By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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### [CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER X. A PROMISE SOON BROKEN.

thing for me?"

"Could the colonel?"

it. Do you understand?"

once?"

"Reckon."

parcels with her.

this note."

tion

mander.

th' for'ead with a cannon ball?"

"Oh, Jakey, don't talk sol I mean if

Laura knew that this was Jakey's

way of making a promise, and she was

satisfied. She told him to wait a few

minutes and went out of the room.

When she returned, she brought two

"This one is for you, Jakey," she said, handing him one of them. "It's a lunch-

eon. Put it in your haversack and give

the other to the colonel. And hand him

She gave him a tiny white envelope,

within which in a few words was con-centrated what may be best expressed as

three days' rations of desicoated affec-

Jakey took the parcels, and placing

Maynard's brigade crossed the river

south of Lookout mountain and passed

over the mountain's face where it juts

on to the river. His command was but

one of the many, all moving forward

Ridge. From there he was ordered for-

more's cove, an undulating space lying between two ranges, Mission Ridge and

the Pigeon mountains. There the bri-

gade encamped on a field soon to become

memorable as the scene of one of the

most desperate, the most dramatic of

all the battles of the civil war-the

CHAPTER XI.

A BACE FOR LIFE.

Major Burke's command was ordered

to guard the telegraph line extending

field of Chickamauga.

He marched through Chattanooga to

the note in his cap went out, mounted Tom and dashed away after his com-

Colonel Maynard was in the habit of making frequent visits to his wife and without warning. Laura understood perfectly the embarrassing position in which he would be placed at surprising • Confederate spy under the same roof with herself and protected by her. She had no mind to place him in any such position. When Miss Baggs went up. stairs, Laura posted a sentry in the person of Uncle Daniel to keep a sharp lookout and give notice of the colonel's approach in order that Miss Baggs might be got out of the way before his arrival. Daniel sat down on a bench on the veranda and lit his pipe. He was an old man and prone to dose. It was not long before Lookout mountain across the river began to sway among the clouds, the nearer trees began to rock, the old negro's head fell upon his breast, and he slept

It was nearly 10 o'clock when Laura, having given up the coming of her husband that night and for once in her life rejoicing thereat, was about to dismiss Daniel from his responsible position when she heard a step on the veranda. Thinking it was Daniel walking back and forth to keep himself awake, she paid no attention to it. There was a turning of the knob to the front door, and in another moment Colonel May-nard stood on the threshold of the sitting room looking in upon Mrs. Fain, Laura, Souri and Miss Baggs. He was about to enter when, observing a strange person, he hesitated. Laura advanced, and taking him by the hand led him to another room. He had only once before seen Miss Baggs and then in disguise and did not recognize her.

"Why, sweetheart," he said to his wife, "you're trembling."

"You came in so hurriedly."

toward a retreating enemy. "I am hurried. We cross the river tomorrow morning."

Ressville, situated at a gap in Mission "Tomorrow morning! Oh, Mark, why couldn't they wait a few days?" ward, entering what is called McLen-

"If wives and sweethearts had the giving of orders, Uncle Sam would have his armies always in winter quarters.'

"Why couldn't this happiness have lasted just a little longer?"

"And then still a little longer. Come. I have but a short time to stay. Let me ay goodby to the baby."

Laura led the way up stairs and drew the curtains from the cradle, exposing the sleeping infant.

There was something in the innocence, the absence of force in the little alumberer, so different from the scenes in which he was wont to mingle, to set in motion a train of feelings in Mark in motion a train of feelings in Mark tance, each troop guarding a certain Maynard to which he had thus far been portion of the line. Corporal Ratigan

was obliged to do a good deal of pound- | thrown a strange spell over him he | was knocked in one direction, stunned, ceased to urge his horse with the same ing and ringing before he could get into pressure as before. In the midst of the the house. Finally Mrs. Maynard's maid, Alice, let him in, and considering | chase there had come a contest within the fact that Mrs. Maynard was in bed his own breast between two conflicting and Alice stood in very close confidenemotions. If Betsy Baggs were in front tial relations with her, Jakey consented of him, what would be the result if he to deliver the note to the maid and waitshould catch her? He must turn her ed to see if there was any reply. Alice over to the military authorities, and the returned and said that her mistress chances were she would be executed for would be down in a moment. Presently a spy. On the other hand, supposing he permitted her to escape, he would be liberating an enemy far more dangershe entered, dressed in a morning wrap-"Jakey," she said, taking the boy by ous to the army in which he served the hand and smoothing the hair out of than a dozen batteries. In short, he would be a traitor to his comrades and his eyes, "can I rely on you to do somehis cans

