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A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By Lucy Jackson

CHAPTER VII. Continued.

"We will not dispute the point. I believe you love me in your way, not a very unselfish or disinterested way. You heard me there in S'conset. The play was dull and to me by-to-you. For some one pointed it out you enjoyed my misery. You thought it an excellent opportunity to try your arts of fascination on a girl who, so far as you knew, would place implicit trust in your honorable purpose. Please let me finish. I don't speak for truth, nothing more. The position amused you and gratified your vanity at the same time. You knew that she would learn to like you. There was no reason why she might not give her heart and her future happiness in your keeping. You realized this, yet you stood on, still knowing you had no intention of marrying her. And when you had tired of the diversion, you indulged her with a declaration of love and no proposal of marriage. You allowed a selfish motive to cheat your heart of its noblest instincts. You — Oh, I wonder I can say so much! There are times when I positively despise you and others when I believe I am losing my self-respect. I wish you had never come to S'conset."

She started from her chair and walked to the opposite window. Her hands trembled nervously, though her words had been uttered with passion, but with a slow, deliberate emphasis that gave them crushing force.

Brian had listened with bowed head. Only once he had tried to interrupt her, then she had silenced him with a motion. Even after she had paused he did not speak for some seconds.

"You are hard upon me, he said, at last. "I deserve contemptibly, but won't you try to think there was some little excuse. I don't know why I am such a worthless fellow. Perhaps because no one ever whistles I ever amount to anything is not. I have not been so fortunate as you. You have been loved and petted all your life. I have had discouragement and condemnation on all sides. Perhaps I deserved so much, but it discourages a man to be forever running him down."

He rose as she hastily answered, in a gentler tone. "They are wrong to discourage and condemn you. No one knows their possibilities for good or evil until they have been tried. There are tempting traits even in the worst, and you are not one of the worst. Your chances lie before you. I want to forget all that has happened. For your sake, and for mine, I wish to feel ——" She hesitated and her face grew crimson. Not so much from his glance as from the direction of her own thoughts.

"Why, don't you understand?" she cried, in helpless embarrassment, after a silence that was almost felt. "Why can't you comprehend that I want you to have what belongs to you?"

"I don't want it," answered Brian, with dazzled resistance. "The thought of it makes us always between us."

"You don't want it because you can't have it without an incumbrance. I suppose ——"

"If the incumbrance means you, Margaret, there is nothing I desire so much as the incumbrance."

"Then take it, I mean, Brian. The income cannot make you so slow of comprehension."

Brian was slow no longer. Margaret's trembling flushed upon him, and with a joyful face good-by cry he started to—

But she stopped him rather precipitately with the words:

"Don't be foolish, Brian, please. I want you to understand that this is merely a business arrangement. We shan't be very affectionate, but neither need we quarrel."

"Then you wish simply to satisfy your scruples of obligation," he said, rather rueful. "Another course for me the least of all. Margaret ——"

"Hearing for you means giving you my money. I can only say I haven't it to give. I think you need not complain. Marriage will not make a great difference in our lives. We shall always be good friends, I hope. Are you satisfied?"

"I am happy to get you on any terms," he responded. "For no other man can ever love you. And maybe some day you will learn to love me, if only a little."

"Don't decide yourself with any such idea. That is all, I believe. Please leave me now."

"How cool and indifferent you are," he said, turning to obey her request, "you make it very hard for me."

Her eyes drooped beneath the intensity of his gaze, but she made no remark, and the next second he had left her to her own thoughts.

In a somewhat jaunty but rather peculiar frame of mind he sought Miss Hilton, and counsled to her sympathetic ear his late good fortune.

Two hours later, as Margaret sat alone in one corner of the veranda, Brian came up behind her chair, and dropped in her tapering of old-fashioned design and exquisite workmanship.

"Here is something I prize very highly, he said. "It belonged to my mother. I should like to see it on your finger. Pearls for the pearl of pearls!"

His sudden appearance and unexpected action made her blush warmly.

"Put it on for me," she replied, rather nervously and holding her hand toward him. "I am not sure that I know the proper finger."

"A bad confession," he rejoined, experiencing a keen thrill of pleasure as his hand touched hers. "Why, it fits nicely and makes quite a show."

"It is very beautiful," added Margaret, examining the magnificent pearls with evident interest. "How can I thank you for it?"

