

## In Undress Uniform.

Sergeant Bob leaned his rifle against the stack, and sat down on an upturned, empty soap-box in the shadow of the tent, with a sigh of relief. He unbuckled his belt, and mopped his hot face with a red cotton handkerchief.

'There,' he said, 'that's done for one while! I shall not have any more guard duty for at least twenty-four hours, thank goodness, though we've got none too many men and extra guard duty is becoming the rule.'

'Thought you liked it?' grinned the other sergeant, looking up from his occupation of poking a little sharpened stick into the recesses of his rifle-breech in search of dust.

'Like it?' Sergeant Bob ejaculated ironically, 'I shall not have a wave of a grimy hand at all the surroundings.'

From the scrubby hills to the east a dusty country road ran across the narrow valley, and disappeared in the hills to the west. The sides of the hills were covered with underbrush and second-growth timber, with here and there a little whitewashed house set down box-like in a clearing. The valley was a marsh, with coarse grass and weeds; here and there a pool of stagnant water or a ditch-like stream; little hummocks of drier ground rose from it, covered with brambles and wild roses.

Through the center of this valley ran the long black line of a railway embankment, midway by the wagon-road. In one of the angles formed by the crossing stood a country store, a one-storied box of gray boards. In another angle was a great coal-heap, its skeleton frame black against the sky. From this a little railway straddled across the marshy ground on the high legs of a trestle, running back to where the dark mouth of a coal shaft yawned in the hillsides.

Around the tipples were great piles of slack, waste coal-dust, screened from the dump. The store was built on slack; the railway embankment was made of slack; grimy hills of slack, cut through by the railway and the wagon road filled all the neighborhood of the tipples.

Some of the murky hills were on fire, smoldering at the base. They had been burning for years, and from them rose noxious gases. The stream that ran at their base was polluted by the drainage of the slack, and on the surface of the water floated an iridescent, metallic scum.

Along the wagon road, on either side, stretched rows of tents; another row was placed on a little strip of level ground at the foot of the railway fill; more tents stood in the shadow of the coal tipples. In front of the store a tent held a telegraph instrument, placed on a barrel; and here a blue-clad operator listened to the busy ticking of the receiver. The brazen sun of a hot June day shone in a sky of burning blue. The thermometer, hung in the telegraph tent, registered ninety-four degrees.

Now and then a long coal train rushed by, raising black dust in swirls, which settled again on tents and tipples and store. A wagon, dragging its slow course along the road, was half hidden in a gray cloud of dust. In the shade of the tipples or in the hot shadow of the tents lounged blue-clad men, with blouses unbuttoned or cast aside, each one trying to get a breath of fresh air in that valley furnace.

Four infantry companies and a battery of the National Guard were encamped here; four miles down the railway were two other companies, and four miles in the other direction were two companies more. Sixteen miles of railroad were held and guarded by these two battalions. Beyond them were troops of other regiments, scattered here and there along sixty miles of road, until the railway reached the watches of the broad Ohio.

Night and day sentinels paced the track and squads of guards watched the bridges, the coal tipples and the mine buildings. Night and day watchful pickets along the hills waited with loaded rifles.

When the troops had reached the narrow valley, three days before, bridges and tipples were burning; loaded cars had been overturned and wrecked, and not a train was running on this section of one of the great railways of the country. All this was the work of rioters who found opportunities for mischief in a strike of coal-miners. The majority of the rioters were alleged, by the coal miners, to be ignorant foreigners, Poles, Hungarians, Slavs, Italians, deluded and misled by mistaken men.

But the great dangers of this strike, which has now been a matter of history for some years, were at an end. Now the bridges and buildings were safe; long trains thundered over the rails, and the men who had brought about order, panted in the sweltering heat by day, and shivered in the misty, chill air by night. By night, too, the rioters from the foreign settlement came across the hills and fired into the camp and at the centrises.

The first night this was done the bugle blew 'To arms!' and the whole camp roused itself to repel an attack; now, even the pickets did not notice the firing unless the men came to near, or tried to cross the lines.

Then it was: 'Halt! Halt! Who goes there?' 'Halt, or I'll fire!' followed, if the man did not obey, by the report of a rifle, and then the crashing of bushes as the intruder fled.

'I wish we had been detailed for the upper post!' growled Sergeant Bob, who had got rid of his blouse and his leggings, and was now meditatively regarding his dusty shoes.

