In this part of the wood the dead were missied from both sides of the ontest, the faded blue and the faded "emetimes scarce distinguishable. dere came a thickening of the and in turn, as the traveler ad-I toward the fences and abattis, Northern dead predominated, a still there were many faces yel- | tears! ale, dark-framed.

Franklin passed over the abattis, over the remaining fences, and into the intrenchments where the final stand had been. The dead lay thick, among them many who were young. Franklik over Jok looking out over the gas, is ale direction of the town. and there he saw a sight fitly to be called the ultimate horror of all these things horrible that he had seen.

Over the fields of Louisburg there came a fearful sound, growing, rising, falling, stopping the singing and the twitter of the birds. " Across the land there came a horrible procession, advancing with short, uncertain, broken pauses—a procession which advanced, offering no special or extraordinary paused, halted, broke into groups; ad- features. His life had been spent unvanced, paused, stopped, and stooped; der canvas. Brought up in the proa procession which came with wail- fession of arms, so long as fighting ings and bitter cries, with wringing of hands, with heads now and then laid upon the shoulders of others for support; a procession which stooped uncertainly, horribly. It was the women of Louisburg coming to seek their slain-a sight most monstrous, most sterrible, unknown upon any field of civilized war, and unfit to be tolerated even in the thought! It is for men, who sow the fields of battle, to attend of activity as metal to a magnet. also to the reaping.

him, slowly but almost in direct line, two figures, an older lady and a girl. They came on, as did the others, always with that slow, searching atti- martial even under his sixty admitted tude, the walk broken with pauses and

moved, rode on across the field Louisburg. The music was no longer the hymn of triumph.

Softly and sadly, sweetly and soothingly, the trumpets sang a melody of other days, an air long loved in the old-time South. And Annie Laurie, weeping, heard and listened, and wept the more, and blessed God for her

BOOK II.

The Day of the Buffalo.

CHAPTER IV.

Battersleigh of the Rile Irish.

Col. Henry Battersleigh sat in hi tent engaged in the composition of document which occasioned him con cern. That Col. Battersleigh should be using his tent as office and resi dence-for that such was the fact even the most casual glance must have determined-was for him a circumstance little to him in what clime he found Sultan, deep within the interior of a country which knew how to keep its secrets. When the American civil war began he drifted to the newest scene Chance sent him with the Union army, Franklin stood at the inner edge of Fand there he found opportunity for a the earthworks, half hidden by a little | cavalry command. "A gintleman like clump of trees. He saw approaching Battersleigh of the Rile Irish always rides," he said, and natural horseman as weil as trained cavalryman was Bat tersleigh, tall, lean, flat-backed, and

and forage were good it had mattered his home. He had fought with the English in India, carried sabre in the Austrian horse, and on his private account drilled regiments for the Grand years. It was his boast that no horse



uncertain and unable to escape, it Plains. seemed apparent that the two had found that which they had sought. The girl, slightly in advance, ran forward a few paces, paused, and then ran back. "Oh, there! there!" she cried. And then the older woman took the girl's head upon her bosom. With bared head and his own hand at his eyes, Franklin hurried away, hoping himself unseen, but bearing indelibly pictured on his brain the scene of which he had been witness. He wanted to cry out, to halt the advancing columns which would soon be here, to tell them that they must not come upon this field, made sacred by such

Near the intrenchment where the bitter close had been, and where there was need, alike for note of triumph and forgetipiness, the band major marshaled his music, four deep and forty strong, and swang out into the anthem of the flag. The head of the column broke from the last bover of the wood and came into full sight at the edge of the open country. Thus there came into view the whole panorama of the field dotted with the slain and with those who sought the slain. The music of triumph was encountered by the concerted voice of grief and woe. There appeared for the feet of this arms not a mere road, a mere battleseld, but a ground sacred, hedged high about het radely to be violated.

But the band major was a poet, a gree man. There came to him no diing him what he should do. thing was in his soul that be done. There came to him. from the field of sorrow, a note tick was command, a voice which d to him above the voices of ds own brasses, above the tapping of ttledrums. A gestare of comand, and the music ceased absolute-A moment and it had resumed. stal band were the pride division. Four deep, forty with arching necks, with fore

And even as Franklin gazed, none ever had-until he came to the

For this was on the Plains. As all America was under canvas, it was not strange that Col. Battersleigh should find his home in a tent, and that this tent should be pitched upon the Western Plains. Not that he had gone directly to the West after the mustering out of his regiment. To the contrary, his first abode had been in the city of New York, where during his brief stay he acquired a certain acquaintance.

