

Never a wort spoke Miss Baggs. She sat belt upright in her buggy, regarding the boy fixedly as Bobby Lee triangulated onward. As she passed she turned her head slowly, keeping her spectacles on Jakey with an unearthly stare. There is something superstitious in all human beings and especially in boys. Something like a shiver ran down Jakey's back at sight of this singular per-

son, who knew him perfectly, yet who passed him, her head turning mechanically, without attering a word. For a moment he was tempted to believe that Miss Baggs had perished, and this was her ghost going to seek rest in some other land than war scarred Tennessee. But this feeling was momentary. Throwing it off, he shouted:

Shell I give yer love ter Rats when I see him?'

If Miss Baggswas trying to make the boy believe he was mistaken, or that he naw her disembodied spirit, her effort failed signally at this point. A peal of suppressed laughter came back on the breeze to Jakey. Looking after her, he saw the back of the buggy, from which streamed the tatters of the top and under it Bob Lee's four legs mingled in inextricable confusion, doing some of their best work.

"She uns hain't bent on no good," said Jakey to himself as he gave Tom a jog. "Reckon she's up ter somep'n."

Jakey rode on musing upon Miss Bagge. He had noticed her kind treatment of his sister, and as Jakey was disposed to regard Souri the most important person on earth after Colonel Maynard Miss Baggs had thus found her way into that youthful something or other which for want of a better name may be called Jakey's heart. His remark was made with great seriousness. Jakey felt that it was his duty as a Union sympathizer to put some one on Miss Baggs' track. "She mought be workin fo' the Confederates," he mused, "'n then agin she moughtn't." The latter view was most agreeable to him, because he liked Miss Baggs and would grieve to see any harm come to her.

While he was jogging along, turning the matter over in his mind, he saw several thorsemen in blue and yellow come tearing down the road. They reined in when they came up with him and

opened a volley of questions.
"Say, boy, did you see a woman with a striped dress and goggles go by?" 'N allong legged, wind busted crit-

"Yes. " " 'N an ole rattlin boggy?"

"What d'y' want with her?"

Never amind that Have you

"Want mever mind whether I have

or not. Girtanp, Tom!"

This brought the questioner to:terms.

"Are you a Confederate boy?" "Don't I live in Tennessee?

"I suppose that means you are Con-We've no time to lose. The woman in that buggy is-is"- He was conjuring up a story to deceive the stupid looking boy before him and get the required information, but he was not good at inventions. Jakey came to the rescue.

"Wanted by you uus' general or colonel or somep's?"

"Yes."

"Fo' ter keep her outen danger coz she's like nuff ter run inter a guerrilla camp?

The man looked wonderingly at the boy, who was making a story for him unasked. "Y-o-s," he seplied, uncertain what

"Waal, she's gone along thar. When gy' git ter th' fork in th' road, take th'

"All right. Thanks, my little man," and the party galloped away to take the wrong road on reaching the fork. Jakes pursued his course meditative-

"Reckon that warn't me done thet. tit must 'a' ben som en else. I air a Union boy, I air. She un's Confederate. Like nuff some un got s'picion o' her. Reckon I can't be Union of I helped her out. Was!, she likes fouri anyway. Reckon she won't do no harm."

Notwithstanding the view taken at 'she close of Jakey's solilequy, he felt very much dissatisfied with himself. He rode on thoughtfully, wondering what Colonel Maynard would say if he should know what he had done. He soon met a soldier on a lame horse. Jakey inferred that he belonged to the party shead, but had been obliged to drop out of the

"Say, mister," called the boy, "what them uns chasin thet woman in the bug-67 fo'?"

'Did you pass her."

"Yes. "Put 'em on the track?" "Reckon."

"She tried to slip through the lines on a forged pass. The guard was suspicious and took the pass to headquarters -after letting her go thorugh, though,

"Waal, reckon they'll ketch her," and Jakey rode on.

like a fool-when the trick was discov-

As the dusk of the evening was coming on Tom was seen by Farmer Slack far down the street advancing at a jog trot and on him Jakey, bobbing up and down, his elbows stuck out on each side and his little legs at an obtuse an. wheel. Seeing the soldiers, he suddenly

gle with the rest of his body. Riding up to the little porch in front of the house, Jakey slid down from Tom's high back with as much dignity as he could command on descending from such a height. The whole household, including the children, was there to receive him, and Jakey was about to give them an account of how he had served on Colonel Maynard's staff when he caught his father's eye.

"Y', Jake," said Mr. Slack, "didn't I send y' out ter th' barn ter look arter the critters last night, 'n now yer been ridin all over, nobody knows whar?

