Chickamauga.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XIX. IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH Once inside his tent Colonel Maynard

"Corporal, I want you to get me the uniform of a private soldier. You must do so without exciting suspicion."

'Oi don't know how Oi'll do it, colonel, without goin back to me own

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

"Oi moight be able to do it, and Oi might spend the whole night tryin.

Oi can get one at me 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, Oi'll 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. Past woods and waters flew the corporal, over bridges and hills, through hollows and rivulets, till he came to his own camp. There he at once sought the quarters of Private Flan-

"Flanagan," he cried, shaking the private, "yer wanted!"
"What is it, corporal?"

"Let me take yer clothes and ask no questions."

"Take 'em. And divil a question will Oi ask except what ye do be wantin 'em for."

Ratigan seized the bundle, and, with an injunction to Flanagan to keep his mouth shut if he wanted to save himself from future trials, mounted his horse and was again flying over the ground back to Colonel Maynard's head-

It was now the small hours of the night. The corporal cast his eye to the cast and saw a faint streak of white light there. Digging his spurs into his beast's flanks and urging him with his care?"
voice at the same time, rider and horse "Oi sped on in a race between life and death.

'Go on, ye beast!" cried the corporal. "Go on, me darlin. Stretch yer conssed legs, for I don't care if ye kill yersilf if we lose no time. What's yer loife compared with hers? On with ye, me beauty! Win the race with the sun that is showin his light there, and Oi'll worship ye forever."

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 crop-

"Give me the clothes, quick!" The corporal handed him the bundle,

and Maynard lost no time in getting

"Corporal," said the colonel, "let me explain what I am about to do. I know something of the blood that flows in the veins of Caroline Fitz Hugh. She will never accept her life at the price I intend to pay for it. She must not know that I intend to save her by violating a trust, by incurring my own downfall, or she will not leave her jail. Do you understand?"

"I do, colonel. She would chide me if she knew I was doing the same." "While you have been away I have placed three horses in the wood yonder." "I see, colonel."

"Corporal Ratigan, every man has to decide quickly between conflicting of a great battle at any moment." duties. I am going to violate a trust, to perform a sacred obligation. If you will aid me, follow me."

Taking up a slip of paper lying on his camp cot, on which he had written an order, the two left the tent. They and to the left. were challenged by the sentry on post, but giving the countersign proceeded till they were again challenged by the guard at the temporary prison. There the colonel advanced and gave the coun-

tersign and passed into the house The sergeant in charge met them and saked what they wanted. The colonel then in front of him. From that front handed him the paper he had brought at that moment there came a horse's with him. It was an order for the person of the prisoner. The place was only lighted by a candle, and the colonel took | wood. care to stand with his back to it. But this was not necessary, for his disguise was complete. Corporal Ratigan re-

mained without the door, on the porch. The sergeant looked from the paper to the man who stood before him inquir-

ingly.
"This is very strange," he said.

Maynard made no reply. "Here is Colonel Maynard's order," the sergeant added, reading it over

with her?" "Do you suppose I don't know any better than to ask questions when I get an order?" replied the spurious private

The sergeant went into the room where Miss Fitz flugh was confined and led her out, pale and wondering.

"It isn't sunrise," she said in a voice her and righted her.

which it was difficult for her to keep

"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. As soon as they had got to a safe distance he whispered:

"Darlin!" "Rats!"

"Not a word till we get further

They walked on at an ordinary pace though all desired to hasten. After pass ing some distance from the house May-nard 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. Presently he did so and left the way clear.

"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

"Mount," said the colonel to the

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. The stirrup was fitted, the colonel and Ratigan mounted, and the three rode rapidly away.
"We must dodge the picket," said the

colonel. "Even the countersign might not avail us with a woman in the

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

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

"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 ves for me. You may be committin an unpardonable sin toward your comr des, but I cannot believe you a committing a sin toward our Father. And one day it will be all ended, Rats, and then who will

"Oi 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

"Who are you?" she asked. "One who serves you."

With such contradictory and incohe- disguised, and she did not recognize it fined. On arriving there they halted,

"Were you sent by Colonel Maynard?"

"Why should you try to save me?" "Ask me rather why I should not."

It was plain the man, whoever he might be, desired to remain unknown, and she desisted from further question-

"After all, my death would not profit the Federal cause," she said. "My lips will be sealed to any information I may

"Your information would be too late in any event. Had it been otherwise this plan would not have been attempt-

"Why so?"

"Your o mander in chief of the Army of Ten: see has delayed too long already. H will attack us almost immediately. 'ur information would not now hasten that attack."

