p. m. of May 21 Gen. Ross reported this encounter to Gen. Jackson, and the information was promptly conveyed to Gen. Johnston.

On May 22, at his bivouac on Raccoon Creek, Gen. Ross spent the morning actively in making observations of the movements of the Union troops, and reported the result in the following dispatch:

"Headquarters Texas Cavalry Brigade,
"May 22, 1864; 11 a. m.

"General: The enemy are not moving in any direction on this side of the river in my front, nor on the opposite side, so far as I can see. I have been watching them all morning from the top of a very high house on an eminence which gave me a commanding view of the whole country. They are encamped all along a creek running around the ledge of hills and parallel with the river. Stragglers and men from the nearest camps are walking about on the river banks and around the houses in the valley. They had parade and inspection this morning, bands of music, etc.; their drums were beating in every direction. I could very distinctly hear the whistle of locomotives in the direction of Cass, or Cass Station. There can be no doubt about its being the whistle of an engine. The report in reference to artillery passing down toward Gillem's Bridge last night I think must have been a mistake. Capt. Croft thought he could hear the peculiar rumbling of artillery wheels, but I think as the road along which it could only have passed is about two miles from the point where Capt. Croft stood, he could not have heard artillery carriages. I am satisfied from the position of the enemy near me that they will cross below me, and not between this point and the bridge guarded by Gen. Ferguson. A scout has just reached me and reports three cavalry regiments on the opposite bank at Milam's Bridge; thinks they are going to cross. A large force camped back in timber not more than a mile from the river; their camps, men, etc., are plainly visible. They will certainly cross there and at Gillem's Bridge if they advance. A force has been sent to reinforce the picket just this side of the bridge and dispute the crossing."

This dispatch was forwarded to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at 1 p. m. the same day. Gen. Johnston now became satisfied that Gen. Sherman would soon begin his movement across the river, and caused the following letter to be addressed to Gens. Polk, Hood and Hardee:

"General: Gen. Johnston informs you that reports indicate active movements of the enemy, but are conflicting as to direction. When the direction is ascertained time is all important. Everything should be ready to move in any direction at a moment's notice."

Upon the receipt of Gen. Johnston's letter, Gens. Polk, Hood and Hardee directed that the troops of their respective commands hold themselves in readiness to move in any direction at a moment's notice. Gen. Hood announced to his division commanders that "the indications are that the enemy will cross the river below." Thus it will be seen that on the evening before Gen. Sherman began his movement, the rebel army was holding itself ready to move against him, and that the opinion was that he would cross the Etowah River below the railroad.

There were several bridges over the Etowah River between Etowah Station, the point where the extreme left of our army was encamped, and the city of Rome, which Gen. Sherman proposed to use in crossing the river; but to facilitate the rapid movement of the troops several pontoon bridges were laid.

The reader must understand that Gen. Sherman had nearly 80,000 of his army fronting the great bend in the Etowah River between Etowah Station and Kingston, and that these troops, with the artillery and wagons, were to cross the river at fords and over bridges within a space of about 10 miles. It was a busy day with the army when this movement began. The Army of the Tennessee crossed over Wooley's Bridge, about three miles west of Kingston. The right of the Army of the Cumberland crossed at Gillem's Bridge, south of Kingston; the left of this army crossed at Etowah Cliffs, and was followed by the Army of Ohio, while the center of the Army of the Cumberland crossed at bridges intermediate between Etowah Cliffs and Gillem's. This arrangement placed Hooker's Twentieth Corps and Schofield's Army of the Ohio between Raccoon Creek and Euharlee Creek, and gave them the shortest route to Dallas; besides, it placed them nearest to the Confederate forces at Allatoona Pass.

The other corps of the Army of the Cumberland, led by Gen. Thomas in person, together with the Army of the Tennessee, led by Gen. McPherson, moved south through a rough and heavily-wooded country west of the Euharlee Creek, while Gen. Davis, with his division, crossed the river at Rome and moved down the Van Wert road to unite with other troops at Dallas. Gen. Sherman marched with Gen. Thomas, who occupied the center, which was the main column of direction, and to whose movements the other columns conformed. The three armies moved up the valleys of the Euharlee Creek, a stream with its branches that flows northeast and empties into the Etowah about three miles below Etowah Cliffs. These streams break through a ridge of low mountains, over which the troops passed. This ridge is an old mining camp, where much work has been done in search for gold. The ores, although quite abundant, are of low grade; the business proved unprofitable and the diggings had been abandoned, but the mines had made many paths and roads across the range, and these were used by the troops in making the crossing.

On the morning of May 23 Gen. Ross was still encamped on Raccoon Creek, watching the movements of the Union forces. At an early hour he saw the Union troops in motion and cavalry crossing the river. He immediately reported the facts in the following letter:

"The enemy has crossed a heavy force of cavalry on pontoons at Milam's Bridge. Pickets and scouts report hearing artillery crossing the bridge; were driven off before they could see any infantry (if they have crossed any). I will force them to show their infantry when they reach my lines. They are marching on a country road leading into the Alabama road at Stilesborough. I can see by the dust that another column is approaching the ford just opposite my headquarters, which is now guarded by three companies from Gen. Ferguson's command. I will request Gen. Ferguson to move at once to support his picket on the river. Drums are beating on the opposite side of the river above me, and some skirmishing at a rough ford near Rowland's Bridge, but I think the Yankee force there consists only of a small force of cavalry."

Acting upon the information contained in Gen. Ross's letter, Gen. Johnston gave orders to his corps commanders designed to throw his whole army in front of Gen. Sherman's forces and give them battle.

Gen. Hardee and Gen. Polk, who were to move their troops at once, issued the following orders:

Gen. Hardee said: "The command will move on the road to Dallas in the following succession: Cleburne's Division, at once; Walker's Division, 10:30 a. m.; Bate's Division, 11 a. m.; Cheatham will follow Bate. The artillery regiment under Col. Smith will move in rear of all the infantry, except Jackson's Brigade. Vaughan's Brigade will rejoin the division; Jackson's Brigade will bring up the rear, following Cheatham's Division, and will rejoin Walker's Division at the close of the day's march."

