AN ARMY WIFE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER X.

That night the Riflers, seven companies, were whirled away by special train to the rescue of the railway shops and roundhouses at Cimmaron Springs 100 miles to the north. One of those unaccountable manias that prompt men to appropriate other people's property had seized upon the employes of the road. The Valley division had been forced to abandon all trains, and it was only a question of time, said the ringleaders, when the Mountain division would follow suit. Passenger and cattle, fruit and freight trains were blockaded. The mails, sent through at first with a single car, were presently belated, then blocked entirely, and Uncle Sam, who had been showing his teeth for twenty-four hours, now showed his hand. In the old days of Sedgwick it was the cavalry that was perpetually being hustled off on the warpath, leaving the infantry to hold the fort, but of late the Indians had kept the peace and the cavalry the post. Then came the sudden outbreak of trouble on an Eastern road, the swift assurance of sympathy from brethren in the West, and then a strike that speedily established the fact that there were still savages in the valley of the Bravo, for men who tried to stand to their duty were kicked and battered into pulp, and helpless women and children were burned out of house and home.

The colonel was in no wise eager to go on any such mission. He kept at the metaphorical front, but the actual rear, of his men, secure in the precaution that cool-headed Capt. Hayne was forward on the pilot of the engine. If the trestle work were sawed away or bridges burned at inconvenient points, Hayne would not be apt to let the train stumble into the pitfall. It was nearly dawn before the special reached Santa Fe Junction, but the Riflers marched thither soon after midnight, leaving many weeping wives at home. They had not the stoicism of those women long schooled in such calamities—the ladies of the cavalry.

Buxton succeeded to the command of the post and its garrison, now made up of one big squadron of the ——th, four troops, and Capt. Blinker's battery of mounted artillery, and what fairly pestered Buxton was why the colonel should have sent for Mr. Merriam within ten minutes after the dispatches began coming in just after retreat, and Merriam wouldn't tell.

The first dispatch was from department headquarters, and bade the colonel hold his entire regiment ready for instant duty and a journey by rail. Bux was with him when it came, and together they had gone to the office. Then was handed in another, which the colonel read but did not pass over to his second in command. On the contrary he thought a bit and sent for Mr. Merriam, and took him to one side and had a conversation with him of five minutes' duration that was inaudible to everybody else. Bux did catch a word or two, but could make of it nothing that did not stimulate his curiosity. "Killed," "Mescalero Mountains," "written statement" — "McLane — only twenty-three," were some of them, and when he took the commanding officer's desk the next day, he ransacked it to find that dispatch, supposing it to be something official. It was only semi-official, said the operator. It came from department headquarters, but was addressed to the colonel personally, not in his capacity as post-commander, consequently it was not filed, and Bux couldn't find it.

The guard had to be reduced, and Buxton gave orders accordingly—a sergeant, three corporals, twelve sentries for four posts, and the inevitable and indispensable orderly for the commanding officer, being all now authorized, since both battery and troop commanders had to keep up their stable guards. But Buxton insisted on a lieutenant as officer of the guard, and, as luck would have it, the man directed to relieve the infantry sub starting off with his regiment was Randolph Merriam.

He had hastened home to let Florence know it was the Riflers, not the cavalry, that were summoned this time, and instead of finding her somewhat tranquilized was distressed to see traces of continued, if not greater, agitation. Mrs. Hayne, of course, had been hurried home. Florence had left the sofa and was nervously pacing the little room. He heard her rapid footsteps as he let himself in at the door below, but as he bounded up the stairs she hurried to the window and stood leaning against the sash, her back toward him as he entered.

Closing the door and hastening to her, Merriam took her in his arms and turned her face to his. It was hot and flushed. The eyes were still red with weeping, the lids swollen and disfigured.

"Why, Florence, dear," he began, in tones of mingled reproof and distress, "what can have happened to so disturb you? We do not go. It is only the Riflers this time."

