



The fog had suddenly lifted. They were on a ridge which had been fortified during the night...

Leaving Jakey where they were and instructing him to stay there till he should return, Maynard went down to take a hand in the fight...

"Here, Jakey," he said, setting her down by the boy, "it's time you have a sweetheart, so I've brought you one. She comes to you from the field of battle and probably won't stand any nonsense. So you must treat her with proper deference."

"Golly!" exclaimed the boy, squaring himself before the weeping girl, with his hands in his pockets.

"Take her to that house down there and wait till I come—that is, if I ever come, and if I don't tell my wife to look out for this little one, and if necessary provide for her, I must go. There is hard fighting at the front."

Jakey took the little girl by the hand and led her away, while Maynard went over to the south slope of the ridge to see what was going on at the right. Standing on an eminence, he looked down on the contending lines toward the south.

The sun was now standing midway between the horizon and the meridian. The day had thus far gone without any especial advantage on either side. Finding the left strong, the Confederate commander was massing troops on the right of the line of blue. Maynard could see them marching into position for a gigantic effort.

There was a momentary lull in the firing on the right, and Maynard thought that from a distance he caught the faintest sound of a church bell. It might have been fancy, for congregations would not be likely to meet near a battlefield, and the continued roar in the center and left would likely have prevented a bell being heard. At any rate, it suddenly occurred to him that it was Sunday morning.

Sunday morning! What a contrast between that and other Sunday mornings he had passed. It was near 11 o'clock, the hour when people were assembling for worship, and he pictured the neatly dressed throngs moving to church, white bells were ringing in the belltowers. All over the broad land congregations were assembling, unmindful of the struggle that was going on at Chickamauga.

The enemy were moving to the attack. As Maynard glanced toward the Union line to see if it was in condition he saw a division face to the left and begin a march in rear of another division, leaving its place in the line a defenseless, yawning gap.

the army is giving way, broken, scattering pell-mell over the field, chased by the southerners pouring volley upon volley after them.

"Stop and rally! No one could rally troops on the breast of Niagara. But there's a crumb of comfort—those men nearest this way are bending back like wrought iron. They are not breaking. Good. There's a faint hope for the left. But, O Lord, what's the left with the right and center gone?"

And now comes a spectacle, a contrast which must always stand out a splendid monument of heroic endurance in the great cemetery of war—the spectacle of an army, one half routed, gone, driven like dry leaves before the wind, the remaining half holding in check for more than half a day a force against which the whole had found it difficult to contend.

Standing in the center of the "horseshoe," the fortification of which his wisdom has constructed during the night, General Thomas, intent upon guiding the troops of his own corps, with no word from his commander in chief, for a time not knowing, or at least not admitting, that the army is by all the rules that govern the science of war defeated, goes on fighting as if there is but one Army of the Cumberland, and that composed of the troops under his command.

The right put to flight, the Confederates prepare to crush the remainder of the army. All around the "horseshoe" they gather their forces and hurl them



"DARLIN," HE SAID.

against the blue coats. The first onset falls. There must be another. A second wave goes rolling on and dashes against the logs behind which the one armed Army of the Cumberland is fixed. It recedes without making a breach. It will need more such waves—a constantly beating surf. Surely that curve, with flanks bent almost in a circle, almost touching, cannot be called a line of battle. It may be a curve of battle, but how can such a curve stand against the whole Army of the Tennessee?

But this curved array of bayonets is too tough to be broken in front. It must be taken in flank. There is a ridge just beyond the right heel of the "horseshoe." It has been abandoned by the Unionists. No one seems to know why. Climb up, Confederates; seize this ridge. It commands the Union right. Once firmly lodged there you can hammer them unmercifully.

And the gray coats do climb the ridge and drag artillery with them. The Union commander sees them and at a glance discerns that without a force to drive them from it his army is lost. There is no such force. Every man is engaged and needed where he is. The general's brow is knit, and his square mouth sets even more firmly than before.

"There is a cloud of dust rising over there to the north, general, and men marching under it," said an aid. "I wonder who they are."

