BY STEPHEN CRANE.

(Now First Published - All Rights Reserved.)

(Continued from poses x) ous voice. As he stood tottering before the rifle barrel he called out! "Why, hello, Wilson, you-you-here?"

CHAPTER XII.

The rifle was lowered to a position of caution and his loud friend came slowly forward. He peered into the youth's face. "That you, Flem?"

"Yes, it's me." "Well, well, Flem, ol'boy," said the loud one, "by ginger, I'm glad t' see yeh. I give yeh up fer a goner. I thought yeh was dead sure enough." There was husky

emotion in his voice. The youth found that now he could bare ly stand upon his feet. There was a sudden sinking of his forces. He thought he must hasten to produce his tale to protect him from the missiles already at the lips of his redoubtable domrade. So staggering before him he began: "Yes, yes. I've-I've had an awful time. I've been all over. 'Way over on th' right. Ter'ble fightin' over there. I had an awful time. I got separated from th' reg'ment. Over on th' right, I got shot. In th' head. I never see sech fightin'."

The loud private had stepped forward quickly. "What? Got shot? Why didn't yeh say so at first. Poor ol' boy."

Another figure at that moment loomed in the gloom. They could see it was the corporal. "Who yeh talkin' to, Wilson?" he demanded. His voice was anger-toned. "Who yeh talkin' to? You're the derndest sentinel-why-hello, Flem, you here! Why, I thought you was dead four hours ago. Great Jerusalem! they keep turnin' up every ten minutes or so.".

"Over on th' right. I got separated"began the youth with considerable glib

but his loud friend interrupted hastily. "Yes, an' he got shot in the head an' he's in a fix an' we must see him right away.' He rested his rifle in the hollow of his left arm and put his right around the youth's shoulder.

"Oh!" said the corporal. He linked his arm in the youth's and drew him forward. "Come on, Flem. I'll take keer a' yeh." As they went on together, the loud pri-

vate called out after them: "Put 'im to sleep in my blanket, Simpson. An' hold on a minnit-here's my canteen. It's full of coffee."

The youth's senses were so deadened that his friend's voice sounded from afai and he could scarcely feel the pressure of the corporal's arm. He submitted passively to the latter's directing strength His head was in the old manner hanging forward upon his breast. His knees wobbled.

The corporal led him into the glare of the fire. "Now, Flem," he said, "let's have a look at yer of head."

The youth sat, obediently, and the cor poral, laying down his rifle, began to fumble in the bushy hair of his comrade. He/ was obliged to turn the other's head so that the full flush of the firelight would beam upon it. He puckered his mouth with a critical air. He drew back his lips and whistled through his teeth when his fingers came in contact with the splashed blood and the rare wound.

"Ah, here we are," he said. He awkwardly made further investigations. "Jest as I thought," he added, presently: "Yeh've been grazed by a ball."

The corporal went away. The youth remained on the ground like a parcel. He stared with a vacant look into the fire.

After a time, he aroused, for some part, and the things about him began to take He saw



with men, sprawling in every conceivable posture. Glancing narrowin the more distant darkness, he caught occasional glimpses of visages that loomghostly, lit with a phosphorescent glow. These faces

that the ground

in the deep shad-

ows was cluttered

"TEL 'VE BEEN GRAZED expressed in their BY A BALL." lines the deep stupor of the tired soldiers. They made them appear like men drunk with wine. This bit of forest might have appeared to an etherial wanderer as a scene of the result of some frightful debauch.

The fire crackled musically. From it swelled light smoke. Overhead the foilage moved softly. The leaves with their, faces turned toward the blaze, were colored shifting hues of silver, often edged with red. Far off to the right, through a window in the forest, could be seen a handful of stars lying, like glittering pebbles, on the black level of the night.

The youth sat in a forlorn heap until his friend, the loud young soldier, came swinging two canteens by their light strings, "Well, now, Fleming, ol' boy," said the latter, 'we'll have yeh fixed up in

just about a minnit." He had the bustling ways of an amateur nurse. He fussed around the fire and stirred the sticks to brilliant exertions. He made his patient drink largely from the canteen that contained the coffee. It was to the youth a delicious draught. He tilted his head afar byck and held the canteen long to his lips. The cool mixture went caressingly down his blistered throat. Having finished, he sighed with comfort able delight.

