The Manchester Journal,
Published every Tuesday Morning, by
C. A. PIERCE & CO.,
Manchester, Vermont.
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET.
[illegible] Doors South of Court House.

TERMS:
$1.50 per annum, if paid within three months [illegible]; $2.00 at the end of six [illegible]; at the end of the year $2.50 will be charged.

[illegible]

BUSINESS CARDS.

L. D. COY,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Boots and Shoes.
[illegible] MANCHESTER, VT.

BUCK MITTENS and GLOVES.
Manufactured and sold by F. W. Hoyt, Agent.
MANCHESTER, VT.

BUTLER & WHEELER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Jamaica, Vt.
[illegible] BUTLER, [illegible] WHEELER.

H. K. FOWLER,
Attorney at Law,
Pension and Bounty Claim Agent, [illegible] Life Insurance Agent, and Commissioner for New York,
MANCHESTER, VT.

BURTON & MUNSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Office in the Court House,
MANCHESTER, VT.
[illegible] BURTON, L. MUNSON.

CLAREMONT M'F'G CO.,
E. L. Goddard, Agent.
Manufacturers of Paper and Books, Job Printers and Binders, and Wholesale Booksellers and Stationers,
CLAREMONT, N. H.

J. S. OSMAN,
Practicing Physician and Surgeon.
Office at [illegible] on Main Street,
MANCHESTER, VT.

J. K. BATCHELDER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office over Dening & Hard's Store,
ARLINGTON, VT.

A. M. JOHNSON,
DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered, and teeth extracted without pain.
Office over Coy & Swift's Boot and Shoe Store.
Manchester, August 12, 1867.—1y11

S. S. CLEMONS, M. D.,
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Invalid Pensions, and Practicing Physician.
Also Agent for Thompson's Improved Truss,
Office at the late residence of Dr. George L. Amos,
FACTORY POINT, VT.

VANDERLIP'S HOETL.
This long established Hotel still continues open for the accommodation of the traveling public. Particular attention given to boarders from abroad during the summer months. The public patronage hitherto liberally extended is respectfully solicited.
[illegible] M. VANDERLIP, Proprietor, Manchester, Vt.

THE EQUINOX HOUSE,
MANCHESTER, VERMONT,
(Open from June to October.)
At the foot of MOUNT EQUINOX, among the Green Mountains.
PURE AIR, FINE DRIVES, GOOD TROUT FISHING.
Address F. H. ORVIS, Manchester, Vt.

Routes to Manchester.
[illegible] Hudson River Railroad Train from New York, via Troy and Rutland, reaches Manchester at [illegible]
[illegible] morning Train from Springfield, Mass., via Brattleboro and Bellows Falls, connects at Rutland with [illegible] Train for Manchester.
New York passengers via Athens, or Albany and [illegible], reach Manchester by Bennington & Rutland Road, leaving Rutland at 6 a. m. or 5½ p. m.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
AT CASTLETON, VT.
The Winter Term, of 12 weeks, will begin Thursday [illegible] 2, 1867.
Examination for admission will take place on the first [illegible] of the Term.
For further information address
C. K. BALLARD, Principal.

Licensed Auctioneer.
[illegible] G. WALKER of Peru, respectfully informs his friends in Bennington County generally, that he has taken out a license as an Auctioneer and will attend [illegible] sales at auction, of all kinds of property, on short notice, and perfect satisfaction given or no charges.
[illegible], Sept. 30, 1867.—1y

BENNINGTON & RUTLAND R. R.—On and after Monday, Oct. 1, trains on this road will run as follows:
[illegible]
F. C. WHITE, Supt.
North Bennington, Oct. 1, 1867.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature of this State, passed at its last session, that the Stark Bank will redeem its outstanding [illegible] at the counter of the First National Bank of Bennington [illegible]
[illegible]
G. W. HARMAN, Cashier.
Bennington, Aug. 1, 1867.—1y11

Rail Road Notice.
LEBANON SPRINGS RAILROAD COMPANY
[illegible]
15th August 10 per cent.
15th October, 10 per cent.
15th November, 10 per cent.
15th December, 10 per cent.
[illegible]
T. W. PARK.
Bennington, Oct. 4, 1867.—3w

Blacksmithing.
[illegible] subscriber having purchased and [illegible]
C. N. LOYNES.
[illegible], June 10, 1867.—3w

The Manchester Journal.

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 352.

MANCHESTER, VT., TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1867.

TERMS: $1,50 per Annum, in Advance.

Gather them In.

