THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

McELROY, SHOPPELL & ANDREWS, Proprietors.

ENTERED AT WASHINGTON POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 27, 1902.

Office: 339 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

BECAUSE we have been nice to Prince Henry is no sort of reason why we should admit that there is trichina in our pork.

The promotion stories are entitled to just about as much belief as the other matter Mr. Evans has been furnishing the press.

HAVING formally declared that D. B. Hill's candidacy is impossible, Mr. Bryan is now expected to advance upon Arthur Pue Gorman's works.

"WE infer from the advance notices it has received that the Hon. H. Clay Evans's promotion is to be built on the same plans as Gen. Castro's recent victory."—Washington Post.

MAJ. MICAJAH JENKINS is still waiting to have that sword presented to him, and the Tillmans have not shown up anybody from whose hands he would rather receive it than from those of the President of the United States.

THE fear expressed that if the ex-Presidents were given seats in the Senate they would unduly dominate that body, seems unfounded. There is but one ex-President now alive, and it would be quite interesting to have him in the Senate just now.

PRINCE HENRY must certainly have gone home with a good opinion of our railroads. In spite of phenomenally severe storms he traversed a country almost as large as Europe on strict schedule time. And yet the English, German and French papers have had so much to say of the flimsiness of our road-building, and the unreliable workmanship of our locomotives.

KING EDWARD stands to lose lots of the fun he liked when he was Prince. He went to a Sunday concert hall recently, which deservedly brought down on him the wrath of the Dissenting clergymen all over the Kingdom, and now the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Evils of Gambling are considering a request to him to never go to a race-course where there is betting.

AFTER May 1, Secretary Wilson will be the only member of President McKinley's original Cabinet still in office. Since March 4, 1897, 10 members of the Cabinet have, to use Mr. Evan's phrase, "enjoyed the complete confidence of the President, and been given sugstantial promotion," by being retired to private life. When Mr. Evans goes there will be a gratification not felt in regard to any or all of them, for none of them had really made themselves obnoxious to any great number of people, and their retirement was sincerely regretted by very many, which Mr. Evan's will not be by any one.

THE FREDERICKSBURG NATIONAL PARK.

It is earnestly hoped that Congress will pass the bill for the Fredericksburg National Park at this session. No other spot on the world's surface has been so baptized in human blood, as the country immediately around Fredericksbug. From first to last, probably 1,000,000 Union soldiers fought and manuvered around in that neighborhood, and perhaps 750,000 rebels. Six terrible battles, with appalling loss of life, were fought there, and innumerable smaller actions. While these battles lacked the decisiveness of those at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chattanooga and elsewhere, they were fought on both sides with tremendous energy, and contributed very largely to the end of the war. A spot so full of our history, so consecrated by the valor and blood of Americans, should receive the careful attention of Congress, and be so marked and preserved as to make of it an object lesson forever of the tremendous period of our annals.

This work should not be delayed any longer. It has been postponed far too long already, but it should be certainly done while so many participants in the gigantic events still live, and while so many traces of the battles are yet discernable.

PACIFYING THE PHILIPPINES.

In spite of all that the modern Copperheads may say, the work of restoring peace to the Philippines—rather of establishing it there, for never have the Philippines known as much peace as they now do—goes on with remarkable speed and success. When we recall that the Spaniards never seriously attempted much more than a fringe of civilization around the seacoasts, leaving the interiors of the islands to utter barbarism; that the majority of the Filipinos were as strange to all law and order as the far Western Indians at the beginning of the last century, we are astonished at the progress that has been made. Every part of the great archipelago is now under the direct influence of American authority. American troops have penetrated to the most remote and inaccessible regions. Marauders, of which the islands were formerly filled, have been hunted down in their farthermost retreats, and but very few still are at large to annoy the peaceably disposed, and carry on a pretended war, which is in reality but brigandage. Every one must admit that the work has gone on far more successfully than did our efforts to quiet the Indians, though the difficulties to be encountered were much greater, as the Filipinos were many times more numerous, and their country strange to every American soldier and officer operating there. In place of sneering, whenever an occasional outbreak takes place, we should be voluble in our admiration of the magnificent work our army has done. It is something wholly unprecedented in the world's history, and speaks volumes in praise of the material of which our army is composed. We have every reason to be very proud of it, and challenge comparison with any achievements of Spanish, English, French or Dutch troops in reducing to possession distant and barbarous lands.

REPORT OF THE PENSION COMMITTEE.

