Militaria de la compania del la compania de la comp Chickamauga. By Captain F. A. MITCHEL. pywright, 1894, by American Press As-sociation.]

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NINETEENTH OF SEPTEMBER. Seldom has an army been in a more critical position than the Army of the Cumberland at this juncture. The Confederates overlapped the Union front on the north by half a dozen miles, and between Confederates and the Chattaon road leading from what was both the Union left and rear into Chattanooga there were only small bodies of cav-alry. Bragg had but to overwhelm se, cross the Chickamaugs and march a few miles westward to seize this road and throw himself between his enemy and that enemy's base—Chattanooga. It was his intention to cross Reed's bridge by 8 o'clock in the morning with one column, and Alexander's bridge, a few miles above, at the same hour, the two columns to join and seize the coveted road, attack Crittenden's left, while a third Confederate column, crossing at Dalton's ford, would attack him in front. Crittenden once crushed under these combined forces, as it was expected he would be by noon, the whole Confederate army was to overwhelm Thomas, still ten miles distant, leaving Mo-

There was nothing on the left to prevent the execution of this attractive lan but the two bodies of cavalry at Reed's and Alexander's bridges. Eight o'clock came, and they were not overwhelmed. The sun stood high over the valley of the Chickamanga, and still the Confederates had not crossed at either of these two points. The defenders of the bridges were a swarm of hor-nets flying in their enemies' faces, with many an effective sting. At noon they were still stinging. It was not till 8 o'clock in the afternoon that the defenders of Alexander's bridge were forced to give way, and those at Reed's bridge only retired on learning that the other had been captured by the enemy. So the morning and the afternoon passed, and when evening fell but 8,000 federates had been thrown across. What was to have been executed on Friday, the 18th of September, must be deferred till the next day. Will it then be too late?

Cook, 20 miles away, to be finished

The moon is lighting up the field, the woods, the summits of the two ridges inclosing the valley of the Chickamauga and 100,000 soldiers. The air is cold

and crisp, and myriads of campfires are looking down upon him, so pale, so cold, so dead, as if in mockery of his own animate being and prophetic of human feelings to the eternal peace.

What may come for him on the morrow. Riding on, Maynard met an officer he

From the southward comes the tramp of dust covered men in blue. At their head rides one who before the sun twice sets is to take first rank among the heroes of Chickamauga. Thomas is leading his men from a distant point far beyond Crittenden to the exposed left and rear, to the Chattanooga road—the road commanding the line of communication of the Army of the Cumberland. It must of that. Was there not an enemy at the be a forced march, for the time is short and the distance is great.

From the eastward the Confederates are pushing across the Chickamauga. Every available passage is occupied, but ere is little left of the bridges, and it is slow and hazardous work at the struction that surely he thought the fords. Large bodies of men are like streams. They flow easily across open countries, but become choked in narrow ways. Yet the work goes on. It is a long night-long for these men wading ours past midnight in wet clothing. It is an eventful night, for if they get across in sufficient force, and the way is still unblocked as yesterday, the fate of the Union army is sealed.

ertion of the day would have brought it, for he was exhausted, but his position as to the army with which he had no place was burning him like a hot iron. A few days before, and he would have been leading his brigade through these stirring scenes. Now he was not even a private soldier. He was an outcast, a wretch too detestable for the respect even of menial cooks and strikers, of ing down his gun, the hot tears burstteamsters, of the grasping horde of army followers, whose object was to cheat the soldier and rob the dead.

The moon, finding a convenient opening in the boughs above him, locked at him in a way that in a measure quieted him. What an absence of turmoil on her surface! No guns roar in her valws: no armies contend for the possession of her ringed ridges. The thought for a moment chased away his desire for oblivion. He shuddered at her nothwas passing seemed far preferable. He was in the midst of man's coveted action. While that lasted he could not for long be plunged in despair. Thank heaven, he was permitted to seek solace in h turmoil, such roaring of guns and velling of men as had come and were

Toward morning his thoughts became less intense, less clear. The sounds coming from a troop of horses picketed ar became more and more confused. The mores of men resting after a day hard fighting lost their vigor. The nohes above him twined indistinctly.

no. It was broad day. He started up the hearts broken with every charge, and listened. Then came another dull every defense!

boom, then another, and in a few minutes there was the rapid firing of a battle on the left. Surely that is not the little body of cavalry in whose ranks he had fought the day before.

