

Chickamauga.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER XVII. RATIGAN'S MISSION.

The extreme left of the Army of the Cumberland, from which Corporal Ratigan started to go through the lines, was held only by cavalry and mounted infantry, and these widely separated. There was no regular picket line such as usually exists between armies confronting each other where the different branches of the service are represented in one continuous line. Consequently the corporal had a far better chance to get through than under ordinary circumstances.

Passing over the Pea Vine ridge, he descended the other side sloping to a small stream called Pea Vine creek. It was essential that he slip through between the Union vedettes unseen, for if observed he would be taken for a deserter and either shot or sent in to the headquarters of his regiment. The vedettes were principally on the roads, and the corporal, believing that they would be looking for an enemy on routes over which cavalry could best advance, selected one least advantageous for a horse to follow. Wherever he could find a thick clump of trees or low growth, a knoll, a ravine, indeed anything difficult for a horse to pass, he would go over or through it. Now he would stop to listen for some sound such as a horse is liable to make, and now would steal on his hands and knees or crawl on his belly over some eminence where, if he should stand upright, his body would make a silhouette against the sky. On crossing a bit of level ground he suddenly heard a horse's "splutter." He was near a clump of bushes in which he lost no time in concealing himself. A cavalryman rode by within 50 feet of him, walking his horse slowly, the butt of his carbine resting on his right leg, and in a position to be used readily. He was patrolling a boat. Ratigan waited till he had gone past, then darted onward to trees which, from their irregular line, he judged grew beside the creek. He was not disappointed and was soon standing in shallow water, resting for a few minutes under a low bank.

Once past the creek he felt that one-half his danger was ended. He had doubtless got beyond the range of his own comrades, and now came a great danger of meeting the Confederate pickets. Leaving the creek, he ascended a slight eminence and made a survey of the surrounding country. All was silent, except that he could hear an occasional sound like a distant burst of laughter, or a shout from the direction of Ringold, in his front. Presently he heard the unmistakable rumble of a train coming from the south.

"It will pass right down there behind that clump of trees and go through the cut," said the corporal. "O! wonder wouldn't it be a good plan to take advantage of its noise when it passes to slip through the outposts. They'll be thinking of the train, and O! can follow in its wake."

He advanced cautiously to the trees beside the track and waited for the train. Presently the headlight of a locomotive shot out from around a curve. The corporal had forgotten that its light would reveal him to the engineer. He crouched down out of sight with a high beating heart, and none too soon, for had he staid where he was the light would have shone directly on him. He waited while the engine puffed slowly by. It was drawing a long train of mixed passenger, cattle and platform cars, every car crowded with troops.

"They're preparin to give us a brush in earnest. Like enough these are re-enforcements," muttered the corporal. Ratigan determined to follow the railroad north to Ringold, which he judged to be only a mile distant. The train loaded with Confederate troops having just passed, the guards he might meet would probably not be very suspicious of an enemy. He walked on the track for a short distance, expecting a challenge with every step.

He received one suddenly, just before entering a wood. A man on horseback aimed a carbine at him and gave the customary:

"Who comes thar?"
Ratigan at once threw up his hands, which his challenger could distinctly see, and cried out, "I want ye to take me to Colonel Fitz Hugh."

"What do you want with him?"
"Do ye know him?"
"He commands a regiment in our brigade."

Seeing that the corporal held his hands above his head, the man permitted him to draw near. Once here, Ratigan informed him of the nature of his mission and begged him for Colonel Fitz Hugh's sake to send him to Ringold at once. The vedette was convinced from Ratigan's earnestness that he bore a message of importance, and calling his comrades ordered one of them to dismount. Then, taking the precaution to blindfold him and mount him, and placing a horseman on either side of him sent the three clattering toward Ringold. It was not a long distance to the town, but all distances, all periods of waiting, seemed long to the corporal. Was not the terrible event to take place at sunrise? And now it must be near midnight.

