PENSION POINTERS.

Inquiries Answered and Suggestions Made.

J. U., National Military Home, Kan.—If your claim was for increase on your pensioned disability, the increased rate could commence only from date of medical examination, no matter how long your application was on file.

S. A. H., Bennington, Vt.—As you served more than two years, you became entitled to and received $100 bounty under the act of July 22, 1861, and therefore are not entitled to bounty under the act of July 20, 1888, notwithstanding your enlistment for three years before July 22, 1861.

C. W. H., Elliott, Iowa.—No bill to raise the minimum pension to $12 per month was passed at last session of Congress.

C. W., Rochester, N. Y.—It is supposed that not less than "$10 worth" of rating is necessary to obtain the minimum rate of $6 under the pension act of 1890. Under the general law 1-18 or 2-18 ($1 or $2) disability will entitle to the $6 rating, as the act of March 2, 1895, provides that $6 shall be allowed for all ratings (general law) less than $6.

T. M. D., National Military Home, Ind.—Money received as pension is not exempt for payment as alimony to a divorced wife.

C. S. H., Wanda, Pa.—The following is a copy of a bill, H. R. 12,141, which passed the House of Representatives on June 16, and will probably be considered by the Senate at the next session: "Be it enacted, etc., That section 4708 of the laws of the United States governing the granting of army and navy pensions, be, and the same is, amended to read as follows:

"Section 4708. The remarriage of any widow, dependent mother, or dependent sister entitled to pension shall not bar her right to such pension to the date of her remarriage, whether an application therefor was filed before or after such marriage; but on the remarriage of any widow, dependent mother, or dependent sister having a pension such pension shall cease: Provided, however, That any widow who was the lawful wife of any officer or enlisted man or other person in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States, as described in paragraphs 1, 2 and 3 of section 4693 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, during the period of his service in any war, and whose name was placed or shall hereafter be placed on the pension roll because of her husband's death as the result of wound or injury received or disease contracted in such military or naval service, and whose name has been or shall hereafter be dropped from said pension roll by reason of her marriage to another person who has since died or shall hereafter die, or from whom she has been heretofore or shall be hereafter divorced, upon her own application and without fault on her part, and if she is without means of support other than her daily labor, as defined by the Acts of June 27, 1890, and May 9, 1900, shall be entitled to have her name again placed on the pension roll at the rate now provided for widows by the Acts of July 14, 1862, March 3, 1873, and March 19, 1886, such pension to commence from the date of filing of her application in the Pension Bureau after the approval of this Act: And provided further, That where such widow is already in receipt of a pension from the United States she shall not be entitled to restoration under this Act: And provided further, That where the pension of said widow on her second or subsequent marriage has accrued to a helpless or idiotic child, or a child or children under the age of 16 years, she shall not be entitled to restoration under this Act unless said helpless or idiotic child, or child or children under 16 years of age, be then a member or members of her family and cared for by her, and upon the restoration of said widow the payment of pension to said child or children shall cease.

"Sec. 2. That the provisions of this Act shall be extended to those widows otherwise entitled whose husbands died of wounds, injuries or disease contracted during the period of their military and naval service, but who were deprived of pension under the Act of March 3, 1865, because of their failure to draw any pension by reason of their remarriage.

"Sec. 3. That no claim agent or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services in making application for pension under this Act."

B. E. J., Co. H, 80th N. Y. Vols.—A pension will be stopped whenever it appears that its allowance was due to an error of fact or an error of law, or to fraud. If an invalid pensioner under the general law is wholly unable to perform any manual labor in consequence of disability due to service, he is entitled to $30 per month. No one is in danger of losing his pension simply because he persistently applies for an increase he believes is lawfully due him.

T. C. M., Morrisville, Vt.—Your having appealed from the rejection of your former claim for increase does not debar you from filing a new claim for increase in the Pension Bureau.

S. Y., Stryker, Ohio.—The dependent sister being over 16 when the mother (who was pensioned) died, can obtain pension only by special act of Congress. Consult an attorney or your member of Congress.

W. C. M., Millersburg, Pa.—The bounty act of July 20, 1888, applies only to enlistments in the volunteer army, not to the navy or marine corps.

Rev. D. W., Wilkins, S. C.—If an applicant for invalid pension under the general law cannot obtain the testimony of any of his commissioned officers as to the origin of his alleged disabilities in service, he is required to furnish the evidence of comrades on this point. This is not a matter of law, but of official regulation. No evidence filed in a pension case is destroyed. It remains on file with the claim, even if the claim is never completed.

