



(CONTINUED)

Once on the road he and Jakey had passed before on their journey together to Chattanooga, Maynard took infinite delight in talking over their "campaign," as he called the mission they had pursued. Jakey became more puffed up with pride at having been with the colonel on that occasion than having ridden with him into Tallahoma. Others had been on his staff on the latter occasion, but he, Jakey Slack, alone, had been his boon companion, his confidential friend, on his mission to Chattanooga. When Jakey considered this double honor, he felt that he must certainly have been born in uniform and deprived of it by some malignant fairy soon after coming into the world. The Chattanooga road was by no means deserted. Wagons under guard, couriers, staff officers followed by orderlies, citizens, negroes, indeed all manner of people and vehicles passing between the different corps of the Army of the Cumberland, met them or were passed by them on the way. "Jakey," said the colonel, "I remember every moment of the time when I came along this road on my way back from Chattanooga. I was traveling, as the dignitaries say, incognito. "You mean by that they'd a knowed what a 'portant person y' was they'd a showed their respect by hangin' y'."

but even "their campaigns" were not sufficient. At last the colonel, realizing that they were near their destination and his young wife, became occupied by his own thoughts. Suddenly he caught sight of a large frame house set back from the road. He gazed upon it with a singular mingling of different feelings. In it he had first met his wife, in it she had concealed him from men and hounds, and there she was now, his wife and the mother of their babe. He gave his horse the spurs. Jakey suddenly drew rein. "Colonel!" he called. "Miss Baggs." "Confound Miss Baggs! What of her?" "Reckon that's somep'n wrong 'bout her." "What do you mean?" "Mebbe she's a 'Federte spy.' " "You little imp, why didn't you tell me that before?" cried the colonel angrily. "Waal, I hain't sart'n 'bout it no-how, 'n I thought yer moughtn't like fo' to hold onto a woman." "Jakey," said the colonel impressively, "you have done very wrong. You should have told me of your suspicions at once. Remember I'm a colonel commanding a brigade in the Union army." The colonel sat irresolute. What should he do? Miss Baggs was now miles away. Jakey only suspected her. His young wife, whom he had not seen for nearly a year, was within a stone's throw of him. Suddenly he drove the spurs again into his horse's flanks and rode on to the gateway of the plantation. There was no need to open the gate, for there was no gate to open. The two rode on to the house through an avenue of trees, and Colonel Maynard dismounted before his horse reached the foot of the steps leading up on to the veranda. A young woman flew through the open front door with all the impetuosity of a summer storm. In a moment she and Colonel Maynard were closely locked in each other's arms. "Mark!" "Laura!" Jakey sat on old Tom, viewing this collision very much as he would watch two tempest clouds meet in the sky. "Reckon them uns hez got it bad," he remarked sotto voce and with a solemnity that was intended to be reverential. Colonel Maynard's brigade went into camp on the river bank some five or six miles from the plantation. The colonel insisted on having Jakey Slack with him permanently and sent him home to ask his father's permission, Jakey at the same time bearing an invitation to his sister to visit Mrs. Maynard, re-enforced by a special request from the colonel that it be accepted. Jakey succeeded in obtaining the desired permission, and after much hesitation Souri decided to accept. Jakey entered the army as a drummer boy, but was not called upon to flourish the sticks. He was as one detailed for duty at brigade headquarters as clerk in the assistant adjutant general's department as a convenient way of making him confidential factotum to the colonel commanding. Upon getting on the blue and brass of a Union soldier Jakey was very proud of himself, and when placed in close confidential relationship with the commander of a brigade he nearly burst with the emotions generated by the dignity of his position. He was of great use to the colonel, who at once appointed him dispatch bearer between himself and Mrs. Maynard. The domestic nearness of this office only rendered the boy more consequential. He snubbed not only the orderlies attached to the headquarters of the brigade, but would occasionally approach disrespect toward the officers of the staff. As this was largely their fault, for they were continually trying to amuse themselves at Jakey's expense, they bore it good naturedly. "Why don't you carry that note like any other messenger," said an aid to him one day, "in your belt?" "Cos I hain't like any other messenger," retorted Jakey. "D'y' reckon a man what carries the colonel's private correspondence 'air a common orderlie?" As there was no gainsaying his argument without a seeming detriment of the personal dignity of the brigade commander, Jakey held the field.