The Commander-in-Chief and the members of the G. A. R. National Pension Committee have been very hard at work upon the report of the Committee, in order to get it ready for transmission to the President.

While we know nothing of its precise terms, yet, from the earnestness and thoroughness of the Commander-in-Chief and members in the work of investigation, we believe that the report will meet with the hearty and grateful approval of all the comrades.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT IMBROGLIO.

The chronic dispute between the War Department and the General Commanding the Armies of the United States has broken out afresh. This conflict between the two has always existed, and seems inevitable from the form of our Government.

The Constitution makes the President the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and the Secretary of War assumes to be his immediate agent in commanding the army. Therefore, he takes direct control of all the staff bureaus, leaving the Commanding General little more than a figure-head.

The insidedness of this is that the Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, Commissary-General, etc., recognize that the Secretary of War is the superior power, and usually more tractable to their designs than the Commanding General, and play the former off against the latter, to the Commanding General's discomfiture and humilation.

Gen. Winfield Scott was in a constant turmoil with the Secretary of War, especially while Jeff. Davis held that position. Davis frequently and outrageously insulted the General, who removed his headquarters from Washington.

Even Gen. Sherman would not stand the position he was made to assume by his personal friends, President Grant and Secretary Belknap, and removed his headquarters to St. Louis.

Gen. Sheridan dared up at times, but Gen. Schofield was more diplomatic, and the public heard of no friction. Gen. Miles has been in constant collision with the Department almost ever since his designation as Commanding General, and the dispute reached an acute stage last Thursday, when he went before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, to speak in regard to the following aill, which had been introduced by Senator Hawley, at the instance of the War Department:

"That from and after the passage of thisact the senior generalofficer of thearmy shall be assigned to command such portion of the army as the President may direct, or be detailed to duty in the general staff corps. All duties prescribed by law for the Commanding General of the Army shall be performed by the Chief of General Staff, or other general officer designated by the Secretary of War, provided, that so long as the present Lieutenant-General of the Army continues on the active list he shall be the Chief of the General Staff, and upon the separation from active service of the said Lieutenant-General of the Army said office, except as herein provided, shall cease and determine."

Gen. Miles characterized this provision as absolute foolishness. It was, he said, completely subversive of military discipline and would destroy the unity of the army. He insists that the military establishment should have one head and quoted Wellington, Napoleon, Washington, Grant, and other great commanders to sustain his position. He recalled the time during the Spanish war when he ordered Shafter to Santiago immediately after learning that Cervera's fleet was in Santiago harbor, and said that prompt action would have been impossible if he had been compelled to summon and consult the Majors, Colonels, and Generals who might have constituted the general staff.

He charged that the bill had been framed so as to allow the Secretary of War and the Adjutant-General to promote the interests of their personal favorites.

Gen. Miles went further. He declared that he would resign his commission if the proposed bill, which proposes the organization of a general staff for the army, should become a law. He spoke with great emphasis, and at times with bitterness, not concealing his belief that the legislation was directed personally at him.

This, of course, created an immense hubbub, and demands that the General should be disciplined. The most obvious way of doing this would be to have the President put him on the retired list, on the ground that he is now 62 years of age. This would cut down his pay 25 per cent.

MIGRATION NORTH AND SOUTH.

Of course it is very desirable in every way that there should be an increasing intermixture of our people North and South, so as to increase our homogeneity. The strongest tendency has hitherto been, as it has been of our race since the beginning of its history, to move directly westward, each individual keeping close to the parallel of latitude upon which he was born.. This has not been solely on account of the new lands to the westward. We find it continuing after the new lands have been filled up, probably fuller than the lands from which the migration goes. This has been the case in Europe for centuries, which accounts for the nearness to each other in blood, language and institutions of all the people in Northwestern Europe. The only admixture to the southward has been that of the strong, hardy Teutonic peoples flowing over the Alps as invaders, and dominating the Southern peoples. In this country we are virtually all of the same blood, and there should develop no such difference in ideas, character and institutions between those settled along the Great Lakes and those on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, as exists in Europe between those on the shores of the Baltic and those on the Mediterranean.

Without going so far into the future, it is very desirable that Northern people should go to the South, and develop there the things that have made that section so great, and that the Southern people should move North, and bring there many ideas which their fellow-countrymen can study with profit. Therefore, the following bulletin from the Census Bureau is of special interest:

"The migration northward of Southern whites, while increasing in absolute amount, has relatively declined. The migration northward of colored persons has increased rapidly. The northward migration of Southern whites, however, is still nearly three times as great in absolute amount, and nearly one and a half times as great relative to the population from which it comes as the northward migration of the colored, a difference probably due in part to the better economic position of the Southern whites and in part to the fact that the center of population of that class is nearer the border."