"How do you know?" "We have captured prisoners showing that your men have been re-enforced from Knoxville and Virginia. General Bragg has ceased to retreat and is about to fall upon us with a concentrated ar-

"You are right in assuming that neither you nor I can have influence for or against either side now. These troops have been coming from Virginia for a his own part in life to perform. The month. They are nearly all arrived. distinctive feature in mine seems to be You may expect to hear the opening shot

> The corporal, who was in front, reined in his horse and held up his hand in warning. They were on the edge of a wood and within a few hundred yards of the creek and could see to the right

> "My God!" exclaimed the corporal, "there are vedettes there, and vedettes there," pointing north and south. "And they are both comin this way. We

> must go back." Colonel Maynard rode forward to see. He glanced at both parties of vedettes neigh. It was answered by a neigh from behind the three on the edge of the

"Your people are where that horse neighed. Can you keep your seat in the

saddle for a dash?" "We are surrounded. It is the only

chance. Are you prepared? Ready! Go!" The two men dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and all three shot out toward the creek. They had not gone a hundred yards before they heard, 'Halt there!' immediately followed by 'Do you know what he wants a shot. They paid no attention to either, but dashed on over the uneven ground, the two men riding close on either side the prisoner for fear she would lose her balance. Her horse stumbled, but recovered. A volley came from the vedettes riding from the south, but no one was hit. In crossing a gully Miss Fitz Hugh tottered sideways, but Maynard caught

"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 #1 to himself,



fienly, in the midst of a shower of congratulations—a wild, irrepressible cheer that burst spontaneously from the party-Caroline Fitz Hugh gave a shriek. Corporal Ratigan had fallen from his horse and lay white and bleeding on the ground. Springing from her own horse, she bent over him and raised his head. "O God, he's dead!"

CHAPTER XX.

CASHIERED. The cheer, the shrick, 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. He had given to Caroline Fitz Hugh to see the rising of the sun whose light was now broadening in the east. He had called down upon himself what to him was the bitterest of all degradation, perhaps to meet the fate that had been in-tended for her. Riding up the creek on the bank nearest the Confederate lines, he approached a wood. This he entered, crossed the creek unobserved and emerged to see the men by whom the escaping party had been chased returning toward the ridge. Not caring to be questioned by them, he rode back into the wood until they were in a position not to see him. Then he trotted slowly to the ridge and over it, making his way back to

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 The voice sounded familiar, but was where Miss Fitz Hugh had been conminutes he came out and strode over to Colonel Maynard's tent. The colonel had gone in. He had thrown off his cavalry jacket and was waiting for what was to follow. The officer entered the tent, and not recognizing Maynard, shorn of his beard, asked for the colonel commanding.

"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."

"Well?" "I suspect something must be wrong.

Was the order a forgery?" "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 pres-

"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.'

The officer bowed, and with the same astonishment on his face that had been there throughout turned from the tent, and going to the men standing in the road marched them back to camp.

Colonel Maynard came out of his tent, and mounting his horse rode to the headquarters of his division commander. He rode slowly, his head bowed almost to his saddlebow. Reining up before the general's tent, he sent in his name by an orderly, and was soon ad-

mitted. "General," he said, "I have come to prefer charges."

"Indeed," said the general. "Why not forward them in writing in the reg-

"It is because of the person against whom I am going to prefer them. "And that is?"

"Myself."

The general looked at him with a puzzled expression. "Colonel, are you ill?"

"No, general."

"I suppose it would be ridiculous to ask a man if he is all right here?" and ne 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." "Good Lord!" exclaimed the general. "That is a serious matter."

Maynard remained silent. "And the explanation?"

"There is none." The general looked into the melan-

choly 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

"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 ve, 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

"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 commit



Colonel Maynard unhooked his sword. ted one of the most atrocious crimes that can come under the jurisdiction of military court. Nothing can excuse 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 pun-

ishment 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."

"I regret your confidence, sir," replied Maynard. "I am aware that others feel as you do, and it is a mistake which will cost this army dear." "Nonsense. Haven't we"-

"This is not the place to discuss problems for which only our commanding general is responsible," interrupted the president. "Let the prisoner leave the court,"

Maynard was led away, and the court proceeded to consider a verdict. There was little time spent on it, for there was but one thing to do, and that was to make it "guilty of the charge and guilty of the specification." Then began a discussion of the punishment. One of the members stated that it was personally known to him for a fact that the accused had one year before visited Chattanooga as a spy, when the place was held by the Confederates, had been captured, tried, condemned and sentenced to be hanged; that Jacob Slack, a boy who was now serving as his orderly, had been with him; that he had contrived to get news of Maynard's condition to Missouri Slack, his sister, at Jasper, Tenn.; that she had gone to Chattanooga, had entered his jail, had exchanged clothes with the prisoner and thus effected his escape; that he had been concealed and afterward helped through the lines by a Miss Fain, whom he had married on reaching the Union

"I put it to you, gentlemen," he concluded, "could one whose life had been saved by women carry out a sentence of death upon a woman for the same offense for which it was intended he

The speaker knew nothing of the relations existing between Maynard and Fitz Hugh. It is impossible to know what might have been the effect had he possessed this knowledge. The court

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acted only on 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 emol-

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 apon him with horror, she would love him all the more that he suffered.

[To be Continued.] CONT MPORARY OPINION

We 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.

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