"What is the time?" he asked of his conductors.
"Twenty minutes to 11."
"Let's go faster. Colonel Fitz Hugh would be as anxious for me to get on as O! am myself if he knew me errand."
"All right. Let's light out, Pota." And Ratigan felt the motion of a gallop in the horse he rode. And now came a "halt" from a guard and an answer, followed by "Advance and give the countersign." One of the men goes for-

ward for the purpose. Then the party goes on again, but what they pass or where they are going Ratigan knows nothing about. He only knows that they are moving, and that they are not moving fast enough to suit him. Presently they stop, and the corporal can hear one of the men dismount. There is a stroke of a clock evidently from a church spire. He counted, "One, two, three," and on to eleven.
"Dismount."
He lost no time in throwing himself from his horse and was led forward. The air became warmer. He must be in an inclosure. The bandage was taken from his eyes.

He was standing in a tent lighted by a candle fixed to the end of a stake driven into the ground. There was but one other person present, a Confederate officer. He was a tall, slender young man, with long black hair, a mustache and goatee, and an eye honest, respect inspiring, and with all the gentleness of a woman's.

"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?" asked the corporal, making a salute as if in presence of an officer of his own side.
"I am."
"O! have a message from yer sister."
Colonel Fitz Hugh turned ashy pale. No one could come to him from her without striking terror into him, for he knew the work in which she was engaged.

"I am."
"O! have a message from yer sister."
Colonel Fitz Hugh turned ashy pale. No one could come to him from her without striking terror into him, for he knew the work in which she was engaged.



"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?"

ed. For months he had lived in dread of her capture. If the messenger had been a citizen or a Confederate soldier, it might not speak so clearly of danger, but coming from a Yankee trooper quick reasoning told him that she had doubtless met with disaster.

"Indeed," was all his reply to the corporal's announcement.

"O! m' sorry to inform ye, sir," said the corporal in a voice which he vainly endeavored to keep steady, "that Miss Fitz Hugh, passin under the name of Elizabeth Baggs—"

Fitz Hugh put his hand on Ratigan's arm and stopped him, while he gathered his faculties to bear what he knew was coming.

"Was pursued by a contemptible cur of a Yankee, who deserves to be hanged for chasin a woman?"
"Yes, yes. Go on."
"Was captured and—"
"O God!"

"Condemned to be shot for a spy tomorrow mornin at sunrise."

Fitz Hugh sank back on a camp cot and covered his face with his hands. For a few moments the corporal respected his grief by silence, but time was precious, and he soon continued.

"Thinkin ye might exercise some influence to save her, O! ve come to inform ye of the—distressin fact."
The last two words were spoken in a broken voice.

"By whose authority?"
Fitz Hugh rose and stood before the corporal. He had nerved himself for whatever was to follow.

"Colonel Mark Maynard, commanding the—th cavalry brigade."

"Do ye mean to tell me," said Fitz Hugh, with a singular, impressive slowness, "that my sister is at the mercy of Mark Maynard?"

"He is charged with her execution." Colonel Fitz Hugh shuddered. "That man is my Nemesis," he cried in a voice filled with a kind of despair.

"'Tis he that sent me to ye."
"He?"
"The same."
"Does he wish to save my sister?"
"He does."
"Why, then, does he not do so?"
"He can only save her by his own disgrace. Yer sister will not accept the sacrifice."
"A true Fitz Hugh," said the brother proudly.

"Then Miss Fitz Hugh suggested that he might send me to inform ye of the situation, that ye might yet opportunity to use any influence ye would consider wise and honorable to secure a reprieve."

Fitz Hugh thought earnestly with his head bowed, his eyes fixed on a spot on the ground.

"There is nothing that I can do," he said at last. "Threaten'd retaliation is the only recourse, and that could not be effected under the circumstances without implicating Colonel Maynard."
"Then ye see no way open?" asked the corporal despondently.

"It is impossible for me to act intelligently alone. If I could see Colonel Maynard, perhaps together we might hit upon a plan."
"Would ye meet him between the lines?"
"There is not sufficient time."
"There's five or six hours."
Fitz Hugh stood pondering for a few moments without reply. Then, suddenly starting up, he said:

"Go tell Colonel Maynard that I will meet him as ye suggest. Let the point of rendezvous be—let me see—where do you consider a feasible point? You have just come through."
"O! would name the bank of the creek at a point due west of this."
"How long a time will be required before the meeting can take place? It is now a little after 11."
"It may be an hour; it may be longer. If ye will be there, colonel, at 12 o'clock, we'll meet ye as soon after as possible."

"You will find me there at 12."
"It would be well, colonel, to concert a signal by which each should know the other."
"Suggest one."
"O! I'll doubtless be with Colonel Maynard. O! I'll cry 'Oireland,' and ye can respond!"
"To the rescue."

