THE GREAT REBELLION.

Chronological Record of Operations from May 7 to 14, 1862.

WEST POINT, VA.

Operations in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri.

McDOWELL, VA.

Occupation of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va.

(Compiled from the Official Records of the War.)

May 7.—Firey's P. H. B. Cav., and a detachment of the 3d P. H. B., under Lieut.-Col. Stephen W. Downey, engaged in a skirmish at and near Wardensville, W. Va., with Capt. John Umbaugh's command, killing the Captain and three of his men, wounding five and capturing 12.

The Confederates having attacked and driven in the Union pickets near Columbia Bridge, Va., Col. Robert S. Foster, 13th Ind., with his regiment, and Co. B, 1st Vt. Cav., Capt. Conger, was ordered out to engage and drive the enemy from his position. At Somerville Hights, Va., a sharp skirmish occurred with the 7th La., Col. Hayes, the Union forces losing three killed, five wounded and 21 missing.

ENGAGEMENTS AT WEST POINT, VA.

The 5th Me., 19th and 20th Mass.; 16th, 18th, 27th, 31st, 32d, and 42d N. Y.; 95th and 96th Pa.; 7th Mich.; 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th N. J., and Batteries A, Mass. Art., F, 1st N. Y. Art., A, N. J. Art., and D, 2d U. S. Art., of Gen. William B. Franklin's Division, engaged Brig.-Gen. William H. C. Whiting's Division, of Maj.-Gen. Gustavus W. Smith's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, between Barhamsville and Eltham's Landing, opposite West Point, Va. The Texas Brigade, Brig.-Gen. John B. Hood, consisting of the 18th Ga., 1st, 4th, and 5th Tex., supported by the Hampton Legion and 19th Ga., under Col. Wade Hampton, bore the brunt of the contest. Anderson's Tennessee Brigade was held in reserve. Union loss, 48 killed, 110 wounded, and 28 captured or missing; Confederate loss, eight killed and 33 wounded.

Co. C, 9th N. Y., left Roanoke Island, N. C., on the 7th, on board the gunboat Shawsheen for the purpose of destroying some stores at a place about eight miles south of Gatesville, N. C. The force landed on the morning of the 8th and succeeded in accomplishing the object of the expedition. On their return to the gunboat, they were attacked by a small body of cavalry, but soon repulsed them.

Stewart's battalion, Ill. Cav., lost two men wounded in a skirmish at Purdy, Tenn.

A detachment of the 2d Ohio Cav. lost one man killed and three captured or missing in a skirmish at Horse Creek, Mo.

May 7-8.—Maj. Robert Morris, jr., in command of a squadron of the 6th Pa. Cav., made a reconnoissance from Yorktown, Va., to Mulberry Point, James River, Va.

ENGAGEMENT NEAR McDOWELL, VA.

May 8.—Brig.-Gen. Robert H. Milroy, U. S. Army, commanding Union forces. Brig.-Gen. Edward Johnson, C. S. Army, commanding Confederate forces.

COMPOSITION OF ARMIES.

Union Army.

Milroy's Brigade—3d W. Va., 25th, 32d and 75th Ohio. Schenck's Brigade—82d Ohio. Artillery—12th Ohio battery.

Confederate Army.

Army of the Valley District. Second Brigade—21st, 42d, 48th Va., and 1st Va. battalion. Third Brigade—10th, 23d, and 37th Va.

Army of the Northwest—12th Ga., 25th, 31st, 44th, 52d, and 58th Va.

STRENGTH OF ARMIES.

Gen. Schenck reports the entire Union force engaged as follows: Milroy's Brigade, 1,768, and about 500 of the 82d Ohio; total, 2,268. There is no data in the official records from which can be prepared a statement of the strength of the Confederate forces.

CASUALTIES.

Union army—26 killed, 227 wounded and three missing; total, 256.

Confederate army—75 killed and 423 wounded; total, 498. Also called Bull Pasture Mountain, Va.

Maj.-Gen. William W. Loring assigned to the command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, embracing the commands of Brig.-Gens. Heth and Humphrey Marshall.

The U. S. S. Susquehanna, Monitor, Naugatuck, Dacotah, Seminole and San Jacinto, under Capt. James L. Lardner, by direction of Flag Officer Goldsborough, engaged the Confederate batteries on Sewell's Point, Va. The C. S. S. Virginia, (or Merrimac,) Flag Officer Tatnall, came out into Hampton Roads from Norfolk, but took no part in the engagement.

A detachment of the 24th Ohio Cav. engaged in a skirmish at Athens, Ala.

The First and Second Divisions of the Army of the Mississippi (Pope), with a strong cavalry force, made a reconnoissance to near Corinth, Miss. Loss, two men killed, eight wounded, and one missing.

A detachment of the 2d Iowa Cav. lost one man killed and three wounded in a skirmish near Glendale, Miss.

The master of the steamtug J. B. White deserted from the Confederates at Norfolk and brought his vessel into Hampton Roads and delivered her up to Gen. John E. Wool, U. S. A.