For one moment there was silence, then a sudden outburst:

"I wish we did go. I wish to heaven I had never again seen this hateful, hateful post—or else that she had not."

"She! Florence? Who?"

"The woman you went to see when I was out of the way after parade this evening—and dare not tell me."

"Florence! Florence!" he cried, in utter amaze and distress. "Listen to me, dear," he pleaded, for she was struggling to release herself—"listen to me, child."

"Child? I am no child! I was one, perhaps, when you came into my life—when I married you. But not now—not now, Randy. I'm a woman with a burning, bleeding heart. Why should you go there? Why should you hide it from me?"

"You were ill and wretched. I knew you could not bear it. Grafton asked me to come on a matter entirely of business."

"Oh! what business have you to have business of any kind with her—now?"

"I do not yet know, Florence," he answered, slowly releasing her, and his tone changing to one in which pain and reproach were mingling now. "I have not seen her; indeed she refused to see me."

"You said Captain Grafton urged you to come. What right had he if she didn't mean to see you?"

"That remains to be explained, Florence. I have had no time to inquire. Indeed, I have not felt sufficient interest. Mrs. Grafton said the lady had declined to see anybody, and had gone back to bed, prostrated again, possibly. I was most anxious to come to you, my wife, little dreaming what welcome was in store for me. Florence, dear, is it possible—is it credible that you have let that poor woman come as a torment into your life and make you so unjust to me? O, my little soldier girl, is this just to either of us?"

"Tell me this!" she demanded, suddenly facing him and looking into his troubled eyes. "Is there any business—can there be any reason why she should wish to see you—alone?"

Merriam hesitated. "Florence," he began, "there are matters sometimes made known to a man that he must divulge to no one. I do not know what she desires of me, but I believe it is her wish to learn all I know about that poor fellow who was killed up the Mescalero last June—nothing else."

"And needs a private interview with her rejected lover for that purpose?" she interrupted, her eyes flashing anew. The child was indeed a woman. "Oh, I hate her! I hate her!" she cried, throwing herself passionately upon the sofa, and then Merriam cried "Hush!" for some one was knocking at the door.

It was the servant, their oblique-eyed Chinaman, with a note. "My knockee flee times," he grinned. "All time talkee—talkee; no listen."

It was a brief summons to relieve Lieutenant Henry in command of the guard, at once. Henry had to go with his regiment.

"Mrs. Hayne is coming back, is she not?" he queried of Florence, but had to repeat the query twice. She only shook her head.

He waited a moment. "Listen, Florence, dear," he presently said, as he bent compassionately over her. "I am ordered on guard at once, and must go to relieve Henry. Even though I cannot tell you what Mrs. McLane wishes to see me about, this I will tell you, dear. If I must see her, you shall know it first—from me, and not hear of it through some meddling gossip."

He was wondering as he walked away who could have told his wife he had called at Grafton's and asked for Mrs. McLane. He was too proud to inquire. He had kissed her gently, forgivingly, as he said to himself, before coming away, and promised that he would be with her again if only for a few minutes before the signal for lights out. He found Henry swearing with impatience, as the youngster had a "raft" of preparations to make, and it was very late, nearly 11 o'clock, before he had re-established the sentry posts as ordered by the new officer of the day. The trumpets sounded "taps" to heedless ears, and the lights burned brightly in all the barracks, and the troopers who were not to go were chaffing the "dough-boys" who were, and so mixing up not a little in the work of preparation. He had seen Hayne a moment and had been told that Mrs. Hayne would run back to Florence again as soon as she had seen to the packing of his mess-chest and field-kit. The children were to be allowed to sit up and see the regiment off. Merriam supposed when taps came that by this time Mrs. Hayne was with Florence, but all the same he left the guard in charge of the sergeant a few minutes and hurried away over the parade and up to her room, and there he found her lying almost as he had left her—face downward upon the sofa and all alone.