It is to be regretted that the colored movement northward has not been greater. The greatest danger to the development of the negroes has been in stagnation. It was once greatly feared that when free they would drift to the sections along the Gulf and there stagnate into a hopeless morass of ignorance and semi-barbarism. The strong drift of the negroes toward the low-lying lands of the Mississippi has this danger. The more negroes that come North and mix in with the strenuous, active life there, the better it will be for the race.

The bulletin goes on to give a more hopeful view of the leavening effect of the Northerners upon the South. It says:

"In 1900 there were 1,022,776 persons living in the South who had been born in the North, an increase of 61 per cent. since 1890. This current of migration is greater in absolute amount than that of Southern whites or Southern negroes moving North, but over a quarter of a million less than the two combined. It is increasing much more rapidly than either. But the total number of persons of Northern birth in the United States is so great (in 1890, 31,933,974, and in 1900, 39,186,516) that the amount of this southward movement relative to the population from which it comes is less than the proportion for either of the return currents. In 1890 of all persons in the United States born in the North, 2 per cent. were living in the South. In 1900 the proportion had increased to 2.6 per cent."

Almost exactly as many Southerners have been attracted North by the higher wages and greater business opportunities as Northerners who have been drawn South by the milder climate and the opportunity to develop new industries. The bulletin says:

"In 1890 there were north of Mason and Dixon's line, the Ohio, and the southern boundary of Missouri and Kansas 904,689 white persons who had been born in the South, which increased 6 per cent. to 958,074 in 1900. But the number of white persons of Southern birth living in the United States as a whole had increased from 12,021,995 to 16,055,045. The proportion of white persons of Southern birth and Northern residence fell in 10 years from 7 to 6 per cent. of the whole class of white persons born in the South."

Returning to the negroes, the bulletin says:

"In 1900 336,870 colored persons of Southern birth were living in the North, an increase of almost 46 per cent. Meantime the number of colored persons born in the South and living in the United States as a whole had increased from 6,915,715 to 8,287,081. The proportion of colored persons of Southern birth and Northern residence increased in the 10 years from 3.3 to 4.1 per cent. of the whole class of colored persons born in the South."

THE PRESIDENT AT ARLINGTON.

Sometime ago, Commander B. F. Bingham, of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., visited President Roosevelt, and extended him a warm invitation to deliver the address on Memorial Day, at Arlington Cemetery. The President replied that he had many invitations, and could not just then decide, but was strongly inclined to accept the invitation. Last week he wrote Commander Bingham saying that he had decided to accept, and that the Commander could rely upon him being present and delivering the address.

This will be a great gratification to the comrades everywhere. They will be very glad to have him deliver a Memorial Day address, for it will show a regard for the day and the past that will meet their warmest approbation, and be highly beneficial in securing a greater regard for the occasion. Then, what he will say will be eminently worth hearing, and will strongly draw the attention of the people to the principles of loyalty and patriotism, which are the strongest bulwarks of this country and our beloved institutions.

All honor and thanks to President Roosevelt.

THE PHILIPPINE DOLLAR.

The proposition of the Senate Committee to coin a Philippine dollar, of 416 grains of silver, to pass current at its bullion value, meets with general acceptance. This will be of the same value as the Mexican dollar, and is intended to supplant it in the Islands and the Oriental trade. If it can be made to do this it will accomplish much good in furnishing a market for our silver, and acquainting the Orientals with our country. It will also replace the American silver dollars, and stop the drain in the islands upon our gold.

The idea is not a new one, and it remains to be seen how successfully it will work. Nearly all the nations of Europe have tried from time to time to issue a silver coin which would replace the Mexican silver dollar, but usually without success.

The greatest success has been attained by the "Straits Settlement dollar," coined at the British mint in Hong Kong, and of which it is said about $110,000,000 have been issued.

The Japanase silver yen, of the same value as the Mexican dollar, has also been fairly successful.

We coined about 20,000,000 of a "trade dollar," of 420 grains of silver, or worth about two cents more than the Mexican, and which we supposed would drive it out. It entirely failed to do this, however, and most of the coins came back to this country. Silver was then falling steadily in value, and as the trade dollar had no legal tender quality it could be bought up by speculators at a discount, and passed off on the unwary as a full dollar. Presently retail dealers would only receive them for 90 cents, and then not at all. So much hue and cry was raised about the "imposition" that Congress finally called them all in and stopped the coinage.