Gen. Polk said: "This command will move, right in front, immediately in the following order, to Allatoona, and there halt to await further orders: First, Loring's Division; second, Maj. Myrick's battalion; third, Brig.-Gen. Cantey's Division; fourth, Maj.-Gen. French's Division.

"Maj.-Gen. Loring will send a staff officer to Gen. Cantey to inform him when his column shall have been put in motion, and Gen. Cantey will send the same information to Maj.-Gen. French."

BOTH ARMIES MOVING ON DALLAS.

So it will be seen that on May 23 the two armies were marching substantially toward the same point—Dallas—and a collision was inevitable. Gen. Johnston had this advantage however: he knew and all his commanders knew that Gen. Sherman had crossed the Etowah and was moving south, but Gen. Sherman did not know that Gen. Johnston was marching to intercept him.

For the march of May 24 Gens. Hardee and Polk issued the following orders:

Gen. Hardee said: "The command will move tomorrow, as follows: Bate's Division, at 2 a. m., to the church on the Dallas road. From that point Gen. Bate will throw out one brigade one mile in advance on the Dallas road, and two brigades one mile on the Burnt Hickory road. He will remain in observation at this position until the whole column has passed, when he will bring up the rear. Cleburne's Division will move at 3 a. m. to the church and thence on the Atlanta road. Walker's Division will move at 4 a. m. and follow Cleburne. Cheatham's Division will move at 5 a. m. and follow Walker."

Gen. Polk said: "The troops of this command will be in readiness to move tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock, right in front, in the following order, viz: First, Cantey's Division; second, French's Division; third, Loring's Division; fourth, ordnance train; fifth, reserve artillery.

"The artillery battalions will follow their respective divisions. The column will be put in motion by a staff officer of the Lieutenant-General precisely at 4 a. m."

It will be observed that Gen. Hardee anticipated that Gen. Sherman's troops might turn eastward when they reached Burnt Hickory, cross Pumpkin Vine Creek and move upon New Hope Church, so he caused one brigade to march one mile west of the church and remain in observation until his whole column had passed on toward Dallas. This movement of precaution was taken May 24, one day before Hooker's advance reached Burnt Hickory.

Gen. Hood remained in camp east of Allatoona Pass on May 23 and 24, while the other two corps were marching westward to their respective positions. This delay in Gen. Hood's movement was no doubt made for the purpose of giving ample time for the road to be cleared for his march, and also as a precaution against a direct attack from the north against the Pass.

On May 24 Gen. Hood issued the following order of march for the next day:

"The Lieutenant-General commanding desires you to move your division and the reserve battalion of artillery early tomorrow morning to Allatoona, and from thence westward on the road that Gen. Hindman moved on this morning. When you have marched about four miles from Allatoona you will come into the Lost Mountain road, where Gen. Stewart has a regiment on picket, at which place you will halt and report the fact to these headquarters. Ask Gen. Armstrong to relieve your pickets on the river and inform him that Gen. Hood's headquarters are at Dr. Smith's house, on the Lost Mountain road, about seven miles west of Allatoona. When you halt you will picket any roads leading to the river. The courier who bears this dispatch knows where you are to halt. Say to Gen. Armstrong that Gen. Hood considers his right as resting on the railroad, and ask him to inform Gen. Hood of the movements of the enemy."

This movement was designed to place Gen. Hood's Corps in reserve to support either Hardee or Polk, as the exigencies of the campaign might require.

AN EXAMPLE OF CONFEDERATE ENERGY.

To illustrate the energy and determination that inspired the officers leading the Confederate forces, I invite attention to the orders issued by Gen. Hardee and Gen. Hood on May 24. Gen. Hardee wrote to Gen. Polk:

"I put my corps in motion this morning at 2 o'clock. My orders to get in the main Dallas and Atlanta road, to take up a position and defend it. I am also instructed to keep in communication with you."

Gen. Hood's order to his troops stated: "The Lieutenant-General commanding desires to say to the officers and soldiers of his command that in the coming battle their country expects of them victory. This corps must remember the glorious successes of our arms beyond the Mississippi; they must think of their comrades in Virginia, battling against overwhelming odds, and the triumphs which have crowned their efforts, and determine to be outstripped by none in such a course.

"So far, wherever you have engaged the enemy, you have repulsed him; your General has pride in the troops he has the honor of commanding, and expects them to be victorious. Death is far preferable to defeat."

Gen. Hood's Corps had been resting for some days; the troops were in fine spirits, had great confidence in their commander, and marched forward with alacrity. Following the example of Gen. Hardee, Gen. Hood sent a considerable force down the road from New Hope Church toward Burnt Hickory to prevent the surprise of his moving column by the Union forces, if they chanced to be marching over that road. The precaution was well taken, for his troops soon found plenty to do.

These prompt movements of Gen. Johnston showed the state of preparedness in which he kept his army, and also shows that he anticipated a flank movement by Gen. Sherman. In my opinion Gen. Johnston felt satisfied that Gen. Sherman would not make a direct attack upon a strongly-fortified position like Allatoona Pass, if he thought it practicable to turn the position by a flank movement and bring on a battle upon more favorable ground. He also knew that Gen. Sherman would not hesitate to leave his base of supplies and depend upon his wagons and the country during the progress of a flank movement.

I am satisfied that Gen. Johnston did not expect a direct attack upon Allatoona Pass, and that he did expect that Gen. Sherman would undertake to force him to give battle at some point south of Allatoona Range. The only question with him was whether Sherman would cross the Etowah River above or below the railroad.

(To be continued.)

The Cost of Irrigation.

(Century.)