Throwing aside his belt and saber, Randy knelt by her side and strove gently to turn her toward him.

"Have you no welcome for me even now, my little girl?" he murmured. "Do you realize this is the first trouble that has ever come between us, and that I'm being very, very much abused for something that is no fault of mine?" His tone and manner were almost playful, despite a certain soreness at heart he could not quite ignore, but Floy resisted and was silent. "I have only a moment or two, my wife," he presently continued, gravely and sadly. "You are soldier enough to know I should not be away from my guard every now, but my heart yearned over you, Florence, in your illness and distress, and I had to steal a moment. Won't you come into my arms a little while, and let me kiss away the traces of those foolish tears?"

Ah, who knows how much her heart, too, may have been pleading with his pleading voice at the moment, yet the devil of her jealous love kept rigid guard between them.

"I shall do very well," she answered, coldly. "Mrs. Hayne was here and I told her not to stay"—pause—then, "neither need you."

At first he could not believe his senses. The wild outburst of a few hours before was something easily accounted for in one so young and passionate, but this cold, repellant, remorseless refusal, this practical dismissal of his proffer of love, comfort and caresses, this was something utterly unlike Florence. It not only amazed, it stung him, and rising slowly to his feet he stood one moment looking down at her in deep bewilderment, and with no little effort curbing his tongue and temper. The pretty wrapper she wore had become disarranged, and the one slender, slipped foot that projected from beneath its shelter was tapping nervously the foot of the sofa. Stifling a sigh, he looked about him, took from a neighboring chair a heavy shawl she had been using earlier in the day, and, carefully spreading it over her so as to cover even the rebellious foot, he quietly picked up his sabre and as quietly walked to the door. There, turning about, he looked back at her. Without changing her position, she had calmly stripped off the shawl with her right hand and dropped it to the floor. The slippered foot was still beating its nervous, irreconcilable tattoo as he slowly descended the stairs.

She heard him let himself out into the night and the clank of the scabbard against the gatepost and the tramp of his cavalry boot as he crossed the road. He walked slowly, heavily now, not eagerly as he came. Florence heard and noted, and then her pride and resolution gave way, and again she wept bitter, bitter, yet not wholly penitent tears.

The waning moon was shining over the dim, far-stretching desert to the east, and a little torchlight procession was forming at the band barracks, as Merriam recrossed the parade. Each musician wore attached to his headgear a bright little lamp, its reflector so arranged as to throw the light full upon the sheet of music in the rack of his instrument. It was nearly time to form the regiment, and though the band was not to go, it meant to "play the boys on to the cars," as the sergeant said. Whittaker, longing for excitement of some kind, had gone to Buxton and begged permission to turn out his troop, mounted, and escort the Riflers to the railway, and Bux said "no" with cheerful and customary alacrity. All the same all the post was up and mostly out of doors, thronging about the edge of the parade, when adjutant's call sounded and the two battalions came swinging out in full marching order—"campaign hats, blankets rolled, great-coats folded, haversacks, canteens and crammed cartridge belts." There was but brief ceremony. The colonel whipped out his sword and gave "Column of fours," the rifles of the first company leaned to the right shoulder, the band burst forth into its liveliest strain, and, taking the lead, the baton-bearing drum-major at its head, away they tramped to the southeast gate, and all Fort Sedgwick seemed to follow. The colonel spurred his way and jolted out in front of the band, his adjutant at his heels. The cadenced step and spirited music were kept up until the hospital corps at the rear of the column was clear to the gate, then route step was ordered, and then by twos and threes and little squads and parties the throng of escorts came drifting back, by far the larger portion veering off to the right and taking the pathway toward the barracks, while a long string of women and children, with a few attendant officials, kept the direct road, nearly westward, that ran in front of the main line of officers' quarters. Over at the guard house the little handful of armed soldiers had stood watching from afar the formation and departure of the regiment, and now, spreading their blankets, were settling themselves for a brief nap before relieving the sentries now slowly tramping their posts, and Merriam, after one long look at the distant row, vainly seeking for the bright light that used to burn in her parlor window on previous nights when he was on guard, turned into the office of the guard-house with a heavy heart and a weary sigh, and sat himself down to look over the list of prisoners and the half-finished report.

