By Captain F. A. MITCHEL. Copywright, 1894, by American Press As-

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XXL A MILITARY PROBLEM.

The events attending the capture and scape of Caroline Fitz Hugh and the lismissal of Colonel Maynard from the service all happened in such quick sucion that Jakey Slack was not aware of what was taking place until after it was all over. It must be confessed that Mayuard had not treated his most devoted adherent with the consideration he merited. But it is the way of people who are rising to eminence to gradually leave off familiarity with those formerly most intimate with them.

Maynard had treated Jakey with mock deference, but had not thought of leaning upon him for advice or strength, much less comfort, and during the raging of the fire through which he had passed Jakey Slack had been as far from his mind as if he had not existed.

One evening as "retreat" was sounding-it was the evening of the colonel's deposition from his rank and command -Jakev walked into his tent. Maynard's head was bowed down on his camp cot. Hearing some one enter, he looked up and saw his old friend. Had Jakey been another boy, when he saw the haggard look, the strongly marked lines of suffering in the face before him, he would have shown some mark of the effect such a sight had upon him. Not so Jakey. There was no expression either of surprise or grief upon his unexpressive countenance. But the sight of Jakey standing there to remind him that, though a whole army condemned him, there was one in it who never could be brought to think him guilty of any crime had a different effect on the late commander. He reached out his the boy toward him, folded him in his arms. Thus do those who have been deprived of their greatness go back for sympathy to those from whom they have farthest departed.

Maynard held the boy against his breast while he gave way to convulsive sobs such as are unusual in a man and only come when some mental struggle under an intense grief is relaxed and suffering permitted to get control. Neither spoke. Jakey's presence reminded Maynard the more keenly of those he loved. His mind had been upon his wife and child. Jakey's coming brought also Souri's image and the trials and triumphs which he and Jakey and Souri had once passed together, and trials and triumphs borne in company weld hearts. Of all who loved him only Jakey was there, and on him alone could he rely for comfort.

utes, and this he considered quite long

enough.
"General," he began. He had always called his chief "general," contending that he was a general since he commanded a brigade.

"No more of that, Jakey. I am only Maynard now—Mark Maynard. Mark is a good enough name for me." Waal, that don't make no differ.

You uns got th' same body 'n arms 'n legs 'n all thet. Hev y' done th' fust thing fo' ter do?" "What's that, Jakev?"

"Tell Mrs. Maynard." "Jakey, I can't."

"Reckon she'll hev ter know it some

"There's going to be a battle. No court can keep me from shouldering a musket or wielding a saber. I'll go into the fight that's coming and never come out of it. Then she'll not need to know

"What makes y' think ther's goin ter be a fight?"

"I would not have the intuitions of a soldier if I did not."

"Y' hain't General Rosey." "Nor do I need to be General Rosey to divine what's coming. Do you suppose I knew any more about war with eagles on my shoulders than in a private's uniform? If there were some superior being to look into the heads of the men composing this army and readjust the rank in accordance with fitness, many a star would leave the shoulder where it now rests to alight on that of

some obscure private." "Waal, ef we fight 'em, won't we

whip 'em?" Jakey noticed that, with the change of his friend's mind from his grief to war, there was an immediate improvement from the terrible depression upon him. He asked the question for the purpose of keeping Maynard's attention fixed for a time on war rather than for

information. "Whip 'em? Why, Jakey, we're scat-tered all over creation." He dipped his finger in a tin cup full of water and began to draw a rude map on the top of an extemporized table, consisting of a square board nailed on a stake driven

in the ground. "Here's the Chickamauga flowing between these two ridges, Missionary and the Pigeon mountains, from south to north into the Tennessee. Crittenden's corps is here at Lee and Gordon's mill. Thomas' corps has just passed through Stevens' gap down here, ten or a dozen miles from Crittenden, while McCook is at Alpine, 20 miles away from Thomas. We are off here near Reed's bridge, the tip of the left wing. feed." 40 miles from McCook, the tip of the

right wing. "Bragg is here at Lafayette, on the east side of the Pigeon mountains, and opposite our center at Crawfish Springs, where he can strike any one of our corps separately. He can ride up on to the supposit Pigeon mountains, and, looking down do if I on the valley of the Chickamauga, see range?"

just where we are located. I was up there myself the other day with a recnnoitering party and came upon one of one would survey a barnyard of fat p'n. turkeys before Christmas."