Those who look forward to the control of the great rivers of America and the use of funds supplied by the Government for that purpose point to the fact that England has spent about $30,000,000 on the new Nile dams and other works for controlling the great Egyptian river and making certain the crops of the valley below, and that she has invested the sum of $360,000,000 for irrigation purposes in India during the last 30 years. A single canal from the Ganges cost $15,000,000; it has a total length, including tributaries and drainage cuts, of 3,910 miles, and irrigates over 1,000,000 acres of land. These works in India, costly and stupendous as they have been, are regarded by the English as a profitable investment. There are 6,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the valley of the Nile, supporting a population of over 5,000,000 people. Mr. Elwood Mead, irrigation expert of the United States Government, estimates that the Missouri River and its tributaries, if properly controlled, will irrigate five times as much territory, furnishing an opportunity for the expansion of surplus population that will last the American people for a long time to come. No, these Westerners do not believe in the necessity of foreign islands as an outlet for American colonization; they point rather to their own expanses of unclaimed, cheap, rich land in a climate that is nearly perfect.

A Troublesome Boy.

Tommy had been worrying papa with the usual number of unanswerable questions, and had been threatened with condign punishment if he did not keep quiet. He fidgeted about in silence for some time, but at length broke out:

"Pa, they say the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, doesn't it?"

"Yes, yes. Don't ask silly questions."

"And it isn't just to steal another man's umbrella, is it?"

"Certainly not. If you ask any more"——

"But, pa, the rain doesn't fall upon the man that steals the umbrella, and it does on the man that has his stolen. Funny, ain't it, pa?"

THE RIVER FORT.

A Story of the Northwest Frontier of India.

BY FRANK SAVILE.

Miss Vane and Maj. Fenton had strolled up the slope behind the tents to sit down beneath the shadow of a great boulder. The camp, bathed in the April sunshine, lay stretched at their feet. Just beyond its outskirts a cloud of dust rolled on toward the river banks, parting now and again to reveal glimpses of green and gold, and lit with swift gleams of scabbard and lance. The torrent shone like molten silver between gray, overhanging rocks, till it disappeared two miles away into the shadows thrown by a towering crag in the very center of the ravine. The battlements that crowned the crag were distinct against the sky, and it was evident that the horsemen who had set the dust astir were making straight for them. Fenton smiled grimly, as he pointed toward the group.

"There goes the blackest rascal on all the frontier line," said he.

Miss Vane arched her eyebrows beneath the shadow of her hat.

"Afrullah Khan?" she asked, with great surprise. "I thought his manners perfect."

Fenton nodded.

"This afternoon they left nothing to be desired," he agreed; "but they won't bear the strong light of history. Unspeakable legends of cruelty hang about his name."

"I think you are a little hard. He has fought us; he has been beaten. Now he sees that nothing is to be gained by further resistance, so he makes his submission and makes it freely."

"Quite so. While we keep our present garrison at Assourah in all probability he will be submissive enough. Wait till the road-making is finished and the troops are withdrawn."

She shook her head.

"Nonsense," she said, decidedly. "You may trust a woman's instincts a good deal farther than a man's suspicions. I feel certain that he means honestly by us; that he wishes to demonstrate his good faith. That is why he has asked Henry to return his visit before we move camp tomorrow."

Fenton stared.

"Do you mean to tell me that he has asked the Colonel into his fort—into Fort Kotal?" he demanded.

"Yes. We are going to ride over when the sun gets a little lower."

"We! Who are we?"

"Beatrice, Henry and I."

Fenton started to his feet with something like the sound of an oath.

"Am I to understand that Col. Macworth is going to take his wife and you into that jackal's den? He must be mad!"

"Really, Maj. Fenton, I think you may trust my brother-in-law to take proper care of, at any rate, his wife. Bee is most anxious to go. So am I."

"But—but"—he stammered, hardly knowing what words to use, so great was his vehemence, "but he can't know what he is doing! Not a soul but Afrullah Khan's own brigands have ever seen the inside of Fort Kotal since it was built. And they—in addition to the frightful oaths of fealty they have sworn—have got to come to him certified by blood-guiltiness. There isn't one of the villains but is stained with murder or worse!"

"Well," she answered, complacently, "that only proves my theory that his submission is thorough, or he wouldn't do it."

"It proves that he is up to some scoundrelly trick," exploded Fenton; "you shan't go."

The smile vanished from her face.

"Shan't?" she asked, coldly.

"I—I shall use my every effort to prevent it," stammered Fenton. "I shall explain matters to the Colonel. He has no previous knowledge of Afrullah Khan. I have."

"I think I can trust Henry to know his own mind," said the girl, "and I shall have a poor opinion of him if he changes it. Why, he would be failing in his duty to the Government if he neglected such an opportunity of gaining the good will of the hillmen."

"Their good will! The good will of a Pathan!" cried the man. "The blackguard wouldn't know the meaning of the term if you explained it to him for an hour! To him peace is only the interval used to prepare for further war! And I wish to goodness Macworth hadn't told him what our convoy was. When he heard that those cases contained the rifles for the new levies, and that there was a round thousand of them, his eyes grew simply wolfish—there is no other word for it."

"No doubt you would have made an infinitely better commander for the convoy than my brother-in-law," said Miss Vane, sarcastically, "but as he happens to be in charge of it—and of me—I shall venture to be guided by his opinions. Shall we go down? I see Beatrice waving her hand to signal that tea is ready."

Fenton flinched. He looked at her appealingly as they turned down the rocky path.

"I—I didn't mean to be rude," he said, humbly.

"But you were," said the girl, sharply, and an instant later regretted it. But as she was proud enough to keep her regrets to herself, the rest of the walk was passed in constrained and rather miserable silence.

Though nothing was openly announced, it was tacitly understood in the camp that, though there were eight other officers, the chair next to Miss Vane at tea-time belonged of right to Fenton. Some slight surprise therefore was felt, though not shown, when he relinquished both this right and his tea by walking off to the Colonel's tent. Miss Vane plunged valiantly into the general conversation.