The U. S. S. Galena, Aroostook, and Port Royal, under Comdr. John Rodgers, proceeded up James River, Va., engaged and silenced the Confederate battery (Fort Boykin) at Rock Wharf; then engaged and passed the battery (Fort Huger) at Hardin's Bluff, and drove the C. S. S. Jamestown and Patrick Henry up the river. Casualties, Union, none; Confederate, three wounded in Fort Huger.

May 8-21.—Maj. Benjamin M. Skinner, 9th W. Va., with a detachment of his regiment, was engaged scouting through Roane and Clay Counties, W. Va. He left camp, on Elk River, on the 8th, and on the 21st was directed to report for duty with his command at Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va.

May 9.—The 2d R. I., 98th Pa., a detachment of the 6th U. S. Cav., and Batteries A, B, L, and M, 2d U. S. Art., engaged the Confederates near Slatersville, Va. Union loss, three killed and three wounded.

A detachment of 20 men of the 55th Ohio, under the command of Lieut. R. F. Patrick, on duty as the picket-guard on the McDowell Road near McDowell, Va., was attacked by rebel cavalry and forced to retreat, losing six men captured, one of whom was wounded.

Maj.-Gen. McClellan authorized by the President to suspend the corps organization in his army and adopt any other he saw fit until further orders.

Norfolk, Va., was evacuated by the Confederate forces.

Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, U. S. army, ordered the emancipation of slaves in Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, and authorized the arming of all able-bodied negroes in those States.

A detachment of Col. Innes's Engineers and Mechanics, two squadrons of the 3d Ohio Cav., a detachment of 100 infantry, 77th Pa., and 29th Ind., were attacked by the Confederates near Corinth, Miss. Casualties, if any, not reported.

ENGAGEMENT AT FARMINGTON, MISS.

Maj.-Gen. John Pope, commanding Union forces. Maj.-Gen. Earl Van Dorn, commanding Confederate forces. The Union forces consisted of the 14th Mich.; 22d, 26th, 27th, 42d, 47th and 51st Ill.; 11th Mo., 8th Wis., 2d Iowa Cav., detachment of the 4th U. S. Cav., Battery G, 1st Mo. Art., and 2d Iowa battery. The Confederates—of Ruggles's Division, First Brigade—25th La., 36th Miss., Florida and Confederate Guards Battalion and Hodgson's La. battery. Second Brigade—11th, 16th, 18th, 19th La., and Orleans Guard Art. Third Brigade—13th and 20th La., and 37th Miss. Fourth Brigade—1st Ark., 2d Tex., 38th Tenn., Ketcham's Ala. battery, and Hoxton's Tenn. battery. Casualties: Union—three officers and 13 men killed, four officers and 144 men wounded, one officer and 13 men missing; Confederate—eight men killed, five officers and 84 men wounded, and two men missing. Strength not given in official reports.

Co. E, 37th Ind., engaged in a skirmish with Woodward's 1st Ky. Cav., Confederate, on Elk River near Bethel, Tenn. Union loss, four killed, three wounded, and 39 captured. Confederate, five killed and seven wounded.

Flag-Officer Charles H. Davis, U. S. N., assumed command of the Mississippi squadron, relieving Flag-Officer A. H. Foote, U. S. N.

The U. S. S. Iroquois, Commander James S. Palmer, took possession of Baton Rouge, La., and the arsenal at that place.

May 9-12.—The Confederates, under the command of Col. Thomas M. Jones, 27th Miss., about 11:30 p. m. on the 9th, evacuated the forts, Navy-yard, and the position at and near Pensacola, Fla., and set fire to all the public buildings, camp-tents, and every other combustible thing from the Navy-yard to Fort McRee. Fire was at once opened by Brig.-Gen. Lewis G. Arnold, in command on Santa Rosa Island, and as soon as possible he transported his men across the bay and took possession of Forts Barrancas and McRee, Barrancas Barracks, and the Navy-yard. He found Fort Barrancas but little injured, and Barrancas Barracks not at all. Fort McRee was seriously damaged, the Marine Hospital destroyed, and several storehouses in the Navy-yard burned. On the 12th he took military possession of the town of Pensacola.

May 10.—The 23d Ohio and a detachment of the 2d W. Va. Cav. were engaged at Giles Courthouse, W. Va., with a part of the First and Second Brigades of Gen. Heth's command. Union loss, two killed, four wounded, and nine captured or missing. Confederates, First Brigade, one killed, one mortally, and three slightly wounded; Second Brigade, two wounded.

Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., were occupied by the Union forces under Maj.-Gen. Wool. The taking of Norfolk caused the destruction of the C. S. S. Virginia (Merrimac), which was blown up by her crew off Craney Island about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 11th. The workshops, storehouses, and other buildings in the Navy-yard were found in ruins, having been set on fire by the Confederates. The dry dock was also partially destroyed.

Co. E, 3d Mich. Cav., while on picket duty before Farmington, Miss., had a brisk skirmish with detachments of the 19th and 22d Ala., under Col. Joseph Wheeler. Union loss, one man taken prisoner and several slightly wounded. Confederate, none.

