[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XXVII. THE CHOICE OF A POST.

Caroline Fitz Hugh had watched over Corporal Ratigan every day since his wounding, and by careful nursing had doubtless saved his life. It was not for the corporal to fall in love with his nurse, for he had loved her ever since the day he first met her. When the visiting party had left the house, she went back to her charge, and after a few words of sympathy at the loss of his brother, putting out her hand frankly, and with a smile:

"Arise, Sir Hugh," she said. "You have been on your back long enough. You must get used to sitting up and prepare to go to Ireland and to admin-istar your estate."

"Darlin," he said, looking up at her wistfully.

"It's time you were breaking yourself of calling me that. You must forget the Confederate 'telegraph worker,' go home and marry one of the daughters of the neighboring gentry and settle down to become 'a fine old Irish gentloman, one of the rare old stock.'"

"That's a fine picture ye're makin for me, and what'll ye be doin meantime?"

"Working for my country." "And haven't ye promised ye would

do no more telegraph workin?" 'Oh, that duty has come to an abrupt

termination! I shall never attempt it again. How could I after the sacrifice you and Colonel Maynard have made for me? Besides, if seen within the Federal lines, I should be recognized, and I would then deserve my fate."

"Ye'd better abandon the cause."

"Never, so long as it is a cause. So ng as my brothers continue the struggle I will be with them."

"Then so long as the Union army is fightin ye Oi'll be in its ranks."

"You'll do no such thing. You will go home, where your presence is more needed-to your mother, to your tenants. Ireland needs all her landowners such as you at home. That is your coun-

try. You have no interest here." "And the United States is your country. You have no other."

"Rats!"

"Darlin!"

There was a silence between them for some moments. Ratigan laid his hand on hers while she was looking, with a pained expression, out of the window. In her eyes was a far look. Her com-



The sun setting over Lookout mountain shone directly in the faces of Maynard and his party as returning from Ringold they rode into Chartanooga. It was a glorious October evening, and the heights towering them, covered by unseen Confederates, reposed about the town like huge lions watching a wounded animal, confident that at last it must fall into their power.

Dismounting before his tent, Maynard entered it, and there found a letter from his wife. She begged him to come to her if it were possible, and if not to write to her. He read and reread the letter again and again, and then made an attempt at a reply. After writing half a dozen, all of which he tore up, he abandoned the task in despair. His position was too uncertain. The senence of the court martial hung over him like a sullen cloud. What could he say to her to comfert her? He well knew that the only comforting she needed was to know that he was not miserable, and of that he could not assure her.

And so matters hung for a week. Having no duties to perform, the time bassed all the more slowly. The Confederates were sending occasional shells from Lookout mountain, and as they were harmless the reports were something of a relief to Maynard, breaking the monotony of the silence. He spent much of the time thinking of what he would do in case the sentence of the court were approved and carried into effect. He formed many plans, which were all abandoned. At last he settled down to the resolve that he would go to the army in the east, enlist under an assumed name and await the coming of some missile to end his career, as he had intended at Chickamauga.

One morning an orderly rode up to him and handed him an order to report in person at General Thomas' headquarters. Calling for his horse and for his own orderly, Jakey, to follow, he mounted, and in a feverish mood darted away to obey the order.

What did the summons mean? Something definite in his affairs had come about; that he felt reasonably sure of. Perhaps the papers of the court in his case had been found. Perhaps they had been made out in duplicate. The latter supposition was the most likely. His offense could not be ignored. Indeed he could not afford to have it ignored. The sentence must be either set aside or carried into effect. Dismissal would be far more desirable than living in suspense. All these matters rushed through his

mind while he rode to respond to the summons. The nearer he drew to headquarters the less hopeful he became. After all, was it not absurd to expect anything except that new papers had been made, the sentence forwarded "approved," and he was now to be informed that he was no longer in the army? General Thomas could do much for him, but there was not a general in the army who had a higher sense of a soldier's obligations than he. How was it possible that so great a leader, so rigid a disciplinarian, one with such high conceptions, could do aught in his case but approve the sentence? And now he was sending for him to inform him of his

