OVER A HOT BRIDGE.

I was a senior first lieutenant of a United States light battery, consisting of four guns, six rifle and one section of Gatling mitrailleuses.

We had been fighting [illegible] continuously and most [illegible] against overwhelming odds, when the battle of [illegible] was fought, the prisoners of General [illegible] Army of the Potomac to Richmond. Leaving our wounded we [illegible] on foot. However, we gave [illegible] several of our comrades during the day's fight, and when night came were glad to lie down beside our guns, napsacks of the dead, for it had been scorching hot all day.

In the meantime it had been determined that the army should retreat to and cross White Oak swamp, further the bridge and make another stand, to allow the transportation, etc., to advance on its way to the landing.

General Richardson's brigade, to which our battery belonged, was detailed to cover the retreat of the army and was to remain in front of the enemy until all the corps had withdrawn, then silently take up the march, following in rear of the army.

At sub-dusk we were then covering Richardson's to notify our captain that we should follow the brigade which had moved instantaneous and was then on the march. But as guns are the bulwark of our commander and as deep was his sleep that he failed to realize the order, and hardly was it in our power to rouse the chief sufficiently to give him to such again the deep slumber.

The Army of the Potomac marched in silence, and we, the Confederate advance, kept up a continuous fire of musketry and the occasional roar of cannon, when I was aroused by a violent hug on the shoulder. My eyes opened in a great manner, and dizzy in the early dawn I recognized the face of my non-commissioned officer.

"For God's sake, quick, Bonneaunt, arouse yourself! We are left behind by the entire army, which retreated during the night. The Confederate skirmishers are now delivering on the pickets in front of us. We alone, an eight gun battery, up from the entire Confederate army, and we have got to make ten good miles before we can reach safety. Mount at once, move quietly to the forward, mount all drivers of pieces and caissons, move quickly in a solemn and silent way, as we proceed by the neighboring wood," he cried.

Fortunately the wood skirted both sides of the road leading to White Oak swamp, about five yards distant.

"I will fix pickets on the napoleon section, and when you are fully covered by the wood will join you and will then send the bugler to direct you to move at a trot," continued the captain.

The enemy's skirmishers were cautious by advancing, and in the dim early dawn could not detect the absence of our army. A shot from one of our captain's guns was a little, however, that there were "Yankees" about.

I was making tracks as quickly as possible for the wood, and it was not long before I reached them. I was very glad to hear presently the bugler's familiar voice: "Lieutenant, the captain sends his compliments to you and says therefore battery is now under cover. He wishes you to move the best of the column at a trot."

Neverdid I obey a command more cheerfully, and we were soon moving at a rapid pace. Hardly had we settled down to a steady gait when the bugler came dashing up again with the information from the captain to move at a gallop, as the Confederate cavalry was in pursuit.

How we did dash along, passing many of the stragglers, to whom we shouted that the Confederates were in pursuit and to look out for themselves, but still fearing on at our greatest speed, every moment fearing lest a trace hook or a horse trembled. Fortune seemed to favor us, and great was our relief when White Oak swamp bridge opened up to our view.

But, oh, horror, misery! What is the cause? Can it be possible the bridge is on fire? Yes, too true. General Richardson had missed the battery and had waited as long as he deemed consistent with the safety of the army and had been obliged to fire the bridge, which, when we reached it, was in full blaze.

There we were, a full battery of eight guns, fully equipped with horses, ammunition, etc., valued at thousands of dollars to our government and still more valuable to the enemy if used against us.

With a burning bridge in front of us, to cross which would subject, and behind us, coming rapidly, Confederate cavalry, which would capture and misery—and long did our gallant captain hesitate.

"Now, men," he said, "we have got to cross that bridge, and I know every one of you would rather perish than endure the disgrace of capture. Dismounted all. Cockneers, take your blankets, sink them in the swamp and cover ammunition chests. Drivers, take your housings, cut off the bottoms and strap over your horses' heads so as to completely cover the eyes of the horses. Lively; don't lose time. Lieutenant," to me, "take a smoking for your horse, assist as drivers, mount and lead battery over that bridge at full gallop. I will cover rear with napoleons and cross the bridge ready for action."