The loud young soldier watched his comrade with an air of satisfaction. He later produced an extensive handkerchief from his pocket. He folded it into a manner of bandage and soused water from the other canteen upon the middle of it. This crude arrangement he bound over the youth's head, tying the ends in a queer knot at the

back of the neck. "There," he said, moving off and sur 'veying the deed, "yeh look like the devil." but I bet yeh feel better."

The youth looked at his, friend with grateful, eyes. Upon his aching and swelling head the cool cloth was like a tender woman's hand.

"Well, come now," continued his friend. 'come on, I must put yeh t' bed an' see that yeh get a good night's rest."

The other got carefully erect and the load young 'soldier led him among the sleping forms lying in groups and rows Plesently he stopped and picked up hu blankets. He spread the rubber one upon the ground and placed the woolen one

about the youth's shoulders. "There now," he said, "lie down an' git some steep.

An exquisite drowsiness spread through inner historical things would be said. blanket and in a moment was like his com

CHAPTER XIII.

.When the youth awoke, it seemed to hin | spare?" that he had been asleep for a thousand mists were slowly shifting before the first An icy dew had chilled his face and im mediatel upon arousing he curled further down into his blanket. He stared for awhile at the leaves overhead, moving it a heraldic wind of the day.

The distance was splintering and blaring with the voices of fighting. There, was ir the sound an expression of a deadly per sistency as if it had not begun and was not to cease.

About him were the rows and groups of men that he had dimly seen the previous night. They were getting a last draught of sleep before awakening. The gaunt careworn faces and dusty figures were made plain by this quaint light at the dawning, but it dressed the skin of the men in corpse-like hues and made the tangled limbs appear pulseless and dead

He heard the noise of a fire crackling briskly in the cold air, and, turning his head, he saw the loud soldier pottering busily about a small blaze. A few other figures moved in the fog, and he heard the hard cracking of axe blows.

Suddenly there was a hollow rumble of drums. A distant bugle sang faintly Similar sounds, varying in strength, came from near and far over the forest. The bugles called to each other like brazer gamecocks. The near thunder of the regi mental drums rolled.

The body of men in the woods rustled There was a general uplifting of heads A' murphuring of voices broke upon the air. In it there was much bass of grumbl ing oaths. Strange gods were addressed in condemnation of the early hours neces sary to correct war. An officer's peremp tory tenor rang out and quickened the stiffened movement of the men. The tangled limbs unraveled. The corpse hued faces were hidden behind fists that twistled slowly in the eye-sockets.

The youth sat up and gave vent to ar enormous yawn. "Thunder!" he re marked, petulantly. He rubbed his eyes and then putting up his hand felt care fully of the bandage over his wound. His friend, perceiving him to be awake, came from the fire. "Well, Flem, ol' man, how do yeh feel this mornin'." he demanded.

The youth yawned again. Then the puckered his mouth to a bitter pucker His head in truth felt precisely like a melon, and there was an unpleasant sen sation at his stomach.

"Oh, Lord, I feel pretty bad," he said. At the fireside, the loud young soldier watched over his comrade's wants with tenderness and care. He was very busy marshaling the little black vagabonds of tin-cups and pouring into them the steaming, iron-colored mixture from a small and sooty tin-pail. He had some fresh meat which he roasted hurriedly upon a stick. He sat down then and contemplated the youth, sappetite with glee.

thought a course they was all dead, but laws, they keep a-comin' back last night until it seems, after all, we didn't lose but a few. They'd been scattered all over. wanderin' around in the woods, fightin' with other reg'ments an' everything. Jest

like you done." A sputtering of musketry was always to be heard, Later, the cannon had entered the dispute. In the fog-filled air, their voices made a thudding sound.

The youth's regiment was marched to relieve a command that had lain long in some damp trenches. The men took positions behind a curving line of rifle-pits that had been turned up, like a large furrow, along the line of woods. Before them was a level stretch, peopled with ed pallid and short, deformed stumps. From the woods slowly forward like a toppling wall and, beyond came the dull popping of the skirmishers and pickets, flying in the fog. From the right came the noise of a terrible

> The men cuddled behind the small embankment and sat in easy attitudes awaiting their turn. Many had their backs to the firing.

> The youth leaned his breast against the brown dirt and peered over at the woods and up and down the line. Curtains of trees interfered with his ways of vision. He could see the low line of trenches but for a short distance. A few idle flags were perched on the dirt-hills. Behind them were rows of dark bodies with a few heads sticking cautiously over the top.