Colonel Fitz Hugh called to those waiting outside, who had brought in Corporal Ratigan and directed them to blindfold him and take him to the Federal lines, and, if possible, insure his getting through without injury. They were to report the result to him in any event.

Ratigan knew nothing but the gallop of the horse on which he sat, with a handkerchief about his eyes, until the party conducting him drew rein and he was directed to dismount. Then he was asked if he would be escorted to a Union vedette known to be on a road leading around the north end of the ridge or whether he would go alone.
"O! I'll go alone," he said. "If ye go with me, they'll think it a midnight attack."
Starting forward, the corporal trudged over a short distance between him and the vedette. As he drew near he began to sing a few lines from a play popular at the time.

Them's the boys
What makes a noise,
Is the R'yal artillery.

"Who comes there?" cried the vedette, cocking his piece as Ratigan came in sight.
"Friend with the countersign, to be sure! Who d'ye suppose?"
"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," called the man. He was a good deal puzzled at hearing the Irish brogue coming from that direction, but it reassured him. He did not have much fear of an enemy unless it were a trap to get him at a disadvantage. Ratigan drew near and whispered, "Carnifax Ferry."

"What are you doing out there?" queried the man.
"Lookin out for trains bringin in troops. One came in half an hour ago loaded."
"You don't mean it! Guess they're getting in re-enforcements."
"I believe ye, me boy."

Ratigan walked on toward the camp till he got out of sight of the vedette. Then he ran till he dropped breathless in Colonel Maynard's tent.

CHAPTER XVIII. A STRANGE MEETING.

Ratigan was so exhausted as to be only able to give Maynard a few detached sentences, conveying some idea as to what he had accomplished. There was little that it was essential should be told except that Colonel Fitz Hugh would meet him between the lines as soon as he could get there. Casting a glance at his watch, Maynard noticed that it was 20 minutes to 12. The distance to the point of rendezvous, as near as they could estimate it, was two miles. Every minute was precious. It would be midnight before they could meet, and then they would only have about six hours in which to take measures to secure a reprieve. They could only do so by communicating with general headquarters, some 15 miles away. In any event the case was desperate. However, Maynard had been used in his scouting days to sudden transitions and had himself escaped from prison on the very night before his intended execution. Calling his striker, he bade him saddle Madge, who, he knew, could carry him over the ground at no laggard pace, and, ordering a mount for the corporal at the same time, the two waited impatiently till both animals were led up before the tent.

Mounting, they began to climb the Pea Vine ridge. Ratigan, who had been over the ground, led the way. They reached the top of the ridge, and the corporal pointed out the position on the creek, due west of Ringold, where they were to meet Colonel Fitz Hugh. Descending the slope, they came upon a Union vedette and were challenged with the usual words, "Who comes there?"

"The colonel commanding, with an orderly, inspecting vedettes."
They were advanced, gave the countersign and passed on. Taking a route between two roads and meeting no more guards, they cautiously approached the place of rendezvous.

On reaching the bank of the creek they descended it, the corporal riding ahead and peering through the darkness to discover what they were looking for. Presently the dark figure of a horseman emerged from a clump of trees on the opposite bank and rode forward toward the creek. Ratigan saw him, and, believing him to be some one in attendance upon Colonel Fitz Hugh, called:

"Oireland."
"To the rescue," called the man in a low voice, and rode up to the margin of the creek.

The two men arranged that Colonel Fitz Hugh and Colonel Maynard should advance to the respective places they themselves occupied as soon as they had withdrawn. Then, wheeling, each rode back to his principal, and in a few moments more the Union and Confederate officers faced each other from opposite banks of the creek. The distance between them at this point was but a few yards, and the night was not so dark but that they could plainly see each other. The equestrian figures stood silent, each waiting for the other to speak. The only sound came from the gurgling of the stream which flowed between them.

"You are Colonel Fitz Hugh, I believe," said Maynard.
"I am. I recognize Colonel Maynard's voice."
"I heard yours last on a certain evening a year ago—an evening memorable to both of us. Then you gave me my life, and by doing so placed yourself in a position to be shot for a traitor to your cause."
"Not for your sake, colonel—for the sake of another."
"It matters not for whose sake; the act remains. Not before you spared

me when you found me under a roof which covered?"