J. S., Oakland, Cal.—The bill, S. 4850, which passed the Senate, and subsequently passed the House with amendments, which remain to be considered by the Senate at the next session of Congress, stands as follows:

"Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the passage of this act all persons on the pension roll, and all persons hereafter granted a pension, who, while in the military or naval service of the United States and in the line of duty, from wounds, injuries or disease originating prior to Aug. 4, 1886, shall have lost one hand or one foot, or been totally disabled in the same, shall receive a pension at the rate of $40 per month; that all persons who, in like manner, shall have lost an arm at or above the elbow or a leg at or above the knee, or been totally disabled in the same, shall receive a pension at the rate of $46 per month; that all persons who, in like manner, shall have lost an arm at the shoulder joint or a leg at the hip joint, or so near the shoulder or hip joint or where the same is in such a condition as to prevent the use of an artificial limb, shall receive a pension at the rate of $55 per month, and that all persons who, in like manner, shall have lost one hand and one foot, or been totally disabled in the same, shall receive a pension at the rate of $60 per month; and that all persons who, in like manner, shall have lost both feet, shall receive a pension at the rate of $100 per month: Provided, however, That this act shall not be so construed as to reduce any pension under any act, public or private.

"Sec. 2. That the pensions of all persons who served one year or more in the army or navy of the United States, and who, under the act approved June 27, 1890, and the acts amendatory thereof, are drawing or hereafter shall be entitled to draw a pension at the rate of $12 per month, and who are or shall become so disabled from injuries or disease as to require the frequent and periodical aid and attendance of another person, shall be increased to $30 per month from and after the date of the certificate of the Examining Surgeon or Board of Examining Surgeons showing such degree of disability and made subsequent to the passage of this act."

The scope of the proposed law is plain from an examination of the text of the bill, as to general law pension, the proposed changes relate only to those who have lost limbs, or are totally disabled in same, from causes due to service.

J. L. V., Albion, Mich.—The bill you refer to has not yet become a law. See reply to J. S., above.

Work of the Pension Office.

The report of certificates issued for the week ended July 19 shows:

Army Invalid: Original, 14; increase, 206; reissue, 22; restoration, 4; renewal, 20; supplemental, 10; duplicate, 19; accrued, 116. Total, 411.

Army Widows, etc.: Original, 75; increase, 5; reissue, 8; restoration, 1; renewal, 85; duplicate, 6; accrued, 2. Total, 185.

Navy Invalid: Original, 2; increase, 4; duplicate, 2; accrued, 1. Total, 9.

Navy Widows, etc.: Original, 1; increase, 2. Total, 3.

Army Invalids (war with Spain): Original, 58; increase, 1; reissue, 2; duplicate, 2. Total, 63.

Army Widows, etc. (war with Spain): Original, 17; reissue, 2. Total, 19.

Navy Invalids (war with Spain): Original, 4.

Navy Widows, etc. (war with Spain): Original, 1.

Army Invalids (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 327; increase, 374; additional, 93; reissue, 9; restoration, 1; renewal, 20; supplemental, 2; duplicate, 32; accrued, 179. Total, 1,037.

Army Widows, etc. (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 332; increase, 9; restoration, 2; renewal, 1; supplemental, 1; duplicate, 12; accrued, 3. Total, 360.

Navy Invalids (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 23; increase, 7; reissue, 1; duplicate, 2; accrued, 9. Total, 42.

Navy Widows, etc. (act of June 27, 1890): Original, 12; increase, 4. Total, 16.

Mexican War Survivors: Increase, 2; reissue, 8; renewal, 1; accrued, 8. Total, 19.

Mexican War Widows: Original, 9; increase, 5; duplicate, 1. Total, 15.

Indian Wars (1832-42) Survivors: Original, 1; accrued, 4. Total, 5.

Indian Wars (1832-42) Widows: Original, 4; increase, 2; duplicate, 1. Total, 7.

Totals—Original, 880; increase, 621; additional, 93; reissue, 55; restoration, 8; renewal, 127; supplemental, 13; duplicate, 77; accrued, 322. Total, 2,196.

Woman's Relief Corps in Missouri.

The officers for the Department of Missouri, W. R. C., this year are: Pres., Mrs. Hollen E. Day, Kansas City; S. V. P., Mrs. Laura Lear, St. Louis; J. V. P., Mrs. Josephine McGhee, Cape Girardeau; Sec., Mrs. Alma Day, Kansas City; Treas., Mrs. Cora Zeebold, Appleton City; Chaplain, Mrs. Clara Key, Mountain Grove; Counselor, Mrs. Orpha Bronson, Sedalia; Inspector, Mrs. Frank S. Long, Sedalia; I. and I. Officer, Mrs. Julia Hengelsberg, St. Louis; Patriotic Instructor, Mrs. Louisa Hey, Kansas City; Press Correspondent, Mrs. Mary M. Stark, St. Louis; Senior Aid, Mrs. Mattie E. Rich, Moberly. Executive Board, Mrs. Belle M. Stuever, Brookfield; Mrs. M. M. S. Gillson, Appleton City; Mrs. Mary E. Sweet, Sedalia; Mrs. Lillian McEntire, St. Charles; Mrs. Francis Arnold, St. Louis.

The Department Convention unanimously indorsed Mrs. Carrie R. Sparklin, Past Department President, as their candidate for the next National President. Mrs. Sparklin is an indefatigable worker; her aim is ever and always to advance the best interests of the Order.