She raised her eyes to his, but dropped them immediately. Something in his glance sent the warm blood to her face. "I think I have shown it to Miss Hilton," she added, rising up and leaving him without another word.

CHAPTER IX.

A DOMESTIC COMPLICATION.

The news of Margaret's engagement traveled rapidly, for S—— was one of those limited communities in which one knows every one else, if not personally at least by sight or hearsay, and where a lively interest in the affairs of others seems to be the congenial occupation of a large portion of the inhabitants.

Opinions were somewhat divided in the matter. The superfinished regarded a marriage between the cousins as a happy solution of the unpleasant state of affairs, while the more interested, notably the mothers of some whose matrimonial designs had thus been frustrated, shook their heads rather doubtfully, and prophesied all manner of dire catastrophes from what they considered a loveless union. They hoped it would turn out well, so they assured each other. Indeed, they were inclined to pity Margaret, and, with admiring glances at Tim or John, they wondered what she had seen in Brian to like.

Margaret well knew that she was an object of unusual interest. There were people in S——, to use her own words, who would sit at her table and break her bread and her character at the same time. Yet, notwithstanding, the knowledge that she a fitted gratification to their curiosity filled her with a feeling akin to indignation.

"Notoriety is the fate of greatness," the Colonel told her, by way of consolation. "You and Brian are the most prominent figures in the neighborhood just now. Think of the distinction. But seriously, my dear, I'm glad you two have reached such a sensible settlement. Expected it all the time. Not quite so soon, though. You've made the quickest time on record." The old gentleman's eyes twinkled at this evidence of his own humor.

About this time he was deep in some cherished plans intended to affect the future of his son and niece. He gave no hint of his desires to either party concerned, for he could be polite on occasion, and he realized that this was a matter to be handled with much caution.

"A fine pair, a fine pair," he would chuckle, when private permitted him to give such expression to his feelings. "Plenty of spirit to the girl, and that young scamp, confound him, he'll be something yet."

The scamp in question had enjoyed all the astonishing of a young man in his position could expect or hope for.

"I want you to make a good showing," his father had said to him, when he started out in his best clothes. "You must look to your future and take up something practical. I prefer law, though it is a somewhat protracted. Still, as good as most, I dare say. If you do start in it, stick to it. And for heaven's sake don't come out a third-class sheet, fit only for a show piece. And don't break your neck, or get in debt."

Bertie had managed to go through college without falling a victim to the latter evils. He had followed his father's counsel so far as practicable, though he had not expressed the third.

Under pretext of reading for bar exams, he had spent much of his time in New York, from which point he paid frequent visits to the office, sitting in his office one day out of perhaps over a few distinguished, in consequence, he was called upon to receive from his father a letter with the cool request of a certain penniless young lady, who urged upon him the advisability of marriage here and finally setting it aside.

"Well, in the name of all that's holy," he ejaculated, "that must be another!"

And so it was. To such purpose that it sent his cousin scurrying before towering passion. He was astounded. And that young lady, looking upward and composed, came trooping into the room prepared for tears and something what had occurred to disturb the equilibrium of his cousin. A upset.

"Well, sir, be the next affair concerned, at try to marry."

"Well, uncle, he commenced. Are cousins in civil and uncivil tones, as though their wrath or fright of cousins—amp in the world?

"I drive my cousin out of doors," she replied, angrily, "and tell the truth for the matter."

"What do you mean by barging in, quick to take the cousin to her words. But, Lord! what the fuss of arguing with a girl. Here, cousin, this letter and tell me if you consider it the proper thing to an honorable young people to write to his father."

He threw the letter in his hand, and her eyes glanced over the somewhat aggressive epistle, while the man danced upon her.

DEAR BROTHER: Yours of the 14th inst. duly to hand. Contents noted. Would say in answer that I am very well satisfied with my present state of life in Blue Grass, and when appreciating your interest in my behalf, I prefer to choose my own partner, which I elect to assume the cares of domestic life.

"Though the Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, it is far more safe, to my mind, to go along in double harness, unless the old mare is to one's liking.