Among the men in the rifle pits, rumors again flew like birds. However, they were new, for the most part, croaking creatures who flapped their wings drearily near to the ground and refused to rise on any

wings of hope. Before the gray mists had been totally obliterated by the sunrays, the regiment. was marching in a spread column that was retiring carefully through the woods. The disordered, hurrying lines of the enemy could sometimes be seen down through the groves and little fields. They were yelling, shrill and exultant.

The youth's friend had a geographical illusion concerning a stream, and he ob. tained permission to go for some water. Immediately canteens were showered upon him. "Fill mipe, will yeh?" "Bring me some, too." And me, too." He departed, ladened. The youth went with his friend. Upon their return they looked over their own troops, and saw mixed masses slowly getting into regular form. The sunlight made twinkling points of the bright steel. To the rear there was a "glimpse of a distant roadway as it curved over a slope. It was crowded with retreating infantry. From all the interwoven forest arose the smoke and bluster of the battle. The air was always occupied by a

Near where they stood, shells were flipflopping and hooting. Occasional bullets buzzed in the air and spanged into treetrunks. Wounded men and other strag-

glers were slinking through the woods. Looking down an aisle of the grove, the youth and his companion saw a jangling general and his staff almost ride upon a wound d man who was crawling on his hands and knees.

A moment later, the small, creaking cavalcade was directly in front of the two soldiers. Another officer, riding with the

skillful abandon of a cowboy, galloped his The youth with his manner of dog-like horse to a position directly before the genobedience got carefully down like a crone | eral. The two unnoticed foot soldiers stooping. He stretched out with a mur | made a show of going on, but they lingermur of relief, and comfort. The ground ed in the desire to overhear the conversafelt like the softest couch. _____tion. Perhaps, they thought, some great

him. The warm comfort of the blanket | The general, who the boys knew as the enveloped him and made a gentle languor | commander of the division, looked at the His head fell forward on his crooked arm officer and spoke coolly, as if he were critand his weighted lids went down softly eising his clothes. "The enemy's formin' over his eyes. Hearing a splatter of over there for another charge," he said. musketry from the distance, he wondered | "It'll be directed against Winterside, an' indifferently if those men ever slept. He I'm afraid they'll break through there ungave a long sigh, snuggled down into hir less we work like thunder to stop them."

Then he began to talk rapidly and in a lower tone. He frequently illustrated his words with a pointing finger. The two infantrymen could hear nothing until finally he asked: "What troops can you

The officer who rode like a cowbov reyears and he felt sure that he opened his | flected for an instant. "Well," he said, eyes, upon an unexpected world. Gray "I had to order in the Twelfth to help th' Seventy-sixth an' I haven't really got any. efforts of the sunrays. An impending Troops are scarce with me. But there's splendor could be seen in the eastern sky- the Three Hundred and Fourth... They fight like a lot of mule drivers. I can spare them best of any."

The youth and his friend exchanged glances of astonishment.

The general spoke sharply. "Get 'em ready then. I'll watch developments from here and send you word when to start them. It'll happen in five minutes."

As the other officer tossed his fingers toward his cap and, wheeling his horse, started away, the general called out to him in a sober voice: "I don't believe many of your mule drivers will get back." The other shouted something in reply.

He smiled. With scared faces, the youth and hiscompanion hurried back to the line.

As they approached, the young lieutenant, who commanded the company, perc ived them and swelled with wrath. "Fleming-Wilson-how long does it take veh t' git water, anyhow-where yeh

But his oration ceased as he saw their eves which were large with great tales. "We're goin' to charge," cried the youth's friend, hastening with his news.

"Charge?" said the lieutenant. "Charge? Well, b'Gawd." Over his countenance there went a boastful smile. "Charge? Well, b'Gawd."

A little group of soldiers surrounded the two youths. "Are we, sure 'nough? Well. I'll be derned. Charge? What fer? What at? Wilson, you're lyin'."

sight, heain't lyin'. We heard 'em talk-A moment later,

the officers began to bustle among the men, pushing them into a more compact mass and into "CHARGE? CHARGE?" a better alignment. They chased those that straggled and fumed at a few men who seemed to show by their attitudes that they had decided

to remain at that spot. Presently the regiment seemed to draw itself up and heave a deep breath. None. of the men's faces were mirrors of large thoughts. The soldiers were bended and stooped like springers before a signal. Many pairs of gunting eyes peered from -the grimy faces toward the curtains of the. deeper woods. They seemed to be engaged

in deep calculation of time and distance. They were surrounded by the noises of th. monstrous altercation between the two armies. The world was fully interested in other matters. Apparently, the regiment had its small affair to itself.