The Missouri Department will be represented in the National Convention by Delegate-at-Large Mrs. Dora Simpkins, St. Louis; Delegates, Mrs. Hetty B. Knollenberg, St. Louis; Mrs. Barbara Holdenreid, St. Louis; Mrs. Mattie Rich, Moberly; Alternate-at-Large, Mrs. Mary M. Stark, St. Louis; Alternates, Mrs. Lizzie Mueller, St. Louis; Mrs. Caroline Webb, St. Louis; Miss Louisa Hey, Kansas City.

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

The officers of the Department of South Dakota, G. A. R., elected at the recent Annual Encampment, are as follows: Com., T. E. Blanchard, Mitchell; S. V.-C., Warren Osborn, Yankton; J. V.-C., N. I. Lowthian, Milbank; Chap., Rev. Geo. Williams, Alexandria; Medical Director, A. H. Daniels, Mitchell. Delegates, J. L. Turner, Springfield; H. D. Packard, Redfield; W. R. Stowe, Brookings. Alternates, Capt. Dickson, Sioux Falls; William Parsons, Estelline; David Steward, Arlington. Ass't Adj't-Gen., S. J. Moore, Mitchell; Ass't Q. M. G., O. D. Stearns, Mitchell. Council of Administration, A. B. Nelson, Pierre; Thomas Reed, Arlington; M. P. Stroupe, Aberdeen; J. B. Geddis, Huron; C. J. Maynard, Kimball.

The W. R. C. officers, elected at the same time, are as follows: Pres., Mary N. Farr, Pierre; S. V. P., Anna Colgrove, Brookings; J. V. P., Emma Sedam, St. Lawrence; Treas., Ida M. Nelson, Pierre; Chap., Olive Miller, Tyndall. Executive Board, Hattie Bothwell, Mary Oldgeld, Mary Sperling, Pierre; Sadie Pilkington, Highmore; Jennie Nash, Canton. Delegates, Alverta Snow, Springfield; Mary Rogers, Milbank. Alternates, Margaret Peel, Yankton; Jane A. Mason, Aberdeen. At Large, Rose Pease and Emma Carpenter, Watertown. Sec., Ione Russell, of Pierre; Insp., Jane A. Maron, of Aberdeen; Counselor, Emma M. Cook, Huron; Instituting Officer, Mary J. Osborn, Yankton.

Vermont Officers.

The officers of the Department of Vermont W. R. C. for the year 1902-3 are as follows: Pres., Mrs. Hattie Palmer, Underhill; S. V. P., Mrs. Mary Goodwin, Wells River; J. V. P., Mrs. Mary A. Perry, Bellows Falls; Chap., Mrs. Clara Lyon, Colchester; Counselor, Sarah F. Hovey, St. Johnsbury; Treas., Mrs. Edith Colgrove, Underhill; Sec., Dora A. Knight, Riverside; Inspector, Mary G. Beckwith, Ludlow; I. and I. Officer, M. Josephine Jenkins, Bradford; Patriotic Instructor, Lora Lawson, Springfield; Press Cor., Helen Blake, Swanton.

Report from the Tennessee W.R.C.

Lenora H. Tucker, Press Correspondent of the Department of Tennessee W. R. C., Ridgedale, Tenn., reports appropriate celebration of Flag Day at Chattanooga. The principal address was by Capt. R. B. Cooke, a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

Ladies of the G.A.R. of Missouri.

The Department of Missouri, Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, has for officers this year: Pres., Mrs. Emmarete Fields, Hannibal; S. V. P., Mrs. Susan A. Fuller, St. Louis; J. V. P., Mrs. Margaret Van Meter, Lamar; Counselor, Mrs. Della S. Leon, St. James; Sec., Mrs. Mary M. Stark; Treas., Mrs. Sue B. Appal; Chaplain, Miss Lillie Sennewald, St. Louis; Librarian, Mrs. Lizzie J. Harding, Oakwood; Inspector, Miss Rose Benke, St. Louis. Council of Administration, Mrs. J. Alice Hamlin, St. Louis; Mrs. M. Alice Eckhardt, St. Louis; Miss Ernie Puschmann, St. James. Press Correspondent, Mrs. Mary M. Stark, St. Louis.

The Order is not large in Missouri, as it was late in getting a foothold, but it is steadily growing, and bids fair in time to be as prosperous as some of its sister Departments; and Missouri claims the honor of doing more relief work than any other Department of its size, and equaling that of many larger ones. Missouri will be represented at the National Convention by Miss Ethel V. Kline, St. Louis, as Delegate, and Mrs. Caroline Schurager as Alternate.

Reunion of the 49th N. Y.

