

Mass., the 15th Mass. consolidated into the 20th Mass., and the 19th Me. I was ordered by Gen. A. A. Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps, to accompany him to the assistance of Gen. Miles, commanding the First Division of the Second Corps. The movement commenced, and at or near Sutherland Station, on the Southside Railroad, we came up with the lines of Gen. Miles. Having carried out the instructions given, was ordered by Gen. Humphreys to rejoin the Second Division, which I did, and disembarked on the Cox road near Boydton plank road.

entering his mouth; and thus ended the life and heroic, gallant career of a general, high-toned, elegant and brave an officer as ever drew a sword in the Army of the Potomac. The lines pressed forward and came up with the rebels at Farmville. Gen. Humphreys recognized the importance of the work, and freely gave the credit where it belonged. There is a work entitled "The Blue and Gray" which describes the battle, says, in conclusion, as to the importance of this carriage bridge over the Appomattox River: "This enabled Gen. Humphreys's Corps to continue the pursuit with such vigor as to compel a halt of the Confederate forces upon Farmville Heights, a few miles above, and thus detained the Confederates until darkness set in. This was a most valuable time to the Federates, occasioning the loss of their supplies at Appomattox Station, and enabled the Union troops to reach Appomattox Courthouse in advance of them on the morning of the 9th of April, 1865."

HER LAST POSE. A Color Study in the Grays and Violets of Death. EDWARD evening the sick woman moved feebly in a last convulsion of agony, a gasping rattle in her throat, and she died. And for hours afterward, beside her pale, quiet body, the husband, the illustrious painter, Jean Barne, crouched dazedly with set face and wild, uncomprehending eyes, unable to believe that death could have come like this—so quickly to them. Swept away in three days! In three days, she so beautiful, so glowing with life! Her glorious coloring, her rich, fresh tones, gone! Her magnificent hair, her perfect limbs, so pure, so correct, so resplendent. In three days, she who had posed in such exquisite, such classic attitudes for all sorts of courtiers, nymphs, saints, and all that brought him the most coveted of his "Death of Agrippina." In three days! Why it was less than a week ago she was there lying on the model-stand in a mass of yellow silks and scarlet, the father posing for "the death of Agrippina," and she had commanded the medal of honor, even—what knows?—the coveted star at the Institute.

The entrance of a servant put an abrupt end to the scene. Barne looked up annoyed. "Well, what's the matter? I thought I told you to wait," he said. "The—the figure is here," stammered the servant. "The funeral—what are you talking about?" The funeral, indeed? Well, tell it to go to the "But, Monsieur," persisted the maid, "it's for—Madame." "The devil take you! Madame! Don't you see I have just died?" "At least, at least, at least, hours more. Give them something to eat; show them the studio, or better still, listen," he beckoned her to approach, and, with a wistful smile on his lips, a grimace, he whispered: "Tell them that they are mistaken in the house—that it's in the side-street yonder."

THE GRAND REVIEW. How Sherman's Magnificent Army Marched Up Pennsylvania Avenue in 1865. THE following description of the Grand Review of Sherman's Army was read at a Campfire at Garrison, Colo., July 2, by J. W. Anderson, Co. G, General, 10th Ill. Artillery, Adjutant-General, Department of Colorado: "What a fitting finale to the brilliant achievements of this victorious army after five years of campaigning, marching, marching, and fighting which covered almost the entire theater of the war, commencing in the West, passing through and over all the Southern States, save two, winding up with its march through northern Virginia where the Army of the Potomac so long and faithfully contended with the rebel hosts, then welcomed to the Capital City and received by the President, and the Commanding General of all the Armies."

RUBBER ROOFING. FOR SHED OR HENHOUSE. \$2.00 per 100 square feet. \$2.00. FROM VIRGINIA. Editor National Tribune: In my recent rambles over the old battlefields I have collected and brought away many relics. At least, I was most fortunate to give name to an unexplored Union shell, and a fragment of another, which were thrown by a gun in my battery. Here I found also a 12-pound solid shot which had been thrown by Henry B. Hunt, at that time the hero of the battle of August 30, 1864. At Kelly's Ford I picked up a Hotchkiss case-shot unexploded. As I walked through the woods, I saw a brick mill in the wreckage of Nov. 7, 1863, the chances are at least even that it was buried at rebellion through the muzzle of a 10th Mass. Rifle.

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