"I've been doing finely, winning golden opinions on all sides. I am tired of becoming too great and flagging would be a tendency to monotony, so I have very a strong inclination of putting the old fox aside and gathering laurels with my pen. Visions of future greatness pass before my eyes, and—pardon this blot, it is the result of my perturbed feelings—ah, I know but that in the dim and misty future you may be known not as Col. Kenton merely, but as Col. Kenton, the father of Cousins Barton. Does your heart swell with pride at the thought?

"Now, to descend from the heights of ambition to ordinary reality. The city grows warmer every day. Nothing of any moment transpiring. The last cut wave knocked the bottom out of the market, and everybody is now busy propounding the question of the day, 'Is it hot enough for you?'

"I'm thinking you have the best of it down there, and I have serious intentions of dropping on your rural fold and enjoying some argumentative tete-a-tetes with you. Meanwhile ——I can't write any more. Uncle Thompson outside, hopping up the steps after his usual fashion. He is excited. I'll see his classic countenance, with his grinning mouth with its unimportant distance of his flap-like ears, smile through this door and then I am done thought.

"Once more assuring you of my thorough esteem, I remain with my present state in this world of joy and sorrow, and dealing the wife with thanks, I am, yours most dutifully,

"CYRANDER BARTON."

"So you've been offering him a wife," remarked Alice, when she had finished the letter and returned it to her cousin.

"I told him it was time for him to get married," was the short reply. "This is his answer, the usual. Proceeds to choose his wife arbitrary. Wants an old mare to his sleigh. Let him get one. Confound it! Thinks of giving me his kicktone and whining bawls with his pen." Winning little smile. "He hasn't sense enough to know he's an idiot. 'Has serious intentions of discussing on a rural fold!' I'd like to know what else he's been long for the last forty months. Wants to enjoy some argumentative tete-a-tetes with me! Confound his assurance! What are you laughing at? Perhaps you consider it amusing? Maybe you agree with him?"

"About the wife part, I certainly do. I know I should be I let any one select my husband."

"In-deed, Miss! And do you think any one would take the trouble? Have some sense, for heaven's sake. I've enough to drive a saint crazy. Come, sit down, and I'll tell you what I'll do."

Alice took a chair beside her uncle and he began in a confidential tone:

"That independent monkey, who calls himself my son, shan't have a cent of my money. I'll cut him off, that's what I'll do, and I'll brave it and to-morrow."

"All what, uncle?"

"All my money. You don't suppose I'm—mad, Alice.

"Oh! I understand perfectly, uncle. I am much obliged, but you may spare yourself any trouble in the matter, as I wouldn't take it."

"You'll not be able to help your self," chuckled the old man. "If I choose to make my will to that effect you'll have to take it."

"Indeed I wouldn't," was the determined answer, as Alice rose from her chair. "It belongs to Bertie, and I wouldn't too far out of it."

"How dare you defy me to my face," cried the old gentleman, rising in his turn. "I say you shall have it."

"And I say I shan't."

"For mercy's sake, what is all this about?"

"Oh, Bertie!" cried Alice, turning at the sound of the laughing voice.

"You impudent scamp," added the Colonel, "have you dared to show your brazen face here?"

"I protest as brazen, father. My classic countenance is stricken in fine as father's. Among my friends it is said to be both modest and retiring."

"Another word of your impudence, sir, and you will retire with your impudence. What are you planning this an age for, and Alice with no better sense than to laugh at you? I want to know how you dared to send me that letter."

The Colonel threw the letter on the desk as he spoke.

"My letter," said Bertie, in assumed surprise. "I am sorry your opinion of the merits is so poor. I considered it quite excellent of its kind. You remember I spoke of my desire to be with you, and he, I arrive with the wind—I speed on the sense of it like. Pray tell me what caused the interchange of polite invective."

"I'll tell you, sir," commenced his father, with some warmth, "I'll tell you what I put that in of yours. I wished to let you go to the devil and leave me, money to this hussy of a young woman, but the forward minx with the most underfed impudence declared she wouldn't take a penny well, we'll see about that, and I'm to tell you, sir, you're to go to work in the straight line."

"Oh, I don't mind the straight line," returned Bertie, seated to table, provided there isn't a wife at the end of it. Unless it be the one I shall choose."

"Fudge!" was the complimentary response, but the old gentleman's wrath was further danger. Probably he had gathered some new ideas to the contrary and found them diverting.

"What are you glaring at Alice?" he said, presently. "Do you want to stare her out of countenance?"

