

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV. A GUERRILLA'S HOME

"A dispatch for you, general." An aid-de-camp entered, followed by a tall, bronzed Confederate cavalryman with very muddy boots and a southern sombrero on his head. In his hand he carried a sealed envelope, on the left hand corner of which was printed, "Official business."

"Why not bring it yourself?" asked the general, evidently put out at being interrupted at dinner.

"The messenger says that he was instructed to deliver it to no one but yourself. It is from general headquarters."

The man stalked in, his accounterments rattling as he did so, and removing his hat handed the general the communication. He opened it, and seeing that it was in cipher handed it to a member of his staff who possessed the key and directed him to unravel it. It read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, June 27, 1862.
To General —, Commanding Cavalry on Ex-

treme Right:
Mir rrwee irddrx mexrr izi krxn m nbpy me Right: mfafhse ut tixwrax dari sm mirwe gb igjq vvim kltvq ga ljasga mikkingmfy fe lvdavkwvge. Egai jwpxy tx bagw. BRAXTON BRAGG, C'm'd'g.

Scarcely had the general given the dispatch over for interpretation when another from the same source, which had come by telegraph, was handed him also, evidently an inextricable jumble of letters. This, too, was taken up by the cipher officer. In the course of half an hour he handed interpretations of both to his chief. The first read

The enemy having taken the gaps, I will abandon my present line. Be ready to form rear guard to troops retreating by University. Move south at once.

Here is the second:

Enemy's telegram in cipher received. Cannot Miss Baggs secure information of the enemy's intentions as to following this army across the Tennessee? Such information would enable us to be prepared if he attacks in concentrated form or cut him up in detail if he divides.

The general gave the two messages a few minutes' consideration, and then, dismissing the aid who had interpreted them, directed him to inform Miss Baggs that he would like to see her.

When she entered, the general handed her the interpreted copies of the two

Here is a more important work for you than any you have yet attempted,"

She read both the dispatches and then thought a few minutes.

"I am ready to undertake it, general," she said, "but without much hope of success. I must first succeed in ed get up, and going to the door let taking off a message in which the plan some one in. The partition was thin, of the Yankees is given or hinted at so clearly as to be inferred, and then it must be interpreted, for it will surely be in cipher."

"If you could succeed in both, you would insure us victory in the west, and that would be half the battle to the

"I will undertake it."

"You will be exposed to a frightful

"You know, general, that I have de-

voted my life to this work. I consider that as already sacrificed." "We move from here at once, as you see by the order just received."

"I will go with you a part of the way and watch an opportunity to slip back

behind the Union lines." With that Miss Baggs went out, and

the general began his preparations to cover the retreat of the right of the Confederate army.

No further attention was paid to Farmer Slack and his family. Evidently there was business of greater importance on hand. They went out on to the doorstep, where they stood wondering what was going on about them. Every one was stirring. An orderly dashed up to the door leading an officer's horse saddled and bridled. An aid ran out of the house, and mounting in hot haste rode away. A man from an upper window called out to him: 'What's up?"

"They've secured the gaps."
"Which?"

"Liberty and Hoover's. All of 'em."

"Well, what of it?" "What of it? It means retreat." And

before the last word was spoken he was out of sight. In a few minutes a bugle was heard.

Its tones had scarcely died away before the camp was alive with men preparing

The farmer determined to get his children into the wagon as soon as possible. He had been given his pass, which, for the present at least, was likely to be of little use, as he would simply follow the army. The party lost no time in getting to the wagon and into it and drove down the road. But they were too late. The way was choked with horsemen and wagons, and they were soon brought to a halt. The general dashed past, with his staff, and who should be by his side, her striped dress covered with a gray riding skirt, a sombrero on her head, with a jaunty sock's feather encircling its crown, but Miss Baggs. Seeing the farmer's wagon waiting by the roadside, she reined in

Bobby Lee beside Souri and took her "Goodby, my dear. I trust that your innocent heart will not have to suffer more than the rest of us during the continuance of this fearful struggle. You know we are all being tried in a flery furnace. We'll meet again. I know it. If you ever need any help or protection when our army is near, hunt up Betsy

Bagga."
"Whar's th' chicken coop?" called Jakey as she rode away.

"What chicken coop?" "Th' one on wheels."

"Oh, the buggy," she said, smiling. I left that for the Yankees to pick up when they come along."

"Rats'll be ridin inter it. I reckon." "If he can find it, he's welcome to it," and with a laugh she dashed after the rest.

Farmer Slack only succeeded in getting a few miles on the way before nightfall. Then, coming to a small village, he made up his mind that it would be better to sleep there than attempt to go on through a country being abandoned by one force to be immediately occu pied by another. He knew well the crowded condition of the roads and the perils of night travel. So singling out a house beside the road, which was the main street of the place, and seeing a woman standing in the door, he asked if she would give him and his party a night's lodging.