degradation. Following this reasoning, by the time he arrived at headquarters his expectations were at the lowest ebb. He dismounted, and so preoccupied was he that he left his horse standing without fastening her, but Jakey rode forward and seized the rein. Maynard gave his name to an orderly and in a few minutes stood before the man whose very presence was quite sufficient to strike terror into the heart of a delinquent. But the first face on which Maynard's eyes rested was not that of the general. Another was there to greet him, one who, he knew, whether he were honored or disgraced, would never love him the less. It was his wife. The thought flashed through his brain, "She is here to comfort me when the blow falls." He wanted to fly to her embrace. The impulse was checked. He saw that she burned to fly to him, but she, too, restrained herself, for there, between them, towered the figure of the general. Maynard gave him a quick glance, but could discover nothing in his countenance to indicate what his fate would be. These glances, these surmises, lasted but for a moment, for the general spoke:

duty in repaying a sacred obligation. While these considerations do not destroy the act or its pernicious effect as an example, they show conclusively that

THE WEALTH MAKERS



Breaking of invisible cords.

it did not spring from base motives, but rather in obedience to a strong sense of honor, which a soldier should hold in highest esteem."

When the general began to speak of these palliating circumstances, Maynard did not hear him. As he proceeded, however, his attention was arrested.

"Furthermore, there are your brilliant services, both as a scout and yet more recently in the battle through which we have just passed. I have taken pains to learn of your services in the ranks on the 19th of September and was myself a witness to your gallantry on the ridge on the 20th. I cannot find it in my heart to fail in my acknowledgments to any man, however he may have erred, who engaged in that desperate struggle, which was a turning point in our fortune and may be said to have saved us all from rout or capture.

"Besides for more than a year I have watched your career with interest. I am sure that you are possessed of undoubted military talents, perhaps of a high order. I believe it to be true wisdom on the part of the government to retain those talents for the country. Therefore, in the interest of the United States and for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga, I have suggested your name to the president for the appointment of brigadier general of volunteers. A batch of such appointments, including yours, was yesterday sent to the senate, and I have a telegram announcing that they were all confirmed."

Suddenly it seemed as if there had been a loosening of invisible cords that had been holding husband and wife apart. In the fraction of a second they were locked in each other's arms. Tears, the usual mode of expression of deep feeling in woman, did not come only to the wife. Yet in a measure the sexes were reversed. Laura was more smiles than tears. Maynard only wept.

Soon remembering in whose presence he stood, Maynard disengaged himself. **Turning to General Thomas:**

"General," he said in a broken voice, 'I cannot-thanks are nothing-time must show how well I appreciate what you have done. Is there another man in the army who could afford to take so enlarged a view in such a case? Is there one with so farseeing an eye; so keen a sense of a soldier's duty, tempered with so kind a heart?"

Maynard paused for a moment. Then with a sudden burst of enthusiasm: "But who shall reward the man who

on that terrible day held together the

AN AWFUL TRACEDY.

Kansas Farmer Brains His Two

Bables and Then Commits Suicide. ST. FRANCIS, Kan., June 18 .- A horrible tragedy was enacted about nine miles northeast of St. Francis Saturday morning. Frank Williams, a farmer, attempted to murder his wife, Miss Alice Smith and William Smith, and afterward beat the brains out of his two children with a hatchet, a little girl aged about 5 and a boy about 9 years, and then blew his own brains out with a revolver. Williams lost his first wife last Sep-

tember and on May 12, 1895, was mar-ried to Mrs. Anna Kennedy, formerly Miss Dixon, who lived near by and who had assisted in his housework for some time past. Their married life was very unhappy, and after about four weeks of turmoil the woman left him and went to live with Mr. A. Swanson, a neighbor. During the last week Mr. Williams went to the house of Swanson, flourished a revolver and threatened to kill his wife and Mrs.

Swanson. Saturday morning the Swanson fam-ily and Mrs. Williams started to come to St. Francis for the purpose of hav-ing Williams arrested. On the way they stopped at the house of George Smith. While there Williams appeared upon the scene and proceeded to settle the differences between himself and wife by whipping out a revolver and beginning to fire at everybody in sight. William Smith was shot through the cheek, knocking out two teeth and tearing away a portion of the jaw bone. He was also shot twice in the back. Miss Smith received a bullet in the breast but fortunately her corset arrested the bullet and she received but a slight flesh wound. Mrs. Will-iams, the wife, received a bullet in the mouth, but was not seriously wounded. Williams then rode home where he completed the work by smashing the brains out of his two children with a hatchet, and shooting himself through

FILIBUSTERS LAND.

the head.