Whar y' ben?" "Waal," said Jakey, taking his cue readily, "I foun Tom loose, 'n I follered him all over th' United States." "I'm glad y' got him," replied the other. "Go in 'n git yer supper."

father.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD FRIENDS MEET. It was the middle of August before the different columns of the Army of the Cumberland began to cross the mountains between it and Chattanooga in pursuit of the Confederates who had withdrawn to that place and there intrenched themselves. Meanwhile the Slack family had arrived at their home near Jasper, in the Sequatchie valley. Much to Souri's surprise, everything about the place looked uncouth. When she left it a year before, it was all she had ever known. A ten months' residence in the north, surrounded by every comfort, associating with the daughters of refined people, had made a great change in her. Now the furniture appeared dilapidated, the rag carpets rough. Indeed there was a disappointment about "sweet home" that she had not expected. Nevertheless she did not sit down and repine over it. She had no means of procuring anything better, but she found that she could do a great deal of patching. With considerable fore-thought she had brought some cheap material of different kinds with her from the north, and this she used to the best advantage. She made neat valances for the beds, cushions for her mother's rocking chair, scarfs for the bureausin fact, with very little she made quite

a revolution in the house. Her great anxiety was her brother. Jakey had attended well to his studies while at school, but his teachers had found it impossible to change his methods of expressing himself. As soon as he reached Tennessee he began to relapse into the state of semibarbarism in which he had lived before the coming of his advantages. Souri knew that there was no hope for improvement in her father tead of troublin ther. Ins when their ways of acting and speaking shocked her, she refrained from comment, but when Jakey dropped into his old ways she tried hard to check him. Besides she felt that it was necessary to keep a strict guard over herself, for she had noticed that when under any excitement or when her feelings were deeply touched she was apt to forget herself and be once more the "poor white" girl of former days.

There was another cause of solicitude as to Jakey. It must be admitted, notwithstanding Jakey's good points and a certain original shrewdness there was about him, that he never was the same boy after his few hours of service on Colonel Maynard's staff. It was constantly "when I war Colonel Maynard's aid-der-camp," or "when the colonel in me rode inter Tullyhomy, " or "when I carried the news of the revacuation. Then he would strut about with his hands in his pockets, much to his father's amusement and Sonri's dread that he would run away and join the Union army. But one day when he threatened to do so Souri took him to task for it and made him promise that he would not. This ended her anxiety, for Jakey would as soon have forgotten his military honors as break a pledge to his sis-

The Army of the Cumberland was now advancing by every possible route toward Chattanooga. One of the rontes taken by the Union army lay through the Sequatchie valley and directly past the Slacks' little farm. One evening Souri was leaning over the gate thoughtfully when she saw several mounted men in blue, with yellow facings, trotting down the road. They were the first bluecoats to appear of the host that was coming. There is a certain jaunty air, a devil may care appearance, about a trooper who becomes used to being always on horseback. Each man and horse seemed the same animal. Their sabers clanked in unison, and they were chatting and laughing as if they had come to the south with only the most peaceful intentions. When they reached the gate where Souri stood, one of them, lifting his hat politely, asked:

"Would ye mind me goin to the well

for a little water?" In the brilliant display that was revealed by the lifting of the man's hat Souri recognized a head she could never forget—the head of Corporal Ratigan. "Why," she said, "ain't you Corpo-

ral Ratigan?" "I am, me young lady, and if Oi'm not mistaken ye're one of the party that was goin through the lines one day a

few weeks ago." Jakey at this moment came around the house in a fashion at which he had become expert at school. This was turn. you have improved!"

remembered his dignity as former volunteer aid-de-camp, and straightening up pulled his hat down over the back of his head and tried to look military. True, his hair was in his eyes, but his military training had only been for one morning, and Jakey's hair was always in his eyes. Doubtless it would have required months of training from a drill sergeant to get it to growing any other way. Approaching the fence, he climbed it and sat with one leg on each side

"Do ye know me, me boy?" asked Ratigan.
"Does I know one o' them signal

"Oh, Jakey!" sighed his sister.
"Well, me lad," pursued the corporal, laughing, "who am I?"

"Rats. "I see ye have a good memory. Rats. It's quare ye should have remembered that." And the corporal chuckled good

"Mebbe y' remember some un's name. "

"And who is that?"

"Miss Baggs."
"Certainly I do," said the corporal, omewhat startled and confused.

"I sor her t'other day." "Ye don't mean it?"

"Reckon I do." "Where?"

"She war a-trottin that ole critter o' hern, goin no'th like shot from a squirrel gun."

"Upon me word!" ejaculated the corporal, evidently much interested.

"Reckon she war up ter somep'n."
"What makes ye think so?" And Ratigan changed his position in his saddle uneasily. "Waal, when we uns met her"-

"Oh, Jakey, please don't say we uns," interrupted Souri.

