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KANAUNEE HEIGHTS.

The Yankee lodged in Kanaunee,
A ragged colonel and ragged men!
Just where the brook leaps, babbling shrill,
Down from the heights of Kanaunee hill;
And camp lights gleamed.

Weary and spent, at dawn and sad,
Were soldier, colonel and soldier lad,
Faintest were bigger but more oppressed,
They flung themselves on the ground to rest
Till daylight beamed.

Up and down the brook they trod,
Up and down they went, each sod,
With wistful glance for each kept
Toward Kanaunee Heights where the British slept
And dreamed of death.

Down and up while the tired camp
Silent lay in the dark last damp,
Save now and then a drum rolled
And called to mother or wife or child
With bated breath.

Up and down through Kanaunee lawn,
Up and down till the morning dawn,
Then swift sprang the soldiers, gaunt and gray,
To greet the sun and the battle fray
With souls of steel!

Souls of steel and muscles of might,
Strong are they who fight for the right,
"For God, for home, for America!"
Cheer! cried the general, "Hurrah, hurrah!
The foe shall reel!"

And reel they did! in a crimson flood
The British bathed that night in blood!
The British staggered, for God's own hand
Took up the sword of an outraged land
And sheathed it then.

Sheathed it in many a noble breast,
E'er sunk them in down Kanaunee's crest.
Though brave be foeman and strong of limb,
What shall avail when God copes with him?
Ye well may ken.

And the pale moon grew more pale and gray,
That night as she gazed where the sleepers lay,
The sleepers that slept so strangely still
On the crimson grass of Kanaunee hill—
And never stirred!

But down in the valley another camp
Lay a drowse in the dusk and damp,
And now and then a dream smiled,
And called on mother or wife or child.
The pale moon heard.

—Bee Evelyn Phinney in Youth's Companion.

MARY'S SOLDIER.

"Speaking of court martial," said my friend the general, "I recollect one which terminated more pleasantly, and yet it was a narrow squeak for the poor fellow."

"Tell me about it," I urged as the man brought in our coffee and cigars.

"Do you know what 'in front of the enemy' means in military parlance?" he asked thoughtfully as he flecked away the first ash.

"Why, I suppose in front of the enemy means—in front of the enemy."

"Sapient youth! In time of actual warfare all troops as soon as they have been mustered into service are in front of the enemy."

"When they get there?"

"No; at once."

"Then a regiment raised here in New York during the rebellion, as soon as it had been sworn in, was in front of the enemy?"

"Precisely. And thereby hangs a tale."

"It gave carpet knights a chance for pensions," I reflected, "but it must have caused some cruel misunderstandings."

"Not at all. The articles of war are explicit, and if there's one thing drummed into a soldier's ears day in and day out it's the articles of war. They are his creed."

"Yet how many of us can repeat our creed correctly? Can you?"

"You just ought to hear me! But to my story: At one time during the latter part of the war I was stationed here in New York, detailed as inspector general to raise a brigade. I had been successful, and my camp of instruction contained fair material. It was a few miles distant on foreign soil."

"What!"

"Yes, in Jersey. One afternoon, while I was resting in my quarters after the fatigues of a hot day, an orderly brought me the unpleasant tidings that my camp was in an uproar. The men refused to obey orders, and open violence impended."

"What was the reason?"

"There's no reason for disobedience in the service, yet I admit to you there was an excuse. I had seen cause for trouble for some time, and had striven to avert it. The pay was in arrears through some red tape delay. The men were poor and their families were suffering."

"No wonder."

"There should be wonder," my friend the general sternly interrupted. "These men had sworn allegiance to the flag; yet ere the words had fairly died away were in open revolt. No wonder, indeed! Well, I assure you I was in a precious funk. Did you ever see a mob? No? Then you have missed the most awful manifestation of cruelty, cowardice, brutality, diabolism which the imagination can picture. I believe that mobs become infected with madness; otherwise I would believe that man is a degenerate beast. Well, a mob of soldiery is of all the worst. The stricter the discipline the more uncontrolled the reaction. Besides, bloodshed is an infectious idea. One shot, and the devil drives. But I had to go."

"Of course you went. A man of your acknowledged daring——"

"Tut, tut! The bravest often fear the most. They don't show it, though, and I didn't. But it seemed the forlornest of hopes. I dressed myself carefully in full uniform. Why? Because an officer who expects obedience must first command respect. If he wishes his soldiers to be orderly he must set the example, for no men are more critical or imitative. I hastened over the ferry and soon reached the high board fence which encircled the encampment. From within came a confused rumble like the portent of a storm. I approached the wicket. It was locked. I peered through the lattice. There was the sentry, sure enough; but with what a difference! His musket leaned against a post. He sullenly douched up and down, with hands in pockets, in no ways heeding my presence. I would like to have shot that man, but I was bound and braced with self control.