"Who's Miss Baggs?" asked Laura quickly. "I met her when coming from the north. She got through the Union lines by playing the part of a country girl. I met her again on this side, and she was a lady. She's coming up to the veranda." Bobby Lee came up the driveway at such a rapid gait as to astonish the two women looking out of the window. The horse had scarcely stopped in front of the house when Miss Baggs, throwing down the reins, rushed up the steps and knocked loudly at the door. "Go and see what she wants, Souri. You've met her before." Souri went quickly to the door. When she opened it and Miss Baggs saw the girl she had met between the lines, for a moment her countenance brightened. Then suddenly her expression changed on remembering that Souri was a Union girl. "I've no time to explain anything. Call some one, quick, to drive my buggy to the barn and hide me." Now, Souri knew well enough that Miss Baggs was working in the cause of the Confederacy. But she saw a woman in trouble, and this in her eyes obscured all else. She ushered Miss Baggs into the room where Laura sat. "This girl wishes to rest with us awhile. I'm going to take her horse to the barn." Without waiting for a reply she went out, and jumping into the buggy drove it around to the barn. There she directed Uncle Daniel, who ruled the stables of the plantation, to put both horse and buggy inside and shut the doors. Having seen this attended to, she went back to the house. Meanwhile Miss Baggs stood face to face with Laura Maynard. "This is a Confederate household, I believe," said the fugitive. "It is." "Thank God, you are one of ours." "No." "What, Federal?" She turned pale. "No." "Then for heaven's sake tell me what you are." "I am a Confederate married to a Union officer." There were quick successive flashes of hope and despair on Miss Baggs' face. "And you will not give me up?" "Give you up? What do you mean?" "I am in the Confederate secret service. I have just been recognized by a Union soldier—a cavalryman. He was not mounted, while I was in my buggy. I heard him cry halt. I gave my horse the whip, and before the man could mount I was away and soon turned behind a wood. There is a fork in the road. I took the left road, leading here. He must have taken the other, which leads nowhere. He will discover his mistake, turn back and take the right road. This is the first house he will pass, and he will surely come in to ask if you have seen me." "Well?" "You will not betray me?" Laura thought of the coming of her husband one night months ago, flying, as this woman was flying, for his life. "No, rest easy on that score. I will do all I can for you." There was but little time for action, for the words were scarcely spoken before a cavalryman dashed past on the road. He was throwing mud and water behind him, his boots heavy with moist Tennessee clay. Noticing the house, as Miss Baggs predicted, he drew rein and entered the gateway. Riding up to the veranda, he shouted: "Hello, there!" "Get in there, quick," said Laura, pushing the hunted woman into a closet. Then going out onto the veranda she sternly demanded of the man who was wanted. "Did you see a woman go by here just now in an old farm buggy?" "No such person has passed." "Sure?" "Sure." "Are you people here Union or Confederate?" "Both." "You must excuse me, ma'am, but I think I'll look about for myself a bit." "You will do no such thing." "Why not?" "Because this house is protected by a safeguard." "That doesn't include rebel emissaries. I shall make a search." "If you do, you will regret it." "Why?" "I shall report you to Colonel Maynard, commanding the—th brigade." "You have some influence with the

