

LOCAL BREVITIES

L. A. Tjosvold has purchased the motor boat of Nels P. Nelson. Mrs. C. Sullivan of Spicer is visiting her daughter, Mrs. O. Hoangberg. G. O. Sand returned yesterday from a several days' business trip to Chicago. Albert Anderson returned Monday from his vacation spent at his home at Madelia.

Remember the Ladies' Aid social at the Swedish Bethel church tomorrow afternoon, July 17. Mrs. Geo. Sanderson and Gladys Sanderson left today for a visit with friends at Yankton, S. D.

Misses Marble Bennett and Lillian Isaacson of St. Paul are guests of Willmar friends this week. Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Gade are entertaining Mrs. Gade's sister, Mrs. C. B. Hjatt from Columbus, Ohio.

Emil Fredine, Charles J. Peterson, Elmer Peterson and Miss Amy Johnson of Maynard took in some sessions of the Willmar chautauque last week. Miss Ida Sanderson is enjoying her vacation from her duties in the Judge of Probate office and will leave tomorrow for Sioux Falls for a visit with friends.

A postal card from Louis G. Lundvall and Misses Johnson and Goranson, from Tacoma, Wash., speaks in enthusiastic terms of the fine trip and good time they are having. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sanderson entertained at dinner Saturday evening. The honored guests were Mr. William Hoynes of Minneapolis and Miss Helen Swertson of Crookston.

Mrs. E. H. Leir and two children, Kingsley and Doloris are here from Casselton, N. D., for a visit at Mrs. Leir's parental home, Chas. Dahlheim. Dr. Leir is expected tomorrow for a brief visit.

Miss Edna Odell is enjoying a vacation from her duties in the Register of Deeds office and left for a visit with relatives at Milnor, N. D. Her aunt, Mrs. Kimble, who is visiting here accompanied her.

Supt. and Mrs. J. A. McKinnon leave the latter part of this week for a trip West. On their way out they will visit relatives at Great Falls, Mont. Mrs. Thomas Olson will have the care of the children during the parents' absence.

Miss Nellie Robbins at 114 East Litchfield avenue, charmingly entertained a dozen of her girl friends at a "chocolate-lare party" last Saturday. A buffet luncheon was served at 10 a. m., the decorations were roses and sweet peas.

ST. JOHNS.

Mrs. R. J. Somerville and daughter, Mrs. Sam Clark, returned the latter part of last week from a visit with Wisconsin relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Lindstrom were entertained at the Smith home Sunday afternoon.

Alfred Ledall is assisting the firm of Jarrett & Sons in looking after their extensive hay interests in the vicinity of Pennock. The Axel Johnson family visited at Ed. Johnson's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield of Willmar visited in this neighborhood, Saturday. Tom Cleever will be employed by L. Ronning during the haying and harvest seasons.

The next meeting of the Y. P. C. A. will be held Sunday evening at the schoolhouse in Dist. 77. We understand that Mr. Hoag is to lead the meeting and that he has chosen as his subject "Self-sacrifice," a subject that has indeed great possibilities for development, which fact combined with Mr. Hoag's acknowledged ability as a speaker, promises to make the discussion an interesting one in all respects. In addition to the regular program the Misses Violet Stenberg and Elizabeth Johnson will render musical numbers. We should like very much to have a large attendance at this meeting, so come one and all at 8 p. m., Sunday evening.

WANTS—Too Late to Classify.

FOR SALE—Grain binder, nearly new. L. A. Bjorling, Route 2, Willmar. 880

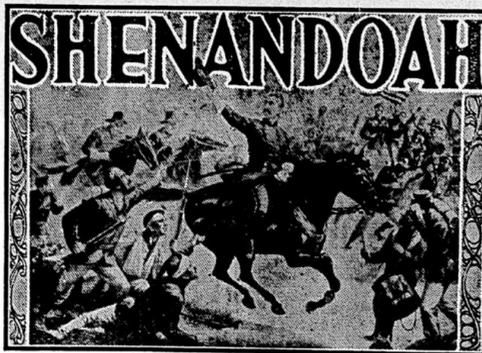
Simons Studio. The portraits behind the name has put meaning into the name behind the portraits. Simons Studio—Adv.

Bees Faster Than Pigeons. It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hives would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.