It makes a great difference to the hounded general whether they are friends or enemies. He looks anxiously in the direction pointed out by his aid and orders him to reconnoiter the uncertain column. The officer rides forward to a point where he can get a good view, draws rein, dismounts, and climbing a fence brings a fieldglass to bear on the advancing troops. They are far from him. They are covered with dust, and their flags are furled, so that he cannot tell whether they are blue or gray. If they are gray, that means destruction for the troops defending themselves in the horseshoe. If they are blue, they may serve as a forlorn hope on the ridge commanding the Union right.

The aid not only sees these troops, but the troops see the aid. They, too, wonder if he is blue or gray. Neither can tell, but from his position they suspect him to wear blue. At any rate, they assume that he does.

Suddenly every flag is unfurled, displaying the stars and stripes. Enough. Mounting his horse, the aid rides over the ground between him and the head of the advancing column.

"Who are these troops?" "The first division of the reserve corps."

Posted at the opening of the struggle to guard a bridge across the Chickamauga on the extreme north of the battlefield, with orders to hold it at all hazards, this division had for two days listened to the sounds of fighting without firing a shot. The Confederates had made a crossing without using the bridge watched, and the division was a useless guard. On Sunday morning its commander, chafing at inaction, yet dreading the consequences that might occur, the blame attending a disobedience of orders, determined to burn the bridge and march to the relief of comrades whom he divined were being hard pressed.

Gathering his principal officers in a church near by, he announced to them what he proposed to do. The little church, unused at that hour of that holy day to anything more vigorous than a minister pounding the pulpit or the strains of "Old Hundred," rang with the assenting exclamations of soldiers.

Marching through fields of yellow corn, guided only by a distant but continuous roar, the division each moment lessened the distance between it and the army whose fate hung on its quick coming. The direction taken led them toward the north side of the horseshoe and the rear of the Confederates. First a small body of Confederate cavalry, guarding a hospital, were met. These were easily scattered, and the column moved on. Striking the Chattanooga road, the division marched on down it. There were heights to the east, and on these were guns. It was plain to the gunners that the advancing column was a rescuing column. They opened fire to delay it. The Union troops did not heed them. There was a more important enemy—a more important work farther on.

But they were marching directly in rear of the Confederate line. Filing to the right, through an orchard and open fields beyond, they came to a point where the dim outline of the troops engaged could be seen through the overhanging clouds of smoke. The reserve halted in a field between the two bent flanks—the two heels of the horseshoe.

Maynard tried to speak. He wished to say that he could not complain of the sentence—that, considering the offense, it was merciful—but his tongue would not obey him.

"So much for your punishment," the general went on after a slight pause. "There are other matters, however, to be considered. These are your youth, the circumstances under which you were placed, the voluntary sacrifice of yourself made to save another and in obedience to your own interpretation of your duty in repaying a sacred obligation. While these considerations do not destroy the act or its pernicious effect as an example, they show conclusively that it did not spring from base motives, but rather in obedience to a strong sense of honor, which a soldier should hold in highest esteem."

When the general began to speak of these palliating circumstances, Maynard did not hear him. As he proceeded, however, his attention was arrested.

"Furthermore, there are your brilliant services, both as a scout and yet more recently in the battle through which we have just passed. I have taken pains to learn of your services in the ranks on the 19th of September and was myself a witness to your gallantry on the ridge on the 20th. I cannot find it in my heart to fail in my acknowledgments to any man, however he may have erred, who engaged in that desperate struggle, which was a turning point in our fortune and may be said to have saved us all from rout or capture."

"Besides for more than a year I have watched your career with interest. I am sure that you are possessed of undoubted military talents, perhaps of a high order. I believe it to be true wisdom on the part of the government to retain those talents for the country. Therefore, in the interest of the United States and for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga, I have suggested your name to the president for the appointment of brigadier general of volunteers. A batch of such eye had caught a new point of danger and was absorbed in it. Mounting Madge, he rode away with the staff officer.

There was wonder on the faces of the men who saw a new commander in the uniform of a private of cavalry put temporarily in place to lead them. For a moment a murmur ran along the line, but some one recognized him—one who knew his mettle—and word was passed, "It's the cavalryman, Colonel Maynard."

