

"Supposin I wor th' general com-

Now, how would it do fo' me ter march

out in the middle o' the night 'n just

knock the stuffin right out'n you uns?"

"What would be your plan of attack,

"Waal," said Jakey, who had no

more idea of what he was talking about

than the 14-year-old boy he was, "I

reckon I'd put the big guns in a long

'n jest scatter shot 'n shell like chicken

"General," said the boy commander's

Jakey was puzzled. He made a des-

"Waal," he said presently, "I reckon

"Your ground would be strong enough

I'd jest wait fo' you uns ter do some-

in itself, but weak on the flanks, espe-

cially your left, and in case of retreat

you would have the creek to cross in

face of an enemy, a hazardous under-

taking. I would turn your left and get

possession of the roads to Chattanooga.

Perhaps I could defeat you and force

you to recross the creek. While you

were doing so I would knock you to

pieces. If you succeeded in crossing,

you would find my troops in your rear

Jakey neither understood nor even

looked as seriously studious over the

problem as if he were the general com-

Waal, mebbe ef I air whipped I

which he feared might be of some prac-

tical importance to his individual self.

of things. If I were the general oppos-

ing you, you'd never get away safely.

"How could I get that from hyar?"

from Rossville to Chattanooga by this

road" (pointing to it on the map). "If

you should be successful in keeping

your enemy far enough from you and

long enough, you might cross the river

there and save your army. You might

perhaps stay there if not too reduced in

numbers and if you could keep your

"This air th' bridge I'd cross th'

"That's the nearest from where we

"Waal, general," said Jakey in a

Nothing more was said about the im-

aginary campaign by either. Maynard's

eye was fixed on his water map, and he

was lost in study. Jakey let him alone

till he saw that he was drifting back to

him into war again. At last, seizing a

favorable opportunity, the boy suggest-

ed the propriety of sending some mes-

fight," was all Maynard would say.

Jakey was discouraged. He knew that

if his friend lived after the fight it

would not be his own fault.

"Time enough for that after the

Jakey considered himself bound in

honor to report to Mrs. Maynard her

husband's condition, not only on ac-

count of his promise made her on the

evening of his departure for the front,

but because he had a vague unformu-

lated notion that there are certain exi-

gencies where only women can "do

somep'n," and he knew that "the gen-

eral" required his wife's attention.

Mounting Tom, he set off toward Ross-

ville, remembering by the water map

to rest there a few hours, and making

that the right hand road led there.

bust me, I'll retreat thet a-way.

conversation on lines of retreat.

git away?"

the Tennessee river.

line of supply open.

bridge on the map.

sage to his wife.

between you and Chattanooga.'

thet you uns air whipped."

perate effort to conjure up a reply.

general?" he asked, wishing to humor

his explanations.

imperturbable as usual.

range?

manding.

Maynard.

his friend's miled from his grief to fem, and he determined to go on foster-to, there was an immediate improve-ing the awakened interest. Unmindful war, there was an immediate improve- ing the awakened interest. Unmindful ment from the terrible depression upon of the demonstration made thus far, he him. He asked the question for the suddenly broke out:
purpose of keeping Maynard's attention "Supposin I wor
fixed for a time on war rather than for mandin this hyar arr mandin this hyar army 'n you uns wor th' general commandin t'other army. information.

"Whip em? Why, Jakey, we're scattered all over creation." He dipped his finger in a tin cup full of water and began to draw a rude map on the top of an extemporized table, consisting of a red to him how little Jakey knew of square board nailed on a stake driven the game of war; how useless had been in the ground.

"Here's the Chickamauga flowing between these two ridges, Missionary and the Piggon mountains, from south to north into the Tennessee. Crittencorpersbere at Lee and Gordon's mill. Thomas' corps has just passed through Stevens' gap down here, ten or a dozen miles from Crittenden, while McCook is at Alpine, 20 miles away front Thomas. We are off here near Reed's bridge, the tip of the left wing, 40 miles from McCook, the tip of the

right wing. "Bragg is here at Lafayette, on the east side of the Pigeon mountains, and opposite our center at Crawfish Springs, where he can strike any one of our corps separately. He can ride up on to the Pigeon mountains, and, looking down on the valley of the Chickamauga, see just where we are located. I was up there myself the other day with a reconnoitering party and came upon one of his scouts, looking at us very much as p'n. one would survey a barnyard of fat turkeys before Christmas.'