At one time the Mexicans changed the design on the dollar, but the Chinese and other Orientals refused to receive the new coin, and the old design of an eagle sitting on a cactus had to be restored.

The designs suggested will make the Philippine dollar as unlike ours as possible, but it should not be called a dollar. The most common name for the Mexican dollar and similar pieces issued by Spanish-American Governments is "peso," and this is what the new coin should be called.

THAT Lord Methuen should not have known that a force of 3,000 Boers was moving across an open country against his flank seems to an American veteran a conclusive proof of gross incompetency.

For a Service Pension.

The Department of Rhode Island at its recent Encampment unanimously adopted the following:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this 35th Annual Encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, now assembled, that all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served a period of 90 days or more during the years 1861 to 1865, in the Army or Navy of the United States, and were honorably discharged, should be granted a service pension; and we earnestly request our Senators and Representatives in Congress to exert their influence for, and urge the introduction and passage of a bill granting such pension.

Resolved, That the Bill (Senate Bill No. 722), introduced Dec. 5, 1901, by Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, or that introduced by Senator Penrose, of the same State, or a bill combining the best features of both, would receive our hearty support; and it is our earnest desire that such a bill should be passed by Congress and become a law at an early day.

A Compensation for Appomattox.

Gen. E. P. Alexander has this significant word to say of the Lost Cause, in his paper on "Lee at Appomattox," in the Century:

"When the Confederate Peace Commissioners went to the Fort Monroe Conference, I recollect a sort of indignant apprehension that they might be led to discuss something less than our absolute independence, and nothing else, I am sure, would have been easily accepted by the army. It was developed at that conference that by returning to the Union we might not only secure favorable political conditions, but possibly, also, four hundred millions in Government bonds as compensation for slavery. Perhaps we may be called monumental idiots in not realizing our desperate situation and in refusing such liberal terms. But, if so, we have paid the penalty of our folly, and is it not now best for all that our cause was lost—not compromised?"

Si Klegg, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. "Q," On the March through the Carolinas

Copyrighted, 1899, by the publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

One of the Innumerable Similar Incidents of the Campaign Through South Carolina.

"Some o' them plaguey alligator hogs are loose, and rootin' 'round here," grumbled Si, as he was awakened by tugging at his pillow. He got up, rearranged the fire, threw on some more wood, and took a look at his sleeping comrades, and also at the horses. Restless Pete had kicked the blankets off him and Sandy, and Si carefully restored them around the boys. He lay down again, and was soon sound asleep. He was presently aroused by a violent wrench, that almost pulled the pillow from under his and Shorty's heads.

"That confounded mule's loose, as usual," exploded Shorty, half-awakening. "Pete, you scalawag, wake up there, and 'tend to that shaved-tail nightingale of yours. Tie him up again, and tie him tight, or I'll give you a lesson in the morning you'll remember."

"'Tain't Abednego at all," whimpered Pete, coming back over the cold ground, in his bare feet, after seeing to his mule. "He's tied hard and fast, and 'most starving. He whimpered when I went up to him for something more to eat."

"And you went and stole it from the other hosses," remarked Shorty. "I know you, you little scrub."

"Poor Abednego," sighed Pete, as he kicked Sandy to make him turn over. "Me and him are always being blamed for something we ain't done. Army's awful mean to mules and boys."

"A mule's a bigger fool than Thompsom's colt," soliloquized Si, rearranging the head of the bed. "He'll leave corn and oats any time to chaw up a tent or a suit o' clothes. That's why he's a mule. He lacks sense enough to be a hoss."

An hour later Si and Shorty were rudely awakened by the upper part of their bed being pulled from under their heads, which came down with severe bumps on the frozen ground.

They sprang up and rubbed their eyes, to see two men rushing away with the valise, and trying as they ran, to disencumber it of the entangling bed-clothes.

Si and Shorty yelled some very derogatory remarks, and started after them. But the frozen ground and the stubs hurt the boys' feet so much that they made little progress, and the thieves seemed about to get away when they ran against Otterbein Kramer, who had risen betimes to get breakfast, and commend himself to his new friends by having a piping-hot meal ready for them. He had stirred up the fire, and was coming back from the spring with a couple of camp-kettles filled full of water, and suspended from a yoke on his shoulders.

He was almost directly in front of the thieves. Without a moment's hesitation he flung himself and his two camp-kettles of water directly across their path, and there was an instantaneous and very depressing mix-up of cook, thieves, valise, camp-kettles and a quantity of very cold water.