What were the financial resources of Battersleigh after the cessation of his pay as cavalry officer not even his best friends could accurately have told. It was rumored that he was the commissioner in America of the London Times. He was credited with being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. That he had a his tory no one could doubt who saw him come down the street with his broad hat, his sweeping cloak, his gauntlets, his neatly varnished boots.

in reality Col. Henry Battersleigh lived, during his city life, in a small, a very small room, up more than one flight of stairs. This room, larger than a tent, was military in its neatness. Battersleigh, bachelor soldier, was in nowise forgetful of the truth that personal neatness and personal valor go well hand in hand. The bed, a very narrow one, had but meager covering, and during the winter months its single blanket rattled to the touch. "There's nothing in the world so warm as newspapers, me boy," said Battersleigh. Upon the table, which was a box, there was displayed always an invariable arrangement. Col. Battersleigh's riding whip (without which he was rarely seen in public) was placed upon the table first. Above the whip were laid the gauntlets, crossed at sixty degrees. On top of whip and wir black horses which made gloves rested the hat, indented never more nor less. Beyond these, the personal belongings of Battersleigh o the Rile Irish were at best few and far and drooping softly, humble. In the big city, busy with

was now wriging was an old one, yellow and parched in places. In size it was similar to that of the bedroom in New York, and its furnishings were much the same. \A narrow bunk held a bed over which? there was spread a single blanket. If was silent in the tent, save for the scratching of the writer's pen; so that now and then there might easily have been heard a faint rustling of paper. Indeed, this rustling was caused by the small feet of the prairie mice, which now and then ran over the newspaper which lay beneath the blanket. Batters leigh's table was again a rude one manufactured from a box. The vis ible seats were also boxes, two three in number. Upon one of these sat Battersleigh, busy at his writing Occasionally he gazed but upon a sweet blue sky, unfretted by any cloud. His eye crossed a sea of faintly waving grasses. The liquid call of a mile-high mysterious plover came to him. In the line of vision arm the tent door there could be seen no token of a human neighborhood, nor could there be heard any sound of human life. The canvas house, stood alone and apart. Battersleig'n gazed out of the door as he folded his letter: "It's grand, just grand," he said. And so he turned comfortably to the feeding of his mice, which nibbled at his fingers intimately, as had many mice of many lands with Battersleigh. CHAPTER V.

The tent in which Col. Buttersleigh

The Turning of the Road At the close of the war Capt. Ed ward Franklin returned to a shrunken world. The little Illinois village which had been his home no longer served to bound his ambitions, but offered only a mill-round of duties so petty, a horizon of opportunities so restricted, as to cause in his mind feeling of distress equivalent at times to absolute abhorrence. The perspective of all things had changed. The men who had once seemed great to him in this little world now appeared in the light of a wider judgment, as they really were small, boastful, pompous, cowardly, deceitful, pretentious. Franklin was himself now man, and a man graduated from that severe and exacting school which so quickly matured a generation American youth. As his hand had fitted naturally a weapon, so mind turned naturally to larger things than those offered in these long-tilled fields of life. He came back from the war disfilusionized, irreverent, impatient, and full of that surging fretfulness which fell upon all the land. To this young man, ardent, energetic, malcontent, there appeared the

vision of wide regions of rude, active life, offering full outlet for all the bodily vigor of a man, and appealing not less powerfully to his imagination. This West-no man had come back from it who was not eager to return to it again! For the weak and slothful it might do to remain in the older communities, to reap in the long-tilled fields, but for the strong, for the unattached, for the enterprising, this unknown, unexplored, uncertain country offered a scene whose possibilities made irresistible appeal. For two years Franklin did the best he could at reading law in a country office. Every time he looked out of the window he saw a white-topped wagor Men came back and ters from the West to friends who remained in the East. Presently these friends also, seized upon by some vast impulse which they could not control, in turn arranged their affairs

and departed for the West.