Easier. Wilkins—You've never worked a day in your life, have you? Blinkins—No, but I've worked lots of people.

Modesty. Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false.—Addison.

Religious. "Is she of a religious turn of mind?" "Very. She never misses a church supper."—Detroit Free Press.



A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing, Founded on the Great Play of the Same Name

By BRONSON HOWARD AND HENRY TYRRELL. Illustrations From Actual Wartime Photographs by Brady.

CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE

CHAPTER VII. "He's a Yankee Spy!"

W HILE Gertrude Ellingham read and reread and pondered and cried over this letter and kissed it fervently, as if in concealment from her very self, the five army corps of McClellan, having encountered the defensive Confederate forces now under direct command of General Robert E. Lee, had fought the indecisive battle of Fair Oaks, otherwise called Seven Pines, and were lined up along the Chickahominy stream, almost within gunshot of Richmond.

They thought Lee had detached a corps and sent it westward to re-enforce Jackson in the valley. Instead, Jackson was sweeping eastward to join Lee, who more than a year after the commencement of the war was at last to take active command of a large army in the field.

General McClellan at the gates of Richmond opened his assault upon Lee's lines of defense at Beaver Dam, near Mechanicsville, on the Chickahominy. It was the first of the Seven Days' battles, soon to go into history. There was fierce fighting every day that week—at Gaines' Mill, Savage Sta-

tion, Glendale, all through the dark and desolate White Oak swamp and along the sluggish, noisome Chickahominy. Jackson, in his old time fighting form again, in the field with Lee, Stuart and Longstreet, strove to make up for lost time and did his full share in forcing the enemy steadily back from Richmond. But that enemy was McClellan, a foe of different caliber from any the Virginians hitherto had faced.

McClellan was indeed doggedly falling back toward the James river, but as soon as he got into communication with the Federal gunboats on that stream he concentrated his artillery on Malvern hill and made a stand which demonstrated that his so-called "change of base" from the York to the James river, whatever necessity may have dictated it, was a military movement executed in masterly fashion.

Amid the horrors of that retreat—in which were included thousands of sick and wounded who could not have stirred but for the dread of the lost tobacco warehouses in which the southerners penned their prisoners of war—a young lieutenant clad in the remnants of a blue uniform which at first opportunity he exchanged with a dead soldier for a suit of dingy gray, crept off into the thickets of the Willis Church road along the slope of the hill.

Parched with fever and crippled with a wounded foot, he lay there all night in the feverish damps, then pressed on at daybreak in what he thought to be the direction in which the Federal troops had moved off the night before.

As he drew near what looked like a deserted cabin in a lonely gulch, an old, dilapidated looking negro ran out and, glancing at the fugitive's uniform, implored him to "jest send a 'spatch to Charleston that old marster was sick and los' in de wilderness, an' den mebbe somebody would send or come to git him."

The young wayfarer would have been glad to get off a dispatch somewhere else in his own behalf, but that signified nothing. He followed the gaunt old negro into the cabin.

There, on a bed of juniper boughs, lay gasping and choking a Confederate soldier with a ghastly bullet hole in his forehead, and the stamp of death on his livid face. An elderly, gray haired man, evidently a surgeon, knelt on the ground and made feeble efforts to minister to the comfort of the dying one, while his own teeth chattered and his hands shook with age.

"Dat's Dr. Ellingham," the negro whispered, "and he's one of de richest men in Charleston, when he's home. But here ain't got no money now, and here's poor Sam Pinckney shot—I reckon de Yanks have done for him, sho'. De doctor's a little bit out of his head, too, on 'count of de fever, but he reckoned he'd stick to Sam, an' of cou'se I sticks to de doctor."

"Pete," said Dr. Ellingham in his



He Drew Near What Looked Like a Deserted Cabin.

dazed way, "you might ask the gentleman if he has anything besides water in his canteen."

The young man drew a small wicker flask from his pocket and handed it over. The surgeon reached out a shaking hand, then said: "You had better give him a little; you are steeper than I am."

Here the wounded man made a sound as if choking. "Mebbe it's phlegm in his throat," said the faithful old slave. He poked a black finger into the poor fellow's mouth and pulled out a quid of tobacco that must have been there ever since Sam was shot. Then a small quantity of liquor was poured between the old lips, but the case seemed hopeless.