The midnight call of the sentries had started as the Riflers marched away, but, between the music and the cheers, seemed to get no further than the post of No. 2, and Corporal Mahoney had gone to see if 3 and 4 were all right. Silence was gradually settling down upon the moonlit garrison, although voices of women and children came floating faintly across the dim parade, and out under the spectral white flagstaff tiny sparks as of cigars could be seen, and low, gruff voices were heard in consultation. A moment or two more and the sentry of No. 1 was hidden to call off half-past 12, and barely had he done so, and Merriam was straining his ears for the answering cry of the outlying posts, than a second time the sentry let loose his voice and challenged sharply, "Who comes there?"

"Commanding officer and friends," was the answer in Buxton's growl.

"Halt! Corporal of the guard—commanding officer and friends," answered No. 1, and Merriam sprang to his feet, while the corporal went bounding out to examine and receive the party.

"I want the officer of the guard," said Buxton, impatient of etiquette or formality, as he bulged ahead. "Oh, Mr. Merriam, there must be at least a hundred of our men gone tagging along with the 'dough-boys' in hopes of a round of drinks at the Junction, probably. I want a mounted patrol to go in at once and herd 'em all back, otherwise some of them will be carried away on the train, sure as shooting. Just give your stable sentry orders to let a dozen horses out. I'll send Mr. Whittaker in command; he wanted to turn out and go as escort. Lots of your men are in there, I suppose, Captain Grafton," he concluded, as he turned to the silent officer at his side.

"Half a dozen, possibly, sir, though I doubt it. Do you wish horses and men from my troop? If not, sir, I'll retire."

"Yes, sir, I do. I want three men and horses from each troop—good men, too. If I send a squad from just one troop, those runagates will be down on just that one company, and we'll be in hot water for a whole year."

Grafton silently touched his cap and turned away. Far off to the southeast there was a sound of cheering, and the band had struck up some rollicking quick-step, whereat old Bux gritted his teeth and swore anew. 'Damn those infernal idiots. Do you know what'll be the result of this? The regiment will get away on the train, and then that band, instead of coming back, will go to Miguel's saloon, and there they'll start a baile, and have that whole greaser population in there drinking mescal and 'guardiente, and ripping and fighting until everybody's beastly drunk. I won't have it, sir!" and he glared at the officer of the guard as though he considered that silent official a co-conspirator. "I won't have it, I say. I wish Mr. Whittaker to start at once and round up the whole gang."

And with that he strode portentously away in the direction of headquarters, the orderly following with a grin. Corporal Mahoney came in from his round, reporting 2 and 4 all right and everything secure.

"But there's one thing, sir: No. 2 can't begin to see the length of his post, and with so many private horses in the little stables back of the row what's to prevent them beggars from town running off half a dozen head? Once across the mesa and into the Santa Clara country there'd be no catching them."

"We must take the chances," said Merriam, briefly. "The commanding officer will not permit any increase of sentries."