One Hundred Men and Munitions of War Reach Cuba. GAINESVILLE, Fla., June 18 .- The

ceived by a friend in this city. Major Hann was formerly from Pennsylvathree months:

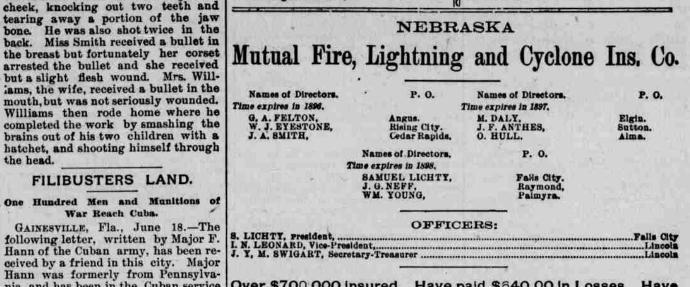
ARENSAS RIVER, Cuba, June 10, 1895. "The most important expedition that has reached Cuba from the United States was landed to-day at this point. It consists of 100 men, 1,000 repeating Agents wanted. rifles, 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition and \$250,000 in gold, under command of Colonel Sernandez. The vessel which conveyed them left Key West June 6 and sailed for Bahia, where it took on the men and cargo. She was chased twice by Spanish cruisers, but managed to outsteam them, and arrived here before daylight this morning. We are now making arrangements to join Gomez at Tunas, province of Camaguey, where he has his headquarters for the present. We have a march of about forty miles before us, but hope to join him on the 13th. We have pos-

itive news that Marti is dead." He was betrayed into Spanish hands by a trusted Cuban guide, says Hann, and was shot down in cold blood be fore he could escape.

CRAZED BY JEALOUSY.



June 17, 1895



nia, and has been in the Cuban service Over \$700,000 insured. Have paid \$640.00 in Losses. Have had but one assessment. 10c. per \$100.00.

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POPULAR FRFE

panion had strengthened certain doubte which had at times come up to trouble her as to the ultimate success, the real motives which underlay her cause, and with her intense, devoted nature had led her to feel that all this vast effort put forth by her people might in the end avail nothing or would only, if successful, perpetuate a wrong. Her lover saw her troubled expression. He did not attempt to comfort her by recalling what he had said. He pushed on further.

"Darlin," he said, "ye're right when ye say Oi'm needed in Oireland. Go with me, darlin. Be me wife. Let all this intense effort, this sacrifice ye're puttin into a cause, which Oi foresee is doomed, be given to me tenants. The estate is a large one, and there are hundreds of people for ye to befriend. There ye can work to a purpose. There yer ef-forts in behalf of a really downtrodden people will be for good." "And leave my brothers in the midst

of this horrid struggle? I will stay here till the last gun is fired, till the last blow of the hammer has riveted our chains."

Born and bred in the south, Miss Fitz Hugh had never seen except with southern eyes. Here was a man who was giving her views never before open to her. She had a mind capable of grasping them and saw the strength, the solid beneath them when properly pre-

"Darlin," said the young baronet, "the world moves on quickly. If yer people succeed in this war, in less than a quarter of a century ye'll either free yer slaves or be a blot on the face of the earth."

"Oh, Rats," she exclaimed, "why did I ever meet you? You've sapped the strength I possessed for my work. I can never again do my duty as I have done it thus far."

"Darlin," he said, drawing her nearer to him, "Oi'll replace what Oi've taken. Oi'll give ye other duties, the duties that belong to the mistress of a fine estate, the duties of a woman of high degree in a country where birth is re-spected far more than here. With your vigor, your strong impulses"-

"Guided by your more steady light." "Ye may become one of the most in-

fluential women in the three kingdoms." In her eyes came that humorous

twinkle he had once seen before when not obey him. she stood in her buggy in the road up in Tennessee and tantalized him for his stupidity in having been duped by her. "It would be nice to be"-

"To be what, darlin?" "Lady Rats," and she hid her blushes

in the pillow on which his head rested. . . .

