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CHAPTER VII OLD FRIENDS MEET.

It was the middle of August before the different columns of the Army of the Cumberland began to cross the mountains between it and Chattanooga in pursuit of the Confederates who had withdrawn to that place and there entrenched themselves.

Her great anxiety was her brother. Jakey had attended well to his studies while at school, but his teachers had found it impossible to change his methods of expressing himself.

There was another cause of solicitude as to Jakey. It must be admitted, notwithstanding Jakey's good points and a certain original shrewdness there was about him, that he never was the same boy after his few hours of service on Colonel Maynard's staff.

The Army of the Cumberland was now advancing by every possible route toward Chattanooga. One of the routes taken by the Union army lay through the Sequatchie valley and directly past the Slacks' little farm.

"Would ye mind me goin to the well for a little water?"

In the brilliant display that was revealed by the lifting of the man's hat Souri recognized a head she could never forget—the head of Corporal Ratigan.

"Why," she said, "ain't you Corporal Ratigan?"

"I am, me young lady, and if Oi'm not mistaken ye're one of the party that was goin through the lines one day a few weeks ago."

Jakey at this moment came around the house in a fashion at which he had become expert at school. This was turning handspindles sideways like a cart wheel.

"Does I know me, me boy?" asked Ratigan.

"Oh, Jakey," sighed his sister. "Well, me lad," pursued the corporal, laughing. "Who am I?"

"I see ye have a good memory. Rats. It's quare ye should have remembered that." And the corporal chuckled good naturedly.

"Mebbe y' remember some un's name."

"And who is that?" "Miss Baggs." "Certainly I do," said the corporal somewhat startled and confused.

"Waal, when we uns met her"— "Oh, Jakey, please don't say we uns," interrupted Souri.

"Waal, when we met her outen th' reach o' you uns (Souri gave a despairing look, but said nothing) she talked peart nuff, 'n she knowed me, too, but when she passed me on th' road t'other day no'th o' th' Union army she only stared at me through her goggle eyes 'n didn't say nothin nohow."

"Reckon she war in a hurry 'bout some'n 'n didn't want ter stop 'n talk or nothin."

"Did you speak to her?" "I asked her if I o'd give her love ter Rats when I sor him."

Corporal Ratigan's Irish good nature triumphed over his desire to reach down and give the boy a cuff. Jakey's countenance was solemn, as usual, and did not break into a smile in response to the corporal's embarrassed laugh.

But Souri and Jakey were destined soon to meet one who was of far more consequence to both than Corporal Ratigan. The next morning while Souri was setting the house to rights she heard the beating of innumerable horses' hoofs.

Before the head of the column had reached the house the whole Slack family were standing in the yard gaping. Two regiments passed, though each seemed like an army, for cavalry occupies three or four times the space of infantry.

Between the second and third regiments was a gap of a few hundred yards. In this rode an officer especially noticeable for his youth and manly beauty, attended by his staff and escort.

"Aha, little brother, we meet again." But there were others to engage the speaker's attention. Dropping the boy to the ground, he dismounted and was soon warmly shaking all by the hand.

"Yer Mark Malone, I reckon," said Farmer Slack, "though y' don't look much lyke the common sojer ez kem 'long hyar a year ago 'n changed yer uniform fo' our Henry's store clothes."

"Not Mark Malone—that was a fictitious name—but Mark Maynard. No, I'm not a private any longer. I command this brigade. And it's a splendid body of men. I'm proud of it."

When Colonel Maynard came to salute Souri, there was an unspeakable interest, sympathy, even tenderness, in her expressive eyes.

"Why, Souri, you're a woman. How you have improved!" A slight flush on her cheek showed the pleasure the words gave her.

"Hain't I improved?" asked Jakey. "Improved? Certainly. Have you conquered your old habit of answering people with questions?"

"Did I lick Johnny? Oh, yes," suddenly recollecting himself. "I purty nigh got over that."

"So I perceive," said the colonel, smiling. "You're a perfect paragon at expressing yourself."

"Won't yer come in 'n set down?" asked Mrs. Slack. "Not now. I am going to meet my wife, whom I have not seen for nearly a year. I expect to find her at her mother's plantation near Chattanooga. You remember how she hid me when my neck was in a halter on that very plantation; how I came north in disguise with her; how I came here one night, where I had left my horse and uniform, and dashed away to the Union lines; how she followed me, and we were married by a chaplain. Well, I've never seen her since a week after our marriage. Old Pap is famous for not allowing women in camp, and he made no exception in Mrs. Maynard's case except for one week's honeymoon in recognition of service rendered the cause."