"Oh, no. I was only thinking how astonishingly well she is looking. I am of the Colonel's opinion, indeed, you. You, too, look wonderful well preserved. No one would take you for over forty-five, is that?"

"Humph!" was the old gentleman's comment. "Asking a fool question or talking has given me a confoundedly headache. Get out of the room, for heaven's sake. Alice, take Bertie into the grounds and try to keep him there for a while. I must have a little sleep."

"Certainly, I'll depart, by all means," said Bertie, with alacrity. "Delighted, I'm sure. Come, Alice, you must take care of me, you know."

The Colonel chuckled quietly as the left the room together.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dust Test for Cartridges.

One little known process to which small arms manufactured for the United States are subjected is the dust test, intended to subject the pieces to the same dusting it will receive if carried by the soldier on a march across the alkali deserts of Arizona or Utah, or the sagebrush prairies of Montana or Wyoming. Troops are frequently compelled to tramp for hours through such clouds of dust that the heads of the leaders of a six-mile team can be hardly seen from the wagon seat, the dust is so fine and penetrating that the soldiers' guns and every garment soon become coated with it. The artificial production of a similar experience for an arm that must be adopted for military service is manifestly a very pertinent test. This is accomplished by placing the rifle on a shelf within a closed box, so that the breech mechanism, which is closed, shall be opposite the mouth of the bellows, fine sand is then permitted to fall slowly across the blast of air, which thereby, in two minutes, the time of the test, drives the sand into any open joints, or into the depths of the mechanism, if it is much exposed. The gun is then removed and wiped carefully with the bare hand, also blown into and cleaned, just as a soldier who suddenly goes into action would do with a gun he has carried on a dusty march. The piece is then fired twenty shots. This test is then repeated, the magazine being charged before exposing the gun to the dust; the cartridge and the gun are then wiped as before, and fifty more shots fired, twenty in magazine.—Boston Transcript.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

An African Hunter's Narrow Escape From Death in an Encounter With an Elephant—A Hot Fight With a Great Eagle—Father Braves Death For Son.

H. S. H. Cavendish, in a paper that appears in the new volume of the Geographical Journal, describes a narrow escape he had from death in an encounter with an elephant near Lake Stefanie, in Somaliland. The animal had already been wounded in two places, when, says Mr. Cavendish: "We saw that he was very angry, swaying his trunk above his head, and throwing up sand every now and then. I saw that he was certain to charge if I did not kill him with the first shot, and thought that we had better leave him alone, but I followed up to the bush, and took as good a shot as I could get below his ear at a distance of about forty yards. The bullet seemed to have no effect, for the elephant just turned round facing us, and walked straight for the bushes by which we were concealed. He then stopped a second, with his trunk scenting the wind along the ground, and I could see that he knew exactly where we were. Unfortunately, my left barrel had only an empty cartridge case in it, which had jammed and I had, I was unable to remove.

"My gun bearer then said we had better make a run for it, and at that moment the elephant charged. The only way back to the bushes was over a plain about 100 yards wide, so giving my gun to the bearer, we started off in different directions; but the elephant had caught sight of us, and made for me as straight as a dart. I was unable to run very fast on account of the terribly rough ground, which had been broken up by the elephants, the holes being concealed by the grass. I tried to dodge him, but he was too quick for me, and as I neared the thin mimosa bush I saw him just over on with his trunk in the air, so I threw myself to the left on my face and kept still, thinking that the elephant might go on, he, however, stopped immediately, and, spanning round, knelt down behind me, with his head right over me, and took a drive at me with his tusks, which I luckily escaped by rolling to about under his chest. He then pushed me under with his trunk, and tried to gore and me with his tusks, but a back would have it. I was just out of his reach, I kept dodging his legs as they came down. At one moment he lay on me, and I expected every moment to have the bones crack, but suddenly his weight was lifted off me, and I pretended I was dead, and, not wishing to see the coup de grace coming, closed my eyes and remained quite still.

"The boys told me afterward that he got up and backed off my body, and knocked his leg again to a log of wood lying close behind. Mistaking the log for me, he vented his rage on it, he must have been badly wounded. After a time he moved away, and on my return to camp I went to bed, and sent out twenty boys to finish off the wounded elephant. This they succeeded in doing after putting thirty bullets into him; he charged in every direction and died hard."