Gather them into the fold, O Lord,
The merry and young and gay;
Leave them not in their thoughtlessness,
Choosing the broadroad way.
Gather them in—the wandering ones,
Safe from the storm of cold;
Gentle shepherd, who lovest them,
Gather them into Thy fold.

Many voices are in their hearts,
And false are the songs they hear;
But little they know how the siren lures
On to regret and fear.
Whisper to them in the still small voice
Thy wonderful word of love,
Till they turn away from the [illegible],
Finding the true [illegible].

Let them not pass to the sinful way;
Are they not lambs of Thine?
Have they not walked in the pleasant path,
Seeing Thy promises shine?
Have they not whispered Thy holy name
In their early childish prayer?
Take them, Father, for weal or woe,
Into Thy loving care.

Gather them into Thy fold, O Lord,
In their beautiful youthful days;
Sons and daughters of all Thy saints,
They should tread in their Father's ways.
Let them not wander alone and sad,
And though they love Thee not,
Soften their spirit and make them wise,
To ask for Thy children's lot.

LOVE IN THE LIBBY;
OR, THE DISGUISED SENTINEL.
A Sketch of the Late War.

BY J. MARSHAL HANNA.

CHAPTER I.

A dreary place was the Libby then, and is yet. But the place was far more repulsive when the war went on, and it crowded with prisoners; when it was a great human cage, always full, but never overflowing.

One would suppose that love could not live there, but like a delicate flower, would have all its perfume trodden out beneath the feet of heartless men, who cared not for love—only for life and liberty. It was a dreary winter, too, that of 1864, and the Libby pile, long and low, looked more lonesome and repulsive than ever, covered with an outer pall of snow, and the leaden current of the James making down in the background. Oh, the dead muffled sounds of winter—that last winter through which the infant Codfederacy was destined to pass. The armies that had borne the banner of the giant Child beyond the Potomac, forced back were lying in the snow, coiled about Richmond, in lines that thinner and weaker grew, melting away.

The hopes of the people were sinking by degrees, lower and lower, and the face and form of the Child grew gaunt and spectre-like—dying of hunger and cold. Christmas eve came, but brought no preparations for the Christmas feast There was gloom in the chamber and gloom in the hovel. There was gladness only where there was treachery—in the hearts and homes of the few Union men and women. Without the snow fell silently, steadily, save when the winds awoke, and rising in angered gusts, sweep aloft the drift and cast them in clouds upon the air, or sent the flakes beating into the faces to the sentinels who paced their rounds about the Libby post.

From within the prison came the sound of feet; of men doomed to perpetual motion—or the more dreaded alternative, of freezing to death. It was a low, montonous shuffling, that became at last the spirit of unrest, pervading and filling the place. There was a stir towards the office that announced a fresh arrival of prisoners, and the sentinel on the office post shouted: "Corporal of the guard, post No. 1."—The corporal appeared, a jaunty fellow, who had never shown himself in the the presence of the Yankee until the latter was a prisoner, when he was bold indeed.

"Bring in the prisoners," said the valiant corporal, and they were marched in and ranged before the registered clerk, who began:

"What is your name?" addressing the only commissioned officer in the party, whose uniform and insignia of rank was that of a major.

"My name? Edward Glover, Major—Illinois cavalry."

"Glover, Glover," mused the clerk, turning back the pages of the great register, "Have you not been a prisoner here before?"

"I have been."

"And exchanged?"

"No; I escaped,"

"With whom did you escape and how—will you be so good as to tell?"

"I will. I escaped with Col. Streight and his party. How we escaped, you well know."

"How long did you remain concealed in Richmond after your escape?"

"I remained behind one week; my comrades stopped not until they had put the bayonets of their friends between this hated prison and themselves I was sick, and fainted on making the passage of the tunnel; but I was cared for."

"By whom, may I ask?" questioned the clerk, who hoped to unravel the mystery of that memorable escape which had reflected so seriously upon the integrity of the prison guard, and brought the commandant himself under suspicion.

"I know and my comrades know," replied Major Glover proudly, "and my country knows, and she—

The Major stopped his speech. His anger at being questioned had betrayed him into ungarded utterances, and he turned pale under the searching glance of the clerk, who at the mention of the feminine pronoun "she" seemed to grasp the key to the whole secret, locked in the bosom of the Yankee Major.

"Wh-e-w!" he muttered, "then it was a 'she' who was at the bottom of the business. This must be examined into a little further. I think we shall find a woman at the other end of this thread.'