He paused and seemed lost in some attendant problem. Presently he added

"All I'd be afraid of would be de-

"What d'y' mean by thet?" asked Jakey.

Maynard started. "I was thinking that I was on the other side," he said. "You see, Jakey, in a military point of view the beauty of the situation is all with the Confederates."

'They can cut us up in detail." "Wha'd y' do ef y' wor him uns?"

"I? I'd drive a wedge right in here between Thomas' and Crittenden's corps. I'd destroy first one and then the other. After that I'd eat my rations and have plenty of time to take care of McCook's, which is too far away even to hear the guns."

"Thet'ud be hunky," said Jakey, pretending to catch his friend's enthusiasm. "Pity 'twasn't t'other way 'n we had 'em as they got we uns. Mebbe of you uns wor in command of our army y' mought do somep'n fo' ter change th' siteration."

"Yes, what'd y' do?" "That's a poser, Jakey."

Maynard studied his improvised map for awhile without speaking, as if it were a chessboard. At last he said:

"General Rosecrans, I learn, has ordered his scattered columns concentrated at Crawfish Springs, the center of his line. Perhaps this is as good a plan as any, at least if Bragg gives him time enough to close up. To me two plans •seem to le open. One is to demonstrate along the Chickamauga, principally with cavalry, while"-

What's demonstrate?" interrupted the listener.

'Make a feint, a fuss; pretend to have a big force and only have a little one. I would leave the campfires burning at night, to make them think I was still there, and draw my army away to Mission ridge. Moving backward on converging lines"-What's therif?"

"Lines coming to'd focus"-"Whar's a focus?" Lattical

Confound it, Jakey, we'll be attacked and whipped before I can make youunderstand. These roads you see come together at Chattanooga. From Chattanooga, if necessary, the army could be

"I thought we uns was a follering them uns!" observed Jakey, surprised at the turn the campaign had taken.

"Jakey, did you ever hear of the man who held his adversary down by placing his ugse between that adversary's teeth?"

"Well, that's the way we're holding his frouble. Then he endeavored to lead our enemy, but your remark leads to the other side of the problem. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. If I were a general, I'd never be on the defensive if I could help it, cost what it might. It sets a man to wondering what his enemy is going to do, instead of doing something himself. Now, our southernmost column might be pushed out here"-putting his finger on the line denoting the Georgia Central railroad-"to cut the Confederates' avenue for supplies. Bragg might turn and crush'if, but he can do that now. The trouble is, Jakey, we need troops for quick marches; flying columns to move without camp equipage. Such a column down there could strike, retreat, strike at another point, and so confuse an enemy that he wouldn't know what was happen next."

Jakey was too young to underst ad the phases of the war problem in which Maynard's mind had become engrossed to the obliteration of his trial, disgrace, wife, child, friends, comrades, everything but the game that charmed him. But Jakey's mind was as much on his side" of a sergeant and turned in with

his natural associates, the addiers. Ja-tay asked the guard to wasten him at 2 e-clock, as which time, after a bite fur-nished by his friend, the ast geant, and a feed for Tom, he set off toward Chat-tanooga. At daylight he crossed the Tennessee river and was soon on his way across the neck of Moocasin point toward his destination.

As Jakey approached the plantation it occurred to him for the first time that

the information he bore was not pleasant for him to give to any one, especially a woman, and that woman "the general's" wife. "Reckon she uns'll be skeered when

she sees me," he muttered to himself. "I don't like this business nohow. Wonfriend as his friend's was on the probder I didn't think o' this befo'. Wish they wor some un ter tell her. Mebbe I'll see Souri first. Ef I do, I'll let her

But Jakey was not so lucky. He reached the plantation just before breakfast time, and as Laura Maynard cast a glance from her chamber window she saw him ride up to the veranda. She remembered well the promise she had extracted from Jakey and knew in a Maynard smiled. It suddenly occurmoment that he was the bearer of some bad news. Putting her hand on her heart to stop its thumping, she ran down stairs and out on to the veranda. The boy dismounted and came up the

'Oh, Jakey, what is it?" Now, Jakey had his own methods of carrying his points, and whether or no they were original or ingenious he carried them. Sometimes his parrying was line on top o' th' Pea Vine ridge hyar, very clumsy. It was so now. He must

gain time at all hazards. "What air what?"