'Why? You don't hear any news up there; this is headquarters,' said the other sergeant.

'Headquarters indeed! You can get passes up there to go into town and get a

bath. You don't have to loaf around in an atmosphere of coal-dust all the time. And they have a barrel of ice-water at the camp.'

'What! Ice water! You don't mean it?'

'Yes, I do!' grumbled Bob. 'The major's orderly told me so when he came down here. He had a bath yesterday, a regular swim, with plenty of water. We have to tramp a quarter of a mile to get drinking water, and not much of that! I tried bathing in one of those ditches. Stood in a wash-basin to keep from sinking in the mud. It wasn't a success, and I've got clean things in my knapsack, too. By George, we always get the toughest detail of the whole lot!'

'Oh, quit your growling!'

'It's all very well for you. You're not a duty sergeant, and don't go on guard.'

'No; but I have to stay here, and it's 'Sergeant, do this, that and the other' all day. Then there are the reports and requisitions; and every time one of you fellows wants to grumble you come to me. Yesterday you wanted to know why I did not give you coffee after dinner!'

'I didn't! I just asked if you expected us to live on canned beef all the time. Say we got fired on three different times at the bridge last night.'

'Any one hurt?'

'No.'

'Did you shoot any one?'

'Don't know. We fired back, but I guess we didn't hit anything. Speer of Company H, night before last, shot a man who tried to run the line; at least, that is what Speer reported in the morning; but I notice that Company H's eating fresh mutton, and the commissary hasn't issued any, either. Why can't one of our fellows shoot one of Speer's men? Lazy beggars!'

'Bob,' said the other sergeant, 'I'm dead broke, and my credit is not good at the store over there. They don't know me and—'

'They do not know you, you mean!'

'Keep still! As I started to say, I have no money, and I'm tired of the food myself, I want to buy some crackers. Now if you any cash, and will get me a box of crackers, I'll tell you where you can get a bath, wash your clothes, and feel like a man and a brother once more.'

'Sergeant, the crackers are yours! Where is that corner of Paradise?'

'Hold on! Don't be in such a hurry. You go up and persuade the commissary sergeant to give you a bar of that imported yellow soap, while I go and use my influence with one of the hospital corps to get a couple of big towels.'

'Your influence! You've got about as much influence as a lance corporal, and that's next to nothing. Besides, I have a towel.'

'So've I; but we want to do this thing in style. We'll take our blankets for togas, and do the Roman senator while our cuds are drying. And my influence is all right, because the big towels are hanging behind the hospital tent, and the fellows are at the hospital tent, bearing a lecture on bones. Skip along after that soap, now.'

'Where is this place you're talking about?'

'Robert, you pain me! Can't you take it on trust? There is a well—'

'Yes, at home. And I wish I had a barrel of water from it now.'

'Don't interrupt my eloquence. There is a well, a deep well, with clear, cold water, on a hillside near a ruined log house. By that well is a quarter section of a hoghead, once used for watering cattle, now converted by my genius into a bath-tub. A big elm spreads its umbrageous arms over soft grass, where—'

'That will do! I'm going for the soap on a run,' and Sergeant Bob struggled into his blouse and departed.

An hour later two blanket draped boys lay on the grass under the elm. The camp was out of sight behind a shoulder of the hill. On a fence near by various garments were drying. Flocks of sunlight struggled through the leaves overhead, and made a gold and green patchwork of the grass. A barren cornfield, with last year's stalks cut close to the ground, stretched away up the hill to a fringe of bushes, the advance-guard of the forest. An old well, with a rotting shed above a rough stone curb, was near the tree. Against the well-shed leaned two rifles, with bayonets, belts and cartridge-boxes hung on the ramrods.

'Now this is luxury,' said Sergeant Bob 'but it that fat lieutenant of the guard caught us outside of lines, we'd get into trouble.'

'This is worth it, isn't it? As some one said once, you cannot take away the dinners we have eaten, and not even the fat—'

'B-z-z-t! Something sang through the air like a bee, and struck the tree trunk near by.'

'B-z-z-t! Another singing through the air, and two white streaks arose from the enveloping blankets and sought cover hurriedly. From a patch of bushes on the edge of the corn-field a little puff of blue smoke floated lazily upward.'

'Now, who on earth can that be? Any one mean enough to fire at two peaceful children—Are you hurt?' asked Sergeant Bob, from behind the tree.