Miss Baggs, for it was she, had pass "You are going to the front, and no one can tell what may happen. You'll ed many pickets, had experienced many lucky escapes. She had browbeaten offi-cers and had cozened soldiers. She had probably have to meet your enemies some time, and the colonel says that a gone through a dozen places where a battle may come at any day. I want you man would surely have been arrested. to promise me that if anything should And now, after passing so many danhappen to the colonel you will come here gers, on the very eve of success, she sud-denly found herself in the most critical as fast as you can and let me know of of all the situations she had ever been "Y' mean of th' colonel gits hit on placed in.

Meanwhile the long legs of Bobby Lee were getting over the ground at he gets sick or wounded or in any other an astonishing pace. It was not the tritrouble, will you come and tell me at angulation of a former race for sport with Corporal Ratigan, but the quick, short jumps of a race for life. And Bobby seemed to know the stake. Never in his former flights had his ears been turned back so eagerly to catch the low tones of his mistress. Never had there been so much feeling in that mistress voice. It was: "Go on, Bobby! Good old horse. Get up! On, on, on! That's a dear boy. It's life and death with me, Bobby," a continued stream of broken words and sentences, all of which Bobby seemed to understand and act upon as if he had been a human being.

> The fugitive knew that the chase could not be a long one. Her crazy vehicle was like a rotten hulk in a storm without sea room. To the north was the Tennessee river, and no means of crossing. Ahead was Chickamanga creek, but between her and it lay the scattered forces of the left wing of the Union army. She knew the ground well and had as good a knowledge of the positions of the troops as one could have of an army constantly changing. The point from which she had started was half a mile west of Rossville on the Lafayette road. A mile of chasing had brought her near a fork, the left road leading across Chickamauga creek by Dyer's bridge, the right leading directly south. She determined to take the left hand road, intending, if she should succeed in reaching Dyer's mill, about a mile from the creek, to strike a ford some distance below that she remembered having once crossed. These possibilities flashed through

her mind like messages over a telegraph wire while the thud of hoofs and the clattering of her pursuer's swinging saber were sounding in her ears.

"On, on, Bobby; for heaven's sake, go on!"

south from Rossville. The regiment Would it not be best for her to leave was strung out to a considerable disher horse and buggy in the road and take to the woods? No. They would mark the point where she had left them. a stranger. On the one side was the was placed in charge of a section of But her pursuer would not know which side of the road she had taken, and of eight men, he led them to the end of there would be an even chance that he would follow on the wrong side. Something must be done; the race could not last forever; the man behind seemed to be gaining, and then the dread of coming upon a Union camp! She was about to bring her horse to a stand and jump from her buggy when the clatter behind her-Ratigan had turned a slight bend in the road-sounded so loud, so near, that instead of doing so she gave him a cut with the whip. "There's no time now, Bobby. We

## THE WEALTH MAKERS

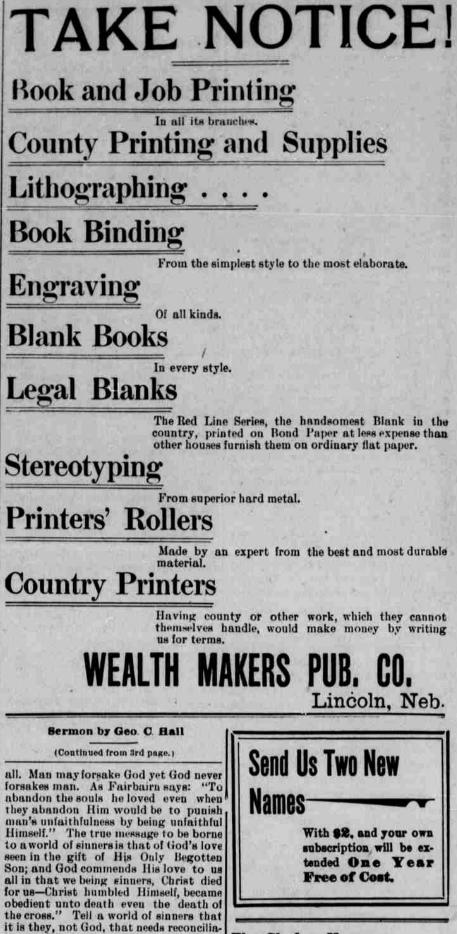
and his musket went flying in the other. And now each one of the chain of sentries through which the fair dispatch stealer's horse dragged her and her swaying buggy with a series of lunges, hearing shots, the cries of guards, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rattling of wheels, and seeing something coming through the darkness as Miss Baggs approached, shouted "Halt!" "Turn out the guard!" "Who comes there?" and a score of other similar cries, to none of which Miss Baggs paid any other attention than to fly through and from them as from the hand of death. A score of shots were fired at her along half a mile of road while she was running the gantlet.