The clerk was apt in his business; he was quick, too, to discover plots among the prisoners. Once he had "nipped in the bud" a revolt by the agency of spies in the prison wards, placed there in the guise of prisoners of war. Now he was sure he had struck at the source of the frequent and mysterious escapes, and he resolved that the commandant should profit by the unweary information so opportunely dropped by the Major.

Dismissing the Corporal with the remaining prisoners to their quarters, he told the Major to follow him, and passed into an inner apartment where sat the commandant, at a desk, gloomily smoking and reading, alternating the puff of his confederate pipe with the perusal of a paragraph in the day's report of his subordinates. The room was small, and upon the ceiling and walls hung in festoons the flags and markers taken in battle from the enemy and loaned to decorate the "sanctum" of the post commander. The flags were hung so as to show them 'Union down.' On the wall also hung captured sabers crossed, and the cheerful fire from the hearth flashed and flickered upon the war-like decorations of the room.

"Major T———," spoke the clerk.—"here is an officer who escaped with that red western fox, Col. Streight. I think he has information which ought to be known. So I have brought him to you."

The clerk related the conversation before had, and the prisoner nodded in affirmation of the points as they were repeated. The commandant twiched about the mouth nervously, yoked his hands above his head, tipped back his chair with his boots before the fire, and looked straight in the eye of his man as only he can look who is used to command.

"Who is this woman?" he began at length, after having gagued and measured the Major prisoner, who was indeed a fine type of Western manhood.

"I shall not answer you?" was the emphatic response that left but little hope of anything further in that direction.

"An answer will save you trouble, sir Save you from the 'sweat' cell and the dungeon," came curt and positive from the commandant.

"I cannot help that. So be it." And Major Glover folded his arms, and stood as though prepared for the worst Love made him strong, and the face of her whose name he would not syllable came between him and the stern features of the commandant.

The commandant rocked back and forth before the fire, paused, tapping the toe of his boot upon the floor until his spur jingled again.

"Then you will not tell me?' he questioned of the prisoner before him for the last time.

"No!" spoken as firm as before.

The commandant turned in his chair and spoke to the messenger, "Call the corporal of the guard."

The messenger was prompt to obey, and again upon the wintry air without rang the cry so often heard as to be monotonous.

"Corporal of the guard, post No. 1."

The jaunty corporal appeared and made his salute.

"Send the turnkey to me," said the commandant, and with a retiring salute the corporal was gone.

The turnkey came a man of muscle, who looked as though he had been chosen to his position upon the single recommendation of strength.

"Search the prisoner," said the commandant, exchanging a glance between the turnkey and Major Glover. The latter turned pale as though some dreadful thought had just flashed upon his mind. His rght hand clutches tremblingly at something in his bosom. He staggers towards the fire; he withdraws his hand and hurls into the bright flame a package just as the commandant rushes forward to stay him. The envelope blazes and is ashes in a moment, but its contents—a *carte de visite*—is rescued from the firey jaws of the flames. It was partly destroyed, but there was remained, though charred, the bust and face of a human likeness—and that a woman's.

"Enough to start upon, Major Glover," said the commandant, exultingly, examining the remains of the carte.—"This in the hands of some of our Confederate Vidocqs will soon bring the name."

"Mighty handsome, too," observed the turnkey, peering over the shoulder of his superior. "I don't blame you, Major, for falling in love with a pretty woman, especially when she has done you the service you hint at."

Major Glover made no reply, but he deplored bitterly in his own thoughts, his perhaps fatal omission to destroy the *carte* while it was yet in his power, before he came into the prison. In spite of himself his secret was out, and "Love's Labor Lost." Could he but get the *carte* within his own hands again he would complete its destruction at the risk of his life; but that was impossible, for the turnkey, ever on the alert or divining his thoughts, warned the commandant, and with a sinking heart Major Glover saw the prized object securely locked away in the office safe, to be placed in the hands of the detectives on the morrow.

But where mans ingenuity ends, there woman's will begin.

CHAPTER. II

The publication in the newspapers of the next day of the fact af Major Glover's arrival at the Libby, with the story af the mysterious *carte*, and the revelations that were anticipated in respect to the escape of prisoners of war from that post, created no sensation in community so accustomed to startling events. People who picked up the newspaper, and read the paragraph, tossed it aside with probably the careless inquiry, "I wonder who she is?" and that was all.

But in one quarter the news fell like a thunderbolt, and Lula Vanhorn, when she had read the announcement, uttered a shrill shriek, and fainted away at the breakfast table, the tell-tale journal clutched in her purple hand.

