

# MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



## A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

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### CHAPTER VI. WE FIND THE COURIER.

"CAPTAIN GEER, were any of your scouts across the river last night?" questioned Rosecrans.

"Daniels, sir," "Bring him in."

"He arrived shortly, still rubbing his eyes as though just awakened from sleep, as odd appearing a specimen of the typical mountain white as ever I saw—long, loosely jointed limbs, narrow, stooped shoulders, bushy whiskered face intensely solemn in expression and strangely wrinkled, yet ornamented with keen blue eyes containing some shrewd humor in their depths."

"Daniels," and the general's stern voice instantly commanded his attention, "Captain Geer tells me you were across the river during the night. What did you discover?"

"Waal, gin'ral," he piped out in a mere squeak of a voice, which sounded funny enough, although no one laughed, "long maybe 'bout 10 o'clock, they might bein' 'bout dark, I got on the off side o' a log an' sorter drifted with the current, steerin' a bit o' course, till I come in agin the south shore. I reckon I clumb out maybe fifty feet east o' ther mouth o' Salter creek, whar bushes grow clear down to ther edge o' ther water. I got ashore all right an' wormed my way up to ther top o' ther bank, but ther was 'bout all I did do I never see sitch a plectet like afore as them Rebs had. Ther wasn't a hole that a black cat could 'a' crawled through. It made me think that some-thing was happenin' fer sure, but every time I tried fer git out o' thet bunch o' trees I run up agin a picket. I tried ter crawl up along ther creek even, wadin' in ther water under ther bank, but ther was no good. So long 'bout 3 o'clock I decided that maybe I might better be gittin' back agin over to this side afore it got light."

"And you neither saw nor heard any thing?"

"Not a blame lot, anyway. I heard a battery goin' 'long, the fellers cussin' an' 'leken' ther hosses somethin' 'scand'lous; an' ther was a considerable mass o' cavalry marchin' behind 'em, fer ther things was jingling, an' they stopped to water the hosses in the creek. I couldn't git near 'nough to hear ther talk. Y see, gin'ral, it was a line o' fires what kept me back more'n the pickets, fer ther wasn't a place but what was lit up. Ther was sure some sorter movement goin' on ther, but I couldn't make head nor tail to it, 'cept that all them troops that I saw was marchin' west."

"Then Rosecrans spoke."

"This looks decidedly serious to me, gentlemen, and I feel sufficient faith in Sergeant King's report to act immediately upon it. If it be true that Johnston is massing against our right and has left the ford at Coulter's unguarded, this offers us an opportunity for a counter-march if we only move swiftly enough. Hand me the maps, major."

"I am fully aware of the danger involved in dividing our force in the presence of the enemy," he said at last, lifting his eyes to the faces anxiously watching him, "but to my mind the peril will be even greater if we permit the enemy to carry out their present plans unchecked. If at this juncture we can only strike unexpectedly in their rear we shall win. The aid of surprise will be with us, and it is worth much to an army just to feel that they are on the aggressive. Smiley, ride to McElrath and Williams; tell them to mass their brigades opposite Minersville and to hold the ford at all cost; explain the situation to them fully. Wyatt, have Colt's brigade stationed in reserve in the hills back of the town. Now, Parker, Seaman, Just and Shea, start the remainder of our troops on forced march to Coulter's ford. Let there be no delay, not even

crick, if ther house ain't been burnt over 'em 'fore now. An' if it has, 'specially Jem Donald!"

"There was a grimness in these words spoken deliberately, the tone utterly expressionless, which I cannot properly convey in written language, the glint of the eye, the compression of the thin lips, making the deadly meaning perfectly apparent. It was the unyielding hate of savagery, long brooding over past wrongs, involuntarily I glanced about into the fringe of woods."

"Is Donald about here then?"

"Who, big Jem Donald? Sure, he ain't yer never heard o' him?"

I shook my head, hoping thus to lead him on to his story.

"What is the special trouble between you and this Big Donald, Daniels?"

"Darn if I know whar it started," he acknowledged as though the thought came to him almost as a surprise. "It was 'fore my dad's time, I reckon, an' seems ter me it was over a lot o' huswags ther got rootin' up some corn down on Rock creek. Ther's whar ther Dan leises an' Donalds lived in them days, but blame if I know which one owned ther corn an' which owned ther huswags. Ther Donalds in them days had a fine plantation, with a big house on it, an' maybe a hundred slaves. Ther Danielses was allers pore, but ther was a monstrous lot o' us scattered 'long Rock creek, an' when they went gannin' fer ther Donalds they gin'rally got 'em. All I know is ther when I come 'long, 'bout a hundred years later, ther Donalds was livin' in a log shack back o' Bald mountain an' ther fight was still goin' on. My dad was shot down at Milliken Bend by one o' ther crowd when I was eight year old; then my brother got o' man Donald somewhere on ther trail an' filled him full o' buckshot. Ther next thing they set fire to our house when nobody but mam was to hum. She shot into ther bunch and got away with a broken arm, hidin' out in ther bush fer a week. Then ther Danielses rode over ter Bald mountain, an' we come pretty near puttin' ther Donald tribe outer business, until a gang o' 'em ambuscaded us one night in ther bottoms. I got two bullets in ther fracs, an' my brother was killed."