Although he was sore at his snubbing, it was anxiety that filled the Major's heart. He was only second in command of the convoy that was taking rifles, ammunition and stores to Assourah, but his 10 years' experience on the frontier had taught him much that his Colonel had yet to learn. What he had heard from Miss Vane made Fenton anxious to commence his commander's education at once.

Round the tea-table the talk concerned itself with the guest of the afternoon—Afrullah Khan, lord of Fort Kotal and of the adjacent uplands.

"His citadel is practically impregnable for mountain warfare," said Forrest, of the Sikhs, pointing toward it as he spoke. "Of course, a fieldgun or two would blow it into fragments, but till we appeared on the scene he had nothing to fear but jezails and perhaps one or two old smooth-bore Cabul cannon. So he has dominated the country-side pretty absolutely."

"He could be starved out?" suggested Mrs. Macworth.

Forrest shook his head.

"There are acres of cellars in the rock below—enough to hold two years' grain, at least. He keeps them full, too."

"How about water, though? There surely can't be wells in that granite crag?"

Forrest laughed.

"It is the other way about," said he. "In flood time they have rather too much, if anything. The Kotal River runs through the fort."

"Through it?" echoed Miss Vane.

"Yes. The walls straddle the stream, so to speak. The river boils through the very center of the courtyard."

"But there is an entrance at once, then. The fort can't be impregnable."

Carruthers, wing commander of the Gurkhas, chuckled.

"If you think it can be taken by swimming," said he, "you are making a very huge mistake. There is a great wrought-iron grating across the tunnel that passes under the fortification, and the torrent gushes against it at something like 30 miles an hour. They have nothing to fear there."

Miss Vane sets down her tea-cup with a smile.

"It sounds most romantic from your description," she said, briskly, "and I am delighted we are going to see it with our very own eyes. We are going over to visit it in a few minutes."

Forrest's eyes grew wide.

"Visit the fort!" he exclaimed.

The obvious surprise in his voice irritated Violet Vane. It seemed to confirm Fenton's words of the afternoon.

"The Colonel is going to take us," she said, curtly.

"Oh, I think there must be a mistake," said Forrest, confidently, but at this moment the man in question appeared at his tent door. Fenton was speaking to him with evident eagerness, but Col. Macworth was frowning. His last words were audible to all around the little tea-table.

"Thank you, Fenton," he said, dryly. "You have done what you believe to be your duty. But as I don't share your views you must not be surprised if I don't attend to your warnings. Give me a cup of tea, my dear," he said to his wife as he dropped into a chair, "and then you and Vi had better get your habits on. We start almost directly."

When the horses were brought round Miss Vane made no objection to Fenton's lifting her to her saddle. In fact, she threw a little additional cordiality into her voice as she thanked him to atone for her ungracious words of the afternoon. Fenton's hand was trembling as he smoothed her skirt into place. He raised his eyes quickly.

"Must you go?" he asked, with a sudden impulse.

The ghost of a frown clouded her smile.

"Of course," she answered, as she drew the reins between her fingers. "How very extraordinary you are! Of course, I must go!"

"Then take this," he said, eagerly, and drew a small object from his pocket and pressed it into her hand. The girl looked down to recognize, with great surprise, a neat little nickel-plated revolver.

She stared at it, hesitated, made as if she would return it, and then her lips began to move. Her brother-in-law's voice forestalled her.

"We are waiting, Violet," said Macworth, stiffly. He was under the impression that Fenton was using dissuasions which, as his superior officer, he resented.

Miss Vane started slightly and blushed. She thrust the pistol into the breast of her habit and her spur into her horse's flank, and cantered after her sister; but over her shoulder she threw a look at Fenton which was puzzled, anxious and a little appealing. A minute later the dust was whirling up behind her horse's hoofs.

The three trotted slowly off into the shadows that the sunset slanted across the ravine, while the escort of eight sowars rode a discreet 20 paces in the rear. Fenton watched the little cavalcade dwindle into the distance, reach the river and follow its banks to the walls of the fort. Through his binoculars he could distinguish the gaily-clad crowd that swarmed out to do them due honor, and then lost sight of them within the darkness of the arched gateway. He turned with a heavy heart to detail sentries and pickets for the night. He drew them from the Gurkhas. It is a silent-footed man indeed who can rush a Gurkha post.

Time passed. The glow of the sunset paled and died. The dusk grew deeper. Sentries were changed. The camp began to compose itself around the fires, yet no sound of the returning party was heard. Fenton examined his watch. They had been gone close on a couple of hours.

He remembered that Macworth had put the utmost limit of their absence at an hour and a half. He began to walk up and down. He strained his ears into the night for the jingle of curb and accouterment, but nothing broke the silence of the ravine.

Half an hour later he roused Forrest, curtly bade him take command, and ordered the remaining 40 Sikhs to boot and saddle. In another two minutes they were crossing the plain at the gallop to finally draw rein before the closed gates of Fort Kotal. There was silence on the battlements save for the purr of the cream-white eddy round the river grating. Suddenly through the darkness came a challenge, followed—so Fenton could have sworn—by a grim chuckle.

He walked his horse forward in front of the troopers.

"Tell the Colonel Sahib that I await him with escort," he called.

The reply came on the instant:

"And he you, sahib—and he you. For two hours we have curbed his impatience."

The flare of a score of torches broke into the darkness of the towers above him. A hundred villainous faces grinned wickedly along the parapet; a hundred voices rained filthy jests at the staring soldiers. The hoarse laughter of the Pathans rang into the desert echoes. Then from the center of the group a tall figure rose to curse them into silence.

"Cease, dogs!" commanded Afrullah Khan. "Let me have speech with this laggard who waits and is awaited."

He made a motion of his hand to unseen followers behind.