And now the last sentry is passed, and the woman shoots out from between the rows of white tents into a free road ahead. The noises are left behind. But amid the confusion of distant sounds is one which, coming with a low, continued rattle, strikes terror into her heart. A familiarity with war has taught her its calls. She hears the beating of the "long roll." The whole camp is aroused. A legion of Yankees may soon be in pursuit.

Corporal Ratigan was stopped by evary sentinel who had tried to check Miss Baggs. After an explanation to each he was suffered to go on. The men who stopped him transmitted the information at once to the guard tent that some one-doubtless an enemy-was being chased. The force was a division of infantry, with no cavalry except a mounted escort to the general commanding. Some of these were ordered in pursuit. There was a hurried saddling of horses, sprinkled with oaths at the delays encountered, and three cavalrymen mounted and dashed after Miss Baggs and her pursuer. But before they started a couple of miles had been placed between her and the camps.

The gray of the morning was by this time beginning to reveal objects with greater distinctness. Ratigan, coming to a rise in the ground just beyond the camps, saw the buggy about two miles ahead swaying like the dark hull of a ship rolling through the billows of an ocean. For a moment he hesitated between his duty as a soldier and that quick, sharp something, be it love, bewitchment or a natural sympathy of man for weaker woman, while beads of cold perspiration stood on his forehead. It seemed to him that if he should do his duty he would be acting the part of an executioner, not only that, but the executioner of a woman-a woman whose image had got into his heart and his head and never left him a moment's peace since she first threw the spell of her entrancing personality about him. It was a hard struggle, and from the nature of the case could not be a long one. Duty won. He shouted to his horse, gave him a dig with both spurs and dashed forward.

spiritually and makes hell in human associations. His wrath is ever hot against that. Tell them that God is a There was a depression in the ground down which the corporal plunged. Then the road ran along a level for awhile, Father, and is pained by the ruin that selfishness or sin works in and among with another slight rise beyond. As he his children. And for an expression of rode down the declivity the fugitive that sorrow and pain in His heart, point was on the crest of the second rise. She them to Calvary-love's sacrifice to save stood up and turned to catch a glance



## The Sledge-Hammer

Is one of the best Populist papers in 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.

1

Hot Springs Special

April 4, 1895

wife he loved and the sleeping child; on the other, what now appeared toilsome marches, nights spent on wet ground, sickness, mangling by shell and bullets and saber cuts. A year before he had loved these hardships, these dangers. Now a new element had entered into his life, and at least while he gazed on the little stranger (the only life that had come to him among the many gone since the war began) he felt a strange repugnance to entering upon

the coming campaign. "My boy, my boy," he said huskily, the thought suddenly coming to him that he might never see wife or child again, "how can I now risk leaving you to struggle on to manhood unprotected?" Then, recognizing his weakness, he said, with a quick born smile, "But you have your mother, and I must win the star of a brigadier for you to play with."

But war's quick and imperative demands gave him little time for the indulgence of such feelings. He tried to turn away. Again and again he drew the curtains of the cradle, only to draw them back for one more look.

"Laura," he said suddenly, "all is changed. Before you and he came I did my duty as a soldier because it was not hard to do and because it pleased me. Now it will be hard, and I shall do it. that you and he may not be disgraced in me. How can I ever leave a blot on my name and have that child grow up to know it?"

Laura, seeing how hard it was for him to draw himself from the cradle, took his hand and led him away.

Going down stairs, they found the house silent. All the family were in bed. Maynard knew that it was time he had departed. It was very late, and he must ride eight miles to camp and be on the march with his brigade before daylight. But he could hardly tear himself away from the house. The sleeping child up stairs seemed to have brought from the unknown whence he came a maze of gentler emotions, which were drifting like smoke wreaths about his father, obscuring the way from their peaceful influence.

