whole effect of the river scene, are admirably indicated in the cleverly taken photographs.

A view of Fort McAllister recalls a closing incident of Sherman's dramatic march from Atlanta to the sea. The veterans had for weeks been tramping, with an occasional interval of fighting, but with very little opportunity for what the boys called a square meal. By the time the advance had reached the line of the coast, the commissary wagons were practically empty. The soldiers had for days been dependent upon the scattered supplies that could be picked up by the foraging parties, and the foragers, working in a country that had been already exhausted by the demands of the retreating Confederates, gave hardly enough return, in the form of corn on the cob or an occasional razor-backed hog, to offset the "wear and tear of the shoe-leather."

The men in the division of General Hazen, which was the first command to reach the Savannah River, could see down the river the smoke of the Yankee gunboats and of the transports which were bringing from New York, under appointment made months back by General Sherman, the much-needed supplies. But between the boys and the food lay the grim earthworks of Fort McAllister. Before there could be any eating, it was necessary to do a little more fighting. The question came from the commander to General Hazen, "Can your boys take those works?" and the answer was in substance, "Ain't we jest obliged to take them?"

The assault was made under the immediate inspection of General Sherman, who realized the importance of getting at once into connection with the fleet, and the general was properly appreciative of the energy with which the task was executed.

"See my Bummers," said Old Sherman with most illigant emotion. "Ain't their heads as horizontal as the bosom of the ocean?"

The raising of Old Glory over the fort was the signal for the steaming up-stream of the supply ships, and that evening