"Is this your quest, soldier?" he demanded.

An oath burst from Fenton's lips. A chorus of vengeful curses rang down the ranks of the Sikhs.

Bound and stark, lashed at elbow, wrist and ankle, a figure was thrust forward into the glare. The hopeless, tortured eyes were eloquent of the despair the gagged lips could not utter. Fenton gasped in his rage and his astonishment, and Afrullah Khan laughed grimly at the sound. The Englishman pulled himself together.

"Pathan dog!" he shouted, "as surely as the river runs you shall be hanged from your own battlements if this man and his following be not immediately released and humblest apology made!"

"And as surely as the moon shines upon the river that runs, English jackal, no apology shall be made and no release shall be given till my terms are met. Hear them! Pile here beneath my walls the cases of rifles which you guard, and by my life and by the Holy Prophet's beard I swear to give you the man and his women unharmed. Continue to chatter idle threats to me, and it will go ill with the memsahibs; and as for the Colonel Sahib"—he licked his thick lips and spoke slowly—"the Colonel Sahib I will deal with—I, with mine own hands."

Fenton gripped at his saddle in the agony of his indecision. To leave Macworth and the two women to the mercies of this unspeakable scoundrel was unthinkable. To betray his trust—and perhaps unavailingly, for who could trust a Pathan's word?—was not that unthinkable, too? No, there was but one course open in honor: to meet threats with threats and force with force—to fling his command at those battlements and cow that grinning fiend with the terrors of a vengeance that should be red indeed. To this effect his answer went back:

"Touch a hair of their heads, Afrullah Khan, and by every shrine you hold holy I swear to you that no man of your following shall be left alive, no single stone of your walls upon another! Release them to me instantly, before I bring my guns to batter your puny walls into dust!"

The Pathan laughed.

"Well crowed, cockerel!" he cried. "You have no guns. Did I not satisfy myself of that this afternoon? And if you would attack with rifles, come, then, and be welcome! For each man that reaches to within 50 yards of my gates I will owe you his weight in silver!"

He strode over to his prisoner as he spoke and dragged the gag from his lips.

"Let this underling of yours know the measure of my mercies," he commanded, "and your pains if they be not met!"

Macworth leaned over the parapet, held by those behind him. He looked Fenton steadfastly in the eyes.

"It is my fault, and I and mine must suffer," he said, sternly. "Have no fear for the women. Thanks to you, Vi has a means of escape for them both. I *forbid* a rescue. There is not the ghost of a chance—you would all be wiped out. Surround the fort. Send for reinforcements to Peshawur—and get guns. Then you can take your vengeance. But give him no rifles—refuse"——

Someone among Afrullah's followers must have had a glimmering of English. He cried fiercely to his leader. The Pathan silenced Macworth with a blow upon the lips before he stuffed the gag again between his teeth. Then he turned to the group below.

"Till dawn I give you," he cried, "till dawn. Then if the rifle-cases be not piled one at a time beside the postern, your white lambs shall cry to you indeed. But hear me! If more than two carriers approach, or they be armed, in that instant they shall perish. You have my leave to go!"

The torches dropped behind the screen of the battlements. The prisoner was dragged out of sight. The shadowy sentries began to patrol the battlements again, and Fenton was left with his troopers, bewildered, hesitating, baffled. He had eight hours to make up his mind—eight only. He bade half-a-dozen troopers draw off into the cover of the hill shadows and keep watch, while with the remainder he galloped back to take counsel with his comrades.

The stillness of the camp woke to furious uproar when the soldiers heard the tale their fellows had to tell. The ressaldars and subadars came as a wrathful deputation, demanding to be led against this nest of hill-cats upon the instant. For the time being they were quieted with promises. A great vengeance should be taken—that Fenton Sahib promised, but they must wait. The little Gurkha infantrymen trotted back to their camp fires and began to whet their kukries impatiently.

Yet, for all his cheerful words to the men, despair was on Fenton's face as he met his brother officers' eyes. What in Heaven's name could they do? Could they only carry out Macworth's orders—watch, besiege, and hear, perchance, the tortured cries of English women in silence? They swore not. The lives of 400 men should be wasted before that came about. But was there no other way? The night was drawing on. Was nothing to be attempted?

And then Forrest spoke.

"The coolies with the first load might take a charge of dynamite, leave it beneath the walls, and blow in a breach. If we are waiting in the mountain shadows half a mile off we might win a way in before the first confusion has subsided."

Fenton nodded.

"Something of the kind has been haunting my own brain," he said, "but it cannot be left to coolies. They would flinch at the last and give the whole thing away. And Afrullah Khan is no fool. There can be no time-fuse—he would send his underlings out and extinguish it. But a man might blow in a breach with a *percussion* fuse the instant he laid the case down."

"And be blown into fragments himself?" said Carruthers.

Fenton nodded.

"Of course," he said, simply. "And for me there is no question of living if those ladies are not rescued," he added, quietly.

For the moment they stared at him in silence. What was there to say?

"And as temporary commander of this force I claim the right to do the thing myself," he went on, rising to his feet. "We may call that settled."

The six others burst into a tumult of expostulations. Each spoke at once, giving 50 reasons why he and he alone should die. Fenton silenced them curtly. The thing was already arranged.

And then from the background a new voice joined the discussion. Haughton, the doctor, asked humbly if it was permitted a mere non-combatant to speak.

Fenton shrugged his shoulders. "Time is drawing on," he said, shortly.

"I don't want to waste time," said Haughton, smiling, "and at the same time I don't want to waste a man's life. Your plan is worthy of you, Fenton; but why not let the river do for you what you have decided to do yourself? The torrent there can take a charge of dynamite into Afrullah Khan's stronghold a great deal more certainly than you can, eh?"

Fenton looked at him earnestly.

"You mean we might set a charge of dynamite afloat on a raft? The men in the fort would see the fuse burning and rush out and drown it, even if it were not dashed to pieces long before it arrived."