Reunion of the 49th N. Y. was recently held at Lakewood, when announcement was made by President Myron Turner that arrangements had been completed to dedicate the regimental monument at the "Bloody Angle," Spottsylvania, this Fall. At the business meeting Comrade Turner was re-elected President; Robert E. Falconer, Secretary; J. F. Smith, Quartermaster, and O. S. Gates, Treasurer. Those members of the regiment who contemplate attending the dedication should communicate with Sumner A. Smith, Ossining, N. Y.

The Morgan G.A.R. Drum Corps.

The Morgan G. A. R. Drum Corps, of Minneapolis, Minn., is an unique organization in that it is composed of 10 men all of whom are members of the Grand Army of the Republic and served as musicians during the war of the rebellion. This Corps has earned quite a reputation, and in recent years has been in demand at State and National Encampments and military meetings generally. Calvin R. Fix, Drum Major, is an Indianian by birth, and served in the 4th and 11th Minn. Other members of the Corps are Jerry M. Getchell, fifer, 7th Me.; Augustus E. Radeker, fifer, 71st N. Y.; Rufus P. Mathews, fifer, 5th Wis.; Adelbert L. Gardner, fifer, 94th N. Y.; George E. Swift, drummer, 3d Minn. and 69th Ohio; Cyrus F. Redlon, drummer, 3d Minn. and 113th U. S. C. T.; Samuel M. Badger, drummer, 4th Minn. and 37th Wis.; DeWitt C. Handy, drummer, 9th Minn.; Simeon M. Merrill, bass drummer, 5th Minn. The total service of these 10 men was 398 months.

"Contentment," said Uncle Eben, "is a mighty fine thing. But de trouble about it is dat it is kin' o' hahd to 'stinguish f'um plain laziness."—Washington Star.

A FRIEND WITH THE COUNTERSIGN.

(Continued from first page.)

"That proves nothing. When was it that he got away?"

"The 15th, sir."

"And what have you been doing since, Berwick?"

"I was going to tell you, General. On the 16th I recaptured Owen and Scherzer."

"What! Upon my soul! Why didn't you tell me that before? Where is Scranton?"

"I am afraid he is in Richmond, General."

"What do you mean, man?"

"He escaped again, General, or rather Hampton's cavalry picked him up. Please let me tell you the whole thing, sir."

When I had concluded my narrative, and had shown Gen. Meade the receipt I had taken for the two prisoners, he had the goodness to say that he had been wrong in scolding me.

"General," said I, "I haven't told you all yet."

"Well, what more?"

"I think Owen is inferior to Scherzer."

"What do you mean by that? Less a —— rascal?"

"No, sir; I mean to say that Scherzer is not the servant, but the master."

I told him Showalter's opinion, and the indications in the swamp pointing toward Mexico. Gen. Meade made no response to these utterances, yet I could see that he was very serious, watching me intently while I was speaking. When I had finished, he said gravely: "See that you tell no man your suspicions. This is a dangerous affair, Berwick. It would have been better if you had killed Scherzer. Of course, I don't mean that exactly; but if you had crushed his skull, it would have simplified matters very much. Now, let me tell you, we must not give him up yet. We must get him out. How we are going to do it I don't see, but if it can be done—if you can do it, your fortune is made."

"He is in Richmond, General."

"Other people can get into Richmond."

"You mean to suggest, Gen"——

"Yes, I mean to suggest. I'll tell you what to do. Go to Dr. Khayme. Tell him these things confidentially. Tell him what I want, and what you want to do, and see if he can help you. He's a wonderful man, that Doctor, upon my soul he is."

"General, I need rest. I've told you I was sick in the Chickahominy Swamp, but I have not told you all of it. I had a hard fight, and I need rest."

"Certainly, Berwick; I shall require nothing of you except to try to get Scherzer and Scranton. No; never mind about Owen; get Scherzer. Take all the rest you need, of course, Berwick. Go to Dr. Khayme. You and he can devise a plan; make a good scheme; take all the rest you need. Report to me again in a day or two. I'll help you all I can, and that's saying a good deal. You shall have everything necessary; don't stint; make a good plan, no matter what it costs—we must put a stop to this thing."

And now I sought my dearest friends. Lydia was with her father. Under an open fly the two were sitting, unmindful of my approach. And I was afraid—afraid that my sudden appearance, after so long a time, would prove a shock; I knew that my sufferings had changed me greatly. So I wrote my name on a scrap of paper and sent York forward with it. Dusk was gathering. In the west a heavy cloud-bank betokened rain, and the darkening northern horizon flashed intermittently over the whole quarter. I saw Lydia take the paper; I saw her rise at once, and hand it to her father, and then turn with eager questions to the negro. York pointed, and I rushed to my loved ones.

"But," said the Doctor, after a while, "why did you not see Lydia on the 31st?"

"Her ship came up to the landing as I marched away from White House with the Eighteenth Corps."

"And on the 14th?"

"Capt. Orr, of Gen. Abercrombie's staff, told me the medical people had all sailed on that very morning."

"It was true," said Lydia; "we reached White House late on the 31st of May, and left it early on the 14th of June."