"'Bout the time ther war broke out. Darned if I keered which side licked in ther war, but Jem Donald come out fer ther Confeds, an' so I went in fer ther Union. Waal, we fought it out yere fer maybe six months, but ther odds was all with his outfit; ther wasn't many Danielses left able ter tote a gun, an' finally I skipped out and joined Buell."

"The secession sentiment was strong through this section, I suppose?"

"Waal, I don't know 'bout that. Ther mountain men mostly didn't care much; mighty few o' 'em owned any niggers. But ther gen'ry was with ther secessionists, an' Big Donald allers kinder n'rally belonged to thet bunch. I've hearn tell as how Jem Donald's wife was a Denslow."

This mention of the name of Denslow brought up before me instantly the face of the young girl whom I had left a few hours before. So she also was, in a way, connected with this fierce mountain feud that had cost so many lives. I had reason to know she was of fighting blood.

Coulter's landing was apparently deserted of all inhabitants. Back along the opposite shore we could see the dust cloud rising above the column of advancing cavalry. A few brief orders scattered my nondescript command to right and left, Daniels and I riding alone along the road leading up toward the ridge, watchful that the others covered thoroughly the country on either side of us. We were a mile in advance when Wilson's men first began taking water at the ford.

The knowledge of what our rapid movement meant gave zest to this advance scouting. I observed how old Daniels' eyes narrowed like those of a cat as he scanned the hills. For the first time he became revealed to me as a savage, living merely for revenge, merciless and unforgiving. To him the war was only a greater feud, bringing with it a long sought opportunity for vengeance against his enemies. His keen eyes first observed the signal of some discovery waved back from a scout far away to the left, who suddenly tipped a distant ridge, a mere black dot among the rocks.

"What is it, Daniels?"

"Ther feller out ther is wavin' us over. He's run up agin something that's made him need help, I reckon."

We rode straight across the upland side by side, I spurring cruelly to keep my horse even with his rawboned mount, both intently watching the movements of the man who had signaled. As we struck the ridge he came toward us on alope.

"Is that O'Brien?"

"What is he doing with this paper then? That was a message to Johnston warning him that I had taken a report of his plans to the Federal camp."

"Who sent it?"

"A young girl—Jean Denslow."

The seamed, whiskered face appeared to darken.

"You know her?" I questioned.

"I reckon I do 'ol'ble, but I don't know how she ever got no chance fer to butt in yere. She must have run up agin Jake somehow an' mistook him fer one o' Donald's outfit."

"Does Jean Denslow know Big Donald?"

He stared at me, his yellow teeth showing grimly.

"I rather reckon she does. Whar is she now?"

"At Fairview, Judge Dunn's place."

He drew his breath, whistling.

There was little more I could get out of him, but he went through the dead man's clothes, after which the three of us silently buried the mountaineer. Within a few moments we were riding away. To me it all seemed to center more and more about the girl with the blue gray eyes.



We have found about 25 fine high-grade suits in our stock that are left over from the seasons selling and we have bunched them to close out at a very low price to the first 25 fellows that are quick enough to take them. The figure at the top of this ad is the closing cash price we have put on them. These suits are from our Quality Line and originally sold from \$20 to \$35. They are new up-to-date, high-grade hand-tailored suits. There is only one of a kind, but the size assortment runs from 33 to 42, so that you probably can find your size among them. You would be safe in closing your eyes and taking the first one your size you get hold of. Our absolute guarantee of satisfaction is back of every one of them. We have other suits not so good as these, that we are selling as low as \$7, \$10 and \$12, but these you buy at \$15 are top notchers. The early bird gets the worm.

C. E.

# Wescott's Sons

Always the Home of Satisfaction

See the new man tailored waists for ladies we are showing. Price \$1 to \$2.25.

## LUKE WILES GOES AS A DELEGATE TO OMAHA

### Farmers' Congress Meets in the Metropolis Today for a Four-Days Session.

From Monday's Daily.