At that instant loud voices were heard outside, and then a Confederate captain and two soldiers rushed into the cabin.

"Ah, here they are!" shouted the captain. "Major Ellingham, I've been searching for you everywhere. You shouldn't have left the ambulance in your condition. Pete, you black scoundrel, is that the way you take care of your master?"

"I am glad you have come, Captain Thornton," said Dr. Ellingham, feebly. "Here is Sam Pinckney, in very bad shape."

"And whom have we here?" asked the captain, staring at the young stranger who had proffered the flask and paying no attention to the wounded man.

"Great God! Ed Thornton—I thought I knew you!" exclaimed the young man addressed, peering into the insolent, scarred face of his questioner. "And I presume you know me as well."

"I know you're in a pretty ticklish position with that Union belt on under a Confederate uniform and inside our lines. Men, search your prisoner. He's a Yankee spy."

"That's a lie, Thornton, and you know it. I was in the fight, open and fair, and I wouldn't be here now only that I stopped to try to help your comrades. Let me alone, I say."

He struggled so fiercely, despite his weak condition, that the efforts of his

two soldiers were required to hold him while Thornton minutely searched his person.

"Letters—Washington and New York postmarks—and ah! What have we here? Pretty little sentimental keepsake, eh? Where have I seen the lady's face? Pardon me if I read this inscription on the back of the case."

What he had found was a miniature, the portrait of a lady, carefully protected in a morocco case. The owner resisted so desperately the taking of this treasure that he finally sank to the floor, livid, panting, foaming and cursing, as Captain Thornton mockingly

read the lines inscribed on the back of the picture: The flashing light may lighten thy form in living lines of breathing grace. May give each that is to thee warm. As that which melts o'er thy dear face. But in my soul and on my heart. With deeper colors, truer aim. A lovelier power than meeter art. Hath given thy image and thy name. "He is dead," said Dr. Ellingham, letting the hand of poor Sam Pinckney, which he had been holding, fall limp and lifeless to the ground.

"Well, major, that relieves you from duty here. I'll have an ambulance sent around at once. As for the Yankee gentleman, I will take good care of his remains while he is escorted to Richmond and put up at the Hotel de Libby."

With these taunting words Captain Thornton laughed diabolically, then lit a cigar and stood in the doorway of the cabin gazing ruminately upon the miniature which held the fair features of Mrs. Constance Haverrill.

The old warehouse of the Libbys, down on Carey street near the James river, was the largest structure of its kind in Richmond. It was a vast, dingy, four storied red brick building, with nothing but naked walls, bare timbers and low raftered drying rooms, whose small windows were not intended primarily to admit light. A few iron bars on these windows and a flimsy partition here and there to divide the floor space into "rooms" had sufficed to transform the pungent smelling old shell into a capacious military prison for Federal captives whose official rank saved them from the unsheltered pens and stockades of Belle Isle or of Salisbury and Andersonville farther south.

Only officers were immured in Libby prison, and most of the time there were from 1,500 to 2,000 motley, ragged, pale faced men pining there, cramped and squallid and liable to be shot down relentlessly if they crossed a "dead line" within two or three feet of the barred windows. Some of these poor fellows listlessly carved crucifixes and wooden toys with their jackknives; others played cards squatted on the floor or checkers on boards marked off in rude squares on these same rough, unswept planks. All hoped against hope and conversed endlessly on two topics—"exchange" and "escape."

Letters from home were rare, gifts and provisions still rarer. Nevertheless some fortuitous combination of

circumstances and outcropping of ordinary human kindness did on certain memorable occasions permit a suit of clothes or a box of sweets and other creature comforts to escape Confederate confiscation and get past the drawbridge of the military bastille.

One of those occasions that brought reasonable rejoicings to a certain lot of Libby occurred just before the date of national thanksgiving, in the latter part of November.

The blood red rays of sunset were streaming through the one small, high, grated window that lighted a bare room where some men were dejectedly playing cards for scraps of tobacco, while others sat around on rough benches and watched or smoked or dozed. One who was either sick or wounded lay on a couch, with a coarse blanket over him. Two or three of the card players joined their unmelodious voices in crooning an old fashioned Methodist hymn.