Otterbein Kramer did not stop with this. While his camp-kettles were rattling around the thieves he stretched out his arms, caught their long hair, and pulled their faces down into the cold mud.

"You will be midnight robbers—you will break in and steal, Green Wamus and Flyblow Jones, in spite of all the admonitions I gave you when you first come around," he hissed, as he soused their faces down in the water. "I told you when I first caught you here to go away and not come back again, or it would be worse for you. Yet you came back a second time, and now a third time. You reprobates, hardened in sin."

"O, let up, Soapgrease Kramer," replied one. "Stop yer damned cantin'. Yo' air pow-wowin' jest to hear yerself chatter. Yo'd a heap sight rather preach than eat, ary day."

"Soapgrease, ef yo' don't le' go o' my haar, I'll done kill yo', so I will," threatened Green Wamus, sputtering the mud and water out of his mouth, and trying to strike Kramer with his fists.

"Soapgrease, what on Goddelmighty's airth's business is hit o' your'n what we'uns've bin a-doin'?" pleaded Flyblow Jones. "This hain't none o' your money. Hit's ourn'n more'n anybody else's, 'kaze we'uns've bin watchin' hit, an' gyardin' hit."

"Yes, you seed of Belial," answered Kramer, chugging their faces down in the mud again, "you've been watching it ever since it came into Lieut. Cosgrove's possession to steal it. Now you've deserted to get it."

"We'uns hain't desarted, no more'n yo' have, yerself, yo' bacon-rind butcher," said Green Wamus. "We'uns air a-gwine back to the company when we'uns git ready."

"We'uns air a-doin' our duty, capturin' this from the Yankees," pleaded Flyblow Jones. "They'uns stole hit from we'uns, an' we'uns is only doin' right stealin' hit back from they'uns. Le' go o' my haar, do, please."

"You scoundrels," said Otterbein Kramer, tightening his grip on their long hair, "you were begotten in sin, and brought forth in iniquity. You are thieves and liars at heart, and always will be, until Satan purges your vile souls with burning brimstone. It is your intentions as well as your act that I abhor. You were not stealing that money as an act of war, but for your own miserable selves. You've been trying to steal it ever since Lieut. Cosgrove drew it, and then you sneaked away to steal it from us."

"Us?" remarked Si, who had come up with Shorty, and was looking on. "Kramer's lost no time in enrolling himself."

"Great Jehosephat, what a revival preacher he'll make some day," ejaculated Shorty. "Won't he just sizzle their souls with a spout of scarifying words? Won't he just yank every mother's son up to the mourner's bench!"

"We want to get him called out to Posey County," replied Si. "He's needed among the Copperheads there."

"This is the third time you've been around here tonight," continued Kramer to his captives. The first time I admonished you, the second time I warned you, and those words having fallen upon the rocks of unbelief, I am now going to deliver you over to the fleshly arm. Serg't Klegg!"

"Here I am, Kramer," said Si, stepping forward and securing Green Wamus, while Shorty laid hold of Flyblow Jones. "We'll take care of them, now."

Kramer picked up his camp-kettles and yoke, and started back to the spring for more water.

"You infernal nighthawks," said Shorty, giving Flyblow Jones a shake; "prowling around after honest men have gone to bed, trying to rob them of their hard earnings."

"Don't, Mister," whined Flyblow. "I ain't to blame. I was only helpin' Green Wamus."

"You case-hardened villain," said Si to his man. "You stole a hundred thousand dollars. You ought to go to the penitentiary for life."

"I hain't no bigger thief than you air," returned Green Wamus. "Yo'uns done stole hit from we'uns."

"Stole it?" Shorty indignantly repudiated. "We honestly earned every cent of that money by the toil of our hands and the sweat of our brows yesterday. You never saw men do a harder day's work. A hundred thousand dollars in Confederate money was only scab wages for what we done. We wouldn't do that again for anybody for a cent less'n $100,000. You ought to be shot for burglary of poor workingmen's wages."

"O, Mister, you won't shoot us," pleaded Flyblow.

"Shet up," said Green Wamus. "They'uns don't durst shoot we'uns. We'uns is prisoners o' war."

"Don't know about that," exclaimed the lawyerlike Monty Scruggs, who had in the meanwhile come up with the rest. "You've entered our lines secretly, for the purpose of making depredations. You can't claim to be prisoners of war. You are red-handed robbers."