None cared at that critical moment for his recent trial so long as there was one at their head who could lead them in what they all saw must be a desperate effort.

Amid the incessant thunders that burst everywhere around the line of that horseshoe curve of battle is one place where there is no firing. It is at the ridge, where men are forming at its base for a desperate attempt, and on its top others are preparing to receive them with lead enough to teach them the futility of so presumptuous a move.

All is ready. The line is formed. Seventy-five hundred men are about to push toward the realms of death, and a larger proportion of them are to enter there. At the word "Forward!" the skirmishers move out into the thicket that covers the side of the disputed ridge, followed by the regular battle line, all climbing the hill together.

Glance the eye along the line. There is the officer, his mind intent on keeping his men up to the trying work before them. The officer intent in keeping himself steady before the eyes of the line he leads. There are the faces in the ranks, most of them, if not all, stamped with a serious cast, a dread under control, with the thought of each that in a few minutes he may be lying, pierced by a bullet or maimed by a shell. A few there are whose remarkable physical nerve or in whom a natural excitable temperament gives them an appearance

of exhilaration, but such are often the most depressed just before they are well in the fight.

While the line of blue climbs the side of the ridge all is quiet above—a quiet that brings a suspense harder to bear than a scattering fire. It promises a tempest when it comes. And it comes soon. From a concealed line near the top suddenly there is a myriad of explosions. Every missile known to war is sent down to stagger that blue line. The first crop of human flesh lies under the reaper.

There was pandemonium on that hillside for 40 minutes. It was an eventful fight for many a man, not considering those who were laid low by missiles of war. There were a few whose place it was to lead in whom a constitutional inability rendered it impossible for them to face such a storm. They were ordered back, their places filled by those made of sterner stuff. There were soldiers in the ranks who skulked, but their officers drove them on. The main force of that reserve division of Union troops showed a united strength of purpose, which, if it could be transformed to a different field, a field of moral heroism, would make an army of gods.

Mark Maynard climbed with the rest. For a moment when that storm burst the instincts of a human being, acting upon him suddenly, made him recoil. A number of quick recollections flashed before him. His position, the chance given him to redeem the past, the consciousness that men looked to him for strength in that trying moment—they were all as nothing compared with one other, one which prevented any further giving back. It was not a desire for death. That was too near. It was not a desire to show prowess at a moment when men were either quailing or making records as heroes. At that terrible moment there came before him a picture so sweet, so innocent, that one may well wonder how it could have appeared amid such frightful scenes. It was the photograph of his wife and boy. With it flashed the thought: "All for them. For myself, nothing."

Whether he needed this to nerve him to do his duty, certain it is that from this moment he forgot danger. One idea absorbed his entire being—that whether he lived or died would should go back to those he loved better than himself that he was at least not among the flinchers. Once this idea possessed him he was a machine, a cog moving 300 wheels. He knew nothing of the deafening sounds; he was oblivious to bullets or shells. Like the picture of the Sistine Madonna was ever present the gentle face and figure of a woman holding up a child. Mother and child, in the famous painting, have for centuries stood forth, a divine light to lead the world from sin. Mother and child, in the eyes of Mark Maynard, were a divine light to lead him out of the depths into which he had fallen by a violation of principle.

The time of probation was short, but not too short for Maynard's bearing to have its effect. Among the few who held the men together during that brief struggle for the life of the army he took an important part. The ridge was won, and one of the first regiments on it was that commanded by Colonel Mark Maynard.

The ridge was not only won; it was held. But who can depict the holding? It was by a repetition of struggles like the one that took it, only the gray attacked, while the blue defended. Eight times the Confederates charged, and eight times they were driven back. Night came; there was no light whereby to make another. The ridge was in Union keeping; the Army of the Cumberland was saved.

Relinquishing his command, Maynard rode through 3,500 dead and wounded of the 7,500 men who climbed the hillside a few hours before to General Thomas' headquarters.

"Have you any further commands, general?" he asked.

"Ah, Colonel Maynard! Let me thank you among others for your work. You men over there have saved us. I want you to go back to the cavalry and command one of several forces intended to cover our retreat. We must get back to-night to a safer position."