Fight With an Eagle.

A very handsome specimen of the gray eagle finally, which has been in the possession of E. L. T. Simmons and Dr. Helbrook, of Albany, Oregon, since Sunday, has attracted much attention, and has also aroused the curiosity of their friends, as they decline to state how they became possessed of the bird, and both declared that they were at church on Sunday, and so could not have been trying to do with the killing of it.

A gentleman who resides out on Columbia slough came to town, and told a story which has let the cat out of the bag. He said that on Sunday two men, whom he knew to be residents of Albany, but whose names he did not know, were out hunting along the slough, and had a desperate encounter with a big gray eagle, which he witnessed with much interest until a charge of shot came pattering around him. When he first observed the hunters they were making a sneak under cover of a fence, trying to get a shot at some geese. Just as they were within shooting distance a large gray eagle swooped down and fastened his talons in one of the geese.

Without ceremony to shoot at the other geese, as they flew away, the two hunters and their dog rushed forward to attack the eagle, which was quite young, to carry off the goose, but was not able to rise with the air with it on account of its weight. The dog reached the eagle first, not having had any experience with this sort of game, boldly attacked it. Thereupon the eagle abandoned the goose and turned its attention to the dog, fixing its talons in the middle of his head and beating him furiously with its strong wings. The hunters arriving at this juncture, the eagle released the dog, which ran off yelping, and faced its more dangerous antagonists.

To their credit, be it said, they discharged their guns without taking aim, and one of them came near shooting the interested spectator. They then clubbed their guns, and did their best to beat off the eagle, who was desperately endeavoring to fasten his talons in one or both of them, with the amiable intention of plucking their eyes out. The struggle lasted some time on the slough for a while. The eagle, having apparently had all four thrashed around and seemed to have more beaks and talons than any one should be entitled to, double headed Dryden eagle ever seen. The hunters made lively play with their clubs, and the eagle's solar plexus at last was crushed. The hunters called and called for their dog, but he had had enough and continued to solemnly watch the fight from a safe latitude.

Finally a lucky blow stunned the gallant bird, his wings drooped and he came to the ground, and the hunters sprang on him and put an end to him.—Portland Oregonian.

Father's Heroic Act.

An exhibition of heroism was seen at the Spring street railroad station, Elizabeth, N. J., recently by Frederick Dusterdeck, who intended to save the life of his son probably at the risk of his own. There were a number of people on the station platform at the time, and the heroism of the father made a deep impression on them.

Dusterdeck is a young man and lives on Meadow street. He started for a visit to friends in Brooklyn, taking his child with him. They reached the station some time before the train was due and the child was permitted to walk about the platform near his father.

Just as the train shot into the station and before the father realized the boy's intention, the lad started to run across the tracks. Dusterdeck dashed after the boy and caught him just as the child was in front of the locomotive, the pilot being only a dozen feet away.

The father seized the boy with a powerful grip, and, realizing that it was too late to save both the child and himself, turned slightly and threw the boy off the track. He heard the child fall his hands. Dusterdeck was struck by the locomotive and knocked down. He did not rise and several men on the platform ran to his assistance.

They found that the father was unconscious, and that he had been badly injured on the head. Blood was oozing from a wound in the scalp, and it seemed as though he was dead. A hurry call was sent for the General Hospital ambulance, and the injured man was taken to that institution. An examination indicated that Dusterdeck's skull had been fractured. He remained unconscious quite heavily, when he partly revived.

Extraordinary Ghost Story.

In the whole record of so-called "supernatural appearances" there is not one which is more thoroughly authenticated than the following:

John Cope Sherbrooke and Colonel Wavyard were two officers in the Thirty third regiment and after some of the extraordinary occurrences to relate I the regiment was in Canada. One evening as a wounded man were lying a little apart from Wavyard's bedroom and he was reading.

After a few minutes Captain Sherbrooke looked up from his book and saw standing in the room a man who was a perfect stranger to him. At a loss to account for his intrusion, Captain Sherbrooke turned to his companions to ask if the stranger was an acquaintance of his. Wavyard was as pale as death, and in parently incapable of speech. Seeing this, Captain Sherbrooke made several feet to stop the figure which slowly crossed the apartment and passed through a close leading to Wavyard's bedroom. As soon as the man was out of sight Wavyard proceeded his faculties and exclaimed, "Make chase!"