There was one more embrace, then another last one, then another final one, then a stirrup kiss, and Colonel Mark Maynard rode back through the night to camp.

Not long after his arrival bugles counded the reveille. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and the men were aronsed to begin their advance to the front. Sending for Jakey Slack, the colonel gave him a note to take back to Laura at the plantation. He had repeated his adiens so often in person that one would hardly think it necessary to send any more on cold paper, but Maynard's heart strings were pulling him as strongly away from war as his duty was forcing him toward it. Besides he knew that Laura would treasure every word from him.

Jakey mounted Tom and rode in the

two miles. Putting himself at the head his section nearest camp, and dividing them into two reliefs of four men each posted them at intervals of half a mile along the line under his care. At sunset, not being relieved, he prepared to spend the night in bivouac. Selecting a clump of trees under which to rest and outting some boughs for beds-or rather to keep the men from the damp ground -the corporal established the relief, off duty, there. The rations were cooked

and eaten, after which the guard was relieved. The corporal went out always with the relief, posted his men and slept between times.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when Ratigan started out to post the last relief for the night. The men followed, grum and stupid, having just been wakened out of a sound sleep and not yet thoroughly aroused. The party rode to the extreme end of the section, left a man and turned back, leaving a man at every half mile. Corporal Ratigan had posted the last man half a mile from the bivouac and was returning when suddenly, turning a bend in the road running through a wood, he descried a dark object before him beside the road.

He drew rein and watched and listened. The dark object, as he fixed his gaze upon it, grew into the dim outlines of a vehicle, but it was too dark for him to see if it contained any one. The corporal, whose mind had been fixed on the special duty of protecting the line, at once assumed that some one was trying to cut the wire. He put spurs to his horse and called out:

"Halt, there! Throw up your hands and surrender, or I'll shoot.

The only response was a swish from a whip which came down evidently on a horse's back, and the dark mass before him vanished around the bend in the road. The corporal dashed on, but before he could get around the bend the object had turned again. He could hear the rattling of wheels and sounds of a horse's hoofs digging into the road at a gallop. Whoever was behind that horse must be driving at a frightful pace, for urging his own beast to his best he seemed to lose rather than gain ground. Coming to a straight piece of road, he could again see the object before him, but in the darkness it was simply a darker spot than its surround-

ings. Suddenly the ears of the corporal caught a sound that filled him with astonishment. It was a voice urging forward the horse he was chasing. Ratigan had supposed that whoever was trying to escape was a man, yet this voice was different from a man's tones. It sounded like that of a child or a woman. The corporal was puzzled. Then it suddealy occurred to him that perhaps he was chasing Betsy Baggs.

Now, the corporal was as conscientious a man as there was in the Army of the Cumberland and one of the most gallant, but when the suspicion fell upon him like a chill that he was

must put a greater distance between us and the Yankee. Get up, Bobby! Oh, go on! Why haven't you wings?"

Heavens, what is that ahead? Tents, white and ghostly in the gloom! And how many of them! The whole field is covered!

Nearer comes the clatter from behind. In front is a sleeping regiment, brigade, perhaps a whole division. It was not there yesterday. It must be in transit. Oh, why should it have halted just in time to block the way?

"God help me, I must take my chances and go on."

Sentinels were pacing on their beats about the camps. In some cases the beats led along the road, but not across it. Right through these chains of sentinels, right into the heart of this sleeping multitude of armed men, dashed the woman whose only weapons of de fense were Bobby Lee and her antiquated vehicle.

"Halt!"

"Go on, Bob!"

A shot, a bullet singing like a tuning fork in ears which already sang loud enough in themselves with excitement

"Turn out the guard!" Following Miss Baggs came Corporal Ratigan, to find the road in front of him blocked by half a dozen men with a many muskets pointed right up in his face.

He uttered an involuntary "Thank God!" He must be delayed; the responsibility for the escape of the fugitive would be with them. If indeed she were Miss Baggs, he would regard himself fortunate at the delay.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the men.

"I'm chasing some one in front. I suspect a telegraph breaker."

"Ah! That's it, is it? Well, go on; we've stopped the wrong person.'

The corporal regretted that the interview had been so brief, the interruption so short. He had no option but to dash on. Before the fugitive there stood a man in the middle of the road with a musket leveled straight at her, or rather at the coming mass, which he could not distinguish. Miss Baggs did not see him till she got within a dozen feet of him and heard:

"Halt, or I'll fire!"