'No, I'm not, but I'm very uncomfortable.'

'What's the matter?'

'Why, look at me!' said the other sergeant. 'Here I am, lying in a puddle of ice water.'

'Why don't you get out of it, then?'

'Get out of it? These old well-boards won't stop a ball, and I have to stay flat on the ground behind this curb. I don't want to get shot. This is where you tipped over that bucket of water. I wish I had that villain!'

A shot from the thicket answered him as he shook his fist beyond the corner of the well. Sergeant Bob leaned against the tree and laughed; then he stopped laughing and wondered how long the unseen marksman would keep them there, and if their absence from camp would be noticed at noon mess.

Every movement, it seemed, brought a shot from the bushes. Once in a while the man in the thicket turned his attention to the clothes on the fence and shot holes in them, while the owners howled at him from their cover.

'Well, I guess I can stand it as long as he can,' commented Bob.

'Yes; you're not exposed to the wintry blasts as I am!' complained the other sergeant.

'Wintry blasts! Why, man, the sun's burning patches on me till I look like a tiled floor!'

'Well, you aren't lying in a small lake of well-water that is 'way below zero. Part of me is frozen; when I turn over the other part freezes, and a crash towel is small clothing, and I'm dirtier than when I came up here. Wouldn't I like to get a crack at that fellow!'

'Say,' began Sergeant Bob after another half hour, 'can't you get one of the rifles? The little snap of his gun can't be heard at camp, but if you could fire one of ours, the bang would bring the guard up in a hurry.'

'I can't reach them from here. Every time I stick my hand out that reprobate shoots at me. Wait a minute! Is your rifle loaded?'

'No; but the box is hanging on it with the belt, and there's twenty rounds in it.'

The other sergeant looked round and found a stick. Then he reached over and poked the stick through a crack in the boards, sawing it back and forth until he got it against one of the rifles. The gun came rattling to the ground, and he pulled it behind the curb. This brought out more shots from the man in the bushes.

'Is that my rifle?' asked Bob.

'Mine, and the best one in the company, too!'

'Well, you'll get your shoulder kicked off. You've got no clothes for padding.'

'This rifle don't kick. No rifle does if you hold it right, and I'll make a pad of this towel. Of course you fellows who shut both eyes when you fire and hold the butt two inches from your shoulder get kicked, and no wonder.'

'Shut both eyes? Who got the sharp-shooter's bar, I'd like to know? But go ahead! Blaze away into the hill! Noise is all we want.'

Bang! went the rifle, and a crack from the bushes answered it. Half a dozen times the sergeant shot, as fast as he could load and fire.

'That will do, I reckon,' he said rubbing his shoulder. 'They'll think there is a battle,' and the two chuckled as they waited for reinforcements and relief.

'Hi, there, you men! What are you doing here? It was the fat lieutenant, coming from behind the old log house.'

'Get back, lieutenant!' both boys cried. 'You'll get shot!'

'There's a villain six feet tall up in the bushes there, with a Winchester! He's kept us up here an hour,' explained Sergeant Bob.

'Hey! and the lieutenant dodged behind the log hut. From back of him the grinning faces of half a dozen of the guard looked out.

'We'll get your man for you. We reconnoitered, saw from where the shots came, and I sent a squad up over the hill. They'll come down on his rear. But what I want to know is what you two are doing outside of lines?'

'Taking a bath, sir.'

'Taking a bath, eh? Well, I might overlook you coming out for such a commendable purpose, especially since you've been penned up already; but you've made me run up this hill in the sun, and you ought to be court-martialed. Hello! The other squad has your man.'

There was a commotion in the bushes; then the corporal and the rest of the squad appeared. The corporal held in his hand a dingy little Florent rifle. Two of the men led a small, shock-headed, dirty-faced boy.

The lieutenant shouted with laughter. 'There's your six footed and his Winchester! Keep you here an hour! Oh, my! and the rest of the guard snickered audibly. Sergeant Bob and the other sergeant looked at each other and said nothing.

'What does he say, corporal?'

'Says he did it for fun, sir, and that he did not shoot to hit.'

'He did it for fun, eh? Well, just bring along his rifle and keep it; box his ears and send him home. As for you two get into your clothes and come to camp at once. When you get there report at guard headquarters—that is, if you don't forget it,' and the lieutenant smiled as he departed.

'Guess we'll forget it, won't we, Bob? asked the other sergeant. And they did.