To be continued.

any principle. When as a brigade commander I was obliged to choose on higher ground, I failed in the choice. I have proved myself unworthy of your confidence. I have sunk to the level from which I started."

The general did not reply. He was watching the newly arrived division getting into position.

"You connived at the escape of a spy, I think?" he said presently.

"Worse. I assisted in that escape."

"A woman, was she not?"

"She was, general."

"H'm. It isn't a pleasant task to shoot a woman. Yet a soldier must do his duty."

Maynard did not reply.

"Colonel, there is going to be a weak spot there. I would like you to go and see that that gap is closed. My staff are all away, as you see, on some duty. Ah! Never mind. They are marching by the flank, I see. Now it's all right."

He was so intent upon the forming of the line that for a moment Maynard thought he had forgotten his presence.

"Who was this woman?" the general asked presently.

"You remember when I went to Chattanooga to bring you information of Bragg's movements to Kentucky I met a Confederate officer—a Captain Fitz Hugh—who twice gave me my life?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. They're standing well down there in the center and with so little ammunition. They'll get their new cartridges presently from those brought by the reserve division. The ammunition comes as opportunely as the men."

"They're making a good fight everywhere," observed Maynard.

"Let me see. You say you were called upon to shoot a woman. She was some relative to this Captain?"

"Now, Colonel Fitz Hugh. A sister."

"That made it pretty hard for you, colonel. But a soldier must do his duty."

"Have the Confederates possession of that ridge, general?"

"They have also been approved by the president, and you have been dismissed from the service of the United States, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments."

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT CURES CONSTIPATION. IT GIVES FREEDOM TO THE BOWEL AND CLEARNESS TO THE SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION. 1.00 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath. Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50cts. Sold by Druggists.

SHILOH'S CURE. THIS GREAT CURE CURE promptly cures where other fail. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will cure you, if taken in time. Price 50cts, 60cts, \$1.00.

Chickster's English Diamond Brand PENNYROYAL PILLS. Original and Only Genuine. Cures all kinds of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, etc.

The Sweetest Music requires a... Washburn Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Zither. They are the product of the Largest Musical Factory in the world and are unequalled for tone or finish.

Agents \$75. W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clark St. 12, Columbus, O.

Illustration of a donkey. I will stand my jock at Cowies, Monday and Tuesday and in Red Cloud, at Day's barn, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—FROS. EMIG.

THE CHIEF. Published Weekly. Subscription, \$1 Per Annum. Invariably in Advance.

ALL PRINTED AT HOME. G. & M. R. R. Time Table. GOING EAST. 56, Local Freight, Lv 6 a. m. At 10:00 a. m. 16, Passenger, " " 12:15 " " At 12:30 p. m. 64, East Freight, " " 1:35 p. m. " 1:40 p. m.

CHAS. RAYL. The O. K. Shop. Red Cloud, Nebraska. I give my personal attention to my patrons. First-class shaving and hair cutting a specialty.

HUTCHISON & HIATT. Tonsorial Artists. 14th Avenue, - RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA. First-class barbers and first-class work guaranteed. Give me a call.

CASE & MCNITT. ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Moon Block, - RED CLOUD, NEB. Collections promptly attended to, and correspondence solicited.

DR. J. S. EMIGH, Dentist, NEBRASKA. Over Taylor's Furniture Store. Extracts teeth without pain. Crown and bridge work a specialty.

W. TULLEYS, M. D. Homeopathic Physician, Red Cloud, Nebraska. Office opposite First National Bank. U. S. Examining Surgeon. Chronic diseases treated by mail.

CHAS. SCHAFFNITZ. Insurance Agency. Represents: German Insurance Co., Freeport, Ill. Royal Insurance Co., Liverpool, England. Home Fire Insurance Co., of Omaha, Neb. Phoenix Assurance Co., of London, Eng. The Manchester Fire Assurance Co., of England. British America Assurance Co., Toronto, Can. Mutual Reserve Fund Life Assn. of N. Y. The Workman Building and Loan Association of Lincoln, Nebraska. Office over Mizer's Store. Red Cloud, NEBRASKA.