

Chickamauga.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

CHAPTER XII. A CHANGED ENEMY.

Corporal Ratigan had been worked up to such a fever of excitement by the chase and his complicated feelings toward the object of it that when he shot over the rise in the ground that hid the fugitive from his view his visage was distorted from the expression of good nature usually stamped upon it to one which can only be called demoniac.



He put the neck of a battered canteen to her lips.

graph stealer that he might turn her over to the military authorities of his own army to be hanged, and now he was suddenly plunged into terror for fear she had been killed. He went on, but with a new object distinct in his mind. It was not to injure Miss Baggs, but to succor her.

He soon came to the heap of splinters and iron which marked the point of collapse of Miss Baggs' buggy. Miss Baggs was not visible. Had she taken to the wood beyond the fork of the road? For a moment there was a delightful sense of relief, but it was soon followed by the animal instinct of the savage chasing an object of prey.

In that nonresistance of unconsciousness he forgot that this woman had been engaged in what the world condemns openly, if not secretly, as illegitimate warfare. To him she was innocent, not that he reasoned upon her acts, but because a mysterious something—a breath from spirit land—had made her more to him than all the world beside.

"Darlin, darlin, come back to life. Come back, if it's only long enough to tell me ye forgive me for me cowardly chasin' ya. Oi've killed ya. Oi know it. Oi wish some one would run a bayonet through me own rotten heart."

"Duty! Is it a man's duty to run down a woman like a hare? Don't talk to me of duty. If ye suffer for this, Oi'll desert and go back to Ireland, and God be praised if he'll send a storm to sink the ship and me in it. There's a drop in me canteen—a drop of whiskey. Will ye take it, darlin—I mean—I don't know what I'm talkin about. Let me put it to yer lips. Take a swallow. It'll revive ye. No?" She appeared to be passing back to unconsciousness.

She opened her eyes. Evidently she had heard. There was an expression on her face indicating that his words had produced that effect upon her which might be expected in a woman who hears a strong man, unconsciously and unintentionally, declaring his love.

What a change from the day he had jokingly asked her to take an oath for "moi sake!"

"For your sake, Rats. Give it to me." He put the neck of a battered tin canteen to her lips, and she drank a little of the liquid. It produced a beneficial change at once. A tinge of color came to her cheeks, and she breathed more easily.

A clattering of horses' hoofs, a clanking of sabers, mounted figures standing out against the morning sky on the crest behind them, and three cavalymen are dashing on to where lies Miss Baggs and kneels the corporal.

"Who is she?" "Well, that's to be found out some other time. One of ye'd better ride back for an ambulance and a surgeon."

"Never mind the surgeon," said Miss Baggs faintly. "Well, bring the ambulance anyway," said Ratigan. "Ye can all go back if ye like. Oi'll stay with her. She's me own prisoner."

"There's no need of all going," said the man who had spoken. "I'll go myself."

He turned and rode away, while the others dismounted and threw the reins of their bridles over a fence rail. One of them caught Bobby Lee, who was cropping the grass near by, occasionally looking up as though suspicious that something had happened.

"What was that compared with what Oi've done?" he moaned. "Do you forgive me?" "Oi do. But Oi've nothin to forgive."

with these dispatches in your possession, and beyond our lines, you would hold this army at your mercy?" "I am."

"The natural method of procedure in this case," he said, looking at her sternly, "is for me to report your capture and the circumstances attending it to headquarters. Word comes back to try you by 'drumhead' court martial and hang you to tomorrow morning."

"Well, that is the end of the story." There was silence for a few moments while they regarded each other.

"It is not the end of the story, general. The story of a life has no end. Death is but a transition. It pleases the Great Commander to assign me a fruitless task. It is not for me to ask why. I am but one of his soldiers, fighting with my brothers for my people."

"All I ask, general," she said presently, seeing that he did not speak, "is that there be no greater delay than necessary. Now I have a strength which may be worn away by long waiting, with death staring me in the face."

"I will not harm you," he said presently. "Some one else must take the responsibility of this complication of death and a woman."

"I am not in the habit of receiving suggestions from my brigade or regimental commanders, much less a corporal."

"Corporal, you may go to your camp." "Yes, sir."

"Orderly," called the general to a man standing near, "take this woman to the ambulance."

"What are these?" asked the surprised commander. "Copies of intercepted telegrams."

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"Nightshirts for Men Liberally Long and Wide" is the sign in a New York window.

A conscience-stricken citizen of Lynn, Mass., sent the city treasurer \$2,000 to pay the city for taxes wrongfully withheld.

The drainage of the cup or basin in which the City of Mexico was placed has occupied 300 years, has cost 200,000 lives, mostly of convicts, and is only now approaching completion.

A fat woman from a museum was arrested in Baltimore and fined \$2 for using profane language. She weighed 475 pounds and when marched to the bar she completely filled the space usually reserved for prisoners and witnesses.

One of the curiosities of the Stinking-water canyon, Wyoming, is the alum water cave. The cave appears to be an extinct geyser, and is about fifteen feet across and easily accessible. The alum is along the sides and about six feet in thickness.

A case of poisoning by nutmegs is reported to the Lancet by a Scotch doctor. A woman for some reason had swallowed two nutmegs ground into a little gin. She was seized with vertigo, became delirious, while the heart's action became faint. It took three days of energetic treatment to set her on her feet again.

The annual report of the New York Exchange for Women's Work shows that last year it sold over \$13,000 worth of home-made cakes, and that since 1878 the value of the cakes sold have been nearly \$140,000. The exchange has thus far filled 73,952 orders for sewing, embroidery and fancy articles, and only 271 were "unsatisfactory."

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Two pairs of eyes met and clashed, a tree without a moment's delay, and above all there was about her a divine consciousness of having done a duty, a look of triumph under defeat, that compelled his reverence as well as his admiration.