The youth, turning, shot a quick, inquir-"Th' reg'ment lost over half th' men ing glance at his friend. It was as if he yesterday," he remarked, eventually. "I had been stunned. The latter returned to him the same manner of look. They were the only ones who possessed an inner knowledge. "Mule-drivers-don't believe many will get back: It was an ironical secret. Still, they saw no heaitation in each other's faces and they nodded a mute and unprotesting assent when a shaggy man near them said in a meek voice: "We'll git swallered."

The youth stared at the land in front of him. Its foliages now seemed to veil powers and horrors. He was unaware of the machinery of orders that started the charge, although from the corners of his eyes he saw an officer, who looked like a boy a horseback, come galloping, waving his hat. Suddenly he felt a straining and heaving among the men. The line fell with a convulsive gasp that was intended for a cheer, the regiment began its journey. The youth was pushed and jostled for a moment before he understood the movement at all, but directly he lunged

anead and began to run. CHAPTER XIV.

He fixed his eyes upon a distant and prominent clump of trees where he had concluded the enemy were to be met, and he ran toward it as toward a goal. He had believed throughout that it was a mere question of getting over an unpleasant matter as quickly as possible, and he ran desperately as if pursued for a murder. His face was drawn hard and tight with the stress of his endeavor. His eyes were fixed in a lurid glare. And with his soiled and disordered dress, his red and inflamed features surmounted by the dingy rag with its spot of blood, his wildly-swinging rifle and banging accoutrements, he looked to be an insane soldier.

The line lurched straight for a moment. Then the right wing swung forward; it in turn was surpassed by the left. Afterward the centre careered to the front until the regiment was a wedge-shaped mass; but an instant later the opposition of the bushes, trees and even places on the ground split the command and scattered it into

detached clusters. The youth, light-footed, was unconsciously in advance. His eyes still kept note of the clump of trees. From all places near it the clannish yell of the enemy could be heard. The little flames of rifles leaped from it. The song of the bullets was in the air and shells snarled from the sky. One tumbled directly into the middle of a hurrying group and exploded in crimson fury. There was an instant's spectacle of a man, almost over it, throwing up

his hands to shield his eyes. Other men, punched by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies. The regiment left a coherent trail of bodies.

They had passed into a clearer atmosphere. There was an effect like a revelation in the new appearance of the landscape. Some men working madly at a battery were plain to them and the opposing infantry's lines were defined by the gray walls and fringes of smoke.

But there was a frenzy, made from his furious rush. The men, pitching forward insanely, had burst into cheering, mob-like and barbaric, but turned in strange keys that can arouse the dullard and the stoic. It made a mad enthusiasm that, it seemed, would be incapable of checking itself before granite and brass. There was the dehrium that encounters despair and death, and is heedless and blind to the odds.

-Fresently the straining pace ate up the energies of the men. As if by agreement the leaders began to slacken their speed. The volleys directed against them had had a seeming wind-like effect. The regiment snorted and blew. Among some stolid trees it began to falter and hesitate. The men, staring intently, began to wait for some of the distant walls of smoke to move and disclose to them the scene. Since much of their strength and their breath had vanished, they returned to caution.

The youth had a vague belief that he had run miles and he thought, in a way, that he was now in some new and unknown

The moment the regiment ceased its advance the protesting splutter of musketry. became a steadied roar. Long and accurate fringes of smoke spread out. From the top of a small hill came level belchings of yellow flame that caused an inhuman whistling in the air.

The men, halted, had opportunity to see some of their comrades dropping, with moans and shrieks. A few lay under foot, still or wailing. And now for an instant the men stood, their rifles slack in their hands, and watched the regiment dwindle. They appeared dazed and stupid. This spectacle seemed to paralyze them, to overcome them with a fatal fascination. They stared woodenly at the sights and, lowering their eyes, looked from face to face.

Then above the sounds of the outside commotion arose the roar of the lieutenant. He strode suddenly forth, his infantile features black with rage,

"Come on yeh fools," he bellowed. "Come on. Yeh can't stay here. Yeh must come on." He said more, but much of it could not be understood: He started rapidly forward with his

head turned toward the men. 'Come on." he was shouting. The flag, obedient to these appeals,

bended its glittering form and swept toward them. The men wavered in indecision for a moment, and then with a long, wailful cry, the dilapidated regiment surged forward and began its new jour

Over the field went the scurrying mass. It was a handful of men splattered into the faces of the enemy. Toward it instantly sprang the yellow tongues. A vast quantity of the blue smoke hung before them. A mighty banging made ears valueless.