Green Wamus remarked, as he wilted with alarm: "What d'yo' s'pose we'uns've struck, Flyblow. A company o' preachers?"

"Dunno," answered Flyblow wearily. "They'uns've all got the gift o' gab mout-ilz."

The prisoners and valise were taken back to the fire, and the men made to sit down there, while the boys dressed themselves, attended to their horses, and got ready for breakfast.

The breakfast which Kramer served up was relatively as good as the dinner had been, and the boys enjoyed it, though they had not the sharp zest of hunger and fatigue of the previous day.

"You're engaged, Kramer," remarked Shorty. "You can stay with us as long as you throw up as good meals as this."

"The favor of the righteous is a continual feast," answered Kramer.

With sad faces the two prisoners sat on the ground at one end of the fire, and gloomily awaited their fate. Kramer fed them the leavings of the meal, much as if they were dogs.

"Entirely too good for you, you yellow hounds," he muttered as he scraped the remnants on pieces of board for them. "Bread and water are all that you deserve till the day of your death."

"By the way, Mr. Attorney-General Scruggs," remarked Si, looking the prisoners over severely, as he lighted his pipe at the end of the meal, "what was that law you quoted to me a little while ago about rebels who entered our lines for to steal or rob? Have you anything with it in?"

"Certainly, sir," Monty answered promptly, producing a copy of "The American Speaker," which he always carried around. "Here it is, sir." And he gravely read:

"Article I, Section 2. Any rebel or other enemy of the Government who shall, during war-time, covetly, secretly, wickedly, maliciously, and with intent to raise the devil in any way, or take what don't belong to him, enter any camp, fort or bivouac at night, shall be shot on sight, and buried crosswise of the road, between sundown and sun-up. By order of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. Attest: Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

"That settles it," remarked Shorty, scratching a match on the sole of his shoe, to relight his pipe, which he had reverently taken out of his mouth when Monty began to read. "That leaves us no choice in the matter, for which I'm glad, for I always hated to take the responsibility of executing a man, no matter how much he deserved it."

"The Bible says that they who break in at night to steal may be killed," added Kramer. "This is a good opportunity to get rid of murrained beasts."

"O, Mister, don't shoot we'uns—'specially me," wailed Flyblow. "I hain't done nothin', only helped him, an' he done made me do that. I sw'ar to goodness he done hit. I'll do anything in Goddelmighty's world for yo'uns if yo'uns'll only spare my life. Think of my wife an' children."

"Shet up, ye bellerin' calf," said Green Wamus to his partner. "Gents, he ain't no good, an' can't do nothin'. If yo'uns'll spare me, I'll make hit worth your while. I'll tell yo'uns something that'll be worth a dozen o' me to yo'uns."

"What may that be?" asked Si, with languid interest.

"I'll p'int out to yo'uns whar they're settin' torpedoes to blow yo'uns sky-high when yo'uns come on to 'em."

Flyblow was not going to be left out on this deal, and broke in:

"Yes, they'uns had me an' him at work settin' torpedoes, when we'uns seed our chance an' skeeted out. They said we warn't no good fer nothin' else, an' if we got blowed up hit didn't matter. I know more 'bout 'em than he does, though, kaze I didn't git away so soon. You'd better spare me nor him."

"This is somewhat interesting," said Si languidly. "I'll think about it. Mr. Attorney-General Scruggs, is there any authority anywhere for postponing executions?"

"Yes, sir," promptly answered Monty, referring to his "American Speaker." "Article I, Sec. 14, says that commanding officers may exercise their discretion as to the time and place of carrying out sentences, selecting such as may make them most effective as warnings."

"Very good," said Si, after a moment's reflection. "We don't have to bury you until after sundown. We'll give you all day to point out those torpedoes. If you find 'em for us, we may let up on you. If you don't"——

"Tomorrow morning will find you trying to kick off a sod-blanket," interposed Shorty.

"Saddle up, boys," commanded Si. "We must start. The first thing to do is to get this money back to headquarters, though I hate awfully to lose the time. The army's moving, and we ought to be pushing out for the front. The next point is the Salkehatchie, and it's mighty important we get across there first before the rebels know what we're up to."

"We couldn't get back to headquarters in 'steen days," said Shorty, looking back at the crowded bridge. "Everything is pushing this way. The only way to get back to headquarters would be to swim or fly. That blasted truck ain't worth it, nohow."

"I guess you're right," responded Si. "A hundred thousand dollars, Confed, more or less, don't amount to much nowadays"——

"And it's amounting to less every hour. There's a run on the bank that's going to bust it, sure. The money mayn't be worth nothing at all by the time we get it to headquarters."