"Then I respected the laws of hospitality, sacred in the south. Let us not dwell on these matters, colonel. Let us proceed with that upon which we have met for consultation."
"You are right. Time presses. Your sister stands convicted of the same offense as mine at the time of which we have been speaking and sentenced to die at sunrise. We meet to concert a method to save her."

"At my request. But any proposition must come from you, Colonel Maynard. I am unfamiliar with the feeling on the part of those in power in the Federal army as to executing a sentence of death upon a woman."

"Circumstances which I cannot explain, for they pertain to the situation in which these two armies are placed, render the feeling against your sister very severe."
"You have suggested my exerting influence from our side?"
"It was your sister who suggested it. I have little faith in it."
"What did you propose?"
"That which your sister would not accept."
"And that was?"
Maynard whispered in a strange, savage tone:

"To use my authority as commanding the brigade charged with her keeping to place her within your lines."
"And now?"
"I listen for some suggestion from you."
"I can think of none except, with your permission, to enter a protest over the signature of our commanding officers of highest rank."
"It would avail nothing."
"Then there is nothing to save her from this sacrifice, which, though she has always been prepared for it, and doubtless will now meet it, like the remarkable woman she is, with becoming fortitude, is still hard for those of us who love and respect her to bear. We will reverse her memory as a martyr."

During this dialogue each man sat on his horse without any movement and spoke in measured, formal, automatic tones. Maynard's words were quicker than Fitz Hugh's, who held to the slower fashion of speaking, common in the south. After the last sentence spoken by Fitz Hugh there was a long silence. They had met for a purpose. Their meeting was a failure.

It seemed to both that they could hear their watches ticking away the seconds that lay between Caroline Fitz Hugh and death. Neither knew the agony suffered by the other unless he judged that other by himself. Neither had the heart to terminate the interview, though both knew that it was fruitless. A night bird set up a dismal cry. It seemed a deathknell.

Then Maynard broke the silence.
"Colonel," he said in a set voice, "remain here or meet me here at any time after an hour. It may be the small hours of the morning. It will be, if at all, before sunrise."
"What do you propose to do?"
"What I propose to do neither you nor your sister shall know till it has been accomplished."
"I will remain here or near by, and at 1 o'clock you will find me where I now am."
"Adieu," cried Maynard as he turned his horse's head and galloped away.
"Adieu," replied Fitz Hugh in the stately tone to which he was accustomed, and raised his hat as politely as if he were saluting in a ballroom.

Fitz Hugh rejoined his companion and rode away in the direction of Ringold, and Maynard, followed by Ratigan, started back toward their camp. Maynard's brain was in a fever. Time had been expended to no gain. The small hours were coming on, and only six of them would pass before the event he so much dreaded would take place. He had formed his resolve. Whether wise or foolish, right or wrong, practical or impossible, his resolution was taken. Once determined upon his course he spurred his horse on without thought of obstacle. Turning from the rough ground on which he rode, he was about to take the road, on which he might get on faster, when he was suddenly startled by the firing of a bullet and the sound that came with it. The shot rang close to his ear, almost brushing his temple.

Knowing that he had by his carelessness suddenly come upon a Union vedette he called out:
"Cease firing! Friends!"
In answer to a call to advance Ratigan rode forward and found a vedette, who had mistaken them for an enemy. On making themselves known they were suffered to pass on, and Maynard, feeling that he was too incautious to lead, gave way to Ratigan. They proceeded on their way with more caution and passed through a gap in the ridge leading to Reed's bridge.

The good footing of the road enabled them, after getting well into their lines, to proceed rapidly. After they had passed the ridge they left the road and turned northward. Soon after they reached camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
**Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.**

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

TAKE NOTICE!

Book and Job Printing
In all its branches.
County Printing and Supplies

Lithographing . . .

Book Binding
From the simplest style to the most elaborate.

Engraving
Of all kinds.

Blank Books
In every style.

Legal Blanks
The Red Line Series, the handsomest Blank in the country, printed on Bond Paper at less expense than other houses furnish them on ordinary flat paper.

Stereotyping
From superior hard metal.

Printers' Rollers
Made by an expert from the best and most durable material.

Country Printers
Having county or other work, which they cannot themselves handle, would make money by writing us for terms.

WEALTH MAKERS PUB. CO. Lincoln, Neb.

