



Then came another volley, this time from the party advancing from the north. Corporal Ratigan swayed in his saddle, but recovered himself. "They are advancing to meet us! Quick! Down the bank! Through here! It is not knee deep!"

CHAPTER XX. CASUALTIES.

The cheer, the shriek, Miss Fitz Hugh's words, sounded in Colonel Maynard's ears as he put spurs to his horse and dashed away up the stream in a direction parallel with the Union lines. The cheer was the announcement of the completion of an act by which he had parted with what he held most dear—the confidence of his superiors, his peers and the rank and file of the army.

The general looked into the melancholy eye of Colonel Maynard and felt a cold chill creep over him. He knew there was some reason for the act which would explain if not excuse it. "Colonel, you are a dashing fellow, with a tinge of romance in your nature. I trust you have not yielded to an absurd notion as to taking the life of a woman."

"No, I have not." "Then give me some explanation. I fear it will go hard with you, but I will do all I can for you if you can give a satisfactory reason."

"I have reported the fact. That is all the report I have to make." "Then, colonel, it is my duty to order you to your tent under arrest. You may leave your sword here with me, if you please. An order will be issued placing Colonel —, next in rank, in charge of your brigade."

"I regret your confidence, sir," replied Maynard. "I am aware that others feel as you do, and it is a mistake which will cost this army dear." "Nonsense. Haven't we?" "This is not the place to discuss problems for which only our commanding general is responsible," interrupted the president. "Let the prisoner leave the court."

Maynard was led away, and the court proceeded to consider a verdict. There was little time spent on it, for there was but one thing to do, and that was to make it "guilty of the charge and guilty of the specification." Then began a discussion of the punishment. One of the members stated that it was personally known to him for a fact that the accused had one year before visited Chattanooga as a spy, when the place was held by the Confederates, had been captured, tried, condemned and sentenced to be hanged; that Jacob Slack, a boy who was now serving as his orderly, had been with him; that he had contrived to get news of Maynard's condition to Missouri Slack, his sister, at Jasper, Tenn.; that she had gone to Chattanooga, had entered his jail, had exchanged clothes with the prisoner and thus effected his escape; that he had been concealed and afterward helped through the lines by a Miss Fain, whom he had married on reaching the Union lines.

"I put it to you, gentlemen," he concluded, "could one whose life had been saved by women carry out a sentence of death upon a woman for the same offense for which it was intended he should suffer?" The speaker knew nothing of the relations existing between Maynard and Fitz Hugh. It is impossible to know what might have been the effect had he possessed this knowledge. The court acted only on the information communicated by the officer who told the story of Maynard's experience as a spy, and the main facts in this were known throughout the army. The circumstances of the accused's sentence by Confederates to be hanged for a spy and his escape, the valuable service he had rendered the Union cause, the reasons he had for not wishing to shoot a woman, saved his life. The sentence of the court was that he be dismissed the service, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments.

When this sentence was communicated to Colonel Maynard, he was in his tent, waiting to know his fate. He had expected to be shot. He hardly knew whether he was more moved by the leniency shown him or more disappointed at being obliged to live a disgraced man. But one reason gave him comfort that he was not to die—his wife. He knew that, although all others looked upon him with horror, she would love him all the more that he suffered.



day on which Maynard had reported his act. Men of his own grade, or near it, sat about a pine table in a wall tent and proceeded with the formalities attending the case. As Maynard pleaded guilty to both charge and specification there was little to do except to come to a verdict. Before doing so the president asked the accused if he had anything to say in his behalf, any explanation to make.

"No," was his reply. "Colonel Maynard," said the president, "you have served this army with distinction. You have been respected, trusted, beloved as few other men in it. You have confessed to having committed one of the most atrocious crimes that can come under the jurisdiction of a military court. Nothing can excuse it. I conjure you to speak before the court brings in a verdict and names your punishment."

"Mr. President," replied Maynard, "for my act toward this army I am accountable to you as a court martial convened to try me; for my act as one of right or wrong, of honor or dishonor, I am accountable only to a tribunal with which you have nothing to do. Do not waste valuable time. Before the sun sets twice, if I mistake not, you will have a more important work to do in the reception of the enemy. Do your duty as a court, and do it with dispatch."

