

Ghickamauga.

By Captain F. A. MITCHELL.

(Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.)

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XIX. IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Once inside his tent Colonel Maynard said: "Corporal, I want you to get me the uniform of a private soldier. You must do so without exciting suspicion."

"I fear that will take too long. Can't you steal one from one of the tents near by?"

"O! might be able to do it, and O! might spend the whole night trying. O! can get one at my camp certain."

"I would take your jacket, but I want your assistance. There's no other way but for you to go to your camp."

"Colonel, O! will ride hard." "Ride, and remember that every moment is worth years at any other time."

Ratigan lost no time in mounting and was soon galloping on his way. Once out of the camp from which he started he found no guards to pass and was able to drive his horse to the utmost.

The night before he had chased the woman whom he had then known as Betsy Baggs in a mad race to capture her. Now he was tearing along in a mad race to save her from the consequences of his capture.

With such contradictory and incoherent phrases Ratigan urged his horse till he could go no faster. Again did hills, vales, woods, waters, fences fly by till at last the corporal dismounted at the camp he rode for, and in a moment was in Colonel Maynard's tent.

The corporal started back. A man stood there whom he did not recognize for a few moments as Colonel Maynard. He had no beard, while the colonel had had a heavy one. His hair and eyebrows were black, while the colonel's were light, and the hair which had hung below his hat in short curls was now cropped.

which it was difficult for her to keep from breaking. "Come," said the colonel. She followed him to the porch, and Corporal Ratigan joined them, but it was too dark for the prisoner to see who he was, and he did not dare to make himself known.

"Not a word till we get further away." They walked on at an ordinary pace, though all desired to hasten. After passing some distance from the house Maynard turned and glanced back. He saw the sergeant watching.

"We must go to the tent," he muttered, and the three walked on. Before entering he looked again. The sergeant was still watching. He evidently wished to make sure that all was right. All entered the tent, while the colonel, standing at the front and peering between the tent flaps, watched for the sergeant to go back into the house.

"Now come on." Leaving the tent, they walked a short distance down the road. Not a word was spoken. Presently they turned aside and entered the wood. There they found the horses.

"Mount," said the colonel to the prisoner. Putting a foot in his hand, she sprang up on to a horse's back. There was no sidesaddle for her, but the high front of a "McClellan" served very well, and she was so good a horsewoman that she could have ridden sideways on the animal's bare back.

"What does it all mean, Rats?" asked Miss Fitz Hugh. "I thought you were going to do your duty at all hazards."

"Well, there's different kinds of duties, and sometimes they won't work together. If saving a woman's life isn't a duty, then me mother didn't bring me up right."

"Who's the other?" she asked while Maynard was riding a little in advance. "One who this night makes me his slave."

"And I from this night will be indebted for my life to both of you if you succeed in saving it. But I can't bear to have you sacrifice your lives for me. You may be committing an unpardonable sin toward your comrades, but I cannot believe you are committing a sin toward our Father. And one day it will be all ended, Rats, and then who will care?"

"O! know those who will rejoice." Ratigan now took the lead, having passed over the route before several times and being familiar with the best way to get between the vedettes. Colonel Maynard dropped back beside the prisoner.

"Who are you?" she asked. "The voice sounded familiar, but was disguised, and she did not recognize it as Colonel Maynard's."

"Were you sent by Colonel Maynard?" "No."

"On, on!" he said. "A few hundred yards, and you are saved." Then came another volley, this time from the party advancing from the north. Corporal Ratigan swayed in his saddle, but recovered himself.

"They are advancing to meet us! Quick! Down the bank! Through here! It is not knee deep!" A third volley came, but it did no harm. It was too late to stop the fugitives now. They rode right into a party of Confederate officers.

Friends gathered about Miss Fitz Hugh. Her brother, being in presence of others, restrained his desire to throw his arms about her neck. He lifted his hat to her as politely as if she were as nearly related to the rest as to himself.

"On, on!" he said. "On, on!" he said. "A few hundred yards, and you are saved." Then came another volley, this time from the party advancing from the north.