"'About face!' I commanded sharply. The man stared, then straightened, seized his musket, presented and stood as a soldier.

"'Open that gate!'

"He obeyed at once, and I passed through and marched quickly forward. All over the field were knots of men shouting, gesticulating, fiercely harranguing. Here and there were a few officers arguing and pleading in vain. The majority, however, sat dejected within their tents. It was a most distressing sight for a true soldier.

"I approached the first group of about 200 frenzied men. A captain was just leaving them, pursued by taunts and jeers. He was an insignificant man, with a repulsive face; naturally pompous in bearing, but now thoroughly cowed. Yet as he saw me he assumed a certain uneasy bravado.

"'Captain Johnson, at your service, sir,' he announced as he saluted.

"'What does this mean?' I asked.

"'They are fiends incarnate, general!' he exclaimed as he glanced over his shoulder. 'They will murder us all and ravage the town. Oh, what shall you do?'

"'I shall form the men.'

"'Impossible. Why, that's just what I've been trying, but'——

"'Silence, sir.'

"As I reached the mob I noticed one face alone which expressed respect or sympathy. All others bore a look of malevolence. A young soldier, well set up and scrupulously neat, seemed to be attempting to dissuade his comrades from some mad project. He was a fine looking fellow with a long, light mustache and bright, blue eyes from which, as I say, I caught a flash of admiration.

"I drew my sword and stood upright and motionless before the men.

"'Attention, men! Fall in!' I commanded.

"There was a hesitation, a momentary huddling together, and then they arrayed themselves.

"'Present arms! Carry arms! Order arms! Parade rest!' I ordered and they obeyed.

"Behind me stood a knot of wondering officers.

"'How do you dare?' I began. Then arose a growl from the ranks: 'We want our rights. We'll get them too. We demand our pay. We won't stand such treatment. Our wives, our children are starving.'

"'Silence!' I warned them. 'Not another word. If you have grievances, if you have complaints, send them through the proper channel, and they shall be heard and allayed, I promise you. Men, I'm ashamed of you. While your comrades are in the field facing privation and danger and death for the glory of that old flag which you have only just sworn to defend, you, for a trifling delay which the throes of our government should excuse, dare to murmur and revolt. Out upon such soldiers! Do you know what you risk? Do you appreciate that I have but to step to that telegraph and the regulars will surround you and rake your camp with an enfilading fire? Do you long to serve your country at the Dry Tortugas? Have a care, or there you shall be sent, weighted with the contempt of all loyal men. Officers, to your posts! There will be a review presently.'

"'Three cheers for the general!' shouted the clear voice of the blue eyed recruit as I turned away, and they were given with a will.

"So I went through that camp, speaking as I never had spoken, inwardly overwrought with excitement, but outwardly the cold, distant personification of discipline. Within two hours I had that brigade formed in a hollow square, and from its center I renewed my threats and my promises. They were effective. Reason returned to the men and with it came shame. What had looked like a dangerous outbreak was quelled by moral force.

"As I left the parade I met Captain Johnson.

"'By the way, captain,' I asked, 'who is that bright looking young soldier of yours who seemed to be resisting the madness of the men?' The captain scowled quite unnecessarily.

"'That's Thomas Browne,' he answered moodily. 'He doesn't amount to much.'

"I'm certain you don't, I reflected as I returned to the city.

"A month passed by. Discipline had done its perfect work. The mob had become a well drilled brigade. The men had received their arrears, and were eager to wipe out disgrace and to achieve renown in action. The order for their advance was expected daily. I sat in my quarters in the city, alone and idle, for my duty had been fulfilled and I was about to report at Washington. The door opened and a tall, slender young woman, neatly dressed, stood before me. Her face was pallid; her large black eyes shone intensely.

"'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, 'save my soldier! He said that you might,' and she sank in a chair by my side weeping and moaning and wringing her fragile hands in a manner most pitiable to behold.

"'But, my dear madam,' I expostulated sternly, 'this won't do at all. If you wish my aid you must be calm and sensible. Tell me who you are, who your soldier is, and what you want.'

"My severity succeeded, as I intended it should. She was a stout hearted little thing, and she gulped down her sobs, and in a moment sat upright and tranquil.

"'I beg your pardon,' she said gently, and I felt like a brute. 'My name is Mary Graeme, and—and I'm engaged to Thomas Browne. He's my soldier, you know, and he's in the camp over in New Jersey.'

"'Thomas Browne!' Oh! I remembered. 'Yes, my dear,' I replied. 'A fine looking young fellow, with bright blue eyes, I think.'

