

passed before on their journey together sufficient. At last the colonel, realizing delight in talking over their "cam-paign," 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 Tullahoma. Others had been on his staff on the latter occasion, but he, Jake Slack, alone, thad been his been companion, his confidential friend, on his mission to Chattanooga. When Jakey considered this double bonor, he felt that he must cersainly have been born in uniform and deprived of it by some malignant fairy soon after coming into the world.

The Chattenooga road was by no means deserted. Wagons under guard, couriers, staff officers followed by or. her." derlies, citizens, negroes, indeed all manner of people and vehicles passing between the different corps of the Army of the Cumberland, met them or were massed by them on the way.

"Jakey," said the colonel, "I remem Ber every moment of the time when I came along this road on my way back from Chattanooga. I was traveling, as the dignitaries say, incog."

"Yer mean by thet of they'd a knowed what a 'portant person y' war they'd a showed ther respec' by hangin y'.

"Exactly. They would have put several feet Letween mine and the waving summer grass below. You have a forcible way of expressing yourself, but His young wife, whom he had not seen considering that I'm the subject of your remarks my throat feels clearer at my own mere delicate drawing of the pic-

"Recken," said Jakey, with proper solemnity, remembering that the topic was likely to wound the colonel's feel-

"On that occasion, Jakey, I did not meet even a mule without my heart Sumping up into my throat." "A rope harness must a skeered y

outen yer skin." "Especially when I noticed the knots in it. But seriously, Jakey, that experi- ed in each other's arms. ence has filled me with a peculiar dread. Now, suppose some day a Confederate

apy should fall into my hands." "Reckon yer'd hev lots o' fun hang-

"You're far out of the way there, my little Solomon. I fear it would be abso-Intely impossible for me to do such a duty if required of me." Yer needn't take him, in the first

place."

"It might be my duty to do so." "Y' mought do like Tom. Tom, he can't never see me when I want ter drive 'im outen pastur. He can see well nuff whom I get a ear o' corn fo' 'im,

"A good idea, Jakey. With that subtle sophistry of yours you could reason a Methodist minister into dancing a hornpipe, but I fear it's hardly sound enough to camble one so used to deceiving others os I was when a scout to deceive himself. I should do my best, should I take a spy, to turn him over.' "S'posin 'swar a woman?"

"Oh, Lord, Jakey, don't suppose any that case just the same as if she were man. Whatkind of a looking 'gopeart' is that coming down the road?"

A horse was visible in the distance, its long med stretched out in front of its body, comings sward them at a rapid gait. The rattling of a buggy which is dragged renanded the colonel of the band of a newly recruited regiment. Within sat a women in a striped dress, sunbounct and glosses. In short, Jakey Slack at once r scorp ized his old friend, Betsy Baggs.

"Howdy, Miss Baggs," he said a she drove by. Miss Baggs was the sphing she had

been to Jakey when he met her near Tullahoma. She leveled her spectacles at him, but had no recognition what-

ever for him. "Who's your friend" asked May mard as the buggy restler away. "Thet's Miss Bagg's," said Jakey.
"And who's Miss Baggs?"

Jakey pansed a long while before replying. There was a problem in his ind suggested by the meeting of Miss Baggs so soon after his conversation with the colonel about capturing a woman spy, for Jakey had a suspicion that Miss Baggs was in some way a Confederate emissary.

"Waal," he said at length, "I reckon she's syeet on Rats.'

"Jakey," said the colonel, "there is occasionally a lucidity about your explanations, a shining brightness, which makes my eyes blink. But on the present occasion I think there is dust in them. Would you mind giving me a pointer as to your meaning? By hats do you mean rodents?"

"What's rodents?" asked Jakey. Meanwhile the rattling of Miss Baggs buzgy was dying away in the distance. "Real rats are rodents."

"Not them uns. Rats is a corporal in Major Burke's critter company.

"The corporal's name is quite appropriate to the one you have given his regiment. The woman in the beggy looks as if she'd make a fit vivandiers to a 'critter company' and a fit sweetheart for a corporal of the name of

Jakey made no reply to this. He was evidently weighed down with some concealed responsibility. The colonel tried to draw him again into conversation.

Once on the road he and Jakey had but even "their campaigns" were 'not to Chattanoogs, Maynard took infinite 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. "What?"

"Miss Baggs." "Confound Miss Baggs! What of

"Reckon thar's somep'n wrong 'bout

"What do you mean?"

"Mebbe she's a 'Federte spy." "You little imp, why didn't you tell me that before?" cried the colonel an-

"Waal, I hain't sart'in 'bout it nohow, 'n I thought yer moughtn't like fo' to hold onter 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. 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 impulse of a summer storm. In a moment she and Colonel Maynard were closely lock-

"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 at once 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?"

"Coz I hain't like any other messenger," retorted Jakey. "D'y' reckon a man what carries the colonel's private corresponden' air a common orderly?" As there was no gainsaying his argu-

ment without a seeming detriment of the personal dignity of the brigade commander, Jakey held the field.

CHAPTER IX.