"Reckon I kin keep you uns, but hain't got no stablin fo' the critters."

"Oh, I kin find a place fo' them uns," said Slack, and handing out his daughter she went into the house with Jakey, while the farmer drove off to find shelter for the horses. Jakey wished to go with him, but his father bade him stay with Souri.

The woman of the house was depressed. She was not strong, and the continued successive occupation of the country by Union and Confederate troops for more than a year had completely worn her out

And now another shifting was at hand. At first she had spoken her sentiments freely. They were with the Confederacy, but lately she had come to endeavoring to find out the sentiments of strangers before betraying her own. Wondering whether she was harboring Unionists or secessionists, she began to question Jakey.

"Reckon you uns live nigh 'bout hyar, don't y', boy?"
"Nigh onter th' Sequach."
"Let me fill that kettle for you,"

said Souri, seeing the woman about to take up a wooden bucket she was scarcely able to lift. The woman suffered her and went on making inquiries of Jakey.

"Thur mixed over thar'. Some's Union, 'n some's secesh. Which air yer paw?"

"Waal, I ben ter skule a year, 'n paw he mought 'a' changed sence I went away."

"Don't say 'mought,' Jakey, dear," said Souri.

The woman looked at Jakey inquircouldn't 'a' l'arned much at

skule ef y' reckon a man's goin ter change sides in this hyar fight. Th' git wusser 'n wusser. Still ef ye'd ben hyar ye'd l'arned thet. Reckon y' ben no'th to skule?"

"We have been north-in Ohio," said Souri as she put the kettle on the

It was midnight at the little frame house where slept the Slack family. Farmer Slack was awakened by a pounding at the front door. Then he heard the woman by whom they were shelterand every word that was said could be plainly heard.

"Lordy, Ben, whar did y' come from?" asked the woman.

"Tullahomy." "Whar y' goin ter?"

"Up inter the mountings."

"Ter lay low till the armies move on south. Then we uns 're goin ter hang in the tailens of the Yanks. Thur's better feedin than thur is behind Confeder-

ates." "Oh, Ben, I wish you'd stop this business. Go 'n jine one o' the armies. I don't keer which. Only stop this kind o' work. "

"Polly, you know I've been driv to t. What have they left us? Nothin but this house. Ef I didn't rake among the refuse that the Yankees leave behind

'em, whar w'd you 'n th' children be?" "But why air y' leavin now, Ben? What does 't all mean, the men goin south? Hain't th' goin ter fight at Tullyhomy?"

"Ther gittin outen Tullyhomy this very minute. "

"How d'ye know?"

"I kem from thar this afternoon. The trains were goin outen the place loaded with supplies. What's them things doin thar?" He pointed to some of the belongings

of the Slack family. The farmer could hear the woman caution her husband to speak low, but by that time Slack's ear was at a crack.

"Ther's a family hyar stayin all night," she whispered.

"Any critters?" "Two, but I don't want y' ter take em, Ben. It's onnateral. Thur's a sweet young gal ez helped me git supper, 'n I wouldn't hev nothin happen

to her fur the world." "I won't take thur critters tel after git me somep'n ter eat. Come, be lively, my dear. I hevn's hed a squar'

meal in two days." "Whar's the gang?"

"I left 'em a mile t'other side o' th' town. We got ter git inter th' mountings afore th' Federals come along. Whar air the young uns?" "In thar."

The farmer could see the man go into a room into which the candle from the one adjoining cast a dim light. The father bent over the sleeping little ones, put his lean face down beside the round, warm cheek of a child and groaned.

"Jakey," whispered Farmer Slack. Jakey awakened, but could not make it known, because his father had clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Be still, my boy, till I git yer clothes. Don't yer make no sound fo' yer life. Thur's guerrillas in th' house." The farmer got Jakey's clothes and his own. They put them on, using all possible caution. Then the farmer took his son's hand and led him on tiptoe to the open window. Once there, he took him up in his arms, and passing him through it dropped him on the ground a few feet below. Then Slack got through himself and dropped beside

"Now for the stable, my son." Going across some vacant lots, they reached the stable and took out both the horses.

"Jake," said the father, "I'm goin to the headquarters of the Federals. I want yer to stay 'n take keer o' yer sis-

"Souri don't need no one ter take keer o' her."

The farmer went back into the stable, leaving Jakey to hold the horses, and brought out a saddle and bridle. "Waal, Jake," he said presently, "she's a gal 'n may need y'."