"And each day I missed you by a few hours," said I.

My friends were speedily made aware of our inheritance in the person of York, and he was welcomed and given a place. When not needed for work in connection with my duties, he was to look after all the horses, and to make himself generally useful.

To my story about Scherzer and Showalter, and the project in regard to Mexico, Dr. Khayme listened without emotion; then he said:

"You have already told these things to Gen. Meade, no doubt?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"And you found that he had previously known?"

"He did not tell me plainly; but I inferred that he knew something. He commands me to continue my efforts to capture Scherzer, and refers me to you for guidance."

"It will not be easy to take Scherzer," he said.

"He is no doubt safe in Richmond and will not leave it," said I.

"You cannot ride into Richmond at the head of a cavalry regiment."

"No; the thing must be done by stratagem."

"The negro can help."

"I have thought so."

"Well," said Dr. Khayme, "I will think about it; meantime, get a good rest. In a day or two I will see Gen. Meade and talk with him about these things. You need rest, Jones; go to bed."

"One moment, Doctor. Can you not let me into this Scherzer secret? Who is Scherzer?"

"An envoy of Napoleon, as you suspected."

"But why was he in the Federal army, pretending to be a servant of a pretended Federal officer?"

"Napoleon's first efforts were for Federal alliance," replied my friend. "After the Federal Congress voted against the monarchy in Mexico, Schetzer decided to try the Confederacy; this much is pretty clear, and the rest is not important to know. Gen. Meade naturally feels that the Frenchman's efforts to trade with the Confederates should be defeated; that is all that concerns us."

"Let me tell you a thought I have had."

"Certainly."

"Is it not possible that there was more than one diplomat sent to the United States, and that while Scherzer was the one selected to attach himself to the army, the others were in Washington?"

"Yes; that is not only possible, but even likely."

"Can you tell me more?"

"Oh, yes; I'd rather you would go to bed, but I'll relieve your curiosity first. Scherzer landed in New York as a Russian named Espinoff, in March, '63. He had the appearance of a wealthy gentleman. In April Owen came to his rooms. Owen was dressed as a citizen at the time; the records of the military prison at Elmira show that Capt. R. S. Owen was sent South—exchanged—on the last day of February. How he avoided going South is not known, but he was seen with Espinoff frequently, and it was clear that Espinoff had vast resources. Owen then appeared as Capt. Scranton, volunteer Aid on Hooker's staff, and Meade succeeded to him. Scherzer did not appear as Scranton's servant until September—only a month before you returned to us. Of course, we can see that Scherzer bought Scranton, and it is easy to believe that the wealthy foreigner had such influential connections here that no difficulty was found in placing Scranton. I suspected him very early, but had no proof; indeed, proof would have done no good, as it is no crime to work for Napoleon. When Scherzer came, I suspected more strongly. I could easily see that Scherzer was a very bad counterfeit as a servant. But at that time there was nothing to show that they intended trying the Confederacy; that thought came later, or, it may be, it was an alternative impressed upon Scherzer by his master."

"Did Gen. Meade know that Scranton was interested in Mexico?"

"Yes, but he cared little for that; he was deceived as to Scherzer, and, of course, had no thought of his going to the Confederate authorities."

"But why should Scherzer pretend to be a servant?"

"He was assaulted when in New York; he thought himself in danger as Espinoff; he knew that he was under suspicion."

"But, Doctor, what could he hope for in the army? And what did Scranton hope for?"

"Scranton hoped for monetary reward. Espinoff hoped at first to develop a sentiment favorable to a Mexican monarchy among the great merchants in New York. Indeed, he had some success in this. Afterward he hoped that with Owen's help he could develop the same sentiment in the army. He had some success there, also. The plot, as you suspected, had many ramifications. Scherzer was not sent to the United States alone."

"And as soon as their schemes fail, they try the South?"

"Yes. Scranton, however, was hampered by his service as a Federal. No doubt his desertion from the Confederates would have been permanent if the French had secured Federal alliance. When he left us, his intention, I think, was to return to New York and try to go South by sea; but he abandoned that slow and uncertain process for a quicker one. He tried to get around your flank into Lee's army and thus into Richmond. He had almost succeeded when you came upon him near Milford."

"But why should the Confederates delay in accepting a proposition from France?"

"I don't think they would, unless France loaded her proposals with terms. But is it certain that the proposal has yet been made? Gen. Meade wishes to prevent its being made. Now, Jones, my boy, you are ordered to bed. I shall not say one word more. Yes, I must say one word, lest I should forget it. You must never risk that swamp again. A second attack of that fever would be fatal to you. Go to bed."