"Your brother?" repeated Sherbrooke. "What can you mean, Wavyard? There must be some delusion. Follow me."

They then went into the bedroom, a room from which the only possible egress of exit was the one they already referred to. They found the room empty.

The incident puzzled a good deal inquiries were made, the servants questioned, who knew Wavyard's brother, and he was described to be a tall, fair man, with a long nose, and a peculiar mark on his forehead. Wavyard's brother was known to be in Canada.

Of the two witnesses of this strange episode one became General Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, G. C. B., and the other Lieutenant Colonel Wavyard, of the Twenty fourth Light Dragoons.—New York World.

Speeding For Life Over a Burning Bridge.

Engineer William Narramore had a thrilling experience on a low spade one. He runs No. 9 passenger train, due at Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, at 7:55. As he came around Summit Curve, a mile and a half from the station, he was startled to see that the bridge was on fire. To stop was impossible at the distance, so he reversed his engine, threw the throttle wide open, and dashed on the burning bridge. Jumping in the other side, he ran to the cabin to safety. The bridge was strong, and as the engine passed over it, requiring to cross the bridge to pass the bridge, the engine was forced and the engine and tender fell into the debris. Had the train been a minute later it would have fallen into the Scuylkill and caused a great loss of life, as the bridge burned very rapidly.

Fire Worshipers and Petroleum.

A knowledge of the existence of petroleum at Baku, Russia, is so ancient that we find there the ruins of a temple to Zoroaster. The worship of fire—so easy to obtain that it was only necessary to pool the oil with a stick and set fire to the vapor that rose from it—was continued until so recent a time as twenty years ago, when several Parsee priests went to Baku for the purpose of ascertaining that which was of this immemorial time here in the same manner as with our lamps.—Harper's Magazine.

DESERTING IS AN ART.

ENLISTED MEN GO ABOUT IT WITH GREAT CIRCUMSPECTION.

In the Navy an Intending Deserter Is Watched with the Suspicion of a Spy—Men Who Call French Leave in Unique Way—Methods Practiced Here.

When a Philadelphia marine has decided to desert, he says very little about it, even to his intimate friends, preferring to be dismissed for some serious reason that has never been satisfactorily explained, and probably never will be the subject matter at any moment among the men forward that Second Sol. should be missing the ship. Occasionally the man does not get to the sergeant, but others have discovered the futility of bothering their heads about intending deserters. The intending deserter always waits until he attains the first step on the conduct ladder, first of his ship, which permits him to draw all of the money due him except a months pay, that is always carried on the navy books for all hands. Meanwhile he makes his preparations for the jump. He usually goes in light marine clothes. Such articles as he is monkeying over, perhaps, that are of any value he sells for a mere million to his shipmates or throws away. The latter he carries in his pockets, underwear, bedding up in a small pack are together with what few family photographs he has and tied all to his back. Arrived to be dropped, he takes the bundle to the bunks at sea, where looks a dingly with his fancy soap, brushes, and such small articles, and sells them at exorbitant prices to man forward on warships. The bundled man, often an ex-soldier, gives or scarce himself, is always on the lookout for the man who purposes jumping ship, and he takes good care of the intending deserter's bundle until the man claims it ashore. The bundled man also undertakes to look around ashore for a cheap outfit of clothes, shoes, and hat for the man who is about to leave the navy without a cent to his discharge. He makes a small commission on the outfit, and meanwhile money day dawns around and the intending deserter draws all the money he has earned, except the month pay retained.

Then comes the day when he finds a chance to give the slip. He has got his clothes on, perhaps, and his money in his pocket, perhaps, an old cap, perhaps a brass cap, or a soiled white cap, or cutting badge. If the deserter gives himself up he may have to serve from one to three years at the naval prison at Mare Island or at Key West, but he is not hunted. Marines who desert from navy yards, however, are specially sought for by the civil authorities of the town contiguous to the yard.

A soldier in the army goes about the business of desertion with great care, as with care and circumspection. A soldier also has certain things which he must make the master for his departure, well, and the money on his person. A soldier, and he will leave the post, he must have money for three days' pass. A soldier, and he will leave the post, he must have money for three days' pass. A soldier, and he will leave the post, he must have money for three days' pass