"What yer goin fo'?" "T' tell 'em the southern men air gittin outen Tullyhomy. "T may make a lot o' differ ter th' cause."

"Why can't I go 'n do thet?" The farmer made no reply. He went on equipping the horse for a ride, but he was thinking. After all, wouldn't a boy have a better chance to get through than a man? He had great confidence in Jakey's abilities in this direction,



"Jakey," whispered Farmer Slack. for they had been tested long before near the beginning of the war. Then he disliked to leave his daughter without protection in a lawless territory. "Jake," he asked at last, "do y

think y' o'd do 't?" "Reckon."

"I kin put y' on th' road 't Manchester. Thar or before y' git thar y'll find Yankees. But yer powerful little fo' sich a job." And the farmer looked at his son undecidedly.

"Do y' think I'm a babby ter be rocked in a cradle?"

"No, Jakey. Yer a 'markable li chap. Thur's not 'nother boy o' y age livin I'd trust to carry this mess. I reckon I'll let y' try it."

Slack took Jakey up in his arms and sat him on the horse. Then he shortened the stirrups till all the holes in the straps were exhausted, when he cut new ones, making the length a proper one for Jakey's little legs.

"Now, Jake," said his father in a tone that bespoke a desire to put resolution into himself and the boy at the same time, "tell th' Federal general that a guerrilla kem to the house whar we war sleepin and tole his wife thet the southern men air gittin outen Tullyhomy. He kem from thar this afternoon. 'N, my boy, ez I often tole y' afore, remember yer a Unioner 'n hain't afraid o' nothin. Thar's th' road."

"Tom, you git."

The American Book Trust

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is no more conspicuous feature of business, as now being conducted, than the tendency to form trusts to the exclusion and destruction of competition. It is impossible to turn in any direction without encountering this octopus in some one of its infinite forms. In another part of The Inter Ocean today may be found an exposure of one of the very worst specimens of this devilfish to be found in the country, the American book trust. The particular field of operation covered by these details is the state of Virginia, but the trust itself is confined to no state, and extends from Oregon to Maine. Its proper name would be the American School Book Trust, for the publications it deals in are the text books of our public schools. The exposure is one that deserves to be carefully examined with a view to similar danger right here

at home. The primary object and effect of such a combine is to exact extortionate prices for school books, levying toll upon the parents of the children in public schools. But extortion is not all of it, or even the worst of it. A still greater evil is the fact that the tendency in a trust is to palm off poor and antiquated publications for text books which are far from up to date. Between the two evils the trust is a specially dangerous combine, which should be effectually broken up.-Inter Ocean.

Selections by R. Agnes C.

The rock of offence of this new faith truth. The crucified Lord of this new dispensation is love. The savior and redeemer is the spirit of universal sympathy and brotherhood. The mystic key is the oneness of all. The

unity of the universe.-Henry Frank. Environment is simply all else that is. The universe and I in it .- Henry Drum-

"O to learn how to awaken, both in ourselves and others, a holy confidence in divine truth and a holy courage in its

Love is the crowning of grace and humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link that binds us to duty and to truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly binds and reconciles the heart to this life, and is prophetic of eternal good.—Petrarch.

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i wish i wuz ole parsun brown ide lam that pine desk flat til gud old deekun jones woke up an ast whair he wuz at

ide rowse up sleepy kristyuns dispel ther dreems uv blis in werlds tu kum an boost thum on tew maik a hevin uv this tew long thayy bin adreemin

an terned this werld kleen over 2 the father uv awl lies plaig taik ther ole theology ther dogmas and ther kreeds

uv gois beyond the skys

religun aint no meer think so but just plane onest deeds the gud lord must be awful tired uv awl them hims an prares that showtin hallylujah

an klimin goldun stares i ofen think heed wash away owr sins an gilty stanes yes gladly swap salvashun for

an ownse er two uv branes hees giv uz evry mortel thing tew maik a heven on erth but eech gud thing thets realize must find in branes a berth

sew set yer wheels awhizzen round n tel uz whut wuz meni when moses an the profets 2 kundemd intrust an rent yes set yer wits awerkin now

then say thet moses of ye kan wuz tawkin threw hiz hat then later on the law wuz giv tew luv ye wun anuther but seldum iz et understood

my blindfold kristyun bruther

a puzzlin over that

thes laws ar just as nacherel as eb an flo uv tide ten times as old az david an king solomun beside fer discord meens most serten deth

while harmuny iz life an most things do obey the law but men seems fond uv strife yes i wish i wnz a parsun with bran new white kravat

a long blak kote split up behind

an tal an shiney hat but ime onli samvewl fonagraf hoo rases hi grad mewls (ther heven on erth is korn an gras



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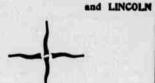
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