Maj. Burton, with six companies 3d Mich. Cav. and 7th Ill. Cav., was sent on a reconnoissance toward Sharp's Mill, Miss. While returning he was fired upon by Gen. Buford's pickets through mistake and had one man killed.

Skirmish at Lamb's Ferry, Ala.

Col. Edward Daniels, with six squadrons of his regiment, the 1st Wis. Cav., engaged in a skirmish with Col. Wm. G. Pheelan's command, 2d Mo., 1st Div. M. S. G., near Bloomfield, Mo. He reports that he killed one, captured 11 prisoners, a quantity of horses, oxen, camp equipage, arms and ammunition.

The Confederate gunboats General Bragg, General Sterling Price, General Earl Van Dorn, General M. Jeff Thompson, General Beauregard, Sumter, Col. Lovell, and Little Rebel (flagship), under Capt. J. E. Montgomery, attacked the Federal fleet under Flag Officer Charles H. Davis, U. S. N., at Plum Point Bend, Mississippi River, near Fort Pillow, Tenn. The Federal fleet consisted of the U. S. S. Benton, Cincinnati, Carondelet, Mound City, Pittsburg, St. Louis, and Cairo, and one mortar boat. After an engagement of about one hour, the Confederate fleet retreated below Fort Pillow. The Cincinnati and Mound City sank from injuries received in the fight. Union casualties, four wounded; Confederate, two killed and one wounded.

May 10-12.—Scouting parties from Brig.-Gen. Robert C. Schenck's command lost two men killed and two captured or missing in skirmishes near Franklin, W. Va.

May 11.—Maj. Duffie, of the Harris Light Cavalry, captured a Lieutenant and 10 men on the Bowling Green Road near Fredericksburg, Va.

The 28th Ohio engaged in a skirmish at Princeton, W. Va.

Col. John H. Morgan, C. S. Army, captured a passenger train on the L. and N. R. R. at Cave City, Ky., taking two officers and six privates prisoners. He burned 45 freight cars, four passenger cars and blew up a locomotive.

A detachment of the 4th Ohio Cav. lost two men captured or missing in a skirmish at Pulaski, Tenn.

Capt. Thomas G. McClelland and 10 men of the 3d Ill. Cav. were accidentally drowned in crossing White River, Ark.

Maj.-Gen. J. S. Roane, C. S. Army, directed to assume command of the forces for the defense of the State of Arkansas.

May 12.—A detachment of the 2d W. Va. Cav. lost one man killed, one wounded and one captured or missing in a skirmish at Lewisburg, W. Va.

Skirmish at Monterey, Va.

One battalion of the 2d Mich. Cav. under Capt. Campbell and one battalion 2d Iowa Cav. under Maj. Hepburn, encountered the Confederate pickets near Farmington, Miss., and drove them some distance in the direction of Corinth.

Gen. Samuel R. Curtis was instructed to assume direction of affairs in Arkansas upon reaching Little Rock, as Military Governor.

May 12-16.—Reconnoissance by the U. S. S. Hunchback and Shawsheen, under command of Acting Lieut. E. R. Colhoun, up the Chowan River, N. C., as far as Fort Dillard, just below the mouth of the Blackwater River.

May 13.—An officer and six men of the 1st N. J. Cav., in charge of a captured sloop, were fired upon while endeavoring to take the vessel to Falmouth, Va., and two of the men were badly wounded. The 1st Pa. Cav. came to the rescue and drove the Confederates from the river banks.

The 8th Pa. Cav. lost one man wounded in a skirmish at Baltimore Crossroads, near New Kent Courthouse, Va.

The Confederate steam tug Planter was brought out of Charleston Harbor, S. C., by Robert Smalls (colored) and delivered up to the senior U. S. Naval Officer off Charleston.

The U. S. S. Galena, Monitor, Naugatuck, Aroostook and Port Royal, under Comdr. John Rodgers, arrived at City Point, Va.

Col. Elliott, with his brigade, consisting of the 2d Iowa Cav., 2d Mich. Cav., 3d Mich. Cav., and a section of Powell's battery, made a reconnoissance to the front of Farmington toward Corinth and to the Memphis and Charleston railroad upon two roads to the left of Farmington. The pickets were driven in about half a mile upon the left of Corinth road and several Parrott shells were fired, scattering the pickets out of sight. The object of the reconnoissance being accomplished, the command returned with no casualties.

Natchez, Miss., was surrendered to Comdr. James S. Palmer, U. S. S. Iroquois.

May 13-14.—Rogersville, Ala., was occupied by Gen. James S. Negley's command, of Gen. O. M. Mitchel's Division, consisting of the 79th Pa., 5th Ky. Cav., a detachment of the 7th Pa. Cav., and Battery B, 1st Ohio Art. A slight skirmish took place at Lamb's Ferry. Union loss one man wounded.

May 14.—The 62d Ohio engaged in a skirmish at Gaines's Crossroads, Va.

A detachment of the 4th Ohio Cav. lost six men captured or missing in a skirmish at Fayetteville, Tenn.

Brig.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans directed to report in person to Maj.-Gen. Halleck. He was assigned May 29 to command of the Right Wing, Army of the Mississippi.