Getting Money Under False Pretenses.

The comment of the village critic in Massachusetts, who remarked after a performance by the Chicago orchestra that 'it is a long ways to bring a drum from Chicago just to hit it once,' calls to mind the excitement in Kansas City at the first performance of Italian opera.

The sale opened at eight o'clock in the morning, and the night before half the town camped out in order to be early at the box-office. One of the richest men in the country round about was Uncle Andrew and he shared in the general excitement, although he 'let on' that he was going merely to please his wife.

The night of the entertainment Uncle Andrew arrayed himself in his very best clothes and was one of the first to arrive. The opera was 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' and the cast was well divided among Italians, Germans, French and English. A few minutes before nine o'clock the street door of the rooms that served as a club in those days opened and Uncle Andrew appeared. He walked solemnly back to the end room pulled a chair before the grate fire and sat down to smoke.

'Hello, Uncle Andrew!' said one of the younger members. 'I thought you were at the opera.'

'Been,' replied the old gentleman, shortly.

'Didn't you enjoy it?'

'Enjoy it? Uncle Andrew plainly showed his deep disgust at the question.

'Enjoy it? Why young men, the hull blame thing was in Latin!'

## DREYFUS AS HE IS TO-DAY.

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grace and imprisonment for it. Zola and Clemenceau published that letter with open eyes, knowing what abuse it would bring down upon their heads. There are many others who, in a greater or less degree, underwent calumny and insult in the cause of truth, and for them I feel more than I can express. Eventually the victory will be ours, complete and overwhelming.

People who knew M. Dreyfus well before his trial tell me that he has greatly changed; that his long imprisonment has ripened and sweetened his character; that he possesses a kindness, a tolerance, a broad-minded charity which was not part of his earlier character. Certain it is that an officer he was never popular with his superiors, equals or subordinates. Certain it is, also, that where he now lives he is loved by every one, high and low.

To some extent this doubtless arises from the happiness which the man exhales, for happy he is, and supremely so, despite the longing for the restoration of his honor that possesses him. His return to liberty and to the love of his family are still elements of active rather than passive joy.

Mentally, I cannot see that there is any evil effect of the strain of those long years of loneliness and torment. His mind is neither weakened nor dulled; but it does show a certain quality of absorption and concentration, evinced in his repeating any statement which he considers important several times over. His weakness and illness after his pardon brushed from his memory the acquirements of years, so that he has forgotten nearly all the English which he learned from poring over his Shakespeare in his little hut on Devil's Island, and even his German has left him, and he told me that when the great Scandinavian poet, Bjornsen, came to see him the other day and spoke German he had to ask him to change to French, as he found great difficulty in following him, though formerly a proficient German scholar.

M. Dreyfus's great joy is in his family and especially in the association with his children. Jeanne and Pierre are both bright and exceptionally affectionate and attractive children, and both worship their father. To say that Mme. Dreyfus is a wonderful woman inadequate to the point of banality. A former schoolmate of hers tells me that she was a simple, quiet girl of whom nobody would have expected any unusual strength of character or depth of feeling. To the surprise and unbounded admiration of all this girl, who had never known a serious trouble, developed at the first shock of her husband's arrest into a woman of tremendous force of character.

That it was her unbending courage and unflinching moral support that saved M. Dreyfus's sanity and life is fully attested in her letters and in the diary from Devil's Island, which forms a considerable part of his book. Happy and at peace with her united family Mme. Dreyfus asks now of the world only the right to live free from intrusion and notoriety.

## BORN.

Mt. Denson, April 14, to the wife of Oswald Lake, a son.

Kentville, April 17, to the wife of Arthur Flynn, a son.

Colchester, April 18, to the wife of John Bell, a son.

Hantsport, April 14, to the wife of Stockwell Alley, a son.

Halifax, April 13 to the wife of Joseph P. Porrier, a son.

Colchester, April 17, to the wife of John Simpson, a daughter.

Amherst, April 14, to the wife of Edward Allen, a daughter.

Parrsboro, April 17, to the wife of W B Mahoney, a daughter.

Bellefleur, April 20, to the wife of John Bent, a daughter.

New Glasgow, April 23, to the wife of C L Beck, a daughter.

New Glasgow, April 24, to the wife of Joseph Stewart, a son.

Granville, April 23, to the wife of Harry Goodwin, a daughter.