Yet the corporal's warning made him think of his own favorite saddle-horse and Floy's pretty bay. She rode so well, so fearlessly, urelessly, that one of his very first gifts to her had been this dainty little mare, swift and surefooted as a greyhound, and about as wonderful a jumper, and Florence gloried in her and in the dashing rides they used to take. They didn't mind the lack of shaded bridle-paths. They scoured the plain full gallop, riding recklessly after the bounding jackrabbits, and coming home all athrill and aglow with the glorious exercise. But of late the rides had become more sedate and slow and less frequent, and when Mrs. McLane proposed being of the party Florence discovered Mignon to be suddenly lame, and had a shoe removed and a hoof poulticed, and Randy smiled but said nothing. Mignon was surprised, perhaps, but not Mr. Merriam. He was thinking of the unprotected condition of those stables back of officers' row, where those gentlemen who owned private stock were required to keep theirs, instead of, as had been customary under a previous administration, at the cavalry or quartermaster's corrals. The colonel of the Riflers had once been knuckle-rapped for allowing public forage to be fed to private "mounts" of some garrison ladies, and now he had his eyes open. The Freemans, Haynes, Graftons and Merriams, as well as the doctor, all had private horses for ladies' use; so did certain others; and although every mounted officer could draw forage for two horses, not a peck of oats could he get beyond that, and when it came to forage for ladies' horses—animals never ridden or driven except by ladies, and too light for government service, the colonel drew the line at that entirely, and was sustained by a virtuous congress.

So Randy had to buy forage for Mignon, and luckily forage was cheap, with all those ranches of Santa Clara close at hand. He had often thought how easy it would be for greasers—natural horse thieves—to sneak in on that southern front of a dark night and make off with four or five favorite horses, and the colonel used to keep three sentries along there. Now they had only one. "All the more reason for my keeping personal watch on that front," thought Randy, "and that will give me an occasional chance to look in on Florence."

One o'clock came, and the call had gone from sentry to sentry, thanks to the breathless stillness of the air, and the moon was climbing high, and Bux was still up and swearing. A "wire" came out from the Junction that the "special" would not be there for two hours, so the Riflers had stacked arms, unslung packs, and were snoozing or skylarking as suited their humor. The colonel had given permission for a dance at Miguel's. The band was playing, and there was jollity in the wind. Bux said he wouldn't have the cavalry mixed up in any such tomfoolery, however, and the patrol was saddled and ready to start. Grafton, coming back from his stable, where he had gone to personally see to the selection of the mounts required, stopped and drew Merriam to one side.

"I'm sorry for the needless trouble you took this evening, Merriam. I had hoped that Mrs. McLane would see you and have done with it. Another dispatch came for her three hours ago, and it seems to have roused her to action. She was up and dressed in time to see the regiment off, and now, I presume, she's flirting with Whittaker. There are lights in the parlor. At all events the orderly hasn't found him, and Bux may send you after the stragglers in town."

"Then I reckon I'll start and make the rounds and get out of the way," said Randy. "By the way, captain, I hope your private stable is well secured. We have only one sentry on that whole front now, and that matched team of yours is a powerful temptation to Bravo horse-fanciers. I mean to make two or three trips around the row to-night."

"Well, then I can save you several hundred yards, Merriam," said Grafton, fumbling in his pocket. "Take the short cut through my yard. There are no private horses between me and the rear end of the line, you know. Here's the key to the rear gate."

Merriam took it and thanked him heartily.

"I'll go to the corrals first," said he, "and then come over your way. Good night."

The lights were still burning dimly in the parlor as Grafton reached his quarters, but the slender form of a woman stood between him and the door. It was Mrs. McLane, and she began at once.

"I have been waiting anxiously for you, captain. Dear Harriet has gone to her room tired out, and I thought Mr. Whittaker would never go—I fairly had to send him. Mr. Merriam is officer of the guard. Could I see him—could you take me to him for just a minute? If I can talk with him three minutes it will be ample, and I cannot rest now until I do."

Grafton was on the point of bidding her remember that she had refused a chance of talking with him earlier that night, but refrained. He looked back across the sallow, moonlit surface of the parade to where the oil lamps were burning blearily in the guard room. "He is not there," said he. "He has gone down to the corrals. But"—a happy thought striking him—"in less than ten minutes he will be coming through here on his rounds. I gave him the key to our rear gate. It's warm and pleasant out here. You might hail and halt him as he offers."