(To be continued.) Tried to Pull Her Tongue Out. Jacob Gittel, of Southington, Conn., is in trouble. As a matter of fact the gentleman has been in trouble for years. His wife is one of these unbearable nuisances which the Puritans used to hold under the town pump-a village gossip. He has tried every argument and used every threat to induce her to cease her chatter and let him sleep o' nights, but in vain. Driven finally to desperation, he determined to put a stop for good and all to her incessant talk by pulling her tongue out. The cure would have been heroic but effective. But, weakened as he was by his loss of sleep and by the continued strain on his nervous system, the unfortunate husband had not the strength to hold his wife with one hand while he performed the operation with the other. She got away and complained to the authorities. The result is that, while everybody sympathizes with him, the husband is in jail and the woman is

still talking. He Did Not Mote. The motor cyclist was careering down the remote country hillside at a speed which would have made a Surrey policeman chortle with giee. Suddenly there was a 4.7 report, a Chinese-puzzle view of a motor-cyclist and his machine, and then both reposed in a roadside ditch, each considerably the worse for the experience.

"Help!' cried the motor-cyclist; and in response to the cry a farm laborer hugried out from a field near by.

For an instant he gazed at the struggling mass in the ditch, particularly focusing his vision upon the still revolving wheels of the cycle, the like of which, as he explained afterwards, he had never seen before. Then he

out!"-London Answers

Unable to Decide Whether Man Committed Suicide or Was Murdered. The coroner's jury empaneled to investigate the circumstances surround ing the death of C. F. Drew, manager of the Coal Belt electric railway, who was was found dead in his room at the Excelsior Hotel at Harrisburg, returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot wound inflicted by some party to the jury unknown. While the circumstances surrounding the case were not sufficient to warrant a verdict of murder, neither is there sufficient evidence to show that Mr. Drew had committed suicide. James Barnett of the firm of Barnett, Haynes & Barnett of St. Louis and other relatives took the body to his home in Clayton, Mo. He leaves a wife and three small children.

GOOD COKE FROM ILLINOIS COAL

Company at East St. Louis Has Proc-

ees That is Economical, Henry D. Sexton, president of the Southern Illinois National Bank, East St. Louis, has been presented a 200pound case of coke, the first turned out | West. at the Pittsburg reduction works in that city. More than forty years ago Adolphus Meyer of St. Louis ceived the idea of making coke from the soft goal of Illinois and erected is factory on what is now Boismenue avenue, at a cost of nearly \$100,000, but it was found that his process was impracticable. Later another factory was started west of the relay depot, which also failed of success. The Pittsburg company, however, while experimenting for aluminum, hit upon a process which is said to furnish coke at a minimum cost.

Prisoner's Brother is Shot. John Chamness was shot three times and fatally wounded in a melee at Creal Springs, in which City Marshal John Gulley was being forced by a mob to release Frank Chamness from the city bastile. The marshal after placing Frank Chamness in jall, went into Alexander's drug store and the mob demanded the prisoner's release. A wordy war ensued, and at last three shots were fired, all of which entered John Chamness' body. The wounded man was taken to his home, where he died. Sheriff Harris was summoned, and with several deputies went to the scene. Creal Spring is a college town and summer resort, and the sale of intoxicants is forbidden. Frank Chamness was arrested for being intoxicated.

No Receiver for Coal Company

In the United States Circuit cour at Springfield Judge Humphrey de nied the application for a receiver for the Montgomery Coal company, which has its headquarters at Paisley, and which also operates at Hillsboro. Proceedings were instituted against the defendant company by John M. Schumacher of Missouri, who charged that the company was being conducted upon a ruinous basis. Ex-State Synator George Paisley has control of the company at present. It is alleged that the railroads have been trying to exclude him from the St. Louis coal market A number prominent attorneys were employed in the hearing.

Boys Are Saved From Drowning. John Boyle and Will Carson, two avoid trouble. Alton boys, broke through the ice on the Burlington pocket, fronting Union depot, and but for prompt work of 3. W. Appleton, who lives in a hoathouse near by, would have drowned. The boys were struggling in the water when Appleton ran to their rescue. He took the boys to his boathouse and put them to bed and after drying their clothes sent them home. The boys endeavored to keep the matter from their parents.

Fatal Train Wreck,

Galesburg, Ill., special: By the derailing of an engine and fifteen freight cars on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway near Denrock Fireman H. C. Badger and Brakeman W. J Long of this city were killed and Engineer E. B. Nealey, also of this city, was injured. The wreck was caused by a broken rail.