A WOMAN'S HEART. ONE DISEASE THAT Baffles THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered
for Nine Years—How She Was
Cured.

(From the Newark, N. J., Evening News.)

One the summit of a pretty little knoll in the heart of the village of Clifton, N. J., stands a handsome residence about which cluster the elements of what is regarded by the country people round about as little short of a miracle. The house is occupied by the family of Mr. Geo. Archer, a former attaché of the police department of New York City, but who now holds a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Archer's family consists of his wife, a sprightly little woman, who presents a picture of perfect health, and a son, twenty-seven years of age. No one would suppose to look at Mrs. Archer now that she was for nearly nine years, and less than two months ago, an invalid so debilitated that life was a burden. Yet such was the case according to the statements made by Mrs. Archer and her relatives to a reporter who visited their pretty home recently.

In 1885 she strained herself in running to catch a boat. Then ensued a long spell of illness, resulting from the tax upon her strength. Doctor after doctor was consulted and while all agreed that the patient was suffering from a valvular trouble of the heart, none could afford her the slightest relief.

"Oh, the agony I have suffered," said Mrs. Archer, in speaking of her illness. "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go up stairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arm and chest as though I were tied with ropes. Then there was a terrible noise at my right ear, like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often turned expecting to see some creature at my side. The only relief I obtained was when I visited Florida and spent several months there. On my return, however, the pains came back with renewed force."

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the Springfield Examiner telling of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother urged me to try the pills and on November 25th last I bought a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, encouraged by the requests of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again."

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis and I induced him to try the Pink Pills, with great benefit. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure and I bless God that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

"Mr. Archer confirmed his wife's statement and said that a year ago Mrs. Archer could not walk one hundred feet without sitting down to rest."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and

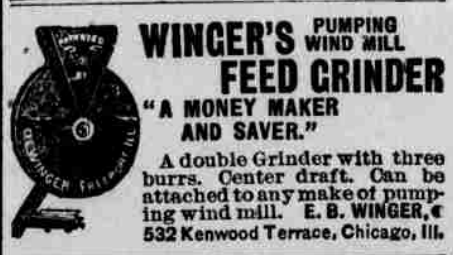
all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.



Farm For Sale.
420 acres: 60 acres in cultivation; 5-room dwelling, good well of pure water and cistern, 200 acres prairie, 60 acres timber; situated 2 1/2 miles from Des Arc, the county seat of Prairie county, a busy little town on the west bank of White River; cheap transportation by steamer line; good church and school privileges. Price \$2,850. \$1,000 cash, balance in deferred payments. Address: W. H. VIVION, Loneke, Ark.

**TINGLEY & BURKETT,
Attorneys-at-Law,**
1026 O St., Lincoln, Neb.
Collections made and money remitted same day as collected.

BY "DIRECT FROM FACTORY BEST
MIXED Paints.
At WHOLESALE PRICES, Delivered Free. For Homes, Barns, Roofs, all colors, and SAVE Middlemen's profits. In use 50 years. Endorsed by Grange and Farmers' Alliance. Low prices will surprise you. Write for samples, O. W. INGEWORTH, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



**WINGER'S PUMPING
MILL
FEED GRINDER
"A MONEY MAKER
AND SAVER."**
A Double Grinder with three burrs. Center draft. Can be attached to any make of pumping wind mill. E. B. WINGER, 532 Kenwood Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

The Sledge-Hammer
Is one of the best Populist papers in existence. It is published weekly at Meadville, Pa., at 50 cents a year or three months on trial for 10 cents. We have special terms by which we can furnish the Sledge-Hammer and THE WEALTH MAKERS one year for \$1.20.

Education..
...OF VOTERS...
Should be the watchword of every Populist from now until after election 1896. The

Farmers Tribune
Published at Des Moines, Iowa, has made a special rate, giving that large eight-page paper for FIFTY CENTS per year. This rate is good only until May 1st, so all should take advantage of it at once.
The TRIBUNE is an educator and stands squarely on the Omaha platform. It has a department of general news as well as Populist news. It has a large list of correspondents and its editorials are able and instructive. It is a vote-maker. While the price of this able paper is FIFTY CENTS all should become subscribers. Remember, this rate is for April only. Samples sent on application. Send in at once. Send a club if possible. Address
**Farmers Tribune,
Des Moines, Iowa.**

To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.