He paused and seemed lost in some attendant problem. Presently he added absently: "All I'd be afraid of would be de-

lay."
"What d'y' mean by thet?" asked Ja-

Maynard started. "I was thinking that I was on the other side," he said. You see, Jakey, in a military point of view the beauty of the situation is all with the Confederates."

"How?" "They can cut us up in detail."

"Wha'd y' do ef y' wor him uns?" "I? I'd arive a wedge right in here between Thomas' and Crittenden's corps. I'd destroy first one and then the other. After that I'd eat my rations and have plenty of time to take care of McCook's, which is too far away even to hear the guns."

"Thet'ud be hunky," said Jakey, pretending to catch his friend's enthusiasm. "Pity 'twasn't t'other way 'n we had 'em as they got we uns. Mebbe of you uns wor in command of our army y' mought do somep'n fo' ter change th' siteration.''

"Yes, what'd y' do?"

"That's a poser, Jakey." Maynard studied his improvised map for awhile without speaking, as if it were a chessboard. At last he said:

"General Rosecrans, I learn, has ordered his scattered columns concentrated at Crawfish Springs, the center of his line. Perhaps this is as good a plan as any, at least if Bragg gives him time enough to close up. To me two plans seem to be open. One is to demonstrate along the Chickamauga, principally with cavalry, while"-

"What's demonstrate?" interrupted

"Make a feint, a fuss; pretend to have a big force and only have a little one. I would leave the campfires burning at night, to make them think I was still there, and draw my army away to Mishand, took that of Jakey, and, drawing sion ridge. Moving backward on converging lines''-"What's them?"

"Lines coming to a focus"-"What's a focus?"

"Confound it, Jakey, we'll be attacked and whipped before I can make you understand. These roads you see come together at Chattanooga. From Chattauooga, if necessary, the army could be

crossed"—
"I thought we uns was a-follerin them uns!" observed Jakey, surprised at the turn the campaign had taken.

"Jakey, did you ever hear of the man who held his adversary down by placing his nose between that adversary's teeth?"

"Well, that's the way we're holding our enemy, but your remark leads to the other side of the problem. Desper-At last Jakey withdrew himself from If I were a general, I'd never be on the his friend's embrace. He had permitted defensive if I could help it, cost what it sets a man to we what his enemy is going to do, instead of doing something himself. Now, our southernmost column might be pushed out here"-putting his finger on the line denoting the Georgia Central railroad-"to out the Confederates' avenue for supplies. Bragg might turn and crush it, but he can do that now. The trouble is, Jakey, we need troops for quick marches; flying columns to move without camp equipage. Such a column down there could strike, retreat, strike at another point, and so confuse an enemy that he wouldn't know what was to happen next."

Jakey was too young to understand the phases of the war problem in which Maynard's mind had become engrossed to the obliteration of his trial, disgrace, wife, child, friends, comrades, everything but the game that charmed him. But Jakey's mind was as much on his friend as his friend's was on the prob-



Jakey was puzzled.

lem, and he determined to go on fostering the awakened interest. Unmindful of the demonstration made thus far, he suddenly broke out:

"Supposin I wor th' general commandin this hyar army 'n you uns wor th' general commandin t'other army. Now, how would it do fo' me ter march out in the middle o' the night 'n just knock the stuffin right out'n you uns?"