Amherst, April 15, to the wife of Dominic Gauthier, a daughter.

Hantsport, April 14, to the wife of James Faulkner, a daughter.

Hantsport, April 10, to the wife of E Churchill Parker, a daughter.

Upper Stewiacke, April 23, to the wife of Charles Hogan, a daughter.

Cape Town, South Africa, Mar 6, to the wife of F W Pyper, a son.

Princeton, Mass, April 2, to the wife of Fred W Bryant, a daughter.

Roxbury, Mass, April 18, to the wife of Erwin B. Merritt, a daughter.

Colchester Co, April 14, to the wife of Harvey Gamble, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, April 16, Roy Keating to Grace Smiley.

Halifax, April 10, William Brunt to Ethel Marriott.

Halifax, April 24, John S. Warry to Elizabeth Hill.

Windsor, April 10, Leoard Sheehy to Edith Toye.

Yarmouth, April 9, Ida Strang to Ezekiah Snow.

Milford, April 16, Alex Murphy to Helen Roberts.

Yarmouth, April 24, John Porter to Rubie Griffiths.

Windsor, April 10, Christian Umah to Nellie Bezan.

Lower Argyle April 24, Ella J. Goodwin to Stephen Boyd.

Windsor, April 17, Rev. Thos Davies to Madelein Black.

Truro, April 20, Freeman McDonald to Mary Fitch.

Eastport, Me., April 25, John McCarthy to Julia Knapp.

Tusset Wedge, April 24, Louise LeBlanc to Joseph Pothier.

St. Andrews, April 17, Alvin Ramsey to Bella J. Ramsey.

Cumberland, April 17, Frank Taylor to Hattie Gilbert.

Milton, April 24, Wm. G. Yonston to Catherine B. Christie.

Nelson, B. C., April 28, Robert Gordon to Gertrude Skinner.

Woodstock April 17, William Johnston to Annie Jackson.

Chequoque Point, April 24, Edwin Crowell to Ethel Robbins.

Petrie Riviere, April 14, Azariah Hubley to Martha Harmon.

Halifax, April 17, Rector M.H. Goudgeto to Caroline Stimpson.

Halifax, April 16, William Smeardon to Florence Drysdale.

Milford, April 20, Jacob Newton to Eunice Bej min.

Port Elgin, April 22, Spurgeon A. Allen to Dora McCarthy.

Roxbury, Mass., April 18, Mattie Gallagher to James Guilhop.

Lower Granville, April 16, Edward Butler to Martha Burchill.

Erosd Cove, C. B., April 11, Uriah J. Smith to Emma Eisenhaur.

Lunenburg, Feb. 27, Capt Edridge Spindler to Jennie Eisenhaur.

## DIED.

Amherst, Apr. 25, Robert Bell.

Alton, Apr. 22, John Stewart, 88.

Halifax, Apr. 15, John Lewis, 87.

Hants, Apr. 19, Amy Harvie, 48.

Truro, Apr. 23, Henry Hattie, 28.

Quebec, Apr. 6, Fred Doggett, 23.

Truro, Apr. 24, Louise Munroe, 18.

Halifax, Apr. 24, Catherine Gill, 82.

Halifax, Apr. 20, Lizzie Chambers.

Halifax, Apr. 23, Frederick Inglis.

Halifax, Apr. 18, Ann Keyough, 69.

Pictou, Apr. 11, Isabella Fraser, 31.

New Glasgow, Apr. 20, Annie Cook.

Dartmouth, Apr. 24, Ann Evans, 62.

Rockingham, Apr. 19, Clyde Studd.

Pictou, Apr. 6, William Simpson, 23.

Baltimore, Apr. 19, John Hunter, 45.

Halifax, Apr. 23, Patrick Cassidy, 88.

Stewiacke, Apr. 22, George Pratt, 73.

Shinimicas, Apr. 27, Henry Fisher, 44.

Gabusar, March 25, George Grant, 36.

Minnesota, Apr. 9, Eleazr Dickey, 61.

Hants, Apr. 16, Hannah McDonald, 73.

River John, Apr. 16, John McLeod, 81.

Yarmouth, Apr. 18, Deacon Hersey, 63.

Truro, Apr. 21, Elizabeth Fletcher, 87.

River John, Apr. 16, Mrs. Chisholm, 58.

New Glasgow, Apr. 22, Eliza Reid, 65.

Delap's Cove,