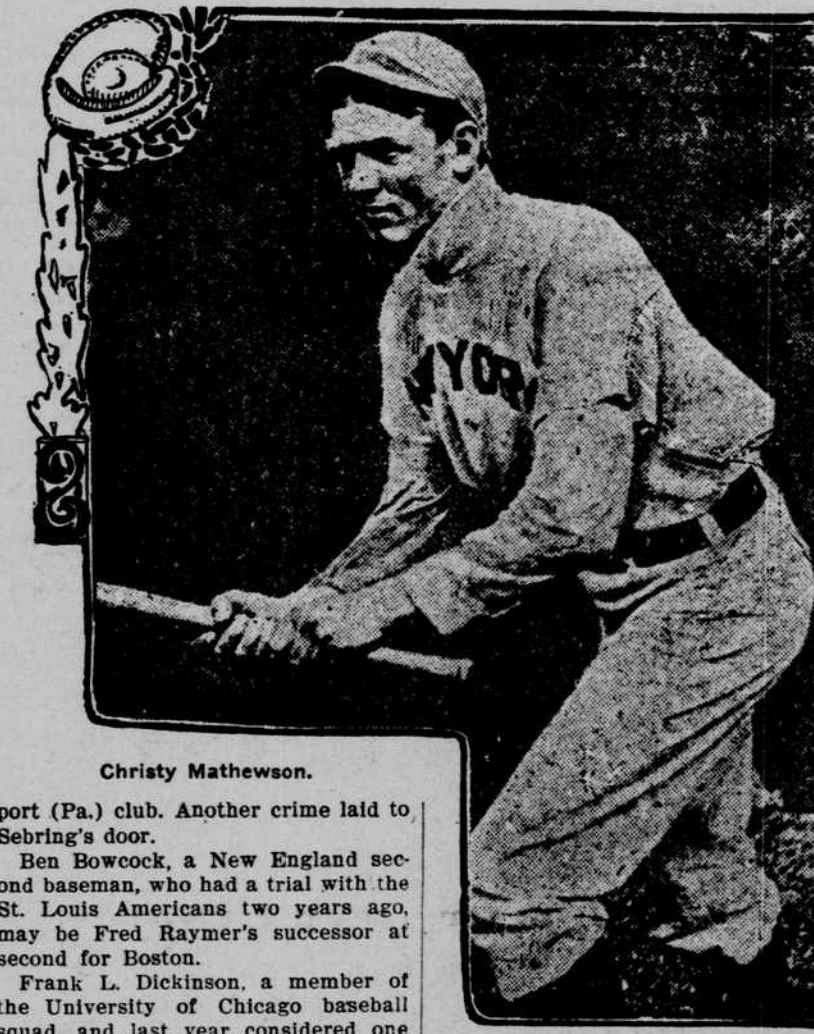
Pearson, one of Dayton's star twirlers, has quit the Central league team to glass making.

Outfielder "Lefty" Geyer will play with Grand Rapids this coming season, having signed his contract.

Jack Hardy, who finished out the season with Canton last year, will probably be back with Bade Myers' bunch next season.

Two clubs have sold pitchers—South Bend sending Pitcher Moffit to Pittsburg and Dayton Pitcher Ed. Smith to St. Louis.

Pitcher Miller of the Wheeling champions says he will go to the



Christy Mathewson.

port (Pa.) club. Another crime laid to Sebring's door.

Ben Bowcock, a New England second baseman, who had a trial with the St. Louis Americans two years ago, may be Fred Raymer's successor at second for Boston.

Frank L. Dickinson, a member of the University of Chicago baseball squad, and last year considered one of the best college pitchers in the West, has been signed by the Chicago club.

American League Notes. Southpaw Pitcher "Do" Newton has resigned with New York.

Billy Hamilton is of opinion that Boston should not let Outfielder Fred Clay get away.

The Cleveland club has retained Claud Rossman for a thorough try-out at first base.

President Johnson has received word that Jack Sheridan will surely resume umpiring this season.

Harry Eells, the Kansas City pitching recruit to the Cleveland staff, will be the largest man on the club.

Catcher Branch Rickey of the Browns is acting as coach of the Wesleyan university team at Delaware, O.

It was not true, as reported, that Boston had given Jesse Burkett his release. Boston's claim on him will not be waived.

According to a dispatch from New Haven, Billy Lush, who remained out of the game last season, is considering joining Cleveland again.

The Detroit club has turned Pitchers Cloutte Eubanks and Ditch, Catcher Christian, Outfielder Perry and Third Baseman Beaver over to the Indianapolis club.

