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(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V. CARRYING THE NEWS.

Had not Jakey Slack possessed a stout heart he would have quailed at pushing out in the middle of a dark night on a road of which he had no knowledge...

Tom floundered along at a very slow pace. Jakey found it not only difficult to keep him in the road, but impossible to keep out of mudholes when on it.

Just before morning the darkness grew thicker. Tom had for several miles proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him and kept the road...

Jakey was discouraged. He knew Tom had lost the road, and as for himself he did not feel competent to find it again.

He thought of lying down in a fence corner to sleep till morning. But he did not like to do this, for fear that, once asleep, he would not wake up till late the next day...

And Tom seemed to respond as plainly as if the words were spoken: "Jakey, you bet."

Maybe Tom had an object in view more important than an offer of sympathy. Maybe he had something to communicate.

In a moment he had climbed the fence and had regained his place in the saddle. Then, pointing the horse's head directly for the light, with a "Git up, Tom," rider and horse were soon away in the direction of its appearance.

"Who comt dare?" "Mister, can y' put me on ter the road?" "Who you vas?" "I'm a boy, I air."

Jakey thought a moment before replying. The question occurred to him, Was this surely a Union picket? No Confederate would be likely to challenge with a German accent.

Jakey was led over a stubble field which had not been planted since the previous season and brought before a group of half a dozen tents, the headquarters of the colonel commanding the 4th cavalry brigade.

corporal went off to fetch the officer of the guard. "What you want, sonny?" asked that person when he arrived, buttoning a coat he had just put on.

So the chief of staff was called up and informed that Jakey had information of the enemy. The chief of staff called up the colonel commanding, who suddenly appeared at the tent door in a pair of trousers and a woolen shirt.

It was evident from the moment the colonel espied Jakey sitting on old Tom in front of the tent and Jakey espied the slender figure of the colonel, with his blue eyes and light hair, that they had met before, not only that they had met, but that they must have been united by some cord of great durability.

"Big brother!" from Jakey. "Little brother!" from the colonel. Colonel Mark Maynard strode up to the boy, took him in his arms, and Jakey might have as well been in the embrace of a bear for a time, while not a word was spoken.

The colonel, throwing open the tent flap and seeing his chief of staff outside, called him in. "Captain," he said, "ride over to corps headquarters and say that a boy has just come in who is sent by his father to say that he slept last night at the house of a guerrilla, who told his wife, not knowing that he was overheard, that they are getting out of Tullahoma."

CHAPTER VI. TULLAHOMA.

Colonel Maynard was ordered to push forward down the road from Manchester toward Tullahoma in order to test the truth of Jakey Slack's information. Jakey begged permission to go with him, but the colonel told him that he had better go back to his father and sister.

About noon the fortifications around the town of Tullahoma suddenly appeared before them. Though it was plain now that they were not to be defended, the advancing force half expected to see a cloud of smoke burst from them.

Dashing from the edge of the wood, Colonel Maynard, followed by Jakey and the rest of the staff, rode over the intervening space, and in a few minutes were climbing the slanting sides of the earthworks.

His hilarity was suddenly quenched by the colonel, who, riding up to him, told him that the brigade was ordered forward in pursuit of the retreating enemy, and that he must go back to his father and sister.

The colonel gave him a bug before parting and told him that he would send a trooper with him to see him safely on his way. Had Jakey been a soldier his action on this occasion would have been considered by any court martial rank nanting.

with me fo' a nurse." "All right, Jakey. Go it alone if you prefer it." The colonel rode away, and Jakey, shorn of the plumage he had worn so becomingly for a whole half day, proceeded on his return journey.

Jakey had not gone far before he came to a road connecting Hillsboro with the MacMinville branch of the railroad at a place called Concord. The road on which he was traveling forked into the other at an acute angle, the two running nearly parallel for a short distance.

Never a word spoke Miss Baggs. She sat bolt upright in her buggy, regarding the boy fixedly as Bobby Lee triangulated onward. As she passed she turned her head slowly, keeping her spectacles on Jakey with an unearthly stare.

If Miss Baggs was trying to make the boy believe he was mistaken, or that he saw her disembodied spirit, her effort failed signally at this point. A peal of suppressed laughter came back on the breeze to Jakey.

"She uns hain't bent on no good," said Jakey to himself as he gave Tom a jog. "Reckon she's up ter some'n." Jakey rode on musing upon Miss Baggs. He had noticed her kind treatment of his sister, and as Jakey was disposed to regard Souri the most important person on earth after Colonel Maynard Miss Baggs had thus found her way into that youthful something or other which for want of a better name may be called Jakey's heart.

While he was jogging along, turning the matter over in his mind, he saw several horsemen in blue and yellow come tearing down the road. They reined in when they came up with him and opened a volley of questions.

"Say, boy, did you see a woman with a striped dress and goggles go by?" "N a long legged wind busted critter?" "Yes."

"I suppose that means you are Confederate. We've no time to lose. The woman in that buggy is—is"— He was conjuring up a story to deceive the stupid looking boy before him and get the required information, but he was not good at inventions.



"Hello, Miss Baggs!" "Hello, Miss Baggs!" "Wanted by you uns' general or colonel or some'n?" "Yes."



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ed her out. Waal, she likes Souri anyway. Reckon she won't do no harm." Notwithstanding the view taken at the close of Jakey's colloquy, he felt very much dissatisfied with himself.

"You, Jake," said Mr. Slack, "didn't I send y' out ter th' barn ter look arter the critters last night, 'n now yer been ridin all over, nobody knows whar. Whar y' ben?"

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