Maynard smiled. It suddenly occurred to him how little Jakey knew of

his explanations. "What would be your plan of attack, general?" he asked, wishing to humor

the boy. "Waal," said Jakey, who had no more idea of what he was talking about than the 14-year-old boy he was, "I reckon I'd put the big guns in a long line on top o' th' Pea Vine ridge hyar, 'n jest scatter shot 'n shell like chicken

Maynard burst into a laugh. Jakey surveyed the altered expression of his friend's face with his bright little eyes and chuckled, but his own face was as imperturbable as usual.

"General," said the boy commander's supposititious enemy, "what would you do if I were to draw my troops out of

Jakey was puzzled. He made a desperate effort to conjure up a reply.
"Waal," he said presently, "I reckon

his scouts, looking at us very much as I'd jest wait fo' you uns ter do some-"Your ground would be strong enough

in itself, but weak on the flanks, especially your left, and in case of retreat you would have the creek to cross in face of an enemy, a hazardous undertaking. I would turn your left and get possession of the roads to Chattanooga. Perhaps I could defeat you and force you to recross the creek. While you were doing so I would knock you to pieces If you succeeded in crossing, you would find my troops in your rear between you and Chattanooga.

Jakey neither understood nor even heard a word his opponent said, but he looked as seriously studious over the problem as if he were the general commanding.

"Are you whipped, general?" asked

Maynard. "Waal, mebbe ef I air whipped l don't know nothin 'bout it, 'n I'll jest go on fightin till I make you uns think thet you uns air whipped."

"Like Grant at Pittsburg Landing." The reference was lost on Jakey, but it led him to think that he had made a point. He looked very wise and said nothing. He was thinking on a line which he feared might be of some prac tical importance to his individual self. He was not certain but that it would be necessary for him to make the connecting link in person between his friend and his friend's wife. So he turned the conversation on lines of retreat.

"Now, supposin," he said, "just sup-posin I war busted right hyar, how'd I git away?"

'That would depend on the condition of things. If I were the general opposing you, you'd never get away safely. I'd never stop till I had driven you into the Tennessee river."

"How could I get thar from hyar?" "This part of your army where we are now could only fall back on Rossville. There the flanks would be better protected for a stand. You could go from Rossville to Chattanooga by this road" (pointing to it on the map). "If you should be successful in keeping your enemy far enough from you and long enough, you might cross the river there and save your army. You might perhaps stay there if not too reduced in numbers and if you could keep your line of supply open."
"This air th' bridge I'd cross th'

creek on, I reckon," pointing to Reed's bridge on the map. "That's the nearest from where we

"Waal, general," said Jakey in a tone to indicate that the discussion of the campaign was ended, "ef you uns

bust me, I'll retreat thet a-way. Nothing more was said about the imaginary campaign by either. Maynard's eye was fixed on his water map, and he was lost in study. Jakey let him alone till he saw that he was drifting back to his trouble. Then he endeavored to lead him into war again. At last, seizing a favorable opportunity, the boy suggested the propriety of sending some message to his wife.

fight," was all Maynard would say. Jakey was discouraged. He knew that if his friend lived after the fight it would not be his own fault.

Jakey considered himself bound in honor to report to Mrs. Maynard her husband's condition, not only on account of his promise made her on the evening of his departure for the front, but because he had a vague unformulated notion that there are certain exigencies where only women can "do somep'n," and he knew that "the general" required his wife's attention. Mounting Tom, he set off toward Rossville, remembering by the water map that the right hand road led there.

It was about 11 o'clock at night when he reached Rossville. He determined to rest there a few hours, and making for a cavalry camp got on the "soft side" of a sergeant and turned in with his natural associates, the soldiers. Jakey asked the guard to waken him at 2 o'clock, at which time, after a bite furnished by his friend, the sergeant, and a feed for Tom, he set off toward Chattanooga. At daylight he crossed the Tennessee river and was soon on his way across the neck of Moccasin point toward his destination.

As Jakey approached the plantation it occurred to him for the first time that the information he bore was not pleasant for him to give to any one, especially a woman, and that woman "the general's" wife.