The Bostonians will hold on to Catcher Graham, whom they purchased from San Francisco. The illness of Criger has caused a shortage of catchers on the team.

James F. Cook, the outfielder, secured by the St. Louis Browns from the Pueblo club, was one of the best players ever turned out by the University of Illinois.

Frank Farrell of the New York Highlanders has had no trouble signing his old men, but the minor leaguers whom he drafted have kept him awake nights by their demands.

Manager Griffith of New York has announced that ten young players drafted by the New York club have been sold outright to minor league clubs as follows: McCarthy and Goode to Montreal, Montgomery and Clark to Birmingham, Smith to Atlanta, Duggan to Nashville, Baker to Toronto and Kissinger, McAllister and Bonner to Buffalo.

Western League. William L. Everitt has resigned as manager of the Denver club.

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

The Comrades. Along the road to Sleep-for-Aye. (That some call Never-Land.) I met Three hooded figures, all in gray.

And all in silence traveled they— Each seemed the other to forget, Along the road to Sleep-for-Aye!

Women or men, I cannot say. Or shrouded ghosts on penance set— Three hooded figures, all in gray.

But two rode dry-eyed all the way: The third with tears his cheeks had wet, Along the road to Sleep-for-Aye.

I think the two were Love-in-May And Love-til-Death—the third, Regret— Three hooded figures, all in gray.

They may not part. Bound by their debt To sad mistake the wander yet— Three hooded figures clothed in gray. Along the road to Sleep-for-Aye! —Baltimore American.

Always Glad to Meet Comrades. "Speaking of privates and major generals," said the Sergeant, "there was the case of myself and Gen. Thomas M. Anderson. The General enlisted as a private in the Guthrie Grays, or Sixth Ohio, in April, 1861. I enlisted about the same time in Col. Guthrie's First Kentucky. Anderson in less than a month was given a commission in the regular cavalry, later was transferred to the regular infantry, came out of the war a captain, was a colonel in 1898, was a major general in the war of that year, and was retired as a Brigadier General of the regular army in 1901.

"I, on the other hand, remained with my company and regiment to the end of the civil war, carried a rifle for nearly four years, and was mustered out as a sergeant; went into business at the close of the war and succeeded only fairly well. Nearly forty years after our muster in I met Gen. Anderson at a reception here in Chicago and was hesitating about speaking of old times when the General took the matter in his own hands, saying, 'The Colonel tells me that you were in the old First Kentucky regiment. I remember it very well, and because I was in the Sixth Ohio I watched your regiment through the war. Some of your officers came to the regular service, and through them I kept up my acquaintance. It warms my heart to meet any of the old boys.'

"This was as unexpected as it was gratifying, and I felt very much at ease with my old acquaintance of the Sixth Ohio. The General made reference to his uncle, Gen. Robert Anderson, by whose advice he went into the regular service. He said he remembered just how the First Kentucky looked when it was formed without uniforms or arms to receive Major Anderson when he came West. He said the Major was much touched when he was told that hundreds of Ohio men had enlisted in the Kentucky regiment in the belief that he was to have personal command of the brigade.

"I don't know how General Anderson would meet an enlisted man of any one of his regiments in the regular service, but I know that in meeting an enlisted man of the old volunteer army he left nothing to be desired."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Got Even with Brutal Officers. "I have often wondered," said the major, "what became of the unreasonable and wantonly brutal officers of the old volunteer army. I do not mean the petulant, noisy, or swearing officers who were good fighters, but the martinet and coarse-grained men who were gratuitously abusive, and uniformly severe or merciless in the administration of punishment. The volunteers admired rather than disliked a good disciplinarian, and they did not resent the explosive language of a hard fighter, but they swore vengeance on the officers who took advantage of shoulder straps to treat men in the ranks contemptuously or brutally.

"There were not many officers of this kind, but nearly every regiment had one or more. Some were light-headed martinetes, some were born ruffians, and some were influenced by inordinate vanity or petty resentment to persecution of their own men. Theyaped the regular officers in cultivating aloofness, but they had nothing of the regular officer's soldierly quality or his disposition to care for his men. The regular punished severely in the interest of discipline, whereas the ruffian or the incompetent in shoulder straps punished in the spirit of vengeance or resentment, and failed utterly in discipline and in care of his men. A few of these officers probably were shot by their own men during the war, and most of them at the close of the war, if repeated declarations of their own men meant anything, were under sentence of death.