"You're right. We can't go back very well, anyway, and ought to go ahead. There's where our duty lays, more'n getting this truck to headquarters. I'm going to take the chances on it. None of us can carry that big valise on his hoss, and I'm going to divide up the money among the boys. We'll have to risk them losing it, or having it stolen."

He handed each of the boys 10 of the $1,000 packages.

"I wouldn't trust you with this, Pete," Shorty said, as the boy received his, "except that we are not likely to run up against any sutler shops or pie counters. Your's and Sandy's wouldn't last an hour if you got where there was any pies or canned peaches."

"I guess we've got just as much right to our shares as the others have," protested Pete. "We helped just as hard to get it. None of you got a dose o' bird-shot as I did, and how'd you ever got across that crick if it hadn't been for Sandy? And we can be trusted with money just as much as some other people."

They took a couple of horses which were found tethered in the brush near their camp, upon which to mount their prisoners, and started down the hill on the road leading directly northward from Sandy Hill, toward Robertsville, Brighton and the Salkehatchie. Otterbein Kramer rode at the rear of the squad, and carried his cooking utensils and provisions upon his horse, and a mule, which he led.

Si had Green Wamus alongside of him, and Shorty had Flyblow on his left.

They rode forward briskly, until they came to the declivity that led to Moccasin Creek. They halted, and scanned the crossing, beyond which two or three rebels appeared.

"It's fordable," concluded Si; and speaking to Shotry, "You can see that by the way the limbs of them trees they have dragged in to blockade the ford stick up above the water."

"Twon't be much trouble to roll them aside if they hain't got them staked down," said Shorty, dismounting, and going forward to a point where he thought he could get a good shot at the men on the other side. "Tain't anywhere near so bad as that cypress tree was, even if the brush is under water. We'll just run them fellers back, and then we'll roll the trees out without any trouble except that of getting wet."

"It looks a little too easy," remarked Si; "I'm a little jubous about it. They hain't bin preparing picnics for us, anywhere."

"O, them fellers last night was in too much of a hurry to get away to do much real obstructing. They had other things in their minds, and wanting something to eat was one of them. A man run off from his dinner ain't in much humor for anything but another issue of grub."

"I heard axes going, when I waked up during the night," persisted Si.

"No need to worry," assured Shorty; "that stuff is only what those fellers who ran away last evening chucked in in a hurry, and we can pull it out as easy as they throwed it in."

A minute later he fired, and as he reloaded remarked:

"There, I think I laid that in so close to the Johnny that he'll take it as an invitation to the other side of the next creek. If we can do so good shooting at 600 yards, they'll think it tempting Providence to wait till we get within half that distance."

The rebels returned the fire, but without much animation or accuracy, and Harry, Monty, Gid, Alf, Pete and Sandy, jumping to the ground, began skirmishing forward, while Si remained with the rest on the bluff studying the country beyond. There was something that disturbed him, but he could not tell what. He thought probably that it was apprehension that a large number of men might be concealed somewhere.

Shorty got interested in the skirmishing, and slipped forward to join the boys. He was followed by Tom Radbone and Abe Grimstead, leaving Si with the prisoners. Si turned and looked at them. They were staring down at the ford, with their dull eyes opened to their widest, and a look of intense expectancy on their sallow faces.

"Say, you fellers, what's down there, or over there?" Si asked sharply.

"What's down thar, or over thar?" drawled Green Wamus, indifferently. "How should we'uns know? Ain't nothin' that we'uns knows on."

"You're a-lying, you scoundrel," said Si, fingering his gunlock ominously. "Tell me the truth at once."

"Thar ain't nothin', that I knows on"—began Green Wamus, but the terrified Flyblow broke in:

"Yes thar is. Thar's a "——

"Thar's a hull passel o' torpedoes in that thar brush," interjected Green Wamus, anxious, since the truth must come out, that he should have the credit of revealing it, even at that late moment. "Thar's whar we'uns was at work last evenin'."

"Torpedoes in the brush?" echoed Si. "How can they be in the water?"

"Thar whar they is, all the same."

Thrilled with anxiety, Si put the prisoners in front of him, and rushed down the hill, toward where the boys were gathering under Shorty's lead for a dash at the obstructions in the ford. The firing on the opposite side had almost ceased.