The cheer, the shriek, Miss Fitz Hugh's words, sounded in Colonel Maynard's ears as he put spurs to his horse and dashed away up the stream in a direction parallel with the Union lines. The cheer was the announcement of the completion of an act by which he had parted with what he held most dear—the confidence of his superiors, his peers and the rank and file of the army.

It was now broad daylight. As he dismounted he noticed a detachment of cavalry marching on foot, under the direction of an officer, toward the house where Miss Fitz Hugh had been confined. On arriving there they halted, and the officer went inside. In a few minutes he came out and strode over to Colonel Maynard's tent.

"I am Colonel Maynard." "Ah! I did not recognize you, colonel. I have just called for the spy in the house where I expected to find her and was told by the sergeant that he had delivered her soon after midnight to two men bearing an order from you."

"I suspect something must be wrong. Was the order a forgery?" "No." "Then the prisoner is in your keeping?" "No."

"Escaped?" "Yes." "The officer was too astonished to ask any more questions at once." "Who is responsible?" he asked presently.

"I am." "You?" "Yes, I. You will march your men back to camp. You need not make any official report of the matter unless you choose. I will report the escape myself."

"I suppose it would be ridiculous to ask a man if he is all right here?" and he tapped his forehead with his finger. "I am sound of mind and body."

"Well, well, colonel, what does it all mean? It's too early in the morning for joking," and the general yawned. "I have to report that the spy left in my charge has escaped and through my connivance."

holy eye of Colonel Maynard and felt a cold chill creep over him. He knew there was some reason for the act which would explain if not excuse it.

"Colonel, you are a dashing fellow, with a tinge of romance in your nature. I trust you have not yielded to an absurd notion as to taking the life of a woman."

"No. I have not." "Then give me some explanation. I fear it will go hard with you, but I will do all I can for you if you can give a satisfactory reason."

"I have no reason to give." "Of course I must report the matter. Better speak now. It may be too late hereafter."

"I have reported the fact. That is all the report I have to make." "Then, colonel, it is my duty to order you to your tent under arrest. You may leave your sword here with me, if you please. An order will be issued placing Colonel —, next in rank, in charge of your brigade."

Colonel Maynard unhooked his sword from his belt and handed it to the general. Then he rode back to his tent, and as he entered it he felt that he had left his former self outside; that, as in the case of a fallen comrade, he would never see this being of the past again. As for his present self, that, if suffered to live, could only live a life in death.

A court martial was convened to try Colonel Maynard with as much dispatch as had attended the trial of the escaped woman. The charge was "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," the specification "himself aiding in the escape of a spy in the service of said enemy."

The court met on the afternoon of the day on which Maynard had reported his act. Men of his own grade, or near it, sat about a pine table in a wall tent and proceeded with the formalities attending the case. As Maynard pleaded guilty to both charge and specification there was little to do except to come to a verdict. Before doing so the president asked the accused if he had anything to say in his behalf, any explanation to make.

"No," was his reply. "Colonel Maynard," said the president, "you have served this army with distinction. You have been respected, trusted, beloved as few other men in it. You have confessed to having committed one of the most atrocious crimes that can come under the jurisdiction of a military court. Nothing can excuse it. There may be something to palliate it. I conjure you to speak before the court brings in a verdict and names your punishment."

"Mr. President," replied Maynard, "for my act toward this army I am accountable to you as a court martial convened to try me; for my act as one of right or wrong, of honor or dishonor, I am accountable only to a tribunal with which you have nothing to do. Do not waste valuable time. Before the sun sets twice, if I mistake not, you will have a more important work to do in the reception of the enemy. Do your duty as a court, and do it with dispatch."

There was not an officer present but looked at Maynard with a curious admiration. It was plain that he had sacrificed himself, though it was not entirely plain why. Even those who condemned him most bitterly seemed to hesitate to bring in a verdict which would naturally carry with it the punishment of death.

"You are mistaken, colonel," said one of them, referring to Maynard's predictions. "The enemy have been in full retreat ever since we left Murfreesboro. I only fear he's going to give us the slip again."