"No; I didn't mean that," said Haughton.

"What did you mean, then?" cried Fenton, impatiently.

Haughton jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"If you will come with me to the hospital tent I can explain much more quickly," he said, and led the way into the darkness. Fenton followed.

"Private Jones has fractured his patella," he said, as he entered a tent where a night-light burned dimly, "and I have managed to make his leg comfortable. Now it will have to be uncomfortable till we get up to Assourah, but I don't think he will mind when I tell him why."

He gently roused the sleeping man in the cot-bed. The soldier stared up at the two wonderingly.

"I have to borrow that air-cushion beneath your knee for the Colonel's lady, Jones," said Haughton.

The man bent forward and plucked it out from beneath the clothes without a word of comment. Haughton smiled as he arranged a pillow to take its place.

"You don't ask what I'm taking it for," he said.

"Isn't it for the Colonel's wife?" said the private, simply. "Sure she may have it and welcome. Not ill, I hope, sir?"

And then Haughton gave him a short explanation, which unfortunately sent the patient's temperature up three degrees at a bound. They left him writhing beneath the agony of the knowledge that there was a fight in immediate prospect and that he would be out of it.

Haughton held up the bulky gray bag to Fenton.

"Now do you understand?" he asked.

"No," said the other, stolidly; "I'm blessed if I do."

"It's simple enough," said Haughton. "I unrip one side of this, suspend in the middle of it a glass phial with a few of the picric acid detonators you showed me the other day, add a pound or two of gun-cotton, and sew up the slit again. Then I blow out the bag to its fullest extension. If we set it afloat down the stream it can come to no harm till it reaches the grating, because it is so light and pliable."

"And then?" queried Haughton.

"Then it will jostle and bang about the iron bars."

"Yes. For hours, probably."

"No," said Haughton, "for the simple reason that I shall have made a minute puncture in it. When sufficient air has escaped, the phial will break as it is tossed against the bars, explode the dynamite or gun-cotton—I know you have brought plenty for road-making—and then Afrullah Khan's battlements"——

"Fly into the air," cried Fenton, as he slapped him on the back. "By Jove! Haughton, I believe you've saved us!"

"I hope I have saved you, at any rate," said Haughton, as he began his preparations. "Now go and make your own arrangements and try to remember that you are going to see Miss Vane again. That haggard face of yours fairly frightened me a few minutes back."

Fenton wrung his hand silently and hurried out into the night.

Half an hour later the moon shone down on 300 men stealing by twos and threes to the cover of the bolders that fringed the plain within half a mile of the fort. It was a space that the agile little Gurkhas could be trusted to cover within four minutes at need. The 40 Sikhs, on their wiry Walers, believed that they could do it in less than a hundred seconds.

Down on the river-bank Haughton was busy for a minute. Then he raised his hand to a couple of waiting coolies, a hundred yards away. They staggered out into the full moonlight of the plain, swinging a long case between them, one that contained rifles, indeed, but only three. The bulk of the contents was human flesh. Fenton, stained a dark chocolate and clad in little beside a tunic and waist-cloth, with Hiram Singh, the ressaldar Major, was carrying Carruthers, the lightest of the other officers, stretched out at length in this new coffin.

The three realized that they were placing themselves in the very grip of death. But it was necessary that they should be near enough to the scene of the coming explosion to profit by the confusion, to win a way into the breach, and to hold it for the one furious minute that must ensue before their troopers joined them. They lurched along slowly to give the floating vengeance time to work, making many halts to get their breath, and taking shorter and shorter paces as they neared their goal. They were within a furlong of the gates when they received a check that they had not foreseen.

"Halt where you are! I will send for your burden," roared Afrullah Khan from the battlements.

Fenton swore beneath his breath.

"The old villain is taking no chances," he whispered to the ressaldar.

The man nodded.

"No, sahib. The notion of blowing up the walls under cover of laying down the cases has occurred to him as well as to us. But Haughton Sahib's scheme—that is beyond his evil mind. Have no fear."

The clang of the opening gate was heard. Four dark figures came padding through the moonlight on bare feet. Two fierce eyes scanned Fenton's face, and a snarling Pathan voice said:

"Return to your masters, sons of pigs, and say that there is need of haste. There are 40 cases to bring and it want but six hours of dawn. Away with you!"

He and his fellows bent to lift the burden the other two had laid down. Fenton hesitated, uncertain for the moment how to act. Why did the explosion lag?

"Thy servants have need of rest," he whimpered, in true coolie fashion. "Let it be granted us that we sit a moment to recover breath."

The Pathan stopped—suspicious. It was not like an ordinary Bengali camp-follower. Such a one should be scampering back to his fellows, thankful to find himself alive. He peered up into Fenton's face. As ill-luck would have it, the Englishman's disguise slipped. A streak of white skin showed above the level of his tunic.

The Pathan's voice rang out in the shrill cry of "Treachery!"

There was instant bustle in the fort. Torches flamed—scores of eager faces lined the parapet. The sound of the gates being opened anew clanged into the night; the roar of voices and the clash of weapons stormed the echoes.

And then, as if the lightning had rent the darkness, a crimson streak flared into the sky and the thunderous boom of the explosion swallowed all lesser sounds into nothingness. The river wall, the towers, the grating, the bastion with its swarm of armed men, burst upwards into spinning fragments. Where a moment before had been dim shadows above the wash of innumerable eddies was a great rent into the heart of the citadel—a breach that laid the courtyard open to the very level of the plain.

Hiram Singh's tulwar had leaped from its concealment in his sash to find a new sheath in the Pathan's throat. Bullets from Fenton's revolver had accounted for two more. The fourth raced for the shattered fort, screaming shrilly, while the Englishmen and the Sikh panted at his heels.