"That's right, boys," said the hymn leader, an unctuous looking Hoosier whom they addressed sometimes as "chaplain" and again as "deacon," "cheer up a bit. If you can't be cheerful, be as cheerful as you can. Think—think of your heavenly home."

"Too far off," muttered Captain Cox, a Kentuckian. "Well, then, think of your earthly home—of the apple trees in blossom when you left it, of the afternoon sunlight fallin' on it this minute out there in Kentucky or Ohio or wherever it is. Mine's in Indiana, thank God! I remember when I was—"

"Deacon," protested the sick man, "I'm not feeling very chipper today."

"Oh, you'll come round all right. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. As I was saying—"

"That's what poor Ralph's afraid of, deacon," interposed Captain Cox. "Monotony is what's killing him, and I'll leave it to you if the navy ain't long since worn off those endless reminiscences of the time when you used to be—"

"Rear admiral on the Wabash canal," chimed the chorus. "All right, boys, poke all the fun at me you like, smite me on the other cheek. You know I'm meek and lowly. Darn this hand of cards anyway. But with all your cuteness I'll bet \$5 none of you can tell how we used to take in sail out there on the Wabash, eh?"

"Well, sir, they go out afloat on the towpath and knock down a nule."

"Ho, ho! How's that, Ralph?" laughed Cox, rising and going over to the sick man's couch. "Come, brighten up. Are you sick in mind too?"

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"I don't seem to care about anything," said Ralph Hunt, gloomily. "If I can't die on the field it may as well be here as anywhere else."

"It's a good thing I'm here to give you spiritual comfort," interjected Deacon Hart, turning away from his cards for a second. "Oh, is it my deal?"

CHAPTER VIII. Libby Prison. CAPTAIN COX sat beside Hunt's couch and conversed with him in low, earnest tones.

"There are other places," said he, "besides the field of battle, where a man can be brave."

"Oh, no doubt," was the bitter reply. "You find it easy to keep up your courage when I am in despair."

"What do you mean?" "You know. We were boys together, and I have always put up with second best. You've always stood in front of me, Tom Cox—at school, at sport, in business, in love."

"Tell me one thing," urged Cox. "Have I ever played you false?" "No, you haven't. You have never needed to. Your cursed fatal 'good luck' does it all for you."

"No, I don't. At this moment your heart's inmost thought is identical with mine. Marie Mason—great God! How my heart beats at the speaking of that name! Marie—she was the one woman in all the world to me. Why did you cross my path there, when it was as sure as fate that her preference would fall on you?"

"If it was fate, what's the use of talking about it now?" retorted Cox doggedly. "And to what avail to either of us now can that girl's favor be? You know she is an irrevocable southerner, like all the rest of her family. You know that I came out for the Union, as you did, when the first gun was fired on Sumter. Perhaps you don't know, but I will tell you now, that when I left Lexington she—Marie Mason—said she would rather see me lying dead on the battlefield wearing the southern gray than marching against her people in the blue uniform of the north. That was our parting, well, you and I have drunk from the same canteen. We have fought side by side in the same battles; we have both won our captain's sword—and lost them. Now, in misfortune, we are still together. And yet, on the petty pretense of disparity in our lots, you would banish the one ray of sunshine penetrating these prison walls—our old comradeship."

"You are well and strong. I am ill," pleaded Hunt. "I don't forget that, either," murmured Cox, frowning. "I've talked too much, I suppose. It's all over now. Here's my hand, if you will take it."

Cox did not take it immediately, but answered: "It's all right, Ralph. Only give me a little time to get over it, for you cut deep, old fellow."

At this moment a sudden silence fell, and a general movement and whisper among themselves manifest. Enter Captain Jackson Warner, the prison commissary.

"Evening, Yanks," was his gruff but not unkindly greeting. "What devilry are you up to now?" "Talking over old times and old comrades, captain, that's all," replied Cox gently.

"Well, you may have an opportunity of seeing some more of 'em 'ere old comrades of yours, I reckon, before long."

"What? Are we going to get out?" "No; they're coming in here. I suppose you've heard the news?"

At these words a young lieutenant who had sat silently in an opposite corner reading a copy of the Richmond Dispatch weeks old, threw down the paper and listened attentively.

"Let us know the worst, Captain Warner," urged the young man. "We're used to it—haven't got feelings any more, you know. What's the news?"