Maynard burst into a laugh. Jakey "There's something happened to the colonel. I know it. Tell me the worst." surveyed the altered expression of his friend's face with his bright little eyes "Waal, now, Mrs. Maynard, 'the and chuckled, but his own face was as general' he hain't dead nohow."

"Thank heaven he lives! Is he ill or wounded? Is the wound mortal? Or is mence. supposititious enemy, "what would you his illness dangerous? Will be recover? do if I were to draw my troops out of Oh, tell me, tell me!" "Which un o' them air questions

shell I answer fust?" Souri came out on to the veranda, and seeing Jakey took him into her

arms. "What are you doing here, Jakey?" she asked.

"Reckon I air a-standin on ter th' gallery jest now."

"Mark is ill, wounded, heaven knows what!" exclaimed Laura. "He won't She clasped her hands and trembled.

"Jakey, don't give Mrs. Maynard pain by keeping her in suspense. Tell

But Souri dreaded to have her friend hear bad news as well as Jakey dreaded to give it. heard a word his opponent said, but he

"Waal," said Jakey, cornered, "th' general, he air d-d obstinate. "Obstinate?"

"Yas."

"What do you mean, Jakey?" asked "Are you whipped, general?" asked Souri encouragingly. "Waal, th' general he reckons ther's

goin ter be a big fight, 'n he's goin fo' don't know nothin 'bout it, 'n I'll jest ter git hisself killed. go on fightin till I make you uns think "Heavens!" exclaimed Laura. "What

does it all mean?" "Means Miss Baggs."

"Like Grant at Pittsburg Landing." The reference was lost on Jakey, but "Miss Baggs!" cried the wife, brisit led him to think that he had made a tling. "So it's something about her." point. He looked very wise and said "It's all 'bout her." nothing. He was thinking on a line "Tell me what you mean this in-

stant," said Laura, with flashing eyes. He was not certain but that it would be where he could begin to tell his story. necessary for him to make the connect- He did so after the following fashion: "Miss Baggs she wor ketched takin

ing link in person between his friend and his friend's wife. So he turned the th' telegraphs off'n th' wires 'n turned over ter th' general. The general he "Now, supposin," he said, "just supwanted ter turn her over ter headquarposin I war busted right hyar, how'd ters, but they was too smart for him. They tole him ter try her 'n kill her." "That would depend on the condition

"The cruel monsters!" cried Laura. "Maybe Jakey's got it wrong. They'd not be likely to express it that way,' I'd never stop till I had driven you into said Souri.

'Reckon thet's 'bout it with a spy anyhow. Th' general he tried her, but "This part of your army where we when it come ter killin her he wasn't are now could only fall back on Rossthar. ville. There the flanks would be better

"The noble man! It is just like him," protected for a stand. You could go from Laura. "Then he found out thet she was a

sister of a old friend o' his'n." "Who was that?" from Laura.

"Mr. Fitz Hugh." "Caroline Fitz Hugh?"

"Reckon." "Who is she?" asked Souri of Laura.

"I-I never saw her. I know who she is, though. "Then th' general he dressed hisself creek on, I reckon," pointing to Reed's

> Ratigan''-"Corporal Ratigan!" exclaimed Souri. "Yas, he 'n Corporal Ratigan they run her over th' lines."

tone to indicate that the discussion of the campingn was ended, "ef you uns "Well," from Laura, breathlessly. "Th' general he confessed, 'n they tried him, 'n''- Jakey hesitated. "Sentenced him ter be- Oh, Souri,

help me!" And Laura tottered against her friend. 'Ter be cashiered.' "Do tell me what it is," gasped Lan-

a, looking imploringly at Souri.

