

Chickamauga.

By Captain F. A. MITCHELL.

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(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:

"Arisa, 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 administer 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 gentleman, 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 long 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 country. 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-



"Darlin'," he said. "The sun setting over Lookout mountain shows directly in the faces of Maynard and his party as returning from Ringold they rode into Chattanooga. 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 sentence of the court martial hung over him like a sullen cloud. What could he say to her to comfort 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 passed 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 reins. 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:

"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 not obey him.

"So much for your punishment," the general went on after 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

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.



A Kansas Farmer Brains His Two Babies 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 September and on May 12, 1895, was married 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 family and Mrs. Williams started to come to St. Francis for the purpose of having 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 breast but fortunately her corset arrested the bullet and she received but a slight flesh wound. Mrs. Williams, 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 the head.

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FILIBUSTERS LAND.

One Hundred Men and Munitions of War Beach Cuba. GAINESVILLE, Fla., June 18.—The following letter, written by Major F. Hann of the Cuban army, has been received by a friend in this city. Major Hann was formerly from Pennsylvania, and has been in the Cuban service three 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 rifles, 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition and \$250,000 in gold, under command of Colonel Hernandez. 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 12th. We have positive news that Marti is dead."

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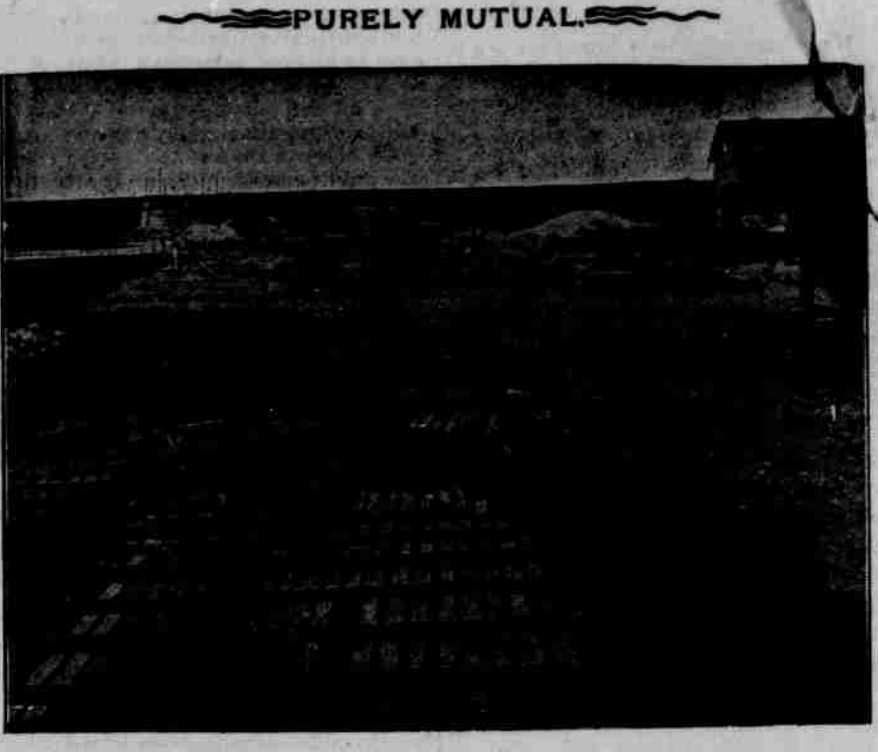
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