"Waal, when we met her outen th' reach o' you uns (Souri gave a despairing look, but said nothing) she talked peart nuff, 'n she knowed me, too, but when she passed me on th' road t'other day no'th o' th' Union army she only stared at me through her goggle eyes 'n didn't say nothin nohow. "And what do ye suppose that was

"Reckon she war in a hurry bout

le with questions?" "Did I lick Johnny? Oh, yes," suddenly recollecting himself. "I purty nigh got over thet."

quered your old habit of answering poo-

"Hain't I improved?" asked Jakey. "Improved? Certainly. Have you con-

"So I perceive," said the colonel, smiling. "You're a perfect paragon at expressing yourself."

"Won't yer come in 'n set down?" asked Mrs. Slack.

"Not now. I am going to meet my wife, whom I have not seen for nearly a year. I expect to find her at her mother's plantation near Chattanooga. You remember how she hid me when my neck was in a halter on that very plantation; how I came north in disguise with her; how I came here one night, where I had left my horse and uniform, and dashed away to the Union lines; how she followed me, and we were mar-ried by a chaplain. Well, I've never seen her since a week after our marriage. Old Pap is famous for not allowing women in camp, and he made no excep-tion in Mrs. Maynard's case except for one week's honeymoon in recognition of service rendered the cause."

"And yer wife's gone back onter the

plantation?" said Mrs. Slack.
"She has. You see, in June a recruit entered our family quarters in the shape of a ten pounder boy. Before that hap-pened Mrs. Maynard went through the lines to join her mother, Mrs. Fain, As the youngster is not old enough to report to his father since his enlistment, suppose his father will have to report to him.

"I reckon Mrs. Maynard'll be right glad to see you," remarked Souri feelingly.

"I shall certainly be right glad to see her. And that must account for my leaving you so soon. I owe you all a great deal in this household, and now that our forces occupy the country, if you require anything, let me know it. What can I do for you?"

There was silence for a few moments. which was broken by Mrs. Slack.

"Waal, now, colonel, d'ye know ! hain't had a cup o' coffee fo' nigh onter a year?"

"You shall have some as soon as I somep'n 'n didn't want ter stop 'n talk can reach my commissary. Anything



"RECKON THEM UNS HEZ GOT IT BAD."

or nothin. "Did you speak to her?"

"I asked her ef I c'd give her love ter Rats when I sor him."

Corporal Ratigan's Irish good nature triumphed over his desire to reach down and give the boy a cuff. Jakey's countenance was solemn, as usual, and did not break into a smile in response to the corporal's embarrassed laugh. He opened the gate, and Ratigan rode into the yard, followed by his troopers. They refreshed themselves from a gourd which hung in the wellhouse; then,

alling their canteens, they rode away. But Souri and Jakey were destined soon to meet one who was of far more consequence to both than Corporal Ratigan. The next morning while Souri was setting the house to rights she heard the beating of innumerable horses' hoofs. Going to the window and looking up the road which stretched northward for a long distance, in full view she saw a column of cavalry approaching.

Before the head of the column had reached the house the whole Slack family were standing in the yard gaping. Two regiments passed, though each seemed like an army, for cavalry occupies three or four times the space of infantry. Between the second and third regiments was a gap of a few hundred yards. In this rode an officer especially noticeable for his youth and manly beauty, attended by his staff and escort. On approaching the Slack cabin he motioned to these to go on, and wheeling his horse from the road unattended rode up to the party of lookers on. Jakey, who was standing on the fence, gave a spring and was caught in

"Aha, little brother, we meet again." But there were others to engage the speaker's attention. Dropping the boy to the ground, he dismounted and was

soon warmly shaking all by the hand. "Yer Mark Malone, I reckon," said Farmer Slack, "though y' don't look much like the common sojer ez kem long hyar a year ago 'n changed yer uniform fo' our Henery's store clothes.'

"Not Mark Malone—that was a fictitious name-but Mark Maynard. No. I'm not a private any longer. I command this brigade. And it's a splendid body of men. I'm proud of it.'

When Colonel Maynard came to salute Souri, there was an unspeakable interest, sympathy, even tenderness, in her expressive eyes.

Why, Souri, you're a woman. How A slight flush on her cheeks showed the pleasure the words gave her.

Souri frowned even at the request of her mother, and no one named any other requirement.

"Jakey," said the colonel, haven't forgotten how, when I went through here a year ago, I asked you to go with me on my way to Chattanooga to get information of the movements of the Confederate army?"

"Hev I forgot when I war yer aid-dercamp? Oh, no, no, I hain't forgot."

"Well, I hadn't much inducement to offer you then unless the sharing of a prison may be called an inducement. Now, if you will go along, I'll promise you the best that Mrs. Maynard can provide at the plantation. Will you go?" "Will I? Course I will. Paw, can I hev Tom?"

"Sartin, boy," and the farmer turned and went to the barn.