Harry and Monty had cut across and gotten ahead of Shorty. They dashed into the ford, seized one of the saplings, and gave it a violent jerk out of the way. A loud explosion followed, pieces of the torpedo shrieked back over Si's head, a cascade of water mingled with limbs of trees and mud rose in the air, and the boys disappeared. For an instant Alf and Gid, who were next, recoiled from the perturbation, but the next they jumped into the water to rescue their comrades. They groped around and pulled at another tree when a second explosion followed, in which they also disappeared in a geyser of water, mud and branches.

Shorty leaped in and dragged out Harry and Monty, who were stunned, bleeding and insensible, and Alf and Gid regained the shore in almost as bad condition.

The rebels reappeared on the bank beyond, and opened fire. Si made his prisoners lie down behind a log at the side of a ford, while he joined with Shorty, Tom, Abe, Pete and Sandy in a fire which drove the rebels back again.

In the midst of this, Otterbein Kramer darted out from behind a clay knob, where he had taken shelter, and picked up one after another, Harry, Monty, Alf and Gid, and carried them back to his refuge, where he worked over the first two, to restore them to consciousness.

Away across the creek, a mile to the right, Si saw approaching a full company of rebels, who were hastening to respond to the alarm given by their pickets and resist the crossing.

The ground just across the ford, where the pickets stood, rose in a natural bank which, with the logs lying on it, would make an excellent position to hold against numbers.

If the coming rebels should gain it first they would drive him far back, and would be exceedingly difficult to dislodge. He became very eager to get over at once.

"Are there any more torpedoes in there? Speak quick," he said to the prisoners, bringing down his gun over them.

"Thar's one more—nigh t'other side," answered Green Wamus, shying from the pointed muzzle.

"Wade across there at once, and pull it out," commanded Si, cocking his gun.

There is never any debate allowable when the previous question is ordered with a cocked gun within a few feet of one's head, and Green Wamus and Flyblow, shivering with fear, arose and waded into the water. If they had not had all the scare their minds could hold, their fright would have been increased by the shots that the pickets sent at them from long range. This did not, however, rob them of all their cunning. They circled around to the right a little, as if to avoid coming directly upon the torpedoes, and came to a log where the water was up to their waists.

Then, like a flash, they suddenly dropped to a sitting position, and ducked their heads below the water, to avoid the shot they expected from Si's gun.

Si did not fire, and up popped their heads again, streaming with water.

"Get up at once, and pull that torpedo out, or I'll blow your dumbed heads off both of you," shouted Si.

Down went their heads again.

For a moment Si was non-plussed, and the rest stood in amazement. The moment was very critical, because the rebel company was now coming at a dead run.

Otterbein Kramer saw the crisis.

"God calls me," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "I may never serve Him better than at this moment."

He rushed into the water, straight at the sapling which remained to bar the crossing, and without a moment's hesitation for selection, seized that portion of the top nearest with a strong grasp.

Another fearful explosion followed, the tree was torn to pieces, and Kramer hidden by the cascade of mud, water and limbs.

Si dashed through, gained the opposite bank, rushed up to the logs, and lay down behind them, and fired a shot with good aim into the midst of the on-rushing rebels.

Shorty, Tom, Abe, Sandy, Pete, Alf and Gid were with him the next minute, and fired with coolness and precision.

The rebels halted and began to fall back.

After they had disappeared, Si and Shorty looked around for their men.

Green Wamus and Flyblow Jones were gone. Otterbein Kramer, wet and bleeding, had crawled out on the bank, and was lying there exhausted with his efforts, hurts and excitement.

"You're all right now, Kramer," said Si, kindly. "You're one of us now. Are you hurt badly?"

"Praise the Lord; He has girded me with strength unto the battle. He has subdued under me those that rose up against me," murmured Kramer. "Have they fled away?"

(To be continued.)

"THERE WAS A MIX-UP OF COOK, THIEVES, VALISE, CAMP-KETTLES, AND A QUANTITY OF VERY COLD WATER."

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

Chancellorsville, May, 1863.

BY GEORGE P. LATHROP.

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's Corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"—
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate,
And our line reeled and broke.

Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; ox prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word;
And the black guns moved as if they had heard;
But, ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O, God, for ten minutes' time!"
The General looked around;
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"—
"Are soldiers, General." "Then,
Charge, Major! Do your best;
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed—else the army is lost;
You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."
"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank;
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,
Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell;
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
Round his head like a halo there, luminous hung;
Line after line, aye, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons

By the maddened horses were onward borne,
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men side by side,
So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain, the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his spectre-call;
But they stir not again, they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace;
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That sa