TAKE NOTICE!

Book and Job Printing

In all its branches.

County Printing and Supplies

Lithographing

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.

acted only by the information communicated by the officer who told the story of Maynard's experience as a spy, and the main facts in this were known throughout the army. The circumstances of the accused's sentence by Confederates to be hanged for a spy and his escape, the valuable service he had rendered the Union cause, the reasons he had for not wishing to shoot a woman, saved his life. The sentence of the court was that he be dismissed the service, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments.

When this sentence was communicated to Colonel Maynard, he was in his tent, waiting to know his fate. He had expected to be shot. He hardly knew whether he was more moved by the leniency shown him or more disappointed at being obliged to live a disgraced man. But one reason gave him comfort that he was not to die—his wife. He knew that, although all others looked upon him with horror, she would love him all the more that he suffered.

(To be Continued.)

CONTEMPORARY OPINION

W: favor the free coinage of silver as an expedient. Nothing more, nothing less.—Progressive Age.

"Land, transportation and money" are the three issues. They are an inseparable trinity and must go together.—The Road.

The National Watchman seems to be greatly disappointed at finding that it was not the People's party of the republic. It is a good deal easier to own a yard of lumber than to own a whole political party.—Progressive Age.

Government ownership and control of all monopolies would simply be a protection for the weak—a sort of governor on the social engine that would keep the machine from destroying itself—a minimum point in the scale of equal rights below which no individual need allow himself to fall.—Western Laborer.

Washington is no place for headquarters of the People's party. The voters of the party are chiefly in the south and west, and the headquarters of the national committee should be located in some central portion with reference to the constituency so that the chairman could "rub up against the practical side" of the people occasionally. Let the committee take Horace Greeley's advice—"go west and grow up with the country."—Topeka Advocate.

WANTED.

Every farmer to be his own painter and absolutely pure paint for sale by the Standard Glass and Paint Co., Corner 11th and M St., dealers in paints, oils, painter's supplies, glass, etc., Lincoln, Neb.

Errors of Youth.

SUFFERERS FROM Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood, BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN.

Many men, from the effects of youthful indiscretions, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease; and the cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. We have discovered new and concentrated remedies, which we call ERRORS OF YOUTH, and which cure cases having been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 7, Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Farm For Sale.

420 acres: 60 acres in cultivation; room dwelling, good well of pure water and cistern, 300 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 \$2,800, \$1,500 cash, balance in deferred payments. Address: W. H. VIVION, Lonoke, Ark.

TINGLEY & BURKETT,

Attorneys-at-Law,

1026 O St., Lincoln, Neb.

Collections made and money remitted same day as collected.

BUY "DIRECT FROM FACTORY BEST MIXED Paints.

At WHOLESALE PRICES, Delivered Free. For Houses, Barns, Roofs, all colors, and SAVE Middlemen's profits. In use 51 years. Endorsed by Grangers and Farmers' Alliance. Low prices will surprise you. Write for samples. O. W. INGERSOLL, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.

New Catalogue of Buggies, Etc.

One of the most elegant and complete Illustrated Catalogues of Carriages, Harness, Saddles and Bicycles it has ever been our good fortune to examine, has just been issued by the ALLIANCE CARriage Co., of Cincinnati, O. It is quite beyond our comprehension how such beautiful and stylish goods can be manufactured and sold for the remarkably low prices named. This free book will certainly be appreciated by every horse-owner. Our readers should send for one at once, if they have not already done so. Please mention the name of our paper when you write.

Hot Springs Special

This is the title of the new train to Hot Springs, Arkansas, inaugurated by the Missouri Pacific from St. Louis and which affords passengers perfect service from Lincoln.

These Hot Springs are not situated in the polar regions but passes a climate in January as mild as South Dakota climate in June.

Illustrated and descriptive books furnished free on application. City ticket office 1201 O St. F. D. CORNELL, C. P. & T. A.

"Money Found" for sale at this office. Send 25c.

"Spring chickens" are not always tender; but Ayer's Pills enable the stomach to digest the toughest meat.