A raid was made on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad by a portion of Wallace's Division, of McClernand's Reserve Corps. The guards were driven off and the road torn up for some distance.

A detachment of the 9th Ill. Cav. lost one man killed and one wounded in a skirmish at Cotton Plant, Ark.

Read "Better than a Pension," on page 4.

A Marvelous Clock.

[*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*]

The most marvelous of clocks has been built by a Black Forest maker and sold for $4,000. Besides doing everything that most clocks do in the matter of time and calendar, it shows the time in Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madeira, Shanghai, Calcutta, Montreal, San Francisco, Melbourne, and Greenwich. Every evening at 8 a young man invites the company to vespers in an electrically illuminated chapel, where a young woman plays the "Maiden's Prayer." On New Year's eve two trumpeters announce the flight of the old year and the advent of the new. In May a cuckoo comes out, in June a quail; in October a pheasant appears to be shot down by a typical British sportsman, who proceeds to bag his game. At daybreak the sun rises, and some bells play a German air, entitled "Phoebus Awakes." On the night of the full moon they play another German air, entitled "Sweet and Tranquil Luna." There are other features too numerous to mention.

A SKETCH IN BURNT MATCHES.

A Story Which Proves That Circumstances Alter Cases.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

LEONARD HARDIE, patrician, was quite an ordinary young man; that is, he differed in no essential particular from hundreds and thousands of other young men of his own age, race, and station. I did not mean to imply that he was lacking in brilliancy, ability, or mental accomplishments. Not at all. I merely wished it understood that he possessed these qualities in no greater degree than did plenty of others. For the rest of it, he was 25 and moderately goodlooking, in an unpronounced blonde way; he was wealthy and indolent; he was, or pretended to be, *blase* and world-weary; he had a very good—indeed, an excellent—opinion of Leonard Hardie; and, lastly, his health was not very good this Summer of which I write. The principal difference between this young man and others of his kind lay in the fact that he was not aware that there was not much difference—most naturally, he believed himself more than a little different from the rest—in which, oddly enough, it will be observed that he was again very like all the other young men, whose number has been heretofore suggested by the careless mention of "thousands." After all, now I am about it, I may as well confess what has, no doubt, already been guessed at—Mr. Leonard Hardie's chief claim to distinction lay in the fact that his digestion was not in first-class condition, and he had come West to find a climate and a mode of living that would enable him to eat three meals a day and sigh for more.

For a month or two after coming West, Hardie wandered around in an aimless way. He looked at Denver and Pueblo, and wondered. He took in Manitou, Pike's Peak, and the rest of it, and became disgusted—he was tired of doing just as other people did.

Then he became possessed of an idea. In one of the wilder, sparsely-settled Counties over the range there was a little mining camp, and his father was President of the company that operated the mines there. Leonard had heard much about the advantages possessed by the country round about Camp Ludlow in the way of shooting and fishing, and thither he betook himself along with sundry paraphernalia of the chase and a full supply of anything and everything calculated to lure the wary and suspicious trout from its native haunts.

Hardie was cordially received by Penhallegon, the Superintendent. The latter's cordiality, however, was by no means exaggerated on account of the fact that his guest was the son of his employer. The Superintendent was not that kind of man. He was glad to receive Hardie, for the reason that visitors at Ludlow were few and far between, and, further, because he immediately "sized up" the New Yorker as being a good fellow and a congenial spirit, albeit one not of his own station; for John Penhallegon was a plain man—one of the people.

Hardie thoroughly enjoyed his first days at Camp Ludlow. What time Penhallegon was not busy he spent in showing his guest the best trout pools, the most frequented haunts of grouse and partridges (for it was now almost the last of August, and young birds were nearly grown), and the most interesting subjects for the sketch-book of the New Yorker, who was a tolerable hand with the pencil. In the evenings Hardie found plenty of amusement in listening to the reminiscences and anecdotes—oftener blood-curdling and hair-raising than otherwise—told by the citizens who gathered after supper at the store, and an occasional bout at chess with Penhallegon served to while away an hour or two before bedtime.

In a few days Hardie was feeling better than he had felt for a long time. He enjoyed his meals and his sleep; he enjoyed not having to wear dress clothes and attending all sorts of "borish" social affairs; and he enjoyed being away from civilization and experiencing new sensations. So, when Penhallegon suggested that he prolong his visit into late October, in order to take a few shots at the large game, he was more than willing, and made his arrangements accordingly.

Leonard Hardie was in a very contented mood as, one day about a fortnight after his arrival, he rode out over the hills in the direction of a favorite trout-stream. It was early morning; the dew was still on leaves and grass, and the bracing coolness of the night air was not yet gone. He sniffed the air appreciatively, and eyed the mountain scenery in a satisfied way. He was as happy as he had ever been in his life.