"Oh, some more fighting in the valley, you know. Yanks licked out of their boots again, as usual. More prisoners, more hard luck stories."

"What's that?" cried Deacon Hart. "Another fight? More prisoners? Oh, Lord!"

"You're on the religious, aren't you?" inquired the commissary scoffingly. "I'm a shouting Methodist these forty years, thank the Lord!" answered the deacon, holding his hand of cards behind his back.

"Well, your shouting hasn't benefited Abe Lincoln nor yourself very much so far. You'd better swing around and pray for Jeff Davis, I reckon, and be out on the safe side."

"Never, till this right hand"—putting out his left with the cards, then jerking it back and holding up the right—"shall lose its cunning."

"Oh, go ahead, deacon, and pray for Jeff Davis if they want you," suggested Cox. "He'll need it before this war's over."

"I understand," said Ralph Hunt gloomily. "That's the idea is to get the well kept Confederate prisoners back from the Union camps and send us as living skeletons in exchange."

"Do you think, Colonel Cogswell," asked Cox, "that things are going as badly with us in the valley and elsewhere as they try to make out?"

"Yes, and a slight worse, I should say, at the present moment."

"Then," interposed Hart tragically, "all is lost save honor."

"The colonel drew himself up proudly, glanced around to make sure that the commissary and guard had retired, then with a superb dramatic gesture opened the coat of his uniform, which had been tightly buttoned up to his chin, and displayed the stars and stripes wrapped around his body.

"Not all lost, sir. Our colors, by God!"

"The prisoners rushed forward, their eyes bulging and cheeks glowing with patriotic ardor. Even poor Hunt rose excitedly from his couch.

"Three cheers, boys," cried Cox. "All together—let her go!"

They gave a rousing round of cheers that brought Captain Warner rushing back into the room.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Remember where you are. This ain't Washington. What are you feeling so ornery about?"

"We were just welcoming an old friend," explained Cox.

"And, besides, cap," interposed Hart, "ain't this Thanksgiving eve? How soon them pumpkin pies were ordered and paid for in good United States money?"

"That's a fact," answered the commissary. "Well, the cook tackled 'em, according to directions. They ought to be pretty high done by this time. Queer grub, that."

At this juncture the door opened and immediately a joyous commotion ensued.

"Pie, pie! Oh, pumpkin pie! Attention, all! Salute the pastry! Let the noble pumpkin approach its doom with military honors."

The prisoners drew up in line opposite Captain Warner, while in march a dignified old negro with a red bandanna turban on his head, bearing aloft in both hands a platter containing an enormous pie. This she solemnly deposited on the table, then turned and made her exit in silence, saluted profoundly by the company.

"Chaplain Hart will give a blessing—will you join us, Captain Warner?"

"No, thank you," replied the commissary, making his exit. "The atmosphere's getting too Yankeeified to suit me, and I'll be excused."

Knife in hand, Hart stood in an attitude of devotion at the head of the table.

"All I can say is, Lord bless this 'ere pie—then, as an expression of horror and disgust, overparched his homely face—and the Lord help us after we've eaten it! Why, darn my skin, if they ain't gone and put an upper crust on a pumpkin pie! And the pumpkin cut into hunkers as big as your fist, without no milk nor sugar, and not half baked, neither."

"The devil! Those Virginia darkies are good cooks, but they don't know what pumpkin pie is."

Deacon Hart carved the pie and distributed slices all around, remarking philosophically: "The blacks must be freed and educated. Think of a whole race in such benighted ignorance as this!"

The attack had scarcely begun when Captain Warner once more appeared at the door, making a sign which all the imprisoned officers instantly understood.

"Yes, we do that when any one has a visitor. Marie, we are alone for a moment."

"She buried her face in her handkerchief and began to weep."

"To think we should meet again like this!"

"You didn't come here just to say that, Marie. You are fickle, but not deliberately cruel."

"It is you who are cruel, when you talk like that. Oh, Tom! You know I love you."

"Do I? How?"

"I have come here to save you."

"To save me?"

"Yes—or to tell you how you can be saved. I think. General Winder is coming."

"General Winder, the provost marshal of Richmond? You say he is coming here to Libby prison?"

"Yes, right now—this evening. I coaxed him to get me permission for

ped forward, including Ralph Hunt, who arose feebly from his couch. General Winder was visibly affected at the manifestation, but pretended to be only perplexed and annoyed.