CIPHER DISPATCHES. It was about a week after the arrival of Colonel Maynard at the Fain plantation. He had returned to his headquarters. Loura was sitting at work on some part of the "recruit's" uniform, while the rain from a September storm beat against the window panes. Souri was with her, and as Colonel Maynard was expecting orders to cross the river with his brigade the two had secured Souri's promise to remain at the plantation till the close of the campaign which evas about to open. Souri was up stairs commissioning to the wants of the yennger Maynaed, to whom she was devoted. He dropped to sleep, and leaving the chamber on tixtoe she descended to the setting room. As she entered she

glanced out of the window. "Good gracious! If there isn't Miss

Baggs!" They saw through the rain a horse and buggy making a rapic' turn through nard, commanding the -th brigade." the gnieway.

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

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.

"Thank God, you are one of ours." "No." "What, Federal?" She turned pale.

"No." "Then for heaven's sake tell me what

"I am a Confederate married to a Union officer.

There were quick successive flashes

"Who's Miss Baggs?" asked Laura, colonel, I suppose," said the soldier. puzzled.

'I should have. I'm his wife," "The devil you are," in an under-tone. 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

the south." "And now," said Laura, "if you will come with me I will get you some dry clothing."

officer. My own sympathies are all with

"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



"TAKE A DROP, SWEETHEART."

of hope and 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. 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 what no wanted.

"Did you see a woman go by here

just now in an old farm buggy? "No such person has passed." Snro?

"Bure " "Are you people here Union or Con-

federate? "Both." "You must excuse me, ma'am, but

think I'll look about for myself a "You will do no such thing."

"Why not?" "Because this house is protected by a

enfeguard." "That doesn't include rebel emissarice. I shall make a search." "If you do, you will regret it."

"Why?" "I shall report you to Colonel May-"You have some influence with the

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 cair to rest, languidly closing her eyes. But not for long. Rising, she drew from the pocket of her dressevery 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 eye 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 eigher 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, 1833.
Banks here army the Benjamin cat to for your report shinney daily are advance the cart orders of peremptory applicate.

Here is the other, a little longer:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3, 1803. Congress long with as advise applause marble your possible your ago to party was con-nect soon to movements spot his ordered as to Eurton 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:

Miss Baggs had had this dispatch by her since the latter part of June and had puzzled over it for many an hour. She had never succeeded in finding a key, but had at last drawn something of its meaning from the jumble of words. After much study she assumed that the words, when laid down in their proper order, would give the proper meaning. But there were certain words which either did not mean anything or stood perhaps for some place or general She began by taking out a number ... such words as "polliwog," "haha,"
"shingle" and "pony." The dispatch
was doubtless from Rosecrans, as the word Garfield (his chief of staff) appeared, and the words "chief of staff" were scattered through it. Therefore either Benjamin or Bumble or Niggard meant Rosecrans. Subsequent dispatch-

try to fit words together in this wise: Your command between Tullahoma and Niggard

get possession enemy's right Circling around the mountain plateau I desire that you get possession if possible a point between Tullahoms and Niggard More with rapidity By order of Benjamin (Rosecrans) Garfield chief of staff.

es which fell into her hands had con-

vinced her that Rosecrans was desig-

nated as Benjamin. Then she began to

Other groupings gave her better re-

sults till she obtained the following: To Bumble (probably a cavalry general on the left flank)—Be ready to move at an hour's notice. I desire that you turn the enemy's right. Move your command if possible by circling around the mountain plateau. Get possession of a point between Tullahoma and Niggard (probably some point in rear of the southern army) with rapidity. By order of Rosecrans, Garfield, chief of staff.

The deciphering, so far as it went, was of no avail, since it did not come in time, but it helped her with the shorter and easier dispatches, which she now attacked. She began with this | Ecd Cloud,

Banks here army the Benjamin cat to for your report shinney daily are advance the cart orders of peremptory applause. Miss Baggs had learned that a proper

name preceded all these cipher dispatches, possibly having something to do with the key. At any rate, she threw out the first word (Banks) and the words "cat," "shinney" and "cart" as check words. "Benjamin," she assumed, meant Rosecrans. "Applause" must be the signature of the sender, and as the dispatch was from Washington it was probably either Lincoln, Stanton or Halleck. The word "to" taken with "Benjamin" must mean "To Rose-crans," and "peremptory" and "orders" evidently must go together. The word "advance" doubtless explained the two other words. This only left "report" and "daily" as words of importance. These combinations did not come at once, but after getting them she inferred that Rosecrans had peremptory orders to advance and report daily to Washington.

"I have got something at last," she exclaimed, getting up from her chair and walking back and forth excitedly. "This is indeed important."

Then she took up the second dispatch: Congress long with as advise applause marble you possible your ago to party was con-nect soon to movements spot his ordered as to Burton pin of and left ordered Benjamin.

Again the words "to" and "Benjamin" were put together, and the words "congress," "marble," "party" and "spot" stricken out as checks. The dispatch, being longer than the other, was more difficult of interpretation. It was some time before the student was satisfied with her efforts. She inferred from it that some one was ordered to connect with some one else. She knew that the Confederate generals feared that Burnside might connect with Rosecrans. So it was probable that Burton meant Burnside, who was at Knoxville, and that he had been ordered to connect with Rosecrans' left "as soon as possi-The remaining words evidently ble." meant. "Burnside also directed to re-

port his movements to you." (To be continued.)



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