There was terrible commotion in J. Vanhorn's family then.

Mrs. Vanhorn was just passing the cup of Mocha to her husband, shrieked toe, dropped the coffee cup, and upset the coffee caddy.

Mr. Vanhorn started for the Doctor on the next square, and Betsy the negro cook, who had come in from the kitchen, dropped a plate of muffins upon the floor, and was hurried to the druggist with a message of hartshorn—quick!"

All the small Vanhorn's were in tears crowded above the livid face of Lula, sobbing; "She's dead! oh, ma! she's dead!"

But Lula was not dead. While her mother was bathing her face and wrists in cool water, and weeping hot tears upon her face, Lula opened her eyes, arose and tottered to the sofa.

"Mother we are ruined! that paper tells it all. Major Glover has been taken by the rebels, and my photograph has been found upon him."

It was Mrs. Vanhorn's turn to faint now, but she did not. Her counsel was needed in the unexpected emergencey.

"Lula I see it all. You aided Major Glover to escape; your father sheltered him, and you are—"

"Betrothed to him," sighed Lula, "in the sight of Heaven.'.

There was a pause, broken by the sobs of Lula. "I knew I was wrong in keeping our engagement a secret from my parents, but young hearts must have one secret, and I have kept mine.'

By this time Mr. Vanhorn had returned with Dr. ———, followed hard upon by Betsy with the hartshorn, and all were gratified to the patient recovered.

"Only a fainting spell, Doctor. She's subject to them. Something she ate did not agree with her."

When the Doctor was gone, and Betsey dismissed to the kitchen, Lula told her father all, and there was a very solemn family consultation called at once.

The Union sentiments of the Vanhorn family, especially the sentiments of Lula, were well known, in fact, notoriously known, for she had been so impudent as to flirt hir handkerchief, and kiss her pretty hand to prisoners of war carried through the streets on their way to Libby. Indeed, although she was not aware of of it, the Argus eye of the special detective had bent upon her for some months, and in a book of the secret service at "headquarters" at a certain page might have been found written: "Lula Vanhorn, No ——— street, Church Hill; suspicious character; suspected of aiding prisoners to escape, and corresponding with the enemy."

But Miss Lula was kept profoundly ignorant of the interest her person excited at headquarters, and when she went shopping on Main street, paying for her purchases in greenbacks, she did not observe the shadow that followed after her, entering the shops as she left them, examining the bills she had payed down, noting the number and denomination with a curious minuteness.

Lula did not know all this; and it is better that she did not, for the knowledge would have made her unhappy, and caused her life to be all shaddow and no sunshine.

But now it was all revealed to her as if by a flash of lightning, and terrible and deep was the chasm that opened to her imagination, which excited beyond the power of her nervous system to control, already pictured in the sudden future a dungeon and a scaffold. For war is stern,—stern as Death, and regards not sex when the welfare of armies and nations demand the sacrifice.

That Christmas morning, fair and unclouded, was like the day of doom in the Vanhorn family, and Joshua Vanhorn as he walked the breakfast room floor in an agony of doubt and suspense, paused to listen with attentive ear, as though he was sure he heard the heavy boots of the detectives mounting the stone steps.

The dreadful photograph! That telltale piece of pasteboard! The detective with the likeness in his hand, would be sure to trace out the original. Ruin was impending over the house of Vanhorn, like a rock balanced upon a mountain pinnacle, that the slightest breath might topple over, and send crushing through the habitation beneath.

The door bell rang, and its hasty jingle seemed to foretell an urgent messenger.

"Merciful heavens! Who is that?" gasped Joshua.

"The detectives!" whispered Lula, her full bust rising and sinking rapidly as hope and fear alternate went and came in her bosom.

"Good sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Vanhorn, and flopped downright upon the floor.

Father, mother and daughter were arranged for an effective *tableau* had the vistior been the person uppermost in their minds—the detective—but it was not. He was on the contrary, quite an opposite person. The "welcome visitor" was none other than Jimmy Hayes, *alias* Jim Cute, the noted blockade runner, who performed very successfully the feat of carrying water upon both shoulders, running in through the lines a few worthless packages of quinine for the Confederate government, and running out through the same channel, strong hearty man who had a horror of the conscript officer. Jim made a pretence of strengthening the Confedracy with one hand, while he surely weakened it with the other.