"I don't know. What is it, Jakey?" "Bein dropped out'n th' service." "And is that all?" cried Laura hysterically. "Only dropped out of the service, and for doing a noble act! Poor Mark! I know that he will consider this a terrible disgrace, but to me it is a blessing. Now I can show him how I love him," and dropping her head on Souri's shoulder she burst into a tor-

CHAPTER XXIL

rent of tears.

THE FIRST GUN AT CHICKAMAUGA. Mark Maynerd was passing the first night after his sentence. Jakey had left him, after their discussion of the campaign, to relapse into gloom. He blew out his candle and threw himself on his camp cot. Sleep would not come. The events of the past few days caracoled fantastically before him like an army of cavalry goblins in review. They It was about 11 o'clock at night when had scarcely got by before they turned he reached Rossville. He determined and came cantering back again. Thus they marched and countermarched till midnight, and still no sign of sleep. for a cavalry camp got on the "soft Maynard tossed and turned and pined

that he could no longer bear those low peaked canvas walls above him. He must get out under the broader canopy. Lighting his candle, he noticed the uniform of Private Flanagan, in which he had aided the escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh. He put it on, and, throwing back the tent flaps, stepped out into the night. The sky was covered with thin clouds, behind which the moon shone, giving a light between darkness and moonlight. He set out toward the front. Passing out of his own immediate camp, he ascended the slope of Pea Vine ridge, which stood dark against the eastern sky. Climbing to one of its highest points, where he could overlook the Pea Vine valley, he scated himself on a rock and gave himself over to meditation. Around him was the dark circle of the horizon, while above was the great dome. Beneath him, on the eastern slope of the ridge, were the Union ontposts, beyond which slept a Confederate army. Back of him, in the valley of the Chickamauga, were the Union troops, the two armies making in all through the veins. They go about their 100,000 souls.

There came a distant rumbling from the south. It grew, faded, was lost and They mock a soldier's ambition for gloreappeared, the unmistakable rattle of ry. There is something in the calculaa train. It came on slowly from a distion, the preparation, to remind him tance of several miles, the rolling of the that, after all, the gold lace, the feathtrucks, the panting of the locomotive, ers, the martial music, are but to cause growing louder the while till it reach- him, like the pampered sacrifice, to fored a point directly east of where he was get what he is for—to be shot. sitting and a few miles south of Ringold. There it could not only be heard, but seen by him. He watched it move on up the road, and at last it was lost in Ringold. He listened to hear if it went farther, but the sound did not recom-

Scarcely had the train stopped when another was heard coming from the same direction. It, too, came on, was lost for a time in the tunnel, and passing north stopped where the other had stopped. Then came a third and a fourth, all moving in the same direction. In less than an hour Maynard counted five trains, all of which stopped at Ringold.

He rose from his seat. "There," he exclaimed, pointing to Ringold, "is a point from which, if I am not mistaken, there will soon come an attack on our lines. They are bringing troops in those trains to mass them on our left, where there is so little to oppose them. If the that the enemy were retreating. Coming north means that they are going to take the offensive. It looks to me as if this rapid moving of men at this hour meant a daylight attack right here on the left. If so, there is no time to lose.

I must get back and give a warning." He walked rapidly in the direction of Reed's bridge, and coming to the headquarters of the commanding officer of was on duty all night, the general being apprehensive in his exposed position and wishing to be called at the slightest counted what he had seen, and the general was awakened and informed. He by this time Jakey had got to a point dled, the artillery harnessed and the is the mean, contemptible, auspicious baggage loaded into the wagons.

After imparting his information Maynard went to his own camp, called for his horse, and buckling on his saber and pistol rode back to the camp he had left. He arrived just in time to join a than is the newspaper man, who study reconnoitering party starting to ride over the ridge in the direction of Ringold. Being in a private's uniform, he was not recognized by the men-his appearance was much changed by the loss of his beard-and fell in with the last files as though he belonged to the

The squadron trotted up the road leading through a gap in the ridge and stood on a summit overlooking the Pea Vine valley. By the light of day May-nard looked down upon the landscape he had seen a few hours before; but, ah, how changed! Ten thousand men in gray were coming across the valley.