Carruthers halted a bare second to bring his rifle to his shoulder. At the sound of the report the runner pitched forward upon the very brink of the opening, his outflung arms outlined against the glare within. At the same moment the three heard the thunder of the charge sweeping up from behind.

An instant later the troopers halted their horses upon their very haunches, flung the reins upon their necks tetherless, and stormed at their leader's back into the shambles of the inner court.

For a moment it seemed as if resistance was to lack to the attack. Then with yells of rage half a hundred Pathans came with a rush from a dozen doors and windows, Afrullah Khan at their head, every curse—and they are many—that a hillman knows snarling between his yellow teeth. Fenton leaped forward to meet him, Hiram Singh at his elbow.

The Pathan leader rushed on, but not at the Englishman. He swerved. With a quick turn of the heel he made for an open doorway at the courtyard end, his men, following blindly, with him.

Instinct made Fenton understand the hideous grin upon the Pathan's face. He knew himself undone—he was going to take vengeance. Somewhere up that dark entry the prisoners were caged, their fate still trembling in the balance!

He shouted to his troopers to cut the others off, and led them with a rush that jammed the doorway with a furious mob of slashing men, who cut, and cut blindly, at friend or foe—a jostle of living and dying that heaved like a troubled whirlpool as some suffocated wretch fell to smothered agonies, or when some panting hillman's muscles were galvanized into superhuman strength by a bullet in heart or brain. Out of the turmoil only two men won an entrance through the doorway across the heaped corpses—the Pathan leader and Fenton; Afrullah Khan had a lead of a dozen steps. He bounded up the stairs.

Fenton, following, heard the clash of a lock and the jar of an opening door. He leaped the last flight six stairs at a time to overtake his adversary. Afrullah Khan turned, with the door half open behind him, and raised his blade. The Englishman covered him with his revolver. There was no report, only a tiny click. He had emptied it in the courtyard fray!

The Pathan gave a triumphant cry. He raised his sword to the full height of his arm. Fenton flung up his wrist weakly to break the coming blow and slipped upon the uneven stair. The glittering blade seemed to hang aloft untold ages before it fell—he gasped—do what he would he winced before the coming shock.

And then the sword fell, indeed, but alone. It clattered from Afrullah Khan's grasp to the floor as a sharp report filled the echoes of the stairway. The Pathan staggered, rocked against the opposite wall, and slid to the pavement. A reeking wound stared in his back, while the faint blue mist of powder-smoke came drifting through the still half-opened door.

And Fenton, too, reeled down unconscious. The strain upon his overwrought nerves had been too great.

When his senses fluttered slowly back to him 10 minutes later the fight was over. Red flashes still flared upon the plain and the rifles still spoke, but they only told of hunted hillmen flying to the upland gorges before the Gurkha pursuit. Within the courtyard Col. Macworth was already in command of his rescuing men.

Fenton stared drowsily at Afrullah Khan's body, still lying where it fell. Still half dazed, he turned to see Violet Vane watching him with anxious, questioning eyes. They were alone.

"He—he was shot down from behind," he muttered, weakly.

She was pale, but she did not falter. Her eyes avoided the Pathan's corpse and fixed themselves steadily on Fenton's face.

"I shot him—I," she answered, controling a shudder.

He looked up at her wonderingly.

"You—you saved my life?" he cried.

"Or you mine?" she said, trying to smile.

He staggered to his feet. His eyes were shining. His lips moved with words that he hesitated to say. He had no need.

"And so," she said, eagerly, impulsively, "if your life belongs to me, mine is yours—yours."—The Strand.

Red Jacket Circle.

A unique Circle of the Ladies of the G. A. R. is that located at Fulton, N. Y., and known as Red Jacket Circle, No. 16. The members of this Circle are all relatives of the Indians who fought in the war for the Union, and it was named after the famous Chief, Red Jacket. Recently this Circle held a very successful bazar on the Cattaraugus Reservation, in the Seneca Nation Court House. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. There were three booths—one for dry-goods and fancy articles, one for ice cream, peanuts, candy, etc., and one for refreshments. All were nicely decorated. The Logan's Seneca National Band furnished music, and there was singing by the Thomas Orphan Asylum Indian children, led by the Superintendent, Mr. George I. Lincoln. The receipts were between $49 and $50. The Ladies of the G. A. R. have no more loyal members than these Indian women, whose forefathers were the owners of all this beautiful central New York, and whose fathers and husbands fought to save the Union. They decorate the grave of Red Jacket and the other fallen braves each Memorial Day. They have a warm place in the hearts of all the ladies of the New York Department. Mrs. Maria Jones is President of the Red Jacket Circle.

Free Kidney and Bladder Cure.

Dr. D. A. Williams, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader of this paper will send him their address he will send them free, by mail, a remedy that cured him after all else had failed.

A new cure for
Rheumatism
of which any suffering reader can have
A Box Free!

On the theory "that seeing is believing," John A Smith, of Milwaukee, wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 25,000 free boxes among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting, finally hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Saguin, Texas, wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered forty-one years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more, until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply. In Prosser, Neb., it cured a lady of 67 who had suffered 52 years. In Fountain City, Wis., it cured Hon. Jacob Sexauer, a gentleman of 70, who suffered for 33 years. In Perrysburg, Ohio, it cured a gentleman 70 years old. In Heron Lake, Minn., it cured Mrs. John Gehr, who had suffered for 30 years. Rev. C. Sund, of Harrisville, Wis., tested this remarkable cure on two members of his congregation, one who had suffered 15 and the other 25 years, both were completely cured. In St. Louis, Mo., it cured Mr. F. Faerber, of The Concordia Publishing House. In Vandalia, Ill., it cured Mrs. Mary E. Sayles, 78 years of age, who was so crippled that she could not dress herself. In Bennington, Vt., it cured an old man whom the best physicians of Worms and Frankfurt, Germany, called incurable. This old gentleman had walked for 20 years on crutches, both legs having been lame. He can now walk like a young man. Even prominent physicians had to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a positive success, among them Dr. Quintero, of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In thousands of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs, Electricity and Medical Skill, among them persons over 75 years old.