Suddenly he became aware that all was not well with him. His usually well-behaved pony halted very abruptly and reared, causing his rider, who was but an indifferent horseman, much trouble in keeping his seat. Hardie carried his shotgun; this he grasped firmly in his right hand and cast his eye about to ascertain the cause of his mount's uneasiness. Then, before he could have mentioned Mr. John Robinson, there was a vision of something big and black and hairy coming toward him from the underbrush; there was a snort, a lunge, and the clatter of a terrified pony's hoofs rattling up the road; and Mr. Leonard Hardie found himself prone in the dust, with a decidedly fierce-looking bear coming right at him, and only a shotgun to defend himself with.

Hardie was no coward, but he rose to his feet in some haste, as hastily fired both barrels of his gun into the face of the foe, and without waiting to see the effect of his shot, incontinently fled in search of a tree, which he found without difficulty, and "shinned up" with, perhaps, more celerity than he had ever before exhibited. He was none too soon; for he had hardly secured a somewhat precarious hold on the lowest limbs, when Bruin, his face and muzzle bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the quail-shot they had received, was at the foot of the tree, making the bark fly, and causing the welkin to ring with his roars of pain and disappointed rage.

Hardie did not know much about bears, and was not sure whether they could or could not climb trees. He was, therefore, in a quandary as to what he should do. He secured a firmer and higher seat and began to think. Presently he had an idea; it was a ridiculous idea, but he proceeded to act upon it. He had torn his own shooting-coat, and this morning had donned Penhallegon's, in one of the pockets of which was a large plug of tobacco, to the use of which the Superintendent was addicted. Its presence, and the gory face of his besieger, gave Hardie his idea. He had never chewed tobacco in his life, but he at once bit off a large piece and masticated it fiercely for a few seconds. Then he leaned over, took careful aim, and spat directly in the eyes of his enemy.

The experiment was a howling success. Bruin left his post and rolled over and over in an abandonment of grief for several minutes. Then, madder then ever, he returned to the charge, to be received with a dose like the first. Again he fell back and rolled in the dust, biting savagely at everything he came in contact with.

In spite of his precarious situation, Hardie could not help laughing, it was all so ridiculous. Suddenly, however, he stopped. It had just struck him that he was very, very sick, and he began to feel deathly faint. The fear which presently smote him, that he might not long be able to keep his seat, did not tend to make him feel better.

But just here another diversion occurred. There was a rifle-shot close at hand, and the bear, who was just returning to the attack, fell to the ground, then picked himself up and started to charge at his new enemy. Two more shots were fired, and Bruin again fell to earth—this time twitching in the death-struggle.

Then Mr. Leonard Hardie descended precipitately from his perch, and for a few moments was aware of little else than that he was extremely ill, and that there was a young female person standing there with a rifle in her hands, laughing unrestrainedly at him. It was a small, brown, plump, astonishingly pretty young person about 18 years old, and her laugh showed that she had a sweet mouth and excellent teeth. As Hardie recovered somewhat and turned to her, she gasped, between paroxysms of laughter: "Oh, I'm so sorry, but—ha-ha! I saw it all, and it was just too funny for anything!" And she burst into another peal of laughter, in which Hardie joined, and almost forgot he had been ill.

After a few minutes, he recovered himself, and asked:

"To whom am I indebted for this timely rescue?"

"Oh, I'm Berry—otherwise Berenice—Powell. My father is engineer at the Hardie mine in Ludlow; I've been over at Lake Heron visiting for three weeks. And you?"

"I am Leonard Hardie, and your willing slave for having drawn me from the jaws of death, or may be drawing the jaws of death, into which I was nearly ready to drop, away from me."

They both laughed again, and then Hardie found his shotgun and walked into camp beside Miss Powell's pony, and later went out with Penhallegon and got the bear's hide for presentation to his fair rescuer.

They became great friends. Berry was a natural artist, and had cultivated her talents to some extent when she attended school at Denver. She was an enthusiastic lover of gun and rod, and far more expert with them than was Hardie. She had little to do, except to enjoy herself, so hardly a day passed that these two did not go somewhere or other to hunt, or fish, or sketch.

This mountain maid was a revelation to Hardie. Pure and simply noble as one of the grand snowy peaks, behind which they saw the sun go down; fresh and innocent, artless, and childishly frank; brave, honest, and tender-hearted, and wonderfully, charmingly, pretty. Is it a wonder that before many days Leonard Hardie looked eagerly forward to the next day's outing, and that he was happy only when she was with him?

She was so different from the girls he had known—so happily different—and Leonard Hardie was much like other young men. So as he had come to love the rugged mountains, the glorious climate, the glad, free atmosphere, he soon grew to feel towards this child of the mountains a sentiment that was new to him, and that kept him dreaming asleep, and pondering awake.

There were times, when they were together, that he felt an almost irresistible impulse to clasp her to his heart and tell her all—but yet he feared; for there was liking, but not yet love, in the frank gaze of the honest eyes she turned towards his. And then, when he was alone, he was deeply worried. Ought he to think of such a marriage?—a marriage with a girl of plebeian stock, whose mechanic father was rough and boarish, and, occasionally, a hard drinker; a plain, unlettered man, with a wife of his own class? What would the Hardies, *pere, mere, et filles*, think of such a *mesalliance*? And what would they say, and what would Mrs. Grundy think and say?