It is a solemn sight at any time to see an army moving to strike a foe. There was something in the silent movement-too far for him to hear the tramp of the men advancing over the intervening space, still wearing its summer robes of green-to remind him of a lika a private sojer, 'n he 'n Corporal thundercloud rising in a clear sky. There were compact columns of infantry steadily marching, while on either flank cavalry trotted forward, head up, like a troop of lions over jungle. Occasionally there came a confusion of distant sounds—orders—mere murmurings preceding the storm. The advancing host seemed rather a troop of specters, moving with the wind, an army of malicious spirits coming to scatter a plague from their still silent weapons.

This fancy vanished with the first few shots from the skirmishers. They were

too real, too spiteful, to attribute to any but human agencies. Back goes the thin line of blue before the scattered Confederates in advance, supported by thick columns of dusty gray. No skir-mish line would care to stand against these columns coming silently, not yet in presence of a foe worthy of a volley.

Suddenly there is a rumbling, shouting, a lashing of horses in Maynard's rear. Turning, he sees a Union battery, drawn by horses, galloping up the slope from the bridge. Dashing into position, the horses are swung around, pointing the muzzles of cannon toward the advancing host. The guns are unlimbered. There is a boom, followed by a shricking shell arching toward the heavens and dropping with a sound like an exploding rocket over one of the advancing columns.

The shot produces a change in the disposition of the closely packed Confederates as a turn of a kaleidoscope alters the combination of colors. The closed columns halt, quickly extend wings on either side, joining tips, each

for day, and what would it bring forth?
Sarely a battle could not be much longer delayed, and with a battle there was a chance for oblivion.

Boratching a match, he reached for his wetch. It was 19 o'clock. He felt that he could no longer delayed, and with a battle there was a chance for oblivion.

While deploying, resembling the continued line, from tip to tip, of some huge distant bird. Now they are in line of battle and once more move for ward, while the Union battery drops shells in their extended and less vulnerable was a chance for oblivion. able ranks. Marching over open fields, crossing gulleys, now lost in a wood, to appear upon its other edge, bisecting creek and road, a slowly drawing coil, a line of the "ribbed sea sand," a streak of dust before a rising wind, the southerners move steadily forward. Be fore them the Union outposts give way. retreating under cover of their guns.

> different points, those men, with a strip of red flannel about their arms, scatter ing themselves over the field? To the young enthusiast for war in the distance, who has been impatient to see a battle, these wagons, these men marked with red, composing the ambulance corps, getting ready to take care of dead who have not yet been killed, wounded who have not yet been hit, bring the first realization of what war means. There is none of the harsh music of bat tle about these grim looking wagons, these men waiting for victims, to bright en the eye and send the blood coursing dampens ardor as water quenches fire.

What are those funereal looking wag-

ons driving up and being stationed at

To be continued.)

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Nels Longtin was up from Red Cloud Tuesday shaking hands with old acquaintances .- Riverton Review.

Wm. Brown, formerly of this place, died Tuesday at the home of his father near Red Cloud. Deceased trains were going south, it would argue leaves a wife and young child. Interment takes place in the Red Cloud cemetery to-day .- R verton Review. S A. Signor was in Red Cloud on

business Menday .- R yerton Review. People who have poor opinions of newspaper men should read the following. It was written by a newspathe troops he sought found an aid who per man, and of course knows what he is talking about: "Newspaper men always know more than they sign of an attack. To him Maynard re- write; they always shield more than they expose; they are always more turned a willing ear to Maynard's cau. merciful than cruel. The man who tion and at once ordered that the men trusts a newspaper may rely on the be aroused, the horses fed and breakfast fact that he will be treated fairly. It hypocrite that the newspapers are always after. No manly man was ever

> men and their actions day unto day. The Drs. McElwee went to Red Cloud Monday .- Franklin Sentinel.

Supervisor Scheuneman was a visitor at Red Cloud Tuesday .- Franklin Sentinel



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