"Won't you need a--a luncheon? asked Souri, whose hesitation was an effort to avoid the word "snack," the only name she had known for a cold bite before she went north to school.

"Oh, no," said the colonel. "We shall ride directly to the plantation. We'll get plenty to eat when we arrive."

Meanwhile Jakey had followed his father to the barn. Mrs. Slack stepped into the house to make up a bundle for the boy. Maynard and Souri sauntered aimlessly in the yard. Presently they found themselves at the wellhouse. Souri leaned over it and looked down into the well. There was something she wanted to say, but found it difficult. "I thank you very much for what

yon've done for me," she said. "Why, Souri, what have I done for you compared with what you did for

"Didn't you find me a 'poor white' girl a year ago, and haven't you sent me to school, with Jakey, and helped me to look into a world that would have been always closed to me except for you?

"And wouldn't my world have been entirely closed to me except for you?" Souri was silent.

"Souri, when you speak to me of ob ligation you remind me how deeply I am obliged to you. When I was imprisoned at Chattanooga, charged with being a spy, tried, convicted and about to be hanged, you came and effected my escape. Why, child, were it not for you my bones would this minute be moldering in the jailyard at Chattanooga."

"But Mrs. Maynard, she"-Souri paused. She was bending low over the side of the wellhouse, her face

in the palms of her hands, her elbows resting on the board beside the bucket, and looking down as though seeking for something in the dark disk below.

"She completed what you began," the colonel finished for her. "It was more for her to do. 'Twasn't

noth—anything for me. You uns—you was Union, and so was I. She was Confederate. There was a depth of feeling in Souri

which threw her off her guard and made it difficult for her to adhere to her training in expressing herself.

Souri, I am indebted to two lovely women for every breath I draw. You opened my prison doors. She who is my wife concealed me when I was hunted for my life. Let us talk no more about it. The very mention of the narrowness of my escape gives me a choking sensation about the neck."

Jakey came trotting out of the barn on Tom, the rim of his felt hat flapping up and down at each step.

The farmer followed, and Mrs. Slack came out with Jakey's bundle. Then with a handshaking all around, and a "God bless you, my little girl," from Maynard to Souri, the two started on their way, not on foot, as on their former journey, but each with a good mount.

CHAPTER VIII.

JAKEY ENTERS THE ARMY. The two wayfarers started in the direction the cavalry had taken, but after going a short distance Colonel Maynard reined in his horse.

"Stop a bit, Madge," he said. "I want to consult my staff as to the route." Then to his attendant, "Jakey, I think I know a shorter route than this." 'So do L."

"The one you and I took when we

went to Chattanooga before." "Ter bring back information," added Jakey proudly.

"We'll take it again. It's off the main road, and we'll be less liable to be murdered for our boots." "Reckon," said Jakey, wrinkling his

brow and drawing down the corners of his mouth with an intensely deliberative expression, as though, the problem having been submitted to him, it behooved him to consider it carefully.

They rode back past the house, and keeping on for about a mile turned into Will attend sales at reasonable figures. Satisa byway. This they followed till they reached the Chattanooga road.

Colonel Maynard was in the most exuberant spirits. He had turned over the command of his brigade for a day or two to the colonel next in rank to himself and was on his way to join his young wife, from whom he had parted a week after his marriage. The two acted on his spirits like champagne. He laughed without having anything to laugh at; he bantered Jakey; he talked lovingly to his favorite horse, Madge. In short, Colonel Maynard appeared just what he

was in years, little more than a boy. His services as a scout had attracted the attention of the army and had led the general for whom he scouted to advance him. He had stepped from the ranks to a high position on the staff, and soon after, a cavalry regiment being badly in need of a lieutenant colonel, the colonel being inefficient and some junior officer being needed to practically command, Maynard was placed in the position. When the colonel of the regiment was got rid of, Maynard was was attached to a brigade wherein he found himself the ranking regimental commander. This gave him the command of the brigade.

He entered upon his duties with misgivings. He knew he was well fitted for the duties of a scout, but doubted if he could command the respect of 8,000 men. Besides he knew there lurked within him a spirit of antagonism to conventional methods; he feared impulses that might wreck not only himself, but his brigade-perhaps a whole army. True, there was often a kind of illegitimate nobility about these impulses, but it did not render them any

the less dangerous. On hearing the news of his appointment to the command of a brigade he mounted his horse and dashed over to the headquarters of the general to whom he owed nearly all his advancement. with a view to protesting. On arriving there he stammered out reasons which had no coherence and was dismissed by the general with the remark that be was suffering from an attack of ill tim-ed modesty, the general adding, "You are a born soldier, Colonel Maynard, and if the war lasts long enough to give you an opportunity you will reach a higher command than that of a brigade. (To be continued.)



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