For Leonard Hardie was a proper and considerate young man—eminently so. He was trammeled with the moss-grown traditions of a long line of patrician ancestors (all eminently proper), and by the hidebound conventionalities of 19th century upper tendom; and it is hard to break suddenly away from these.

The days and weeks passed, and the end was no nearer. Hardie was doubly tortured by doubts and fears. Should he? Dared he? And—equally distressing—could he win? Did she care for him? The time must soon come for him to decide the first two questions. At the times when he felt that these two were unworthy consideration, he set his teeth firmly and decided the third—he would win. And the fourth? Hardie did not know.

Sometimes he thought that there was a reciprocal feeling in Berry's heart for him; and again he would feel certain that he was no more to her than were other men.

During the last two weeks of his stay, however, he noticed, with much joy, a change in her demeanor toward him. He could not exactly define it, but the change was there. It had begun in gratitude. Hardie had one day earned this by saving her father from being half, or perhaps wholly, murdered by two desperate characters at Rosewood, a neighboring camp, whither Powell had gone while on one of his periodical sprees. The old fellow had gotten into an altercation with the two roughs, and was being terribly pounded, when Hardie, who had been hunting near by, happened to come along, and rescued the engineer, escorting him away, with his gun leveled on the old man's half-drunken assailants, who threatened vengeance.

When Berry thanked him for this service there was an indefinable something in her demeanor that made Hardie's heart leap; and thereafter he watched for and found indications that he was more to her than a mere friend.

But the end of his visit had to come sometime, and it came unexpectedly. One afternoon he received a message from his mother, requesting him to start for home at once in order to escort her and the girls to Italy, whither her physician had ordered her for the Winter, and Leonard, being an obedient son, at once began preparations to comply with the maternal mandate. He must start to-morrow, in order to reach New York in time to catch the steamship his mother proposed to take.

In this emergency there was but one of two things to do—and Hardie's fears as to what his people and "Mrs. Grundy" might say or think were dissipated to the four winds under the influence of Berry's magnetic presence that night.

They sat late on the rustic seat in the shadow of the tall pines in front of the Powell home, talking of inconsequent things. Hardie told her, early in the evening, that he was to leave at daylight, and he thought the news had a depressing effect upon her.

They watched the moon travel slowly across the heavens, and listened to the cry of the whippoorwill and the howls of the wolves over in the woods on Eagle Mountain. Once, a panther screamed—that horrible, heart-rending scream as of a person in mortal agony—and Berry shuddered and drew closer to her companion.

For some time they sat in silence. Then Mrs. Powell came to the door and called to Berry that she would catch cold in the night air, and that it was late enough to be in bed, anyway.

Hardie rose to go. It was hard—very, very hard, to leave, but he must. He stood erect and strong-looking, gazing down at the girl—his whole soul in his eyes. She murmured something inarticulately, and rose to her feet in nervous haste, as if she knew what was coming, and wished, maybe, to avoid it. Hardie spoke:

"Berry!"

She looked up at him swiftly, like a startled fawn. There were tears in her eyes, which Hardie noted, and as he did so he threw his arms about her and drew her to him, straining her tightly to his breast. "I love you! I love you, darling!" he said. "Do you not know it? Have you not seen it long since? You are dearer to me than life itself, and"——

"Berry! Berry!" called Mrs. Powell, from her window.

"I am coming back in two months, darling," said Hardie, hastily, whispering into the ear so close to his mouth his mustache brushed it. "I am coming back to claim you; there, good-by, dearest!"

She clung to him, sobbing: "Don't go! O, don't!"

There were tears on the pretty cheeks now, and her soft, little form, closely held to him, shook with her sobs. Hardie did not believe in prolonged partings. He turned her face towards his and kissed her soft lips passionately twice,—thrice. Then he turned on his heel and was gone, and Berry ran into the house, weeping.

* * * * * *

Time and a change of atmosphere will work wonders. As Leonard Hardie traveled farther back into civilization he wondered more and more that he had been satisfied to be out of it so long. There are many shortcomings about a life in the wilderness for one who is not accustomed to it.

And two or three days after leaving Berry, Hardie began to be again tortured by doubts as to the propriety and fitness of what he had done and proposed doing. To comply with the traditions of his house and marry Berry was impossible. In order to so comply, the future Mrs. Leonard Hardie would have to be almost the exact opposite of the little mountain maid.

He did not write to her. He detested writing letters under any circumstances, and the mails were irregular at Camp Ludlow.

The Hardies did not take the steamship they had intended to, but went over on another two weeks later. Leonard Hardie accompanied his mother and sisters to Italy, and somehow found it hard to get away, so he stayed on and kept staying until Spring came. He had several inconsequential "affairs," and one serious one.

In June he married a girl in his own "set"—an eminently proper alliance it was. And time passed on, and Leonard Hardie came to smile over what he now considered a Summer's folly, although towards Berry there was, if nothing else, a feeling of pity. One day, in looking over a lot of old papers, he came upon a sketch he had made of Berry. It was a rough, hasty affair, and had been drawn with half-burnt matches, as he had had no pencil with him. They were out fishing, that time, and the wind blew Berry's hair loose, and Hardie, calling to her to keep still, caught her careless, graceful attitude and the expression of her bonny face as she stood poised on a rock by the waters' edge. How sweet she had looked that morning!