Meantime there had been a sore, sore hearted young wife farther up the row. As wrath and passion sobbed themselves away and the devil of jealousy wore itself out, and the thought of Randy's patience and gentleness and of all that Mrs. Hayne had said of his unflagging tenderness and love, poor Florence began to wonder if she had not angered him beyond repair. His last act had been one of fond, thoughtful care. He had spread the shawl over her and lingered over it as though he loved to touch her, mad, miserable, ugly, hateful as she had been, and she had spitefully thrown it off. She picked it up now and strove to arrange it as he had done, but could not. She arose and bathed her face and eyes, and gazed out over the now deserted parade. She had not even stirred when the Riflers marched away. She paced the floor again and felt that she was weak, and became conscious that she was most unromantically hungry, and then—Oh, heavens! how could she!—how could she have forgotten? Here was Randy on guard, up all night, and never before since they came back from their wedding tour had she failed when he was officer of the guard to have a delightful little chafing-dish supper all ready for him at 12 o'clock, and he used to come over from his duties for half an hour and eat with such an appetite and praise her Welsh rarebit, or her oysters, and then take her in his arms with such love and delight in his fond eyes, and here—and here it was 1 o'clock and she'd utterly forgotten it. Oh, poor Randy must be starving!

In ten minutes Mrs. Merriam had bundled up her dishevelled hair, donned some more becoming gown than the tumbled wrapper, and had hustled down stairs and lighted the parlor lamp to signal Randy to come home and be fed and forgiven, and then she ransacked the cupboard and started her fire, and then peered over toward the distant guard room and saw no sign of his coming. She trotted through the kitchen and banged lustily at Hop Ling's door and bade him rise and go summon his master, but the menial answered not. He, too, had slipped away to the Junction—not so much to see the Riflers off as to have a shy at fan-tan, and Florence was alone. Never mind. She had been born and reared in garrison. No one could teach her the ins and outs of post life. Why shouldn't she run across the wide, dimly lighted flat and surprise her darling at his desk, and bid him come home with her and let her twine herself about him, and have a happier cry as she told him how weak and wicked and cruel and hateful she had been, and beg to be taken back into his love and trust. Yes, yes, well she knew that he was too noble, too grand to treat her sternly, coldly, because of her tempestuous outbreak. It was all because she loved him so—loved him so that it was torture to think any other woman could claim or hold or even attract him. With brightening eyes, with bounding heart, she threw over her head and shoulders a light wrap and stepped out on the piazza. Somebody was coming across the parade—from the guard house—even now. He was still too far away to be recognized, but as he halted one minute and turned as though to listen to the sentries just beginning to call half-past 1, the moonlight glinted on the steel scabbard, and she knew it must be Randy. Then he was coming to her after all, and she need not have to seek him and be the first to "make up," as she used to say in girlish days. The call went round with echoing ring, and then on came her lover husband again. How she loved that martial stride of his! How erect and strong and soldierly he seemed! How—why—he wasn't coming—straight to her. He had reached the flagstaff. There lay the beaten pathway right before his eyes and hers. He must see the bright lights of his home bidding him come and find love and welcome. But he had turned away—was walking, not toward the west end, but straight for the middle of the row, straight to where the Graftons lived—where—that woman lived.

But that meant nothing. Oh, no! Florence well knew that meant nothing. Had he not said only a little while before that never would he see or speak with her without coming first to his wife, his Florence, and letting her know? Yet, why should he go thither, at this hour of the night? That was not the way to the sentry posts. Unconsciously she approached the edge of the piazza—she saw him reach the roadway—saw him cross it—saw him—Merciful God! Could she believe her eyes?—saw him enter what must be the Grafton's gate and then become lost in the shadows of the row. Hardly knowing what she did, Florence sped madly down the steps, out through the gate, and, almost running, down eastward along the walk. Nearing the Grafton's, she pressed her hand to her heart to still its mad pounding, and as she came opposite the parlor window she noted that the lamps were burning dimly, late as it was. Could he have entered? Breathless, dazed, she clung to the picket fence for support, not knowing what to do next, and then the blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins, for somewhere, close at hand, just beyond those sheltering vines she heard voices, his voice and hers, low-toned, earnest, ah! passionate—for she heard her murmur, "Oh, Randy, Randy!" and, stepping quickly forward, saw her just around the corner of the trellis, apparently clinging to his arm, the two dim figures seemingly linked together in one vague, indistinguishable, yet damning shape, and then all grew dark to her, as though a pall had been dropped from the starry heavens, hiding from sight the sin and woe of a reeling world.