"And yer wife's gone back onto the plantation?" said Mrs. Slack. "She has. You see, in June a recruit entered our family quarters in the shape of a ten pounder boy. Before that happened Mrs. Maynard went through the lines to join her mother, Mrs. Fain. As the youngster is not old enough to report to his father since his enlistment, I suppose his father will have to report to him."

"Jakey," said the colonel, you haven't forgotten how, when I went through here a year ago, I asked you to go with me on my way to Chattanooga to get information of the movements of the Confederate army?"

"Hev I forgot when I war yer aid-camp? Oh, no, no, I hain't forgot."



"I thank you very much." prison may be called an inducement. Now, if you will go along, I'll promise you the best that Mrs. Maynard can provide at the plantation. Will you go?"

"Will I? Course I will. Paw, can I hev Tom?" "Sartin, boy," and the farmer turned and went to the barn.

"Won't you need a— a luncheon?" asked Souri, whose hesitation was an effort to avoid the word "snack," the only name she had known for a cold bite before she went north to school.

"Oh, no," said the colonel. "We shall ride directly to the plantation. We'll get plenty to eat when we arrive."

Meanwhile Jakey had followed his father to the barn. Mrs. Slack stepped into the house to make up a bundle for the boy. Maynard and Souri sauntered aimlessly in the yard. Presently they found themselves at the wellhouse. Souri leaned over it and looked down into the well. There was something she wanted to say, but found it difficult.

"I thank you very much for what you've done for me," she said. "Why, Souri, what have I done for you compared with what you did for me?"

"Didn't you find me a 'poor white' girl a year ago, and haven't you sent me to school, with Jakey, and helped me to look into a world that would have been always closed to me except for you?"

"And wouldn't my world have been entirely closed to me except for you?" Souri was silent.

"Souri, when you speak to me of obligation you remind me how deeply I am obliged to you. When I was imprisoned at Chattanooga, charged with being a spy, tried, convicted and about to be hanged, you came and effected my escape. Why, child, were it not for you my bones would this minute be moldering in the jailyard at Chattanooga."

"But Mrs. Maynard, she"— "Souri paused. She was bending low over the side of the wellhouse, her face in the palms of her hands, her elbows resting on the board beside the bucket, and looking down as though seeking for something in the dark slud below.

"She completed what you began," the colonel finished for her. "It was more for her to do. 'Twasn't nothin—anything for me. You uns—you was Union, and so was I. She was Confederate."

There was a depth of feeling in Souri which threw her off her guard and made it difficult for her to adhere to her training in expressing herself.

"Souri, I am indebted to two lovely women for every breath I draw. You opened my prison doors. She who is my wife concealed me when I was hunted for my life. Let us talk no more about it. The very mention of the narrowness of my escape gives me a choking sensation about the neck."

Jakey came trotting out of the barn on Tom, the rim of his felt hat flapping up and down at each step. The farmer followed, and Mrs. Slack came out with Jakey's bundle. Then with a handshaking all around, and a "God bless you, my little girl," from Maynard to Souri, the two started on their way, not on foot, as on their former journey, but each with a good mount.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] The Big Coal Strike. PITTSBURG, Pa., March 12.—The strike of the miners of the Pittsburgh district has reached a point where both sides are claiming the advantage. The miners say that they now have over 5,000 men working at the sixty-nine cent rate. The fourth pool operators held a conference Saturday evening at which they agreed to pay the sixty-nine cent rate and most of the men returned to work this morning. The remainder will be at their places to-morrow.

A Lad Shoots His Father Dead. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 12.—Nicholas Bodvin, aged 17, shot his father, Peter Bodvin, twice through the head. He claims that his father attacked him, but the circumstantial evidence seems to show that the boy approached from behind, struck his father with some blunt instrument and then shot him. After committing the crime he gave himself up.

SATOLLI IN A NEW ROLE.

SAID TO BE DEALING WITH GOVERNMENTAL MATTERS.

THE QUESTION OF CHURCH AND STATE

An interesting and important communication to Officials of Guatemala Given Out in San Francisco in Which Significant Reference is Made to the United States and Rome.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12.—Private advices received here give an interesting and important communication from Mgr. Satolli to officials of Guatemala, concerning that country's following the course of Nicaragua in sending to Rome an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. In the course of the document reference is made as to the propriety under the United States constitution of official relations between Washington and Rome and an interpretation given to that feature of the constitution relative to the separation of church and state.