The youth ran like a madman to reach the woods before a bullet could discover him. He ducked his head low like a football player. In his haste his eyes almost closed, and the scene was a wild blur. Pulsating saliva stood at the corners of his mouth.

Within him, as he hurled himself forward, was born a love, a despairing fondness for this flag which was near him. It was a creation of beauty and invulnerability. It was a goddess, radiant, that bended its form with an imperious gesture to him. It was a woman, red and white, hating and loving, that called him with the voice of his hopes. Because no harm could come to it, he endowed it with power. He kept near as if it could be a saver of lives. and an imploring cry went from his mind.

In the mad scramble he was aware that the color sergeant flinched suddenly as if struck by a bludgeon. He faltered and then became motionless, save for his quivering knees. Then he made a spring and a clutch at

the pole. At the same instant his friend grabbed it from the other side. They jerked at it, stout and furious, but the color sergeant was

dead and the corpse would not relinquish its trust. For a moment there s a grim encounter. The dead man, swinging with bended back seemed to be obstinately

tugging in ludierous and awful ways the possession It was past in an

WRENCHED THE FLAG instant of time. FROM THE DEAD MAN. They wrenched the flag furiously from the dead man, and as they turned again the corpse swayed forward with bowed head. One arm swung high and the curved hand fell with heavy protest on the friend's unheeding shoul-

When the two youths turned with the flag they saw that much of the regiment had crumbled away and the dejected remnant was going slowly back. The men, having hurled themselves in projectile fashion, had presently expended their forces. They slowly retreated with their faces still toward the sputtering woods and their hot rifles still replying to the din. Several officers were giving orders, their voices keyed to screams.

"Where in hell yeh goin'?" the lieutenant was asking in a sarcastic howl. And a red-bearded officer, whose voice of triple ordered to do conflicting and impossible

The youth and his friend had a small scuffle over the flag. "Give it t' me." "No-let me keep it." Each felt satisfied with the other's possession of it, but each the emblem, his willingness to further risk himself. The youth roughly pushed

his friend away. The regiment fell back to the stolid trees. There it halted for a moment to blaze at some dark forms that had begun to steal upon its track. Presently it resumed its marchagain, curving among the tree trunks. By the time the depleted regiment had again reached the first open space they were receiving a fast and merciless fire. There seemed to be mobs all about them.

The greater part of the men, discouraged, their spirits worn by the turmoil, acted as if stunned. They accepted the pelting of the bullets with bowed and weary heads. It was of no purpose to strive against walls. It was of no use to batter themselves against granite. And from this consciousness that they had attempted to conquer an unconquerable thing there seemed to arise a feeling that they had been betrayed. They glowered with bent brows, but dangerously, upon some of the officers, more particularly upon the red bearded one with the voice of triple

However, the rear of the regiment was fringed with men who continued to shoot irritably at the advancing foes. They seemed resolved to make every trouble. The youthful lieutenant was perhaps the last man in the disordered mass. His forgotten back was toward the enemy. He had been shot in the arm. It hung straight and rigid. Occasionally he would cease to remember it and be about to emphasize

an oath with a weweeping gesture. The multiplied pain caused him to swear with -.

incredible power. The youth went along with slipping, uncertain feet, die kept watchful eyes. rearward. A scowl of mortification and rage was upon his i ce. He had thought of a fine revenge upon the officer who had referred to him and to his fellows as mule drivers. But he we that it could not come to pass. His dreams had collapsed when the mule drivers, dwindling rapidly, had wavered and hesitated on the little clearing and then had recoiled. And now the retreat of the mule drivers was a march of shame to him.

He had pictured red letters of curious revenge. "We are mule drivers, are we?" And now he was compelled to throw them

He presently wrapped his heart in the cloak of his pride and kept the flag erect. He harangued his feilows, pushing against their chests with his free hand. To those he knew well, he made frantic appeals, beseeching them by name. Between him and the lieutenant, scolding and near to. losing his mind with rage, there was felt a subtle fellowship and equality. They supported each other in all manner of hoarse, howling protests.

But the regiment was a machine run down. The two men babbled at a forceless thing. The soldiers who had heart to go slowly were continually shaken in their resolves by a knowledge that comrades were slipping with speed back to the lines. It was difficult to think of reputation when others were thinking of skins. Wounded men were left, crying, on this black jour-

The smoke-fringes and flames blustered always. The youth, peering once through a sudden rift in the cloud, saw a brown mass of troops interwoven and magnified until they appeared to be thousands. A fierce-hued flag flashed before his vision.

