96-96-96

PHOTOGRAPHIC + VIEWS.

"L thing of beauty and a

joy forever."



[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 and possessing the disadvantage of being occupied by neither Union nor Confederate troops. Between the rain and the artillery and the wagons, the roads were all out to pieces. Water stood everywhere, and often where the way passed over a depression in the ground it was necessary to pass through small lagoons. This in the daytime, when one might keep the road by observing the fences, when there were any, would not have been so difficult, but overshadowed by the great black wings of night there was absolutely no guide save by feeling underfoot or an occasional glimmer There shead indicating that the way lay shots. through an opening in the forest.

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. Now Tom's fore legs would sink into a soft spot and again would splash into a a word was spoken. Then there was a in all human beings and especially in deep rut, or one leg would be in the rut while the other was on the higher ground. Then he would flounder, while Jakey held on to the saddle with all his strength to keep from being thrown off by Tom's writhings. All the while a drizzling rain was slowly working its way through Jakey's jacket to get at the skin. The boy tried to guide his horse for awhile, but finally concluded that Tom was far better qualified to find his way than he was himself, and dropping the reins on the pommel of the saddle turned his undivided attention to keeping his seat. Every now and then Tom would stop and look about him, as much as to say, "Jakey, I don't like the looks o' things at all." But if Jakey understood him he made no comment on the remark. He had placed Tom in command and did not propose to interfere.

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, but all of a sudden he brought up against a snake fence.

Jakey was discouraged. He knew Tom had lost the road, and as for himself he did not feel competent to find mounted the horse of an orderly and it again. Bringing the horse sideways to the fence, he slid off on to the top rail and then down on to the ground. Holding the reins and leading Tom-for he dared not leave him, lest he might not find him again-the boy groped around for awhile looking for the road. It was of no use. Go where he would, there were only stumps and grass, every hol-

low being filled with water. 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 then the southern army might be away from Tullahoma. with all its stores, and perhaps there were a great many other advantages they would gain that caused Jakey, being a good Union boy, to wince, though he could not name them. But there seemed no alternative. It could not be more than two hours before daylight would show him the road, and he reluctantly concluded to go into bivousc. As he was looking for a good, broad, flat rail to stretch himself on, Tom put his nose over his shoulder affectionately and rested it there. Never before had Jakey felt so deeply any interchange of sympathy with a dumb brute.

"Tom, ole critter," he said, putting his arms about the horse's neck, "this air lonesome.'

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. At any rate as Jakey stood with his arms around the lowered neck and looking over it he espied a light.

"Golly, Tom," he exclaimed, "I reckon y' sor't." 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,

in the direction of its appearance. Suddenly there was an ominous click, which in the stillness of the night sounded with all the distinctness of the cocking of a gun.
"Who comt dare?"

Tom," rider and horse were soon away

"Mister, can y' put me on ter the

"Who you vas?"

"I'm a boy, I air."

"Vat you want?"

"I want ter go ter Manchester."

"Vat for?" Jakey thought a moment before re

plying. The question occurred to him, Was this surely a Union picket? No Confederate would be likely to challenge with a German accent. "I've got some information fo' Mr.

Rose—Rose—what's his name?" "Sheneral Rosecrans?"

"Yes."

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 -th cavalry brigade. The colonel had not yet risen. Jakey's conductor ex-plained to the sentinel on post that the boy had important information, whereupon the sentinel shouted, loud enough to wake the whole army, "Corporal of the guard!" The summoned soldier e, and it was explained to him that Jaker had important information. The

corporal went off to fetch the officer of the guard.

"What you want, sonny?" asked that erson when he arrived, buttoning a oat he had just put on.

"I don't want nothin." "Oh, you don't. I thought you did." "Reckon I got somep'n you uns want, but I'm gittin tired answerin questions

"Well, what is it, my little man?" "I ain't no little man. I'm a boy." "Can't you tell me what you have

for us?" asked the officer, smiling. "Can't tell nobody but somebody

"I don't know anybody bigger than our chief of staff about here. I'll call

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. There were two exclamations like pistol

"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 fusillade of questions and answers, after which the colonel took Jakey into his tent and sat him on his own camp cot. Jakey lost no time in giving a brief account of his trip from school, how he had slept at the guerrilla's house and how his father had heard of the evacuation of Tullahoma.

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. Say that the information is perfectly reliable, as it has been brought by a Union boy who went with me on my most important mission when I was a scout and rendered me on that occasion the most valuable service a human being can render another. Ride at once.

Never mind the division commander. There's no time to spare for army etiquette. Go." The captain saluted, and without waiting for his own horse to be saddled

> CHAPTER VI. TULLAHOMA.

dashed away.

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. Jakey argued that he could as well return from Tullahoma if they should reach it, and, if not, from any point where they might halt. The colonel at last consented, and as they rode off he remarked to the members of his staff, using the conventional military phrase for announcing a staff officer in orders, "Gentlemen, this is Jacob Slack, volunteer aid-de-camp to the colonel commanding the -th cavalry brigade, and will be obeyed and respected as such." The announcement, couched in these terms, so delighted Jakey that he came well nigh losing his balance and falling off old Tom's back and getting himself trampled on by the rest of the staff. But after the first flurry he made a most efficient aid-de-camp-that is, if riding close beside the colonel and seing always ready for an order which was never given constitutes a good staff

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. But they were silent and impotent, without troops to man 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. A point had been gained which, without the previous maneuvers, would have cost thousands of lives. Even Jakey Slack, who can hardly be called an educated soldier, experienced a certain comfort on riding unopposed over breastworks so formidable. Once within them, he got off his horse, and seeing a big siege gun from under which the carriage had been burned climbed on to it and sat a-straddle, waving his hat and cheering as vociferously as if the victory had been exclusively due to his own genius.