"Reckon she uns'll be skeered when she sees me," he muttered to himself. "I don't like this business nohow. Wonder I didn't think o' this befo'. Wish they wor some un ter tell her. Mebbe I'll see Souri first. Ef I do, I'll let her tell."

But Jakey was not so lucky. He reached the plantation just before breakfast time, and as Laura Maynard cast a glance from her chamber window she saw him ride up to the veranda. She remembered well the promise she had extracted from Jakey and knew in a moment that he was the bearer of some bad news. Putting her hand on her heart to stop its thumping, she ran down stairs and out on to the veranda. the game of war; how useless had been The boy dismounted and came up the

"Oh, Jakey, what is it?" Now, Jakey had his own methods of carrying his points, and whether or no they were original or ingenious he carried them. Sometimes his parrying was very clumsy. It was so now. He must gain time at all hazards.

"What air what?" "There's something happened to the colonel. I know it. Tell me the worst." "Waal, now, Mrs. Maynard, 'the

general' he hain't dead nohow." "Thank heaven he lives! Is he ill or Cures. wounded? Is the wound mortal? Or is his illness dangerous? Will he recover? Oh, tell me, tell me!"

"Which un o' them air questions shell I answer fust?" Souri came out on to the veranda.

and seeing Jakey took him into her

"What are you doing here, Jakey?" she asked. "Reckon I air a-standin on ter th'

gallery jest now." "Mark is ill, wounded, heaven knows what!" exclaimed Laura. "He won't tell me." She clasped her hands and

"Jakey, don't give Mrs. Maynard pain by keeping her in suspense. Tell

But Souri dreaded to have her friend hear bad news as well as Jakey dreaded

"Waal," said Jakey, cornered, "th' general, 'ae air d-d obstinate.' "Obstinate?" "Yas."

Souri encouragingly. "Waal, th' general he reckons ther's goin ter be a big fight, 'n he's goin fo' ter git hisself killed."

"What do you mean, Jakey?" asked

"Heavens!" exclaimed Laura. "What does it all mean?"

"Means Miss Baggs." "Miss Baggs!" cried the wife, bristling. "So it's something about her." "It's all 'bout her."

"Tell me what you mean this instant," said Laura, with flashing eyes. By this time Jakey had got to a point where he could begin to tell his story. He did so after the following fashion:

"Miss Baggs she wor ketched takin th' telegraphs off'n th' wires 'n turned over ter th' general. The general he wanted ter turn ber over ter beadquarters, but they was too smart for him. They tole him ter try her 'n kill her."

'The cruel monsters!' cried Laura. "Maybe Jakey's got it wrong. They'd not be likely to express it that way,' said Souri.

"Reckon thet's 'bout it with a spy anyhow. Th' general he tried her, but when it come ter killin her he wasn't thar." "The noble man! It is just like him,"

"Then he found out thet she was sister of a old friend o' his'n."

from Laura.

"Who was that?" from Laura. "Mr. Fitz Hugh."

"Caroline Fitz Hugh?" "Reckon." "Who is she?" asked Souri of Laura.

"I-I never saw her. I know who she is, though." "Then th' general he dressed hisself like a private sojer, 'n he 'n Corporal

Ratigan"-"Corporal Ratigan!" exclaimed Souri. "Yas, he 'n Corporal Ratigan they

run her over th' lines." "Well," from Laura, breathlessly. "Th' general he confessed, 'n they

tried him, 'n''- Jakey hesitated. "Sentenced him ter be- Oh, Souri, help me!" And Laura tottered against her friend.

"Ter be cashiered." "Do tell me what it is," gasped Laura, looking imploringly at Souri. "I don't know. What is it, Jakey?"

"Bein dropped out'n th' service. "And is that all?" cried Laura hysterically. "Only dropped out of the service, and for doing a noble act! Poor Mark! I know that he will consider this a terrible disgrace, but to me it is a blessing. Now I can show him how I love him," and dropping her head on Souri's shoulder she burst into a torrent of tears.

[To be Continued.]

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