There was not an officer present but looked at Maynard with a curious admiration. It was plain that he had sacrificed himself, though it was not entirely plain why. Even those who condemned him most bitterly seemed to hesitate to bring in a verdict which would naturally carry with it the punishment of death. "You are mistaken, colonel," said one of them, referring to Maynard's predictions. "The enemy have been in full retreat ever since we left Murfreesboro. I only fear he's going to give us the slip again."

CHAPTER XXI. A MILITARY PROBLEM. The events attending the capture and escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh and the dismissal of Colonel Maynard from the service all happened in such quick succession that Jakey Slack was not aware of what was taking place until after it was all over. It must be confessed that Maynard had not treated his most devoted adherent with the consideration he merited. But it is the way of people who are rising to eminence to gradually leave off familiarity with those formerly most intimate with them. Maynard had treated Jakey with mock deference, but had not thought of leaning upon him for advice or strength, much less comfort, and during the raging of the fire through which he had passed Jakey Slack had been as far from his mind as if he had not existed. One evening as "retreat" was sounding—it was the evening of the colonel's deposition from his rank and command—Jakey walked into his tent. Maynard's head was bowed down on his camp cot. Hearing some one enter, he looked up and saw his old friend. Had Jakey been another boy, when he saw the haggard look, the strongly marked lines of suffering in the face before him, he would have shown some mark of the effect such a sight had upon him. Not so Jakey. There was no expression either of surprise or grief upon his unexpressive countenance. But the sight of Jakey standing there to remind him that, though a whole army condemned him, there was one in it who never could be brought to think him guilty of

any crime had a different effect on the late commander. He reached out his hand, took that of Jakey, and drawing the boy toward him, folded him in his arms. Thus do those who have been deprived of their greatness go back for sympathy to those from whom they have farthest departed. Maynard held the boy against his breast while he gave way to convulsive sobs such as are unusual in a man and only come when some mental struggle under an intense grief is relaxed and suffering permitted to get control. Neither spoke. Jakey's presence reminded Maynard the more keenly of those he loved. His mind had been upon his wife and child. Jakey's coming brought also Souri's image and the trials and triumphs which he and Jakey and Souri had once passed together, and trials and triumphs borne in company with hearts. Of all who loved him only Jakey was there, and on him alone could he rely for comfort. At last Jakey withdrew himself from his friend's embrace. He had permitted him to indulge his grief for a few minutes, and this he considered quite long enough. "General," he began. He had always called his chief "general," contending that he was a general since he commanded a brigade. "No more of that, Jakey. I am only Maynard now—Mark Maynard. Mark is a good enough name for me."

"Waal, that don't make no differ. You us got th' same body 'n arms 'n legs 'n all that. Hev 'y done th' fust thing fo' ter do?" "What's that, Jakey?" "Tell Mrs. Maynard." "Jakey, I can't." "Reckon she'll hev ter know it some time."

"There's going to be a battle. No court can keep me from shouldering a musket or wielding a saber. I'll go into the fight that's coming and never come out of it. Then she'll not need to know it."

"What makes y' think ther's goin ter be a fight?" "I would not have the intuitions of a soldier if I did not." "Y' hain't General Rosey." "Nor do I need to be General Rosey to divine what's coming. Do you suppose I knew any more about war with eagles on my shoulders than in a private's uniform? If there were some superior being to look into the heads of the men composing this army and read just the rank in accordance with fitness, many a star would leave the shoulder where it now rests to alight on that of some obscure private."

"Waal, of we fight 'em, won't we whip 'em?" "To be continued." "Perhaps you would not think so, but a very large proportion of diseases in New York comes from carelessness about catching cold," says Dr. Syrus Edson. "It is such a simple thing and so common that very few people, unless it is a case of pneumonia, pay any attention to a cold. New York is one of the healthiest places on the Atlantic coast and yet there are a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which have their origin in the neglect of the simplest precaution of every day life. The most sensible advice, when you have one get rid of it as soon as possible. By all means do not neglect it." Dr. Edson does not tell you how to cure a cold but we will. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will relieve the lungs, aid expectorations open the secretions and soon effect a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Deyo & Grice.