Rising in her seat and concentrating all her strength in one effort, she brought her whip down on the horse's back, at gray of the morning to deliver the note. after a woman whose presence, for the the same time holding him in the cen-When he reached the plantation, he brief period he had been with her, had ter of the road by the reins. The man

behind her. She saw a horseman was too far to recognize the corporaldashing after her. Below her was a wooded space, and she noticed that which gave her a glimmer of hope. The road forked. Urging her horse onward, she aimed to get on one of the two roads beyond the fork while her pursuer was in the hollow back of her, trusting that she might escape, as she had escaped before, by forcing him to choose between two roads, and trusting that he might take the wrong one.

Down the declivity her racer plunged while Ratigan was galloping down the one behind her. So steep was the road and so swift her horse's pace that the danger of death by mangling seemed greater than death by hanging. She reached the bottom, where the road ran level to the fork and the wood. Hope urged her. It was not 100 yards to the point she was so anxious to reach.

Passing over a rut at the very fork of the road that seemed her only chance for escape, the old buggy gave a dismal groan, as much in sympathy with the mistress it had served so well as a death rattle, and flew into a hundred pieces. [TO BE CONTINUED.]



# **Right Arm Paralyzed** Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

"Our daughter, Blanche, now fif-teen years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the heart physicians with the herefit the best physicians, with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 pounds. Her nervousness and symp-toms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid." MRS. R. R. BULLOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

# Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 51, 6 bottles for 55, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

the world from perishing. 9. The sin of the world is selfishness It has been called an eternal necessity, but to say that, is saying that it is from God; or, it is unseating Him, as the loving Sovereign of the universe in thought. Sin is not a necessity; therefore God came into humanity to save the world from sin; therefore we may point to the Incarnate, crying behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. The extirpation of sin is possible and it will be accomplished. In all the world, in every nation, in every city, village, and home-in every heart Love's sweet refrain-"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good willing men will obtain." The law of love will rule in every man, and in all the affairs of men. Then no more war-commercial industrial, civil or inter-national. No

tion and God is reconciled to them, but

not to the sin that alienates them from

Himself and from each other. He cannot

be reconciled to that which destroys them

more tyranny, poverty, vice or crime and no more irksome toil. All necessary work a work of love-love everywhere and everywhere at work. The splendid imagery of Isaiah in the thirty-fifth chapter of his prophecy will be realized. This the work of the love which God com-

mends to us in the cross 10. "God commends His love to us, in that we being sinners, Christ died for us," so that we being enemies might be reconciled to Him and to each other in love. Christ was Love's Sacrifice and not this only, He was sin's victim also. The victim of our sin.

11. So far as worldly ambition, pride, hardness, envy, prejudice, intolerance, de-ceit, strife and moral impurity dominates our lives-so far do we crucify the Christ and so far was He bruised for iniquities and wounded for our transgressions.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Notice our cheap clubbing rates with "The Prairie Farmer" and "The Picture Magazine." Send in your subscriptions. You will want good reading matter for the family during the long winter evenings.

#### State Official Arrested.

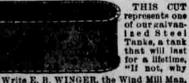
Carson, Nev., March 30 .- Reinhold Sadller, lieutenant-governor of the state, was yesterday arrested in Eureka county on a charge of embezzlement. The charges were preferred by a stage driver in Sadlier's employ, who says that he held back money he had drawn from the government. Sadlier is under bonds.

#### Raises the Age of Consent.

Lansing, Mich., March 30 .- The age of consent bill, which was the feature of Wednesday's session of the senate, was fought all over again yesterday afternoon. The age was changed from 17 to 16 years and the bill passed.

#### The Indiana Forest Fires.

Franklin, Ind., March 30.-Forest fires are doing much damage to farms and farm property in Brown county. Great excitement prevails.



not?" Write E. B. WINGER, the Wind Mill Man, Chicago, for cuts, sizes and prices.

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A. S. FIELDING, City Ticket Agt. OW. S. A. MOSHEU, Gen'l Agt., 117 So. 10th St.

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#### Good News!

Governor Larrabee's great work, "The Railroad Question," is now issued in pa-per covers. It is the standard authority on the stbject and has just been adopted as a text book by Vassar College. Every reformer should have a copy. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper covers, 50c. Ad dress, WEALTH MAKERS PUB. Co., Lincoln, Neb. 50c. Ad-

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