### Lands for Sale.

440 acres in southeast Greenwood county, Kansas; fenced and cross-fenced; 80 acres of rich creek bottom land in cultivation, balance finest native prairie grass (limesoil). Fair 5-room house, stable, etc. Some bearing orchard. Lots of fine living water, which is furnished by a large creek which runs through north side of ranch. Creek is skirted with timber; cattle come off grass into deep water. This is considered to be one of the best little stock ranches in the county. School close by; fine smooth road to town. Just 5 1-2 miles from ranch to town; a nice well improved country all the way. For quick sale \$18 per acre buys this 440 acres; no trade taken on this. Has a mortgage of \$3500 that has yet three years to run, \$420 buys the equity. Nothing better for the money. Give me to your friend if you don't want me, I must sell.

### Good Land for Sale.

Forty acres of good bottom land, near small town, \$40 per acre, cash, if taken soon. Also 150 acres second bottom land at \$35 per acre. Call or address, A. H. Ostrom, Max, Neb.

## LOCAL NEWS

### From Monday's Daily.

### Beeson to Frank W. Svoboda and Miss Mary Vilimek.

### Liberty.

John H. Meisinger of the vicinity of Mynard was looking after business matters in the city today and called at this office and renewed his subscription to this paper for another year.

### Marriage License.

Marriage license was issued yesterday afternoon by Judge

### From Monday's Daily.

### C. W. Haffka transacted business in Omaha between trains today, going on No. 15 this morning.

### John Hobscheidt returned from Burlington this afternoon, where he had visited friends for ten days.

### Deputy Treasurer Mike Tritsch spent Sunday with his family at Louisville, returning to the office this morning.

### Fern and Violet Grassman, who have been paying a visit of a few days to their grandparents at Louisville, returned this morning.

### Ex-Judge of the Supreme Court Jesse L. Root arrived from Lincoln this morning and looked after business matters in Plattsmouth for the day.

### Roy Howard and Glen Vallery, two of the young and prosperous farmers of near Murray, drove in to the county seat this morning and looked after business matters for a time.

### Mrs. N. H. Isbell and Mrs. John Beeson boarded the early train for Omaha this morning, where they looked after business matters. Mrs. Isbell will procure a set of runners for the mail route sleigh, as Mr. Isbell finds wheels rather hard sledding where the snow is drifted.

### John Tams, who has been paying a visit to his parents, J. H. Tams and wife, at the county farm for a few days, returned to his home at Edgmont, S. D., today. Mr. Tams has a good position with the Burlington Railway company as car inspector and returned to resume his duties. Mrs. Reznor, his sister, departed for Edgmont yesterday, having also visited J. H. Tams and wife for several days.

### From Tuesday's Daily.

### W. B. Banning of Union was in the city last evening.

### E. R. Worl of near Murray was a business visitor in the county seat Tuesday afternoon.

### Joe Shreader of near Murray drove in from the farm today and looked after matters of business.

### County Commissioner C. R. Jordan arrived from his home at Alvo last evening and met with the board today.

### Marriage license was issued yesterday afternoon by Judge

### Beeson to Frank W. Svoboda and Miss Mary Vilimek.

### C. E. Hechner, commissioner from the Second district, arrived last evening to take part in the annual meeting of the county board.

### Attorney William Deltus Derriner of Elmwood came over to the county seat last evening to look after some matters in the probate court.

### W. M. Buster of Ashland visited Plattsmouth friends today. He has been paying a visit to his friends at Nebraska City, Elmwood and Murray.

### Wm. Heil and daughter, Helen, of the vicinity of Cedar Creek, drove to this city in their sleigh yesterday to attend to some business matters. Mr. Heil called at this office and renewed his subscription to this paper for another year.

### C. F. Harkness of the M. Ford Paving company of Omaha and Cedar Rapids, Ia., arrived last evening and attended the session of the city council, to present the paving company's claim for the 10 per cent of the paving contract retained by the city for a year, to make good any deficiency in the paving. He completed his business here and left on the fast mail for Omaha this afternoon.

### Liberty.

If men are free to think they should also, to a certain extent, be free to act. If you neglect to take advantage to act as your reason dictates, you are no longer a free man, but you become a slave. If your reason orders you to stop a certain bad habit and you refuse to do so, you will, in a short time, be beyond all hope. Abuse your stomach without heeding the first warning symptoms and you will regret it very soon, while by using at once Trimer's American Elixir of Bitter Wine you will quickly drive them out. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you acted sensibly. Use this remedy in loss of appetite, weakness, nervousness, recurring headaches, constipation, distress after eating, pain in the stomach and bowels, cramps and colic. It is also useful in many complaints of women. At Drug Stores, Jos. Trimer, 1333-1339 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. A beautiful Wall Calendar mailed for 10 cents.

### When buying a cough medicine for children bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effectual for colds, croup and whooping cough and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.