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WHY THEY CHEERED HIM. He Always Beat the French, But Always Like a Gentleman. While Wellington was still a marquis he went to Paris from Toulouse, where he had fought and won the last battle of the peninsular war. He went to the opera the same evening, and though he wore plain clothes and sat in the back of the box, he was almost immediately recognized by some one in the pit who cried out, "Wellington!" The name was taken up by others and at last the pit rose, turned to the box, and called, "Vive Wellington!" Nor would the people be satisfied until he had stood up and bowed to them; he was cheered and applauded again. At the end of the performance the passage from the box was found to be crowded with people. The ladies of the party drew back nervously, but the duke said, "come along!" in his brusque way, and conducted them on. While they were still in the corridor a man in the crowd was heard to say to his companions: "But why are you applauding so much? He has always beaten us." "This was very true, and the question seemed a natural one; but the answer was charming. "Yes, but he has always beaten us like a gentleman!"

ONEROUS DUTIES. How the Best Man Earns a Fee and Doesn't Get It. The best man had performed his multifarious duties up to a certain point to his own satisfaction and that of the bridegroom. He had spent the forenoon with that bewildered personage, had given the ushers their final instructions, had presented a picture of calm and unflinching stoicism to the bridal party as it moved up the aisle, had quelled the bridegroom's momentary mad impulse to flight from the altar steps by a glance, had produced the ring at exactly the right instant, and had led the maid of honor away with distinguished grace. He was congratulating himself out in the vestry on the way in which he had managed, when one of the ushers approached him. "See here, d'ye know what you've done?" demanded the youth. "No," gasped the astonished best man. "What is it?" "You've marched off with the clergyman's fee, the organist's fee, and the sexton's fee all in your pocket," replied the usher, rolling out the words with great relish. And as the discomfited man rushed back to rectify his slight mistake he was heard to mutter that there should be a best man's fee also.

NO EXCELLENCY HERE. The Title is Never Correctly Applied in America. "His Excellency," or "Your Excellency," as applied to the governor of a state or to the president of the United States, is a term still in too common use. It is incorrect, improper, vulgar and a mark of ignorance. There is no law or commendable custom to justify it, and it is in absolute discord with the spirit of our institutions. Many people are mistaken as to what is required of them in addressing a person holding the dignified office of president or governor. Those having great favors to ask, such as the pardon of friends from the penitentiary, are apt to adopt the obsequious style of beginning their petition to a governor for example; but the governor who allows his fancy to be tickled by being addressed as "Your Excellency" isn't fit to be on the board of governors of a fishing club.

A Bride Objects to Black Horses. The color of the horses attached to the cab for the bride and groom caused serious trouble at a Philadelphia wedding, the bride refusing to budge from the house until different animals were secured to draw the carriage. She soon made it evident that she was going to be the man of the house, and her refusal to enter upon married life with two dark horses drawing her and her husband led to the change of the team. After an hour's delay the hack came back with two white horses, and, with these as a good omen, the determined bride said she was happy.

A Chicago Person in New York. The lady from Chicago took a great house in New York, fitting it up with all the modern conveniences and luxuries, including an English butler. After he had been with her a month she called him up. "James," she said, severely. "Yes, milady," he responded. "You don't drop your 'hs,' I notice, when you talk." "No, milady." "You must." "I can't, milady; I'm an educated person." "Well, you've got to; that's one of the things I pay you for. How are these New York people ever to know that you are not a gentleman if you don't?"

A Quartet of Clever Women. It has long been known that the two cleverest designers of book covers in New York are young women—Miss Margaret Armstrong and Miss Alice Morse—but it is not generally known that two of the best bookbinders are young women—Miss Prideaux and Miss Nichols. One of Miss Prideaux's was written as well as bound by her, and is an "Historical Sketch of Book-binding."

King Humbert does not spare himself in the economies forced upon Italy; 164 posts at court were abolished last year, including those of ministers of the royal household, prefect of the royal palaces, and master of the ceremonies. The first act of the king's reign was to give 20,000,000 francs of his private fortune toward paying his father's debts.

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