Mgr. Satolli's letter was written while negotiations were pending, about four months ago. It refers at length to difficulties in church administration in Guatemala, and suggests that certain changes desired by the government should be accompanied by an equivalent of serious advantage to render less burdensome the condition of the church in Guatemala. The document then says:

"In the first place to allow me to reflect that to re-establish diplomatic relations between the Holy See and your government, a 'concordat' would be necessary but that they could be re-established and maintained without it. Besides it is well to reflect that the holy father enjoys always in fact and by international right the prerogatives of sovereignty. In the second place the separation (sanctioned by the constitution) excluded the action of one power over another in civil matters in regard to the church and in religious matters in respect to the state; but does not exclude official relations between the one power and the other, unless by separation is meant the inevitable hostility or open wrong of the civil power toward the church and its ministry. It is also to the point to consider that many nations (although they have in their constitutions the said principle of separation between state and church) maintain, nevertheless, amicable reports and relations with the Holy See, and I can also add that although the Holy See has no diplomatic representatives with the empires of China and Japan, it has certainly found no official obstacle in their diversity of religion. And the condition of the Catholic church in the United States, in whose constitution was inserted the article of separation of the state from any religious sect, cannot escape our consideration, I might almost say, a sense of surprise, if up to date no official relations exist between the government and the Holy See and although the majority of the population is anti-Catholic. In the meantime the church is maintaining possibly greater development and liberty than in other states."

Besides this direct reference to the United States it is said that Mgr. Satolli's argument as to the propriety of official relations between Guatemala and Rome applies also to the United States as he states that the constitutional provision of both countries is the same respecting church and state.

It is said that this is the first time, so far as is known, that Mgr. Satolli's mission has been extended outside of spiritual questions, and has dealt with governmental subjects.

AVENGED HIS CHILD'S WRONG.

City Marshal of Unionville, Mo., Shoots and Kills His Daughter's Betrayer.

UNIONVILLE, Mo., March 12.—Will Clark, city marshal, shot and killed Al Todd, colored, last night. The latter and Marshal Clark's daughter ran away together last week and were found at Ottumwa. Todd was brought back to this city by Clark. Repulsive as the fact may seem the colored Lothario informed the young lady's father that she had been ruined by him. Upon the promise that Todd would never again show himself, Clark told him to go, as he did not want to give the case publicity.

At a late hour last night, however, Todd, in company with his half brother, Joe Johnson, went to Clark's home and called the latter up. Clark ordered him away, but instead of going he drew a revolver in a menacing manner, when Clark shot him.

The coroner's jury exonerated Clark. Johnson, the half-brother of Todd, led immediately, and has not been heard of. He is guilty of a similar crime. There is considerable feeling here against three or four colored men, and if more trouble is experienced but little surprise will be manifested.

MANY CHINESE SLAIN.

General Sung Defeated by the Japs at Thien Chwang Tai.

YOKOHAMA, March 12.—On Thursday last the Japanese captured the coast forts near Yin Kow, the port for New Chwang. The forts held out after the capture of Yin Kow. On Saturday the first division of the Japanese army attacked a force of 10,000 Chinese, under General Sung, at Thien Chwang Tai. For four hours a fierce battle raged, but the Chinese were defeated after losing 2,000 killed or wounded. The Japanese loss was only ninety killed or wounded.

Madge Yorke's Stayer in Prison.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12.—James B. Gentry, the murderer of Actress Madge Yorke, was removed in an ambulance from the German hospital to Mayomensing prison.

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Shot His Wife and Himself. CINCINNATI, Ohio, March 12.—Michael McCarthy, a laborer, shot his wife to-day, went to the house of his brother-in-law, told of his crime and then shot himself in the breast and lay down to die on the river bank. The wife will die, but the man is expected to recover.

The body of Eugene Rhodes of Hutchinson, Kan., who was drowned on the Elbe, has been recovered.

Out of Work and Shot Himself. FORT SCOTT, Kan., March 12.—Clint Baker attempted suicide yesterday morning. He had been working in Pittsburg for several months, but was discharged the 1st of the month. He came here, went to the house next to his wife's home and, after sending a messenger for his wife, sent a shot into his right lung, the wound of which will prove fatal. "Out of money, out of work," is the reason for the deed.

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Notice of Sale of Real Estate In the matter of the Estate of Mary A. Hostetter, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Samuel Chapman, judge of the district court of Otoe county, State of Nebraska, made on the 21st day of February, 1895, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at the premises, No. 5111 O St., Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 29th day of March, 1895, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, subject to incumbrances against the same, the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot numbered six (6), in block numbered one (1), in Plainview addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open one hour.

Dated this 27th day of February, 1895. C. M. McCREW, Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Hostetter, deceased.

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