It was almost certain death, I thought, but it had to be done. On the opposite side of the swamp were the members of our army, watching to see with deepest interest and ready to help us in any way to their power. But the bridge was burning, and the "pale" cavalry was coming.

All was ready, but Gladstone over ammunition chests, housings over horses' heads, and the word was given to go. How we got over that bridge to this day I do not know. My gallant little gray guard me in good stead. The fierce flames, smoking and burning one will never forget.

There was terrible danger of exploding the ammunition in the chests, which only the well Gladstone protected. The eight guns passed safely back, to every one of us—but we got over safely. As the last gun reached the ground with wheels as our gallant boys gave us make our hearts bound for joy and fully repaid us for the frightful risk we had taken.

Not ten minutes had passed after our battery had reached safety when the Confederate cavalry opened with their artillery, and very shortly afterward their infantry poured in.

The bridge had become a thing of the past. All that was left of it was a heap of burning brands, plus ends in the swamp below.

Time was saved, by the quick and good judgment of our brave captain, possibly thousands of lives saved, and we reached General Burns' King in New York Tribune.

HOW WOMEN SAFEST

A Sea Captain Tells How and Why He Went Made Quick Time.

A passenger on one of the European fleets made a golden remark to the captain the other night as they were starting leisurely to sea:

"Now, my captain," he said, "you are the only creature worth your life left in the world. When the ship leaves port, your will is law. Every one on board recognizes your supreme authority. From your decisions there are no appeals. Every life is in your keeping. You are an king indeed."

"Yes, we are, indeed," said the captain, "and I am the only one who feels the responsibility of my position. We are under obligations to make fast runs, yet none to [illegible] risks. It is no longer possible for the captain of a first class liner to operate alone.

"When we are last year across the Atlantic, we continued rapidly in spite of the fog. We had good weather nearly all the way. When the wind was a blowing a gale, there was some fog, and I didn't dare to use a full speed. The ship was 24 hours behind time in reaching New York."

The captain and the passenger were intimate friends and talked without reservation.

"I went to the main office," the captain continued, "and was resolved unless to go the passages. He said on that I had made a very poor run. I tried to explain to him the reasons had been, but he interrupted immediately. He reminded me that other ships leaving England in the same fog had arrived in port safely, although they would have had similar troubles. He said that the day for cautious, old fashioned captains had gone by. The competition of a city by speed must be maintained, and failure must be firm and wide awake, or their employer would be at an end.

"'Do you understand?' the captain added after a pause. 'That we have been growing at full speed all day in a mere fog. Your ship has been plodding by the experienced which he received, and he hasn't known a comfortable moment since the fog lifted on his hour ago.

"'Do you see that the kings of the sea are the managers' boilers. If they are cautious and avoid risks, they are condemned slow and slow. If they are venturesome and the ship goes wrong, then they are condemned as foolhardy. That's the tyranny of the sea, and it we are kings on deck.'"—Philadelphia Times.

A "Singular" Curiosity.

They were standing on a street car waiting for a car. She was American; he was English. He delighted in pointing out the glories of this new world, for he only dreamed his fourth year and answered every remark with that irritating phrase, "In the old country," etc.

While they were waiting a pair of bicyclers, a man and a woman, wheeled by. The woman was dressed decidedly "up to date."

"Ah!" the Englishman remarked, "Bicycle bicyclers!"

The girl looked in surprise. "Do you mean the women in Bloomers?"

"Yes, but in the old country, you know, we call 'em knickerbockers."

Miss America loudly knew how to answer his knowledge of nature. She felt it would be rude to change the conversation too abruptly, so she simply said, "By the way, do you call a pair of knickerbockers singular or plural?"

The Englishman glanced after the retreating bicycles. "Plural," he said, "as applied to men, but in the case of women—[illegible]"—Boston Budget.

Catarrh in the Head

An Unfortunate Inheritance—How It Was Destroyed.

"Mr. I. Hoot & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

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