"But I never heard of one of them being shot after the close of the war by a man who served under him. Scores of them were beaten in fist fights by men they had abused, and several in my field of observation found it advisable to leave their old home neighborhoods and settle in distant states, but not in a single case was the oath of a private to kill his captain or lieutenant carried out. Those seeking revenge for humiliation or injury found other means of satisfying that revenge. In one case an unpopular officer sought admission to the regular army some years after the war. By that time one of his old non-commissioned officers had been elected to congress.

"He told his story to Garfield, Butler and others, and the applicant was ruled out. In another case an officer who had been brutal toward the more intelligent men in his company sought a nomination for sheriff and made an active canvass. The president of the convention was one of his old sergeants. Several of his old privates were delegates. He was mowed under in the interest of Private Jack, and he knew why. In still another case an officer given to abuse of his men sought an appointment at the hands of the governor. He met with a rebuff that took him out of the state."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

All Knew and Loved "Aunt Lizzie." President McKinley never came to Chicago without saying a friendly call

upon "Aunt Lizzie," (the late Lizzie Aiken) as she was called. And to Aunt Lizzie the martyred president was always plain "William." Gen. Grant, to whose army she was attached during the greater part of the war, also held her in high esteem, while Gen. Sherman is said to have been the first to address her by the name she was afterward known almost universally by—"Aunt Lizzie." Mrs. Aiken bore the distinction of being one of the few women who were pensioned directly by the government for their work during the war. She was always a welcome figure at G. A. R. reunions and on Decoration day, and old soldiers from all parts of the country who happened to spend a day in Chicago always looked her up.

One of the recent incidents that are related of her concerns a visit of one of the soldiers to whom she had ministered when he was wounded in one of the battles of the war. He was passing through Chicago and called at her home. He was cordially greeted by name, and in the course of the conversation mentioned the fact that he had recently suffered a severe loss.

He said that the old homestead in which he had lived had been burned, and with it had perished the only picture he had of his brother, who had been a soldier during the war. His mother's picture was also destroyed.

"Wait a minute," said "Aunt Lizzie." She pulled out a long box where she kept many keepsakes, and the soldier saw that it was filled with thousands of pictures. She spread open a huge pile of them, and to the soldier's astonishment, produced not only a photograph of his brother, but one of himself, one of his mother, and one of his father.

For a moment her visitor was too delighted to speak. "That is the first time I ever knew a picture of my father was in existence," he said.

This is an illustration of the habitual thoughtfulness of the woman. Leading members of the church all united to pay their last respects to her on the occasion of her funeral. All speak in the highest terms of her kindly nature, cheerful disposition and charitable impulses. She was one of the oldest citizens of Chicago.

Object to Monument to Wirz. Much indignation has been expressed by members of the G. A. R. throughout the country by the proposal of the Confederates at Atlanta to erect a monument to the memory of Capt. Henry Wirz, commander at Andersonville Prison during the war, and who was hanged by the Federal authorities. In December, 1905, the members of Atlanta Camp, No. 159 United Confederate Veterans, passed resolutions in which they say:

"Whereas, We have ever regarded his (Wirz's) execution by the frenzied fanatics who were in control of the Federal government at that time, as an act of savage vindictiveness; and

"Whereas, We feel that the erection of a monument to his memory will be a just tribute to a faithful, patriotic Confederate officer, an innocent victim of misrepresentation, perjury and fiendish malignity; to a martyr who suffered death in preference to bearing false testimony against President Jefferson Davis; such a monument will, for all ages to come, serve as a fitting rebuke to such as would in the hour of triumph insult civilization by acts of cruelty.

This is all very well for an ext part statement, but there is not an atom of truth in any of the assertions. Capt. Henry Wirz was not hanged for obeying any legitimate orders, nor was there any attempt made to force him to give evidence against Jeff Davis. He was punished, as many other men were punished, for committing acts forbidden by the laws of war. The evidence was abundant that he had transgressed the laws of war, and he did not even plead in his defense that he was especially ordered to do as he did. His acts were the offspring of his own petty, brutal nature and malignity. These were outside of and in excess of, the general policy of starvation and maltreatment for which Jefferson Davis was responsible, and which was proved beyond doubt by the testimony of reliable Confederate officers.

Appropriations Insufficient. The superintendent of national cemeteries are complaining that the appropriations for the care of these beautiful spots have been reduced until it is now very difficult to keep them in suitable repair. Unless more money is provided, to be expended on them, they will in two or three years be in a very bad condition. This should not be permitted. The proper care of the national cemeteries is one of the most creditable things connected with the government. No money is better expended than that which not only teaches lessons of patriotism and loyalty, but instructs the people generally in the importance of remembering and honoring fallen heroes.