A few days of quiet and great happiness passed swiftly away. In three hearts the belief was strong that the war was soon to end. Clearly the Confederates were in their last stronghold, and were making their last gallant defense. The offer of an alliance with France would revive their hopes, but Dr. Khayme did not believe that French recognition, or even French aid, could at this late date save the Confederacy. The war must end before any great number of French troops could be landed on our shores. He said more than once that the capture of Johnson's Division on the 12th of May at the horseshoe salient was the beginning of the end. And with all the lights before me, I must now believe that he was right. No doubt the Confederates fought well after the 12th of May; but I am confident that they fought with much less hope. They expected the Union army to attack, and the consequence was that they were restrained to an almost purely defensive policy; indeed, they defeated many attacks, but the opinion rapidly spread in their ranks that surrender was but a question of time. It is readily admitted that in small opportunities they took the offensive, and sometimes gained a brilliant success—but only a partial success which could not turn the general course of the war, and was worth only a little delay; the end must come, and they felt it.

* * * * *

It was the night of the 1st of July. Gen. Meade had sent for me, and I was again in his presence.

"You have conferred with Dr. Khayme?"

"Yes, General, and I am ready."

"The help that I can give you is money only. Will you have it in gold or paper?"

"How much is it to be, General?"

"Name any amount not to exceed $20,000."

"Better be gold, General, or Confederate money."

"You may take $500,000 in Confederate money if you wish—or even more; and you need not smile, you rascal; it's not counterfeit."

"I suppose I'd better divide it, General. Give me $1,000 in gold, and $200,000 in Confederate money. How much will a thousand in gold weigh,"

"A few pounds only—say four or five—I don't know exactly. When do you start?"

"Tomorrow night, sir."

"Well, I'll have the funds sent to Dr. Khayme tomorrow morning. Now tell me your plans."

"I shall get into Richmond, General, and watch for opportunities. Col. Sharpe has given me some letters to loyal persons, and some other things, and Dr. Khayme has given me one to an old friend—a physician—who knows everybody and who will help me. I shall take a negro with me—York—who once belonged to Capt. Howe. York's mother is in Richmond. He can be of great help, I think. My only purpose will be to capture Scherzer and get him into the Union lines. To capture him will be easy, I think; to bring him in, will be the trouble. I may be compelled to send York back here for help; but I hope to get along without troubling you. I can hire enough help, I trust."

"Don't trouble about Scranton. Let the scoundrel alone. You'll have enough to do to get the other. Have you a map of the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you thought of the river route coming back?"

"Yes, sir; but I fear that the Confederate obstructions would prove insurmountable, especially the pontoon bridges; yet that is the shortest way, and I may be tempted to try it."

"Berwick, if you succeed, I'll make you a Colonel. Do you know that I'd like to go with you? Upon my soul, I'd like nothing better than to lay down this job of mine and go with you!" and Gen. Meade laughed heartily. "How do you expect to get into Richmond?"

"As a Confederate, sir. I'll go on the north side."

"Yes. Well, good-by, Berwick. Remember what I said—if you succeed, you shall have a Colonel's commission. I don't care a —— if it does make some people mad."

It had been thought best that Lydia should not be told of my purposes, so as I crossed the long pontoon bridge on the night of the 2d of July, my heart was full of the sweet remembrance of loving and hopeful smiles. "For only a few days, Jones," she had said.

By my side was one of Gen. Meade's escort—Charliss; he was to take our horses back. York rode at my rear. The fellow's slender waist was engirdled with a belt containing many thousands of Confederate money, now worth perhaps a 30th of its face value; he carried some of the gold also. Besides half the money, I had a few letters, and a pass which Col. Sharpe assured me would give me great help within the city, but would be worthless elsewhere; it was approved by Gen. R. S. Ewell, and was no doubt genuine, for Sharpe had paid a good sum for it to George Cane—a deserter from the 14th N. C., who had just come into our lines.

North of the James we had but few troops, and I had weakly supposed that here the Confederates also had no great infantry force. I expected to send our horses back when our cavalry outposts should be reached, and then take it afoot through woods until we should be so far in the rear of the Confederate outposts that no suspicion could easily attach to us. When near the city we would separate, and each make his own way; we would meet by stealth, first at the corner of Ninth and Main, afterward where we should devise.

The night was far spent when we reached the north side. Gen. Foster was in command at the bridge-head; one of his staff spoke of rumors that the Confederates were throwing heavy forces across from the south, but nothing definite was known, and we went on to the right toward the Chickahominy.

It was broad day when we dismounted and gave Charliss the bridles of our horses. He turned back; we went on. At first we made northwest, going toward the New Market road. But we soon found that the Confederates had a line of infantry in our front. From a hill, we could see the line in an open field half a mile away. We turned to the north and tried to get around the flank of the rebel infantry. York was absolutely unarmed. I had the Enfield and boldly took the advance, being dressed, of course, as a Confederate private, and ready here to play the straggling forager. York was following at a distance of 100 yards or so; at the first alarm he would hide himself, or go in a different direction to avert suspicion of our being companions. I came in sight of the New Market road and turned toward Richmond. At my left was a wide, open space, a narrow wood skirting the roadside. In the road some 200 yards from me I saw a man coming, a Federal infantryman, fully accoutered. His head was hanging, and his body was bent, as he trudged along in the hot dust. I looked behind me. York was not in sight. The Federal continued to approach. I hid behind a cluster of bushes; I knew the man was in imminent danger, and feared that I could not help him; the Confederate pickets must be very near us. I was hoping that the man—a lost and lonely straggler—would pass without seeing me, and reach safety; if he should see me and make an exclamation, the attention of some videt might be attracted, and I should be compelled to retreat and try a more circuitous way.