Such was Jim, and Jim was the very friend indeed that the Vanhorn family stood sorely in need of in this, their extreme hour. Jim came on business, and carried a bundle, which he began to unfold, simultaneously with the plan he carried in his head. He had heard all about the affair of the Major and the photograph, and he knew the circumstances of the Major's escape, and the part Miss Lula had taken, he had hastened to warn her it would not be safe for her to remain inside the rebel lines longer than it would take her, with good haste to get out of them.

And Jim as he spoke made a significant gesture by twirling his right hand index finger about his juglar, and darting it upward.

"Hang me?" and Lula uttered a very diminutive shriek, as though she felt the trap going from beneath her feet.

"Yes, hang you, and all your beauty and tears could'nt save you."

Lula began to weep and tremble, but Jim stopped her.

"No time for tears now; if you value life and liberty, to as I bid you. First and foremost, you must put off the woman and put on the man—at least outwardly, and to all appearances. You can never escape in those clothes. Here, I have brought you the duds—the very things."

And Jim displayed a worn suit of grey— pantaloons, jacket and cap, taken in part payment from the last deserter he had put across the lines.

Women think and act upon their resover faster than men, and before Jim had finished speaking, Lula had gathered up her disguise and gone hastily to her chamber, with her mother, where her beautiful tresses were cropped close and the garments donned. Jim did not follow but sat upon the sofa holding his gold repeater, before him as though counting the pulse-beats of time while Joshua Vanhorn paced like a sentinel back and forth over the floor, paused before the street long enough to peer out upon the passer-by, beholding in each the dreaded and now expected detective. At length he paused half way in his tramp and looked at Jim.

"Where do you propose to carry my daughter?"

"Any where out of the rebel clutches. Into Grant's lines, maybe. It will take money, though," continued Jim, with an eye to business.

"Very well; you shall be rewarded," and Vanhorn chinked two gold eagles into Jim's extended hand.

Lula was now ready, and when she appeared in the costume of a confederate conscript, she had indeed put off the woman and put on the man. Jim, who was supposed to be *aufait* on matters of disguise, pronounced the deception perfect, but declared there was no time for the expenditure of much admiration.

"Come," he said, and lead the way to the door. The next mement Lula, the spy, and her escort were gone.

CHAPTER III.

Jim Hayes, *alsas Cute* Jim, hurried away with Lula towards the rendezvous of his clan, in the northern limits of the the ciry, near the old powder house.

The morning air was sharp and cutting, and an old Yankee overcoat, much in vogue then among the Confederate soldiers, thrown across Lula's shoulders served to conceal her too apparent feminine gait, and the collar pulled up and buckled under her chin was a good disguise for her too fair face, and now rosy cheeks from which the blood went and came.

As they walked hurridly forward, bracing their forms against the resisting wind, Jim with his sharp practised eye, saw that the cost was not clear.

At every street corner almost, the sun glanced upon the bayonets of the guards busy halting men in citizen as well as soldier garb, and demanding their passports. "Some thing was in the wind," and Jim snuffed it correctly. "Blamed if the 'dog catchers' are not out he growlde, "and yonder's that confounded 'conscript hawk' with his eye upon us ready to pounce down."

Jim looked about him with all his wits at work. He had hoped to find a friendly cab within call, into which he might "land his charge and drive off. But not a Jehu was in sight.

"Come?" said Jim, tugging at Lula's overcoat. "We must take to this alley way. I've 'run the block' too often to be caught by a grey eagle."

The pair turned into an alley, but ran upon a bayonet coming out. The bayonet was attached to a musket, and that impliment of war was in the hands of a guardsman.

"Halt!" spoke the guardsman, and the bayonet fell on a line with the pair confronted.

"Leave all to me," whispered Jim.—"Play sick—hospital." And Cute Jim telegraphed the balance to Lula by the agency of a wink.

"Your papers, sir," said the guard, extending his hand, which hand Jim grasped with a hearty.

"Why, Hilloa, old fellow. Mighty glad to see you. Where are you stationed now, eh?"

"I am stationed *here* at present," replied the guard gruffly, and I want to see your papers. So shell them out quick, for its cold."

And the guard with his musket at rest blew his mittenless fingers, and stamped his feet while Jim produced his wallet and fumbled amongst its papers, taking care the guard should hear the chink of old Vanhorn's gold.

"There is my passport." And Jim passed to the guard a bit of paper, signed by the Confederate Secretary of War, exempting the bearer from military duty, and the molestations of guards, because engaged in the "secret service" of the Confederate States. So the passport ran, and the man with the musket finished its reading, and passed the paper back with a satisfied "all right."

"But how about this young man?" continued the musket man, turning to Lula. "Any papers, sir?"