Jury Annuls Will. In the Christian county Circuft court at Taylorville the jury in the Z. R. Piper will case declared the testator was not of sound mind when the instrument was signed. The suit to have the provisions of the will annulled was brought by four children of the testator, who were disinherit-

Remember Old Employe.

Arthur Curvin of Jacksonville, who for twenty-one years has been section boss of the Jacksonville and St. Louis railroad, was on Christmas presented with a handsome gold watch chain a meerschaum pipe and other tokens by the officers and employes of the road.

To Sink Coal Shaft. The work of sinking a coal shaft at Clarksdale, four miles west of Taylor-1st of February. L. D. Hewitt. lorville capitalists, are back at enterprise.

people living more than a half away. The tall brick walls, reaching through several stories, down with a tremendous crash, and heavy pieces of joint and from girders were thrown across the street. There were but two men in the building at the time. One escaped without scratch, and the other, Leo. J. Goer res, received some severe bruises from which he will soon recover. The financial loss is estimated to be a least \$50,000, which falls on the co pany, as the insurance policies make no provision for such an accident. The plant was designed by a St. Louis architect and was considered to one of the best constructed and most modern equipped breweries in the

Green Parker, a former Alton patrolman, has received word from the treasury department that he can not be re Ymbursed for \$50 to currency belonging to him which was burned. The money was given by Willis Radeliff to his wife to be paid to Parker for work, and as a measure of extra precaution she put the purse dontaining the money in stove and afterward started the fire When Parker called for his mone Mrs. Radeliff found the purse was scrap of charred leather, and its conashes were forwarded to the treasury department.

Judges Are Assigned.

The judges of the first Judicial cir cult have assigned the courtir of this circuit for two years from July 1, 3203 as follows: Judge A. K. Vickers, appellate court, Oftawa, Saline county, Pulaski county, January term; Johnson, November term. Judge W. W. Duncan, Jackson county, Williamson county, Johnson county, March term Pope county, October term. Judge W N. Butler, Alexander county, Massac county, Pope county, January and May terms; Union county, Pulaski county, April and October term.

Switch Engine Kille Inspector. Elmer Simpson, a car inspector employed by the Mobile and Ohio, met a horrible death in the yards of the company at Cairo. He had been a resident of Cairo for about a year coming with his wife from Evansville, Ind. He was inspecting trucks switch engine backed up. Endeavoring to get out of the way he was caught and crushed to death. Deceased was about 26 years of age.

Diphtheria May Cause Strike. A strike is threatened at the plant of the Racine-Sattley plow works in Springfield. Two of the employes have diphtheria at their homes, and the other workmen declare if these men not laid off they will strike. other workmen, it is said, fear contraction of the disease. The two men in question may possibly be laid off, to

Murder is Charged.

A coroner's warrant has been is sued for the arrest of Dr. B. F. Slush er of Decatur, who is charged with the murder of Mrs. Walter Romick, aged 26, wife of a Wabash engineer and mother of two children. Mrs. Romick died suddenly of septic poison and Slusher is accused of having performed the operation. He is out of the city.

To Partition Estate. An order has been entered in the circuit court at Alton for the sale and division of the estate of Peter Maley deceased. Maley died in Alton five years ago, leaving almost all his property to Roman Catholic religious and charitable institutions. The principal beneficiary is the Catholic orphan asylum in Alton.

To Appeal School Case, The Alton Colored Citizens' club. which has been raising funds to prosecute their claims for admission of colored children to the Alton schools has raised the money necessary to carry their case to the Supreme court, contributions having been received from all parts of the country.

Comply With Law. Upper Alton dealers have compl with a request not to sell tobacco to the cadets of the Western military prohibit the use of tobacco by the pr ptis, and the Illinois law forbids the sale of any kind of narcotles to mi-

dament for Marchant In the circuit court at Taylorvill

to work," says Kee skill. Every day the carefully over the scrubbing the Soor and

ing him to his nor other, evineing great ar McCrossia gave her a hig w and instructed her how to w a pail of water. It was long before what some was for, and a occasionally takes a bit out to make sure it is not a

"I intend to teach the at to scrub their came, if pe McCrossin.

"All the monkeys in 42 tions, but the trained or pail of water. At first s ed to scrub one or two that she dared not repeat land Plain Dealer.

A physician i "I had used

really did not at tion of the heart e nost fatal attack of ten and coffee, ti