"'Oh, such bonny eyes, so tender, so true! And they speak his nature, believe me. I know him so well; we were little children together. He has been placed under arrest, sir, and is to be tried before the court martial now in session.'

"'For what offense?'

"'He was a sentry, sir, and was found asleep on his post.'

"'Phew!' Here was a pretty mess indeed for the young recruit.

"'My dear child,' I responded gravely, 'this is a most serious matter. Asleep on his post of duty in the face of the enemy! Why, it may cost him his life! And at the very time, too, when there has been a revolt in the camp and the court feels the necessity of a stern example.'

"I shook my head dubiously."

"'Here my friend the general paused to light a cigar, and I sprang at once into the breach.

"'Hold on!' I exclaimed. 'Do you mean to seriously claim that a sentry might be executed for sleeping on his post in a suburb of New York, 400 miles away from any enemy?'

My friend the general nodded.

"I explained all that to you in the first place," he replied. "Given those facts, the court would find him guilty and the articles of war prescribe death as the penalty. Courts martial must render an absolute, unqualified verdict of either guilty or not guilty. Mitigating circumstances can only be considered in review."

"I don't think much of your courts martial," I retorted hotly. "Nine old grannies stiff with precedent and prejudice, and a Pooh Bah of a judge advocate setting up a theory in one breath and upsetting it with another."

"'The old grannies' are men of honor, mark you, and the judge advocate will receive more credit for acquitting than for convicting. Lord deliver me from your starved out juries and your ambitious prosecuting attorneys. But you civilians are all alike, sir; you can't comprehend."

"Don't let my stupidity spoil your story, general; I'm deeply interested."

"Let me see, where was I? Oh! As I spoke the poor child wavered like a rare, pale lily in a storm. But she remembered my warning, though her eyes streamed and her hands strained in their grasp.

"'Oh, sir, but he isn't guilty, the poor boy. Think how tired he was. Up the whole night; ordered on duty again the moment he was relieved. It was inhuman. No wonder he dozed without knowing it.'

"'But'——

"'Oh, sir, I know what you would say: It couldn't be. But it was. The orderly sergeant has always hated him. On the day before he had ordered Tom—excuse me, sir, Thomas—when he was off duty to clean the equipments of another soldier, which Thomas refused to do.'

"'He was perfectly right there.'

"'So Thomas says. Besides he was expecting to see me. But that night when he came off his post, oh, so tired, the sergeant ordered him right on again to take the place of the soldier whose arms he wouldn't clean.'

"'If this is so, no court will punish him for falling asleep.'

"'I'm so delighted. That's what Thomas said he knew you would say. You are so learned in the regulations. But he didn't mean to—oh, no indeed. He's so ashamed, when he has been so anxious to distinguish himself for me.' And here a blush deepened through poor Mary's cheeks.

"'He shall have the chance, never fear. But why didn't you go to his captain? Does he know these facts?'

"Again Mary blushed and far less transiently. Her fingers picked her dress uneasily.

"'Captain Johnson,' she faltered. 'He doesn't like Tom; he—he—likes me.'

"'Oh, ho!' Here was a little drama. I recalled the captain's repulsive face and sullen ways and I recognized the villain's part.

"'Besides,' she continued, 'the orderly is his brother-in-law.'

"'And he tells a far different story, I suspect.'

"'Indeed, yes; there is no hope for Thomas from either of them.'

"'Well, my dear, save your tears and keep a stout heart. I like your soldier and I like you. I believe the story and you shall have my aid. But be cautious and secret. The court is now in session, you say?'

"'Yes, sir; all this week. But Thomas' case was only reached this afternoon just before adjournment.'

"'Then I must act at once. Goodby now; you may rely on me.' And with a God bless you, which it seems as if I could feel even now, the girl withdrew. Yet with a sudden inspiration I called after her, 'What is the name of the soldier whose place Thomas took?'

"'Joseph Brant.'

"Here surely was a difficult situation. The sergeant hostile, the captain vindictive—what hope gleamed for Mary's soldier? Yet I followed the inspiration. The proof—if I only could get the proof! It existed unless cunning had destroyed it. Again I arrayed myself in full fig. Again I hastened over the ferry to the camp. I sought the sergeant's tent and I found him within and alone. 'Too stupid to be provident,' was my mental glance. 'Sergeant, your detail book at once,' I commanded. The man stared and gaped and then handed it to me without a word.

"I went to a retired spot. I turned the pages with trembling fingers. Ah, fate had favored me. There was the record for the night in question, and among the reliefs I didn't find the name of Thomas Browne, but I did find that of Joseph Brant.

"Then I visited the judge advocate, a friend of mine, a fine fellow, now a supreme court judge of this state. Put that in your civil pipe and smoke it.

"'What sort of a man is Captain Johnson?' I asked.

"My friend shrugged his broad shoulders.