(To Be Continued.)

THE MASSACRE OF ADOWA.

Panic and Desperate Flight of Italian Soldiers Before the Shoans.

London Daily News.

The Nazione of March 22 publishes a long letter from an Italian commissariat officer, from which the following are extracts:

At about 2 p. m. a lieutenant came galloping to warn us that the Shoans were advancing, and that our men were retreating precipitately. The major who commanded the battalion escorting supplies gave the alarm and tride to move to the hill of Zala to stem the tide of fugitives and of the enemy, and to gain time for a retreat. The hill of Zala was three kilometers distant. He found it occupied by the enemy, and was obliged to retire to another hill in the rear. We formed a column of the oxen and mules, and commenced the retreat, closely followed by the fugitives. We had hardly got 400 meters, and were still on the camping ground, when we were assailed by a tremendous flank fire on our left from a commanding height.

This unexpected, inexplicable attack struck with terror the fugitives, whom no threats could influence. Some drew revolvers and fired on those who promoted the disorder, but there were no means to restrain them. We were seven officers against 2,000 or 3,000 soldiers and native troops. Now the debacle commenced, the fight for existence. An indescribable confusion arose which I shall never in my life forget.

The oxen, rendered furious, charged through the columns, the mules tried to shake off their burdens, and carried confusion into the ranks, the fugitives with their swords cut the cords of the packs and mounted the mules. There was a perfect horror and the fire continued. • • • We succeeded in separating into two columns, one going to the left and the other to the right, both converging afterward on Mai Gubetta. It took three hours' march to reach there under fire (of which we took little notice) from the Shoans who followed us along the hills, and from the population which had risen in rebellion. At Mai Gubetta, the fusillade ceased, and I, together with the Veterinary Lieut. Pierucci and Signor Felter, and a captain of infantry, took the road to Debra Damo with about forty soldiers of the commissariat.

Capt. Mondelli, of the commissariat, and Lieut. Giusto (who was of the garrison at Makalle) together with the native troops, took the road to Halia and Saganeiti. Evening had come on, or rather it was night, which luckily was dark and tempestuous, a rare thing in this country. If the moon had been shining, it would have been bad for us—not one of us would have returned.

I could not even see the ears of my horse, and the road needed full light, for it was one of the worst, most rocky and steep. My servant led the way as guide, and thus by God's will, feeling our way at snail's pace, halting every now and then to listen or look out for a light, again and again anticipating an assault and massacre, we arrived in sight of Debra Damo. Debra Damo is a high and inaccessible rock, in the form of a sugar loaf. The top is scooped out, and there are stored arms, ammunition and food for the natives. To reach the summit it is necessary to be hauled up by ropes for about thirty meters. The road winds around the amba, and is exposed to fire therefrom. When we were below the smallest imprudence would have cost us the fruits of our silent retreat.

One of the party began to shout that the head of the column should wait for the tail to come up. If those on the top had heard we should have been cooked without having the satisfaction of firing a shot, considering where they were posted. Warned of the danger, we were silent and pushed on, marching unmolested till 4 o'clock in the morning to Mai Maret, where Col. di Boccard was posted with three battalions. We heard afterward that fugitives of ours had been constantly fired on by the people who had risen with joy.

Col. di Boccard had heard nothing of the defeat we had sustained, and wished to resist. Felter persuaded him to change his plans, and at 12 o'clock we set out toward Barachit.