"I have sent for you to inform you of your status in the army." Maynard bowed his head and waited

"The offense for which you were tried," the general spoke slowly and impressively, "was too grievous to be overlooked. It would have pleased me in the case of so brave a man to set it aside, but such a course would have condoned that which, if it should go unpunished, would strike at the very foundation of military discipline. In liberating a spy intrusted to your care you violated a sacred trust and assumed an authority such as is not accorded to any one save the president of the United States."

Maynard did not raise his eyes from the ground. He knew what was coming, and a shiver passed over him.

"A new set of papers were prepared and sent to me. I forwarded them"-Maynard's eyes were almost starting from their sockets.

"With my approval."

"Oh, general!" gasped the stricken man, catching at the tent pole for a support. Laura could with difficulty keep her seat, so eager was she to fly to him.

"They have also been approved by the president, and you have been dismissed from the service of the United States, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments."

Maynard tried to speak. He wished to say that he could not complain of the sentence-that, considering the offense, it was merciful-but his tongue would

"So much for your punishment," the general went on af ur a slight pause. "There are other matters, however, to be considered. These are your youth, the circumstances under which you were placed, the voluntary sacrifice of yourself made to save another and in obedience to your own interpretation of your

Army of the Cumberland? Can the president bestow an adequate rank? Would the title of full 'general' avail? No! It is for the people to reward you with a title, not given by an individual, but by the common consent of vast masses-not only for a day, but so long as there shall be a history of this warthe Rock of Chickamauga."

[To be Continued.]

A Hotel Guest's Suicide.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 19 .- C. C.

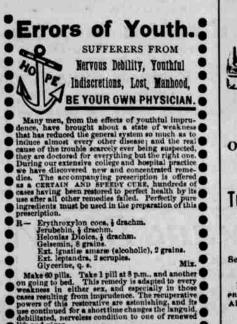
Tincher, whose home is at 929 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kan., left a letter in his room in the Savoy hotel in this city to-day stating that he was going to commit suicide. The note was found at 1:30 o'clock and an hour later a man answering Tincher's description was seen to jump from the Hannibal railroad bridge at the foot of Broadway into the Missouri river.

Many Immigrants in a Day.

NEW YORK, June 19 .- Five transatlantic steamers which arrived to-day brought in the aggregate 1,844 steer-age passengers. The Werra, which sailed from Naples, contributed 709 of these; the Alsatia, from Genoa, 466; the Fulda, from Bremen, 312; the Friesland, from Antwerp, 300; the State of Nebraska, from Glasgow, 59,

Lord Colin Campoeil Dead.

LONDON, June 19 .- Cord Colin Camp bell, fourth son of the duke of Argyll, a captain in the Bombay Rifle Volunteer corps, is dead in Bombay at the age of 43 years, of pneumonia.



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

A Shoemaker Stabs His Wife and Shoots a Man Who Wronged Him.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 18 .- Arthur Gourdin, a shoemaker living at Rowlington, a suburb of Pewee valley, eighteen miles from this city on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, shot and probably fatally wounded Thomas Murphy, and then stabbed his wife to death. Gourdin suspected Murphy of being intimate with his wife, and had evidently been waiting for an oppor-

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No. 30. On Her Wedding Morn. By Bertha M. Clay, author of "Her Only Sin," "A Golden Heart," and other stories. This "A Golden Heart," and other stories. This is a companion novel to "Her Only Sin," and will be read with the same intensity of (ceiling, with mingled joy and sadness as the characters in the book have cause for tears or laughter. It is a love story that must appeal to every reader.

No. 89. Her Only Sin. By Bertha M. Clay. No.58. Merry Men. By R. L. Stevenson. A thrilling account of the perilous adven-tures of a party seeking for a sunken Span-sh treasure-ship.

No. 6l. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By R. L. Stevenson. No. 101. The Chimes. By Charles Dickens.

No. 94. A Christmas Carol. By Dickens. No. 96. The Haunted Man. By Dickens. No. 97. Two Ghost Stories. By Dickens. No. 95. The Battle of Life. By Dickens. No. 98. Three Christmas Stories, By Dickens

No. 100. Cricket on the Hearth. By Dickens.

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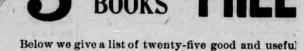
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