Cute Jim came to the rescue quick.

"Oh, this fellow? He's been sick.—Jest out of the hospital. Don't you see how pale and white he looks. Had the jaundice bad, he ain't got no papers."

"Can't help that. He looks pretty hearty now, and my orders are to take up all found without proper passes, and send to the 'Soldier's Home,' where they are organizing a company of convalescents to take the place of the troops, guardsmen of the Libby prison, for Grant is moving, and every man is wanted. So come along."

And the guard laid his hand on Lula's collar.

"Now, by ——, mister," pleaded Jim, "I think you are party rough. This young man's 'spectable; he's fit through the war thus far, and been 'winged' more'n once. I think you might let him slide to-day any how, being its Christmas."

But Lula was already going in tow of the musket. Jim followed, and played his trump.

"A word in your ear, mister. Mike there is your prisoner sure, but what do you say to an exchange of prisoners?" And Jim clinked his gold together again, while his wicked eye twinkled, as he walked along keeping pace with 'Mike' and his custodian.

"What do you say to exchanging Mike here for one of my yellow boys.

"Begone!" exclaimed the honest guardsman, "or I'll take you along.—My country pays me, not traitors like you. Begone!"

Cute Jim had lost his throw. He slunk behind like a dog, but followed at a safe distance, and saw Lula disappear within the gates of the Soldier's Home.

CHAPTER IV.

The Soldier's Home on Cary street, corner Seventh, was, in *bellum* times, dreary and almost as desolate looking as the Libby prison; and the regime was not different, except in the single respect that the enforced inmates of the Home were recognized as Confederates in grey, a little recreant to their duties, perhaps, while the inmates of the Libby were Yankees in blue, and the hated and hating enemies of the Confederate cause.

Lula when she entered, found herself among a gang of rough men, crowded into a large upper room, and hovering above the mass and eveloping all, was a dense cloud of villainous 'obacco smoke,' distilled from a hundred odouriferous pipes.

The sole occupation of all seemed to be an effort to excel in the cursing line, and oaths the most horrid, and anathemas the most fearful were bandied about from one to the other, interspersed by roars of laughter, and jeers in chorus, as the door opened and a new comer would come tumbling in, adding his own to the general jargon.

Lula sought out a retired seat, and drawing her disguise about her face, sat dreaming. Cute Jim had given her the cue to the part she should play, and she would play it, so help her God! She planned anew, and resolved to extract good from the seeming untoward events of the morning. Her lover, Major Glover, was a prisoner at the Libby; she, in the selection of the guard for that place, might be detailed. She recalled the remark of the guardsman who picked her up, that the men were wanted to take the place of the regular troops ordered to the front.

Again her heart beat quick, and of the two conflicting emotions, hope and fear, hope was uppermost again in her breast.

"Fall in here, men, who haven't given your names," came ringing from the other end of the long hall, where suddenly appeared a confederate officer in full uniform, regulation sword at his side, and pistol in holster.

"Fall in here—quick, I tell you."—And to the roll of a drum the mass began to squirm and take shape in the form of a straggling line of infantry, without arms.

The enrolling officer surveyed the line for a moment, and again thundered:

"Front face!"

The movement appeared to be satisfactory, and the officer prepared for the next command.

"Count off by twos." And the explosive monosyllable went off from right to left, rattling down the long line: "One, two—one, two," dying away at the fatherest end in a timid chirp, "one, two."

"Now give your names to the clerk as he passes down the line; and any man who gives a false name or a fictitious command will be sent to Castle Thunder if detected."

Lula's heart throbbed away down when the register approached her, nearer and nearer. He stood before her, book and pencil in hand. It was Lula's turn.

"Your name?"

"Michael Meredith."

"Hospital convalescent?"

"Yes."

And the clerk passed on down the line.

There was another roll of the drum, and "Michael Meredith" was among the names called for prison detail. The file was counted off, equipped with arms and blankets, and given in command to the sergeant, and in five minutes Michael Meridith found himself (for we must adopt our language to the sex assumed,) in full tramp for the Libby prison post, for relief duty.

The squad had fairly set off, when Mike felt a finger tap upon his shoulder.

It was Cute Jim!

"Have you played your part?" he whispered, and walked along keeping step with Mike.

"I have, better than I had hoped, I am detailed for guard duty at the Libby, and if my courage does not fail me, to-night. You must manage to communicate with Major Glover. Tell him of my ruse, and how, by good fortune, I have been placed in a situation where I can serve him. To-night, at twelve,