colonel, I suppose," said the soldier, puzzled. "I should have. I'm his wife." "The devil you are," in an undertone. Then aloud: "Well, ma'am, if you are Colonel Maynard's wife, that ends it. I don't see how a Union colonel's wife can give aid and comfort to a rebel telegraph worker, for that's what the woman is," and lifting his hat he rode away. Returning to the parlor, Laura found Souri there, just from the barn. The closet door was opened, and Miss Baggs stepped out. "Is he gone?" "Yes." Taking Laura's hand, Miss Baggs covered it with kisses; then turning to Souri she threw her arms about her neck. Mrs. Fain came into the room, and seeing a stranger drew back. "Mamma," said Laura, "this lady comes to us much as Mark once came from the other side. She is chased for her life." "A Confederate?" asked Mrs. Fain. "A Confederate, heart and hand, body and soul," exclaimed Miss Baggs. "One sympathizing with our cause is welcome here. Unfortunately my family is broken by diverse sympathies. My husband is exiled on account of his sympathies with the Federal cause. My son is fighting for the Confederacy. My daughter here is the wife of a Federal officer. My own sympathies are all with the south." "And now," said Laura, "if you will come with me I will get you some dry clothing." "I will, but first let me know to whom I am indebted for all this kindness. The family name is—" "Fain." Miss Baggs controlled an ejaculation of surprise. "Fain?" "Fain." "And you are Laura Fain?" "I was. I am now Laura Maynard. You seem to at least have heard of me." "I have heard of you. I am a Virginian. You once visited in Virginia. I was then in Italy studying art." "And you are—" There was a brief silence before the guest replied. She seemed deliberating



whether to make herself known or not. "Betsy Baggs," she said at last, and it was evident that if she had another name she would not reveal it. Supper was announced, after which Miss Baggs asked to be shown to a room where she could rest. A servant was summoned, who led her to the guest chamber, and setting the lamp on a table left her to herself. When the servant disappeared, Miss Baggs turned the key in the lock and then carefully examined the walls, with a view to discovering if there were openings through which any eye could peer into the room. Her narrow escape, the last of a number of such episodes, had partly unnerved her, and she sat down in a chair to rest, languidly closing her eyes. But not for long. Rising, she drew from the pocket of her dress—every one knows that there is no better place of concealment than a woman's pocket—a small bundle of papers. Spreading them out on the table, she drew her chair near it, and after once more casting her eyes about the room began to study them. Miss Baggs had been endeavoring to secure the information required as to the methods of the general commanding the Army of the Cumberland in following the retreating Confederates ever since the request had been made of her in June previous. Here it was September, and she had effected nothing. True, she had taken a number of dispatches in cipher from the wires, but they were very long, and the longer the message the more difficult she had found them to decipher. Within a few days she had intercepted two very short ones. Taking them from those before her, she began to study one consisting of only a few lines. It read as follows: WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1863. Banks here army the Benjamin cut to for your report shainey daily are advance the cart orders of peremptory applause. Here is the other, a little longer: WASHINGTON, Sept. 3, 1863. Congress long with as advise applause marle you possible your ago to party was connect soon to movements spot his ordered as to Burton pin of and left ordered Benjamin. Taking up the dispatch she had intercepted when the Army of the Cumberland began to advance and some papers showing that she had been trying to decipher it, she began to look them over. This is the dispatch:

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CHURCHES. CHRISTIAN Church—Services Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. CONGREGATIONAL Church—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. METHODIST Church—Class Meeting at 10 a. m. LUTHERAN Church—Every third Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. CATHOLIC Church—Services by appointment. BAPTIST Church—No regular services, Sunday school (regular) at noon. CHAPEL—Sunday school at 3 p. m. SOCIETIES. A O U W—Each alternate Tuesday evening. D O F—Red Cloud Lodge No. 1, A O U W, meets every alternate Tuesday evening in A O U W Hall. BEN Adhem Lodge No 186, I O O F every Monday night. CALANTHE Lodge No 29, Knights of Pythias Thursday evening. RFD Cloud Lodge No 628, Modern Woodmen of America alternate Wednesday evening. VALLEY Lodge No 5, Fraternal Order of Productors, first and third Monday of each month. CHARITY Lodge No 53 A P and A M each Friday evening on or before the full moon. RFD Cloud Chapter No 19, R A M alternate Friday evening. CYRINE Commandery No 14 alternate Thursday evening. CHARITY Chapter Eastern Star No 47 meets first Friday evening after full moon. GARFIELD Lodge No 80 G A R Monday evening on or before the full moon. GARFIELD W R C No 14 meets alternate Saturday afternoon. MARY SEARS McHENRY Tent No 11 Daughters of Veterans Monday evening. H S KALEY Camp No 25, S of V Tuesday evening. SHERMAN Circle No 3, Ladies of the G A R first and third Saturday evening. RFD CLOUD Council No 18, Logy Myste Legion of America first and third Friday evening.

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