Mounting, he rode toward it through a partly wooded, partly open country. The fields were gray, but the woods were still green. Then there was the odor of the morning in the country and the chirping of birds hunting for their breakfast. It would not be long before that perfume must give way to the smell of gunpowder, before the chirping of the birds would be drowned by the sounds of musketry and artillery.

Meeting an aid-de-camp riding at full speed toward the south, he called out, pointing in the direction of the firing, which he could now discern was on or near the Chattanooga road: "Who's there?"

"Old Pap, with two divisions." Maynard uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"How did he get there?" "Marched all night."

"Much force in his front?" "You bet! I'm going for re-enforcements." and in a moment he was out

A courier came dashing from the opposite direction.

"What news from the right?" "The head of McCook's column is at Crawfish Springs."

"Good. The army is safe for the present. The game is balked."

Striking the road leading to Alexander's bridge, he found himself in rear of the Union line of battle that had open-



"Leave these ranks!"

ed on the left. A force hurried by to the support of comrades at the front. The ground he was on had just been fought over and dead and wounded scattered everywhere. Entering a wood, he pushed forward through it. A young soldier, a boy of 18, was sitting on the ground, supported by a tree, gasping for breath. A red stream running down his bosom showed that he had been shot through the langs. 'You are thinking of home, my boy,' muttered Maynard and pushed on. An officer lay in his scattered over the valley as a reflection path and begged him for what the of the starry heavens upon the bosom of | wounded crave so eagerly-water. Maya lake. All night the moon gleams upon | nard rode about hunting for a stream or the steel of the two sleepless armies— a spring. At last he found what he the Confederates pushing across the sought, and filling a canteen rode back Chickamauga, the Unionists marching to where the man lay. He was dead. to cover their unprotected left. Many a In his hand he held a picture of wife soldier casts his eye up into the serene and two little children. Within hearing heavens and remarks the queen of night of the booming in front and shells cutting the trees above him he had passed from the harshest through the gentlest

Riding on, Maynard met an officer he had known intimately. Without thought of his altered condition the degraded colonel waved his hand in salute and oried out, "How goes the battle, major?" The officer passed by with a look which Maynard never forgot. It sent the hot blood mounting to his cheeks. He could have cloven the man's skull with his saber. But there was no need front? Yes, and there was death. He dashed on and arrived at one of the hottest points on the left just as a line of cavalry was moving to a charge.

Joining them, he rode down into a storm so wild, so fierce, so full of decoveted death must come. But the gaps in the ranks were to his right, to his left, anywhere, everywhere, except where he rode. And when the troopers with whom he fought came out of the through water or standing in the chilly fight Mark Maynard was still among the living.

So opened the battle of Saturday, Sept. 19. Throughout that day Maynard rode wherever he saw that grim specter hovered. At times he was with At midnight Maynard lay under a the cavalry, at times he would dis-tree trying to catch some sleep. The ex-mount, and leaving his horse in the rear go forward with a musket. On one occasion, catching the enthusiasm of battle, he was forgetting his misfortune when the officer of the regiment with which he fought recognized him. The two had been at enmity.

"Leave these ranks!" Maynard turned, saw that he was addressed and who addressed him. Throwing from his eyes, he turned away. Again he was tramping through a cornfield on the flank of a regiment when he saw a division general inspecting the men as they passed forward to an attack. He recognized the general who had sent the spy to him. Their eyes met. Maynard had by this time come to see through the device by which the other had led him into his present position and regarded the officer steadily. The man turned his horse's head and galingness. The scenes through which he loped away. There was one man in the army who did not care to look him in

the eye. The day passed with a succession of blows upon an army still too "strung out" for its own good. But they were all successfully resisted. Wherever a place was weak some brigade or division was sent to strengthen it, usually leaving a place where it had been. But all points were strengthened in time. All damage repaired, at least the damage on which hung defeat. The damage to the dead and thirsting wounded scattered along the line for miles could never be repaired. It could be counted and laid down accurately in the official He was awakened by the sound of a reports, but who can count or repair

And so the sun went down over a field on which there was no victory, no defeat, only suffering and death.