Mr. Smith will send a trial box, also his illustrated book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to any reader of The National Tribune, for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. It is a remarkable remedy and there is no doubt but that it will cure any case of rheumatism, no matter how severe it may be. Mr. Smith's address in full is:

JOHN A. SMITH,
4472 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

South Dakota G.A.R. and W.R.C.

The following officers were elected by the South Dakota G. A. R. at a recent meeting at Brookings, S. D.: Com., T. E. Blanchard, Mitchell; S. V. C., Warren Osborn, Yankton; J. V. C., N. L. Lothain, Milbank; Chap., Rev. Geo. Williams, Alexandria; Medical Director, A. H. Daniels, Mitchell; Delegates to the National Encampment, J. L. Turner, Springfield; H. D. Packard, Redfield; W. R. Stowe, Brookings; Alternates, David Stewart, Arlington; Wm. Parsons, Estelline; Capt. Dixon, Sioux Falls.

The South Dakota W. R. C., in session at the same time and place, elected the following officers: Pres., Mrs. Mary Farr, Pierre; S. V. P., Mrs. J. S. Cosgrove, Brookings; J. V. P., Mrs. E. Sedam, St. Lawrence; Treas., Mrs. I. M. Nelson, Pierre; Sec., Mrs. Russell, Pierre; Executive Board, Mrs. Rathmell, Pierre; Mrs. Spurling, Pierre; Mrs. Oldfield, Pierre; Mrs. S. Pilkington, Highmore; Mrs. Mash, Canton. National Delegates, Mrs. Snow, Springfield; Mrs. Rogers, Milbank; Mrs. Mason, Aberdeen; Mrs. Peel, Yankton.

Indiana W.R.C.

The 19th Annual Convention of the Indiana W. R. C., recently held at Indianapolis, Ind., elected the following officers: Pres., Etta E. Houk, Carmel, Ind.; S. V. P., Sarah C. White, Rockville; J. V. P., Belle Ingersoll, Indianapolis; Treas., Dr. Mabel Teague, Indianapolis; Chap., Sarah J. Adair, Elwood.

Mrs. Houk had appointed the following Aids: Chief of Staff, Clara E. Root, Michigan City; Riey Cartwright, Mt. Vernon; Rebecca Rogers, Pendletown; Elvira Barber, Arcadia; Eliza Trump, Albion; Henriett J. Perry, Ellitsville; Anna Bennett, Scottsburg; Ida A. Andrews, Pierceton; Adaline Frampton, Wabash; Ellen M. Scott, Sheridan; Rose Maxwell, Tipton; Alice Smith, Portland; Ida McQueen, Little York; Mattie Roe, Union City; Ollie Shupp, North Manchester; Margaret Jones, Hammond; Ella Pyle, Redkey; Temple Smith, Petersburg; Jennie H. Collins, Columbia City; Josie Bodin, Veedersburg.

Memorial Service for Mrs. Gunlock.

At a meeting of George H. Thomas Circle, 1, Chicago, Ill., June 13, impressive memorial services were held for Past National President Nettie E. Gunlock. Several National officers were present. Mrs. Mary T. Hager, member of the National Council of Administration, paid high tribute to the deceased sister. Elmira Springer, National Corresponding Secretary, also spoke of the worth and services of Mrs. Gunlock. Personal reminiscences by intimate friends, with songs and music, concluded the memorial exercises for one whom we had known and loved for many years, who had attained honors and recognition from this Order, and a just appreciation from hundreds of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Observance of Memorial Day.

J. E. Edwards, Commander of Post 5, Albuquerque, N. M., also Commander of the Department of New Mexico, G. A. R., writes of the observance of Memorial Day by G. K. Warren Post and its Auxiliary, W. R. C. After visiting the cemeteries, the Post and Corps went to the bridge over the Rio Grande, and a boat of evergreens and flowers, which had been prepared by the W. R. C., was lowered by ropes to the stream and set afloat. The ladies then poured baskets of flowers on the waters and a volley was fired by the New Mexico National Guards; then taps sounded.

National Aids Appointed.

Mrs. Calista Robinson Jones, National President of the W. R. C., in General Orders No. 9, just issued from headquarters at Bradford, Vt., announces the following additional appointments of National Aids: Georgia B. Worker, Davenport, Iowa; Sophie R. Spaulding, Rockford, Ill.; Anna W. Baer, Chicago, Ill.; Martha C. Roble, Gorham, Me.; Susan W. Merrick, Waterville, Me.; Ellen F. Cary, New York.; Mary Brown, New York; Sarah J. Hawkins, New York; Mary Graham, New York.

A FREE TEST

Of a Newly Discovered Remedy that Destroys the Germs of Disease And Is Destined to Revolutionize the Treatment of Diseases of the Lungs and Air Passages.

Dr. M. Beaty, the eminent Throat and Lung Specialist of Cincinnati, for the past 25 years, has discovered a new and powerful Antiseptic Medicated Air treatment, which when inhaled, or breathed into the Nose, Throat and Lungs will positively and throughly destroy every Catarrhal germ, all Tuberculosis bacilli and every Consumption microbe in the lungs or in the blood. The last free test included 100 patients, in different stages of disease, all of whom are now well or nearly so.

Dr. Beaty has decided to try a larger number of cases in June and July and has made this offer free to all who make application at once. The doctor will send free medicine to any one suffering with Nose or Throat Catarrh, Chronic Cough, Asthma, Weak Lungs, Chronic Bronchitis, or Consumption. This is intended to prove the genuine merits of the treatment and costs nothing.

Dr. Beaty will guarantee to cure any patient who begins his treatment in June or July, before winter comes again.

Write at once for the medicines. Time is precious to the sick. Address Dr. Marshal Beaty, 327 West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.