"'Humph!' he replied. 'With all there is back of him he ought to get the single star in six months.'

"'Fluence, hey?'

"'Great. But, man to man now, why do you ask?'

"'You needn't go any further, old fellow, your scruples reveal more than they conceal. But to change the subject. I am going to put a hypothetical case to you, and I want you to tell me just how you would act regarding it.' And I detailed the facts of Mary's soldier's troubles, using of course assumed names.

"'The judge advocate deliberated. 'A difficult and delicate matter,' he said. 'The man is innocent, but he would be condemned. The sentence would be commuted on review; still his career would be ruined. I think I should do this: I should lay these inside facts confidentially before the president of the court. Then, if he approved, at the next session I should announce that the main witness, the officer of the day, was absent—and he would be too. And in view of the stress of other business, and of the grave doubts as to the defendant's culpability, I should ask that the case be dismissed.'

"'You would surely do this?'

"'Certainly. It would be the quickest and most prudent way out of a nasty rush.'

"'Then listen, old fellow.' And I explained my parable to him. And here's the proof, I said, in conclusion, and I showed him the sergeant's detail book.

"'The villains!' he exclaimed. 'I'll stick to my word, never fear. It's the wisest course too. At this present crisis the friends of that captain must not be offended. His time may come. But that sergeant should be punished in some way.'

"'Leave that to me. He shall lose his chevrons, I promise you.'

"'Very well. I'm off to see the president.'

"The next morning came. The court convened. Mary was present, anxious yet hopeful, with her gaze fixed on the erect, manly form of her soldier. So, too, were the captain and the sergeant in attendance, the former exultant, the latter secretly worried. But I looked in vain for the officer of the day.

"The judge advocate was faithful to his rehearsal and letter perfect in his part.

"'I do therefore suggest,' he said in conclusion, 'that this charge against Private Thomas Browne be dismissed.'

"'This seems a proper disposition,' said the president. 'I think so,' said each officer, from the junior to the senior, and Thomas Browne left the courtroom a free man, with the devoted Mary clinging to his arm.

"I caught Captain Johnson as he was sneaking away with a white, scared face. 'Captain,' I said, 'I learned the truth of this matter, and I am responsible for this ending. You've had a lucky escape. Now, mark my words. You will reduce that orderly sergeant to the ranks forthwith. He won't appeal to the colonel, nor will the colonel question the act.'

"'I will do so, sir,' he murmured as he hung his head and went to his quarters. I never saw him again, but after the war, at Washington, I met Mary, a happy bride, with her soldier, and on his broad shoulders shone the insignia of a major.

"So you see, said my friend the general as he tossed away his neglected cigar, "that even in the army there were such refinements of your civil law as withdrawing a juror and horseshedding the court; but always done from an honorable motive, sir, an honorable motive."—New York Times.

Incentives to Exploration.

Every year the hunt for the precious metals and the shining stones grows sharper until the plateau of Thibet and the farther isles of the eastern archipelago are almost the only likely places where the agents of European firms are not inquiring and prospecting and sending home concrete evidences that, if enough is spent and a sufficient area of unknown territory is diligently examined, there may be solid returns. The emerald seekers of Ecuador know the paths of its mountains better than geographers, and the hunters for gold will make known every ravine of the vast region between Cape Colony and Lake Nyassa.

Every year the demand for wood drives importers into more distant forests, while the enthusiasts of botany and ornithology are ransacking regions into which it was recently supposed to be death to enter. The Phœnicians of our day number whole tribes, and they are penetrating everywhere, exactly like their old prototypes, in search of spoils. Nothing stops the explorers for gain and another party will follow them yet, not longing for minerals or new drugs, but for great estates. Australia was not explored for exploration's sake, but to find lands fit to support great herds, and so will Africa be and the eastern archipelago.

The competition for great fortunes grows bitterly sharp, and this is a road on which adventurers need only daring, a certain capacity for command, and a resolve to explore such as was displayed in New South Wales by the Wentworths, who, twice beaten by the mountains, went on a third time, to become great nobles in the southern world.—London Spectator.

How to Live on Love.

The girl was having a private conference with her father on the subject of marriage.

"The young man hasn't enough to support you on," urged the father.

"But you will give us something," she said.

"Not a great deal, my dear."

"Then we shall live on love."

"Ugh," sniffed the father.

"Don't you think we can?" asked the girl with the beautiful confidence of youth.

"Yes, if you both stay single," and the father declined to discuss the matter further.—Detroit Free Press.

Perfection Not Wanted.

She—And don't you drink?

He—No, dear.

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor use bad language?"

"No."

"And haven't any bad habits?"

"Not one."

"Then you must learn some. I won't marry a man I can't have some excuse for scolding."—Exchange.