Hardie looked at the sketch long and tenderly; then he covered it carefully with tissue paper and put it away in a private drawer in his desk.

Six years later Leonard Hardie had business in Colorado, and it took him to Ludlow, now a thriving young city. On the day that he went there he thought much of the changes the years had wrought, and how different it would seem at Ludlow. Berry—what had become of her? he wondered. Had she ever married? He did not like to think so, and was inclined to believe she had remained faithful to him.

Poor little Berry! Through all these long years, he thought with masculine vanity, she had probably waited and wept, hoping that some day he would come back as he had promised. He pictured her standing at the top of the hill, gazing wistfully down the road, her cheeks pale and thin, and a world of sorrow in her gentle eyes, and he leaned back in the seat of the Pullman car and sighed as a great wave of tenderness swept over him—over *him*, Leonard Hardie, the eminently respectable husband and father of an eminently proper family!

At supper he accidentally learned that John Penhallegon still lived in Ludlow—was Mayor, in fact. He found his address, and went up there, after supper. No, the servant who admitted him, said, Mr. Penhallegon was not at home, but would be in shortly. If the gentleman would step into the library and wait?

Hardie sat and pondered over the change that had come to Camp Ludlow—he wondered if Penhallegon, too, had changed.

There was a step behind him, and he rose and faced about, whereupon a short, stout lady with a baby in her arms and a fat, four-year-old tugging at her skirts, rushed toward him, exclaiming:

"Why, Mr. Hardie, is it really you? What a surprise! I'm so glad to see you! And what brought you here?"

It was Berry. She shook hands with him in an unembarrassed way, and then sat and talked to him.

"And didn't you know I married dear old John?" she asked. Then she laughed as merrily as she did the time they first met.

"Oh, Mr. Hardie!" she finally managed to say, "weren't we an awful pair of sillies that Summer?" And she laughed again—the laugh he remembered so well.

When Leonard Hardie got back to New York one of the first things he did, after kissing Mrs. Hardie and the children, was to take from a private drawer in his desk a sketch of a young girl with flowing hair, standing upon a rock, with a fishing-rod held in her hand.

He looked at it intently for a few seconds. Then he laid it in the grate and touched a match to it, and watched it blaze and crumble away to ashes.

Then he leaned back in his comfortable leather chair and sighed.

Read "Better than a Pension," on page 4.

Stabbed by Booth.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

William Withers was at the Great Northern yesterday. The generation that has grown up since the war scare has heard of him, and to those who lived before the war the name of William Withers would needs be repeated many times before they would remember where they had heard it. Yet there was one who received his death wound almost at the same time and in the same room where William Withers was twice stabbed, who is "one of the few, the immortals that are not born to die." The name of that immortal one is Abraham Lincoln.

On the evening of April 14, 1865, at Ford's Theater, in Washington, William Withers had the unpleasant distinction of being almost murdered by Wilkes Booth, after the latter had fired the fatal shot at President Lincoln and was rushing madly from the stage to an entrance where a confederate had a horse in waiting.

Mr. Withers still has in his keeping, as a most sacred and valued treasure, an old dress-coat that is much out of style and has on its back two clean-cut slits. These slits show where the dagger of Booth went through the clothing and punctured the body of the band leader, for Mr. Withers on that night was the leader of the orchestra.

"President Lincoln—it's an old story now, but one which, like many other old stories, will bear repeating—had been repeatedly invited to attend the theater," said Mr. Withers. "On the morning of the 14th he sent word that he would come that evening.

"In special honor of the occasion H. P. Phillips wrote the song 'Honor to Our Soldiers,' which was set to a martial air by myself and rehearsed by Miss Laura Keene, who agreed to be present with her company and sing it. Booth's pistol-shot prevented the song, the words of which, however, I have preserved. By some misunderstanding the song was not sung according to program, and I left my place and went to consult the stage manager about it. Just as I left him I heard a pistol-shot. I thought some property man had fired a pistol and I took another step down. Just then I heard a heavy fall, and the people began to cry, 'Catch him,' 'Lynch him,' 'Hang him.'

"I was in a narrow passage, where I could move very little either way, when Wilkes Booth, with protruding eyes, dashed in and cried, 'Let me pass! Let me pass!'

"He struck me with a knife twice, and I fell as he passed on. Then the infuriated people came pouring in and found me, and I came very near being killed for the murderer. You know the story of the flight and the capture as well as I do."

Mr. Withers is now connected with the California Theater in San Francisco.

Wild-Cat Money.

[*Indianapolis Journal.*]

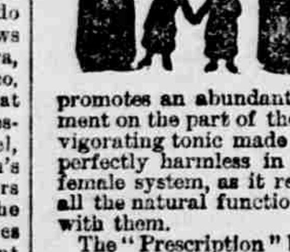
"There," said Mr. Ensley, as he took from his pocketbook a bit of paper in the form of a bank note, and handed it to a reporter, "is the first $5 bill I ever earned."