Immediately, as if the uplifting of the smoke had been prearranged, the discovered troops burst into a rasping yell and a hundred flames jetted toward the retreating band. A rolling, gray cloud again interposed as the regiment doggedly replied. The youth had to depend again upon his misused ears which were trembling and buzzing from the melee of musketry and

The way seemed eternal. In the clouded haze, men became panic-stricken with the thought that the regiment had lost its nath and was proceeding in a perilous direction. Once the men who headed the wild procession turned and came pushing back against their comrades screaming that they were being fired upon from points which they had considered to be toward their own troops. A soldier who heretofore had been ambitious to make the regiment into a wise little band that would proceed calmly amid the huge-appearing difficulties, suddenly sank down and buried his face in his arms with and air of bowing to a doom. From another, a shrill lamentation rang out filled with profane allusions to a general. Men ran hither and thither seeking with their eyes roads of escape. With serene regularity as if controlled by a schedule, bullets buffed

into men. The youth walked stolidly into the midst of the mob and, with his flag in his hands. took a stand as if he expected an attempt to push him to the ground. He unconsciously assumed the attitude of the colorbearer in the fight of the preceding day. He passed over his brow a hand that trembled His breath did not come freely. 'He was choking during this small wait for

the crisis. His friend came to him. "Well, Flem, I guess this is good-by-John." "Oh, shut up, you damned fool," replied the youth, and he would not look at

the other. The officers labored like politicians to beat the mass into a proper circle to face the menaces. The ground was uneven and torn. The men curled into depressions and fitted themselves snugly behind whatever would frustrate a bullet.

The youth noted with vague surprise that the lieutenant was standing mutely with his legs far apart and his sword held in the manner of a cane. The youth won! dered what had happened to his vocal organs that he no more cursed. . There was something curious in this lit-

tle intent pause of the lieutenant. He was like a babe which having wept its fill. raises its eyes and fixes upon a distant toy. He was engrossed in this contemplation and the soft under-lip quivered from selfwhispered words.

Some lazy and ignorant smoke curled slowly. The men hiding from the bullets, waited anxiously for them to lift and disclose the plight of the regiment.

The silent ranks were suddenly thrilled by the eager voice of the youthful lieutenant bawling out: "Here they come. Right onto us, b' Gawd." His further words were lost in a roar of wicked thunder from the men's rifles.

The youth's eyes had instantly turned in the direction indicated by the awakened and agitated lieutenant, and he had seen the haze of treachery disclosing a body of soldiers of the enemy. They were so near that he could see their features. There bass could plainly be heard, was com- was a recognition as he looked at the types manding: "Shoot into 'em! Shoot into of faces. Also he perceived with dim 'em! curse their souls!" There was a amazement that their uniforms were melee of speeches in which the men were | rather gay in effect, being light gray plentifully accented with a brillianthued facing. Too, the clothes seemed

The two bodies of troops exchanged blows in the manner of a pair of boxers. The fast, angry firings went back and felt bound to declare, by an offer to carry forth. The men in blue were intent with the despair in their circumstances, and they seized upon the revenge to be had at close range. Their thunder swelled loud and valiant. Their curving front bristled with flashes, and the place resounded with the clangor of their ramrods. The youth ducked and dodged for a time, and achieved a few unsatisfactory views of the enemy. There appeared to be many of them, and they were replying softly. They seemed moving toward the blue regiment step by step. He seated himself gloomily on the ground with his flag between his knees.

As he noted the vicious, wolf-like temper of his comrades he had a sweet thought that if the enemy was about to swallow the regimental broom as a large prisoner it could at least have the consolation of

going down with bristles forward. But the blows of the antagonist began to grow more weak. Fewer bullets ripped the air, and finally, when the men slackened to learn of the fight, they could see only dark, floating smoke. The regiment lay still and gazed. Presently some chance whim came to the pestering blur and it began to coil heavily away. The men saw a ground vacant of fighters. It would have been an empty stage if it were not for a few corpses that lay thrown and twisted into fantastic shapes upon the sward. At sight of this tableau many of the men in blue sprang from behind their covers and made an ungainly dance of joy. Their eyes burned and a hoarse cheer of

elation broke from their dry lips. The impetus of enthusiasm was theirs [oncluded on page eight.]