onel's forehead. Only one of our captains was alive. A pretty set of men to repulse four regiments! And the next time they were going to use their cavalry; I could see them forming for attack behind the infantry.

The enemy now sent us an officer with a flag of truce to receive our surrender; but the colonel sent him back with a flea in his ear. Our colonel was a grand fighter, but he could never understand the courtesies of war. He formed us in two lines now, two short lines of wounded, trembling, desperate men; and we waited for our fate. We had no hope of help. The fight had not lasted more than an hour and no re-enforcements were coming for an hour more. We knew we could not outlast another charge; but every man loaded his rifle carefully and made sure that his bayonet was firm; I do not believe that a braver set of men ever waited for death.

When we were ready for the enemy, the colonel stepped out in front of the regiment—his horse had been shot under him long ago.

"Major Freeland, come forward," he cried out.

Major Freeland advanced and saluted.

The colonel drew his sword, and, holding it by the blade, presented the handle to the major. "For gallantry on the field of battle, Major Freeland," he said. "You may take your post, sir."

The major bowed and withdrew.

And then from a hundred and fifty throats, parched with hard fighting, there arose an unforgetable cheer.

An orderly brought the colonel a new sword. The colonel turned and looked toward the enemy. "They're coming," he said. "Now boys, we'll all die together."

This time the enemy charged faster than before, but we had plenty of ammunition, and poured such a rain of lead upon them that for a moment they faltered. But the next instant their cavalry was on our flank, and we knew that all was over. The idea of surrendering never entered our minds. Our business was to sell our lives as dearly as possible. The cavalry was upon us, around us, everywhere. We were forced into little detachments of three and four, but still we kept on fighting.

At last one of the enemy came riding up to me with his sword raised far above my head. I tried to bayonet him, but he wheeled his horse, and I struck the horse instead of the rider. His blow came down on my head, giving me an ugly cut on the forehead, and as I fell horse and rider fell over me. I could not move.

Even then I did not lose consciousness, though my mind is rather confused as to just what happened afterward. I am quite sure that I saw the old colonel go down; but as to the major I am not so sure. I am certain I did not see a man run away, nor a prisoner taken. One by one they died in their tracks. At last every officer was down. The last man I saw drop was Amos Callender, with the colors in his hand; and after that I fainted away.

When I came to myself it was night and the stars were out. In some convulsive death agony, the horse that fell on me had rolled away, and I was free to move if I could. But for a time I lay still. Evidently the federals had marched away. There was not a sound to break the quiet of the night, nor even a groan; for the enemy had carried off their wounded and our men were all dead. The dead horses and men that lay near me, magnified by their proximity, stood out black against the sky like great clumsy mountains. It seemed an impossible effort for me to try to rise. I wanted to lie right there and die. I was not suffering much, only a dull pain in my leg, and a benumbing ache in my head. At last the desire to live stirred within me, and grew strong enough for me to try to sit up. As quick as I did so the pain in my head increased to such an extent that I fell back again, sure that I was going to die and glad of it.

That was the end of our regiment.

The next day I was carried home by a farmer who found me lying on the field of battle. I was the only living man that he found there. I have since had a correspondence with the federal general who led the attack against us that day, and he tells me that he took no prisoners and that he could find no wounded.

The regiment is dead, and it is forgotten. Since the close of the war other regiments have had reunions. Ours cannot for I am the only survivor. The Forlorn regiment has passed from men's minds. The few who have a hazy recollection of it cannot believe that I am the only man alive who served in it. They always say that some of the rest must be living somewhere. But I know better. I know that the bones of every one of my old comrades are now lying upon that hill in West Virginia—and I have told my son that when I die, I want mine to be laid among them.—Robert Beverly Hale in Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Chinese have a god for every disease, even for childhood's afflictions, like the mumps and the measles.

The established church of Scotland has announced competitive examinations for theological professorships.

Eighteenth century tables and chairs are very popular in various parts of England. They are said to be made in and shipped from Connecticut.

There is a noteworthy preponderance of females in Sweden. The latast statistics show more than 148,669 more females than males.

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