"What! All of you? But I only asked for six. I see that some definite plan of selection will have to be followed. You shall draw lots."

He took out his notebook, tore some slips of paper from it and directed Captain Warner to pass them around and have each man write his name on one. The slips were then all placed in a hat, from which Captain Cox was unanimously chosen to draw out six names. He did so, one at a time, handing each slip to Captain Warner without looking at it. Warner read the names aloud, and the general repeated them after him, at the same time writing them down in his notebook. They were as follows:

"Major Paul Revere, Thirtieth Massachusetts."

"Colonel Alfred Wood, Fourteenth New York."

"Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, — Pennsylvania."

"Colonel Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New York."

"Captain Alfred Ely, Thirty-seventh New York."

"Captain Ralph Hunt, Tenth Kentucky."

Instantly upon the completion of this list Captain Cox spoke up and said: "General, the last name I have drawn by an unhappy fatality is that of my old friend and comrade, Captain Ralph Hunt. He is a sick man

and not in condition to go as hostage. With your permission, general, I will go in his place."

While General Winder was deliberating his reply a woman's scream was heard outside the door, and Marie Mason rushed wildly in.

CHAPTER IX. A Bold Escape. YOU shall not do it, Tom!" she cried. "It is not to freedom, but to death, they would take you. Don't go, Tom! The lots decided it fairly, and your name was not drawn. You shall not—"

Here the silent Confederate officer, Captain Thornton, who had followed closely after her, caught her in his arms as she sank back fainting and, at a sign from the general, carried her, with the assistance of Warner, out of the room. Then, turning to Captain Cox, General Winder said: "Your proposition is out of order, sir, and I cannot consider it. The six men whose names have been drawn will report at once in the commissary's room."

The general and his staff officers retired, while Captain Warner and the guard took up their positions at either side of the doorway.

Hunt, the sick man, who had been helped by Lieutenant Bedloe to a chair, now got up again and grasped Captain Cox's hand, saying: "Tom, you are the better man of us two—you have proved it in every way. I'm glad Winder wouldn't take you, as it is far better that I should go. All the same, you meant it old fellow, and it was swifter than I thought."

"Why, Ralph," said Cox chokingly, "we are comrades—old comrades. Six, no more, but I wish to heaven I could go in your place."

"Attention! Fall in!" commanded Warner.

The six doomed men fell into line, after silently shaking hands with those left behind. Hunt leaning on the arm of young Bedloe, and followed Warner into the outer darkness, for night had fallen and the fitful glare of a couple of lanterns intensified rather than dispelled the surrounding gloom.

Cox paced up and down the forlorn room, with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back, for full fifteen minutes in the aweful silence. Then he muttered: "This is the last blow. Deacon, do you ever despair of what they call Providence?"

"Never did yet," protested the sturdy Hoosier. "I can't and won't believe they are going to sacrifice those boys in cold blood. Such things ain't in the bounds of civilization."

"I don't know. How about war itself? Here you have it, the deadliest kind—brother against brother. I tell you, Hart, we haven't seen the worst yet, though God knows there's enough to make the angels in heaven weep already."

"Well, one thing is certain—these hostages won't be sacrificed unless the Confederate prisoners are executed first—so our side will have the first move anyhow."

"What sort of consolation is that to the fellows who get shot or hung?"

Here another violent commotion interrupted. Marie Mason entered—a lone, disheveled, bright eyed apparition.

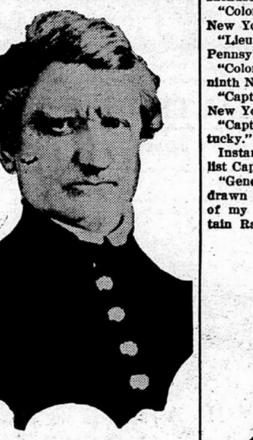
"Oh, Tom!" she gasped breathlessly. "What you poor child, are you still here?" Cox exclaimed, this time gathering her unreservedly into his arms. "You must leave this accursed place or you will go mad—if you don't drive us so."

"I've come back to tell you there's more news."

"Of what? Of whom?"

"From Washington—of the Confederate prisoners. General Winder has just received a dispatch."

(To be continued)



General Winder, the provost marshal of Richmond.