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. Jakey begged hard to go on, but his appeal was unavailing. His brief dignity must be resigned. From aid-de-camp on the staff of the colonel commanding the —th brigade, "to be obeyed and respected as such," he must be reduced to the level of a small boy.

The colonel gave him a hug 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 mutiny.

"D'y' think I hain't nobody nohow? Didn't I go with y' last summer ter Chattanooga when y' war nuthin but a scout? 'N didn't I stay in jail with y'?

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. He first inquired the most direct route to Hillsboro, and having been directed to it he set off at a brisk trot. He had eaten nothing since early morning and was ravenously hungry. At a farmhouse by the way he secured a meal for himself and a good feed for Tom. Then the old woman who furnished them gave him a kiss and started him again on his

Jakey had not gone far before he came to a road connecting Hillsboro with the MacMinnville 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. Looking ahead toward the fork, he saw a rig which struck him at once as being astonishingly familiar. It was none other than the rawboned horse and paint bereft buggy he had seen several times before. As it drew near, Jakey could see some one in the buggy, and he was not long in recognizing the pe-culiar dress of Miss Betsy Baggs. "Hello, Miss Baggs! Whar y' goin

at?" he called.

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. There is something superstitious boys. Something like a shiver ran down Jakey's back at sight of this singular person, who knew him perfectly, yet who passed him, her head turning mechanically, without uttering a word. For a moment he was tempted to believe that Miss Baggs had perished, and this was her ghost going to seek rest in some other land than war scarred Tennessee. But this feeling was momenta-

ry. Throwing it off, he shouted:
"Shell I give yer love ter Rats when

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. Looking after her, he saw the back of the buggy, from which streamed the tatters of the top and under it Bob Lee's four legs mingled in inextricable confusion, doing some of their best work.

'She uns hain't bent on no good,' said Jakey to himself as he gave Tom a "Reckon she's up ter somep'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. His remark was made with great seriousness. Jakev felt that it was his duty as a Union sympathizer to put some one on Miss Baggs' track. "She mought be • orken fo' the Confederates," he mused, "'n then agin she moughtn't." The latter view was most agreeable to him, because he liked Miss Baggs and would grieve to see any harm come to

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 striped dress and goggles go by?" "'N a long legged wind busted crit-

"Yes."

"'N an ole rattlin buggy?" "Yes."

"What d'y' want with her?" "Never mind that. Have you seen

"Waal, never mind whether I have or

not. Git up, Tom!" This brought the questioner to terms.

"Are you a Confederate boy?"

"Don't I live in Tennessee?"

"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



"Hello, Miss Baggs!"

stupid looking boy before him and get the required information, but he was not good at inventions. Jakey came to the rescue.

"Wanted by you uns' general or colonel or somep'n?"

"Fo' ter keep her outen danger coz she's like nuff to run inter a guerrilla

The man looked wonderingly at the boy, who was making a story for him unasked. "Y-e-s," he replied, uncertain what

"Waal, she's gone along thar. When git ter th' fork in th' road, take th' left fork."

"All right. Thanks, my little man," and the party galloped away to take the wrong road on reaching the fork. Jakey pursued his course meditative

"Reckon that warn't me done thet. 'T must 'a' ben some un else. I air a Union boy, I air. She un's Confederate. Like nuff some un got spicion of 'N now yer talkin 'bout sendin a sojer her. Reckon I can't be Union ef I help-

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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 soliloquy, he felt very much dissatisfied with himself. He rode on thoughtfully, wondering what Colonel Maynard would say if he should know what he had done. He soon met a soldier on a lame horse. Jakey inferred that he belonged to the party ahead, but had been obliged to drop out of the

'Say, mister," called the boy, "what them uns chasin thet woman in the buggy fo'?"

"Did you pass her."

"Yes." "Put 'em on the track?"

"Reckon." "She tried to slip through the lines on a forged pass. The guard was suspicious and took the pass to headanneters -after letting her go through, 1...ough,

like a fool-when the trick was discov-"Waal, reckon they'll ketch her,"

and Jakey rode on. As the dusk of the evening was coming on Tom was seen by Farmer Slack far down the street advancing at a jog trot and on him Jakey, bobbing up and down, his elbows stuck out on each side and his little legs at an obtuse angle with the rest of his body. Riding up to the little porch in front of the house, Jakey slid down from Tom's high back with as much dignity as he could command on descending from such a height. The whole household, including the children, was there to receive him, and Jakey was about to give them an account of how he had served on Colonel Maynard's staff when he caught his

father's eye. "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?"

"Waal," said Jakey, taking his cue readily, "I foun Tom loose, 'n I follered

him all over th' United States." "I'm glad y' got him," replied the father. "Go in 'n git yer supper."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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W. A. Johnson (Republican) of Garnett, Eastern division, Southern department. A. W. Dennison (Populist) of Eldo-

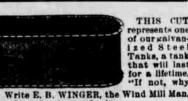
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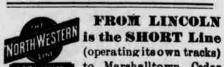
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