[To be Continued.]

AVENCED BY A MOB. Halls, jr., and William Royce

Lynched. Danville, Ill., May 27 .- John Hals, Jr., and William Royce, the two young men of unsavery reputation who assaulted Miss Laura Barnett and Miss Lillian Draper, were hanged from the Gilbert street bridge, the scene of the crime, at 3:45 o'clock Saturday morning.

On the way to the bridge from jail a procession was formed, taking the boys through Main street. Halls and Royce walked with a firm step and a rope was around the neck of each. Royce wanted to see his father and a delay followed. His father did not come. Halls said he was not ashamed of what he had done. They would not jump, and they were both thrown over

the bridge railing at 3:45.

They dropped thirty feet and expired in fearful convulsions. Their faces were not covered. They hung face to face on the east railing.

From midnight, when the crowd first made its appearance at the jail doors, until the victims were reached it was the determined, desperate struggle of a frenzied mob to mete summary justice, battling against heavy oaken doors and iron bars and occasionally halted by the grim stand of a little band of defenders of law and order under command of Sheriff Thompson.

A telegraph pole was used as a battering-ram. No amount of parleying on the part of the sheriff and no plea from his wife could withstand the mob. which had but one object in view. At 2 o'clock Sheriff Thompson sent for Judge Bookwalter of the Circuit court, who addressed the crowd from the jail corridor. He counseled them to peace and order and for a minute, and but a minute only, his words were heeded. Then another desperate attempt was made to reach the cells where the two men were secreted.

Finally Royce was located, crouching and shivering with fear. His cell door was quickly battered down. A score of hands dragged him unceremoniously from his hiding place underneath the wooden bench which serves prisoners as their bed. Half dragged and half pushed he was hustled into the dining-room and seated on the table. A while part of the mob kept close guard over him the others continued the search for Halls until he was discovered in another and more remote portion of the jail.

A sensational incident occurred during Judge Bookwalter's address to the mob. At first his words produced a telling effect, but the leaders, who are the most prominent men in the county,

replied: "Yes, we know the jury will convict them and give them a severe sentence, but Gov. Altgeld will pardon them out. He recently pardoned three brutes you sent up from Champaign county for twenty years and he will pardon these men. If any other man than Altgeld was governor we would not lynch these men. But we are determined he will never have a chance to turn them

The lynching followed in short order. FIRST PLACE OR NOTHING.

Wants the Presidency and E

ing Also Is Ambitious. New York, May 27 .- The Hon. Stephen B. Elkins walked into the Hoff-

man house one day this week and engaged quarters for himself, but his name does not appear as a guest of the Mr. Elkins has talked during his

present visit with Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Elkins also saw Benjamin Harrison, who stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Among those who know and recall the part Mr. Elkins played in 1888 and 1889 between Mr. Platt and President Harrison, there have been smiles of sympathy for Mr. Elkins this week.

Gov. Morton came down from Albany early this week, saw Mr. Platt, saw several other men and flitted back without leaving any record of a call upon Mr. Harrison.

To the few who know how bitterly disappointed was Thomas C. Platt when President Harrison refused him the secretaryship of the treasury there was a touch of dramatic interest in the meeting of those two men in private this week. Could the one placate the other to the advancement of his ambition? The determination of each is known to no one who will tell.

The visit of National Committeeman Carter set the political atmosphere gently in motion. It is not likely Mr. Carter will resign voluntarily, and it is equally unlikely that any presidential aspirant will at this time urge his retirement on the score of Mr. Carter's silver views. It is a significant fact that the Platt publications are heated to-day because some one has suggested Mr. Morton for second place with Mr. Harrison in 1896. They snort with derision at the suggestion of Morton taking second place with any man on the national ticket. And it may be set down as true that Mr. Morton would decline any such coupling of his name

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Who was President of the United States in 1849–1859-1869!

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What do the eight-hour advocates pro-pose! If working certain hours yields cer-tain profit, how could working less hours yield more prefit!

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What has thrown so many people into

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When did the coal miners' strike begin

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