The reporter took it. It was in its day a fine sample of engraving, and was a bill of the Bank of Gallipolis, of the State of Ohio, of the denomination of $5, issued Aug. 9, 1857.

"Why have you kept it?" asked the reporter.

"Because it was of no value whatever when I undertook to pass it, and has not been since. I put it away, and when this talk of a return to State bank paper came up I hunted it up and put it in my pocketbook.

"I was in my 17th year and went to work for a farmer near where I was raised. I got about 30 cents a day, but I did a man's work at farming when grass and grain was cut by hand. I worked long days, too. The first payment he made me was chiefly in this $5 bill. I kept it a month or more and went to the store in the nearest village to buy a coat. I did not get a coat for any $5 then, but I picked out one, about the cheapest the trader had, and turned the $5 bill over to him as the largest part of the payment. He took it, went to his desk, consulted a bank-detector, and then told me that the $5 bill was good for nothing, because the bank had failed. I got no coat, and I felt very sore. I took it back, but when it was paid me the bank had not failed. My folks were all Democrats, but I concluded then that if that party could do no better than have banks which would cheat people who worked, I would join some other when I got to vote."



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Ships Built of Aluminium.

[*Leeds Mercury.*]

Fifty years ago the introduction of iron as a building material created a revolution in the science and art of shipbuilding. It is now certain that in the very near future an even more important revolution will be created by the introduction of aluminium. At present there are in existence but five small crafts constructed of this metal. Three are petroleum yachts, which were built this year at Zurich. One is a Swedish lifeboat. The fifth is a yacht which is now completing for sea in this country.

Until two or three years ago the high price of aluminium entirely barred the way to its general usefulness, but the metal has since become much cheaper, and to the shipbuilder it offers so many striking advantages that, even at the comparatively high price which is still charged for it, it is sure of general adoption. In strength and toughness it rivals steel; in non-liability to corrosion it is almost as good as gold, and in lightness it stands altogether alone. Nor is this all. The hull of an old iron ship, when sold to be broken up, goes for nearly nothing. The hull of an old aluminium ship would, it is estimated, if disposed of as worn-out metal, fetch nearly two-thirds of its original cost. This is a consideration which capitalists and investors are not likely to lose sight of.

To the naval constructor aluminium comes, of course, as precisely the material of which he is mostly in need. His great problem of late years has been to reduce to the lowest possible dimensions what may be called the inevitable weights of his vessels. It is computed that by using aluminium instead of steel he may, without sacrifice of strength, reduce the weight of a ship's hull by fully one-half.

Logan on Horseback.

[*Rider and Driver.*]

Maj.-Gen. John A. Logan made a conspicuous figure in the saddle. His coal-black hair and tremendous mustache gave him a ferocious appearance, though in reality his disposition was a genial one. But he often had fits of passion, and then his eyes blazed, but these ebullitions of temper were evanescent and they usually occurred on the battlefields. Logan was an exceedingly good horseman, his seat being firm, yet easy. When galloping he used to lean backward, his feet well to the front.

At critical moments in an engagement he was wont to go at a tremendous speed toward the threatened part of his line of battle. Then he was magnificent. His hat jammed down over his eyes, his eyes bright and his long mustache waving in the air gave him an odd look, while the terrific pace of his steed was appalling. He overcame every obstacle with ease, and it was a beautiful sight to see his horse go flying over fences, ditches or fallen trees, while the rider sat in the saddle with ease and apparent reckless indifference.

Logan was the idol of his troops, for they had learned that "Black Jack" was a fearless and stubborn fighter. He was always as ready to lead a charge as order one. When matters were going favorably and the line was holding its own Logan would ride slowly along in perfect peace with himself. Then he was amiable, and though he disliked cheers on such occasions, he always acknowledged them by a good-humored nod of the head.

Logan was always neatly dressed, but I have seen him at the close of a battle when he looked as if he and his horse had taken a dust bath together. While he never hesitated to push his men forward when it seemed necessary, no man could be more considerate of the comfort and welfare of his troops. Woe to the Quartermaster who failed to provide the necessary rations for Logan's command, while Ordnance officers feared his frown when ammunition happened to run short. Logan possessed many of the qualities that make good Generals, and he deservedly ranked high among the wearers of the double star.

His Dog Retrieved the Bomb.

[*Lewiston Journal.*]

A rather reckless Biddeford man, with no respect for law or gospel, is said to have devised a scheme for catching trout by the wholesale, which did not work as well as he thought.

He thought that a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface, so that he would only have to pick them up. He provided himself with a bomb powerful enough to blast a schooner out of water and went to a local brook in which there were said to be lots of trout. He fixed the fuse, ignited it, and threw the bomb into the brook. As he did so his dog jumped in after it, seized it in his mouth, got back to shore and started after his master, who was legging it across the field as fast as he could in the realization of his danger. The man had the good luck to get over a fence, which bothered the dog, and a moment later, hearing an explosion, he looked around to see his dog going skyward.

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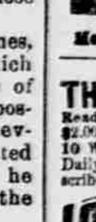

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