The man was coming; he was within 100 yards of my bushes; suddenly I saw six Confederates at my left; they also were coming. Likely they had been hidden from me by a swell of the ground; now they were in plain sight, coming rapidly; they would cut off my line of retreat.

The man comes—the six men come; I see that the man is lost; I see that I am lost unless I can prove myself a rebel. That the men see the Union soldier is very clear, but they do not see me. They will intercept the man just two rods in my rear. I step into the road, with my Enfield presented at the blue man 20 feet away. He drops his musket and raises his hands; he is German, and speaks no English. Now the Confederates are around us.

"Take charge of this man. I must go on," I say.

"All right," says one of them, a Sergeant; "we'll take him back. We were making for him; didn't know anybody was here."

"Sergeant, I want a receipt," said I.

"Got any paper? I've got a pencil."

"No."

One of the men tore a leaf from his pocket diary and handed it to the Sergeant.

The Sergeant wrote a receipt to B. Jones, 1st S. C., for one prisoner. The signature was Madison F. Hawthorne, Sergeant, Co. F, 12th S. C. V.

I marched up the road. The squad with the prisoner lingered near the road. No doubt they were "going through him," which means that they were taking all the United States property on his person, if not indeed his individual effects.

York was now cut off. Enemies were between us. I did not doubt that he had seen the recent performance, and I feared that he would be badly puzzled as to my conduct. He was a sharp fellow, was York; but my action in capturing a Federal would be hard for him to see through; yet I would hope to find him in Richmond. He could get there.

Now at the left of the road I saw a skirmish-line in the edge of some timber. I saw but few men, really, but I knew that there was a skirmish-line. I could see parts of it on the left of the road, and on the right also; but on my right the line seemed to curve back toward the west. I went to the right. In a few minutes I heard a shot, and another, and another, all seeming to come from one spot. Before me, at a distance of say 40 or 50 rods, was a dwelling-house; from the windows of the upper story shots were being fired. I went up to the house and entered.

Do you know why I went into that house? If its occupants should prove to be Federals, I could make a fresh start; if they were Confederates, I would be a big rebel, too—that was the whole of it.

The occupants of the house were Confederates—five; I made the sixth. We were Thomson, Norton, Crossland, Moore, Watson, Jones. I knew they were McGowan's sharpshooters because I knew West Norton, and I knew Crossland, for I had served in the Gettysburg campaign with these men. The other men whose names I have just called I did not know, but soon became acquainted with them.

"Hello, West!" says I.

"Why, who are you?" says he.

"Hello, Sergeant!" says Sam Crossland to me, and holds out his hand. "Glad to see you; we's been wonderin' whether we ought to send back to the battalion for help, but I reckon we've got enough."

Norton now recognized me; I had slept with him many a night. "But you're not in the battalion this year," says he.

"No, not this year," I said; "what you got on hand here, boys?"

From the upper windows these marksmen had command of a good many rifle-pits of the Federal skirmish-line. Twenty-five or 30 pits were in full view, 300 yards, in a hollow. Bullets came tapping, tapping on the walls of the house and on the chimneys; occasionally one entered. Thomson was bleeding from a slight wound on his hip; the ball had crushed a hole in his canteen first.

My position was delicate. I could not hope to feign. Amongst so few, it would be at once known that my Enfield was worthless. Suddenly I said:

"Thomson, rest awhile and lend me your gun."

"What for, Sergeant?"

"Mine won't shoot. I'd throw it away, but it's too good to lose. It's choked."

"Wait till I fire once more,' says Thomson.

There were but two windows overlooking the Yankees. The men would fire alternately and step back into the room to load. Rap, rap, came the Federal bullets.

Thomson fired and handed me his gun. My cartridge-box was full—Springfield cartridges, you know, but they fit an Enfield well enough. I loaded. Thomson took my gun and went downstairs. I fired at the ground 50 yards from the house, stepped back, and began to reload.

All at once a most terrific shock was felt; bricks flew into the room; a hole as big as your head was in the chimney; the room was full of dust and litter; a big hole was in the wall of the room opposite the chimney.

Now at each window were two men, trying to get a shot at the artillery; the men were loading and firing as fast as possible.

"Look out! Run down!" shouted Watson and Crossland at once, and there was a stampede for the stairway. We were running for the cellar. The cannon—there was but a section of a battery—pounded away, knocking holes in the upper story. We held our ground in the cellar.

"My cartridges are almost out," said Norton.

"Serg't Jones has got a plenty for a while yet," said Thomson.