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At Barachit we arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening, and the commandant showed us a telegram which told of a band of men under Ras Sebath at two hours' distance who had the intention of making a night attack.

It was decided to continue the march after giving the animals a two hours' rest. No one came to disturb us, and in the morning at about 5 o'clock we reached Adi Caje, where we found Baratieri, who was taking his breakfast.

Our Naples correspondent, writing on the 25th, says:

The Sumatra, with the first batch of wounded on board, arrived in the middle of the night, but there was a large crowd at the arsenal gates.

At the hospitals there is a constant going and coming of relations of the returned soldiers, or of others in Africa about whose fate nothing is known, and the questions asked of the wounded are often painful to answer. Many generals visited the hospital, and the archbishop of Naples was also there comforting the patients. His eminence remarked that almost all were wounded in the legs, and a soldier answered him: "Just so! Those who were wounded in the body remained on the field."

A man who had received a lance cut across the face and two on the head lay on the field of battle from 3 o'clock in the afternoon till midnight, remaining perfectly motionless, even when the enemy, believing him dead, stripped him naked. In the middle of the night he set off on a painful march, which lasted for five days. On the way Lieut. Sacconi, who was terribly mutilated, begged him to put an end to his sufferings. The poor officer, when already wounded, had continued to defend himself as well as he could with his sword, when the Galla cavalry arrived on the spot and cut off both his legs and his arms! Another of the wounded of the Sixth battery says that he saw Gen. Arimondi fall, but whether he had been killed or had committed suicide he could not say.

A soldier named Ferraro related that in the battle of Adowa he had fallen wounded into a thorny bush from which he had just extricated himself and was assisting one of the surgeons, when he saw two blacks creeping along the ground toward them with knives held between their teeth. Ferraro raised himself on the body of his lieutenant and fired, wounding both blacks. He then ran to call the ambulance in aid of the lieutenant, when he was struck by a bullet, and returning the fire killed his adversary. He then joined a group of fugitives under a captain who took the lieutenant with them, but the officer died the following morning. Th next day, attacked by the enemy, the captain also lost his life. The men, tortured by thirst, hid all day, and proceeded on their march in the evening, reaching Antisciо next morning. But they found that camp occupied by the enemy, hid again till night, continuing their retreat amid a constant fire from the natives of the villages which they passed. Thus day by day, from hill to hill, they passed in continuel peril. Finally they found a native who for $20 undertook to guide them, and who, after seven days' march, led them into Adi-cade.

Why England Is So Prosperous.

London Financial News.

The lowering of the American tariff has been our salvation, and it cannot be said that we have shown much reciprocity, for instead of taking the increased value of our shipments across the Atlantic in kind, we seem to have bought less American produce. It is needless to go beyond our own board of trade returns to find an explanation of a good geal of the monetary trouble in the United States.

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R. P. Whigman, photographer, 22 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal., says: "I used Munyon's Rheumatism Cure for rheumatic pains in the arms and was delighted with its curative effect. I cheerfully testify to the benefits I received from the pellets."

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*For South Bend, 4:30 a. m.
For Tacoma, 4:30, 5:50 and 9 a. m.; 2:45, 6 and 9:40 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE—

From St. Paul and East, 6:30 a. m. and 11:50 p. m.
From Portland, 8:15 a. m. and 11:50 p. m.
*From Olympia and Gray's Harbor, 11:30 a. m.
*From South Bend, 11:50 p. m.
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† No. 3.	‡ No. 1.	Lv.	Ar.	‡ No. 2.	† No. 4.
4:50pm	9:00am	Seattle		5:25pm	10:45am
6:04pm	10:15am	Woodville		4:19pm	9:30am
6:19pm	.....	Redmond		.....	9:05am
6:35pm	.....	Issaquah		.....	8:52am
7:41pm	.....	Sno