Again I was in trouble. I must not let a cartridge go.

"Yes, and Serg't Jones is going to use his own cartridges," said I. "You fellows had your fun before I got here; now it's my turn."

Crossland and Norton drew straws to see which should go back to the line—a quarter of a mile off—to get cartridges. The lot fell to Crossland.

"Sergeant, lend me a few," said Norton; "when Crossland gets here, I'll pay you back."

I ran upstairs, and fired through the hole that the shell had made in the chimney, and continued to load and fire rapidly. Watson came up also, and fired his last two shots. Now we could see the gunners aim, and we ran down into the cellar again. There came two tremendous blows on the house. Again I ran up and fired, and when I again descended for protection against the shells, Crossland had returned.

Now, with a fresh supply of ammunition, these almost reckless fellows kept the stairs hot up and hot down. Their shots were aimed at the artillery on a hill, 150 yards behind the skirmishers. Bullets rained on the house; shells passed entirely through it. But for the cellar the place must have been abandoned.

Thomson demanded his gun, and I gave it to him reluctantly. "I'm a better shot than you are," said I.

"I'll shoot twice and let you have it back," said he. "Your —— old thing's full o' dirt, or something else. Ramrod sticks out a foot. I primed it with powder, but it's all plugged up."

I remained in the cellar. This contest was very absurd. Here were five Confederates fighting some 200 infantry and two cannon. True, the Confederates had a great advantage in position, but that was only because their enemies allowed it; a rush of 20 men up to the house, and these sharpshooters would be taken. I could hear the balls hitting shingles and weatherboarding; the artillery had ceased, at least for a time.

Thomson came down and again we exchanged guns.

"They're getting ready to leave," said he.

"Who?"

"The Yankees."

When I got above stairs the men were busy, loading and firing. Moore shouted: "Everybody hold his load. They're going to run; then give it to 'em."

The artillery people on the hill were stirring about. The sharpshooters were reserving their fire; I made no objection.

The artillery people leaped on their horses and lashed them madly; at once they were on the brow of the hill, and galloping for the woods beyond. Four shots went at them, and one into the ground.

"Load! Load! Load! Load! Load!" everybody shouted.

And now about 200 skirmishers rose in their pits, leveled their guns, and sent a shower of balls against the house, and then—would you believe it?—they turned and skedaddled up the hill like fiddlers on the seashore. We got two shots apiece. Thomson had come up to see the fun, and begged earnestly for the last shot, but I hardened my heart against him.

We were downstairs in a jiffy, and, led by Moore, were making for the deserted pits. These hungry rebels wanted booty and they got it. Knapsacks, blankets, haversacks, fell into their hands; one Union man was taken. He told us that the position being untenable, a Sergeant of the artillery was sent back to Gen. Foster with the report that the rebel sharpshooters were picking off skirmishers and gunners; the General had cursed the Sergeant and ordered him to return and batter down the house. The Sergeant had obeyed, but just as he reached his place a bullet had taken off part of his nose, and in this deplorable plight he was sent again to the General, who then yielded, and ordered the whole angle of the skirmish-line to fall back nearly a mile. For my part, I did not believe a word the prisoner said.

It was dark when we reached the Confederate skirmish-line; we entered it above McGowan's Brigade; in less than a minute I had deserted my daring comrades and was making tracks straight to the rear—straight toward Richmond.

Where was York?

(To be continued.)

MUSTERED OUT.

CHANDLER.—At Woodfords, Me., July 21, Daniel H. Chandler, aged 84. Comrade Chandler made his first appearance as a musician at the age of 19, and at the age of 17 was leader and manager of a band. He organized the Portland Band in 1843, and when the war broke out this band was enlisted in the 1st Me. When that regiment was merged with the 10th Me., the band went with it, and later was the regimental band of the 29th Me. Mr. Chandler and his band were well known throughout the United States. He is survived by a widow and six children.

GABRIEL.—At Au Sable, Mich., June 20, Charles W. Gabriel, First Sergeant, Co. B, 148th N. Y., aged 60. He enlisted at the age of 21, Aug. 12, 1862, and was discharged June 22, 1865. He was a member of G. K. Warren Post, East Tawas, Mich.; Baldwin Lodge, F. and A. M., East Tawas, and Iosco Chapter, R. A. M., Au Sable, Mich. Masonic services were held at his late residence, Au Sable, Mich., and body was conveyed to Williamsport, Pa., for interment. He leaves a widow.

LEONARD.—At Wilkes-Barre, Pa., July 4, Maj. George R. Leonard, 52d Pa., aged 75. Maj. Leonard was a native of Philadelphia. He moved to Wilkes-Barre in 1856, and followed mercantile pursuits until 1861, when he recruited Co. A, 52d Pa. He participated in the Peninsular Campaign under McClellan. At Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, he was severely wounded. He served with the regiment until Feb. 11, 1864, when he was assigned to detached duty. April 13, 1865, he was promoted to Major