

Chickamauga. By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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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 Chattanooga road leading from what was both the Union left and rear into Chattanooga there were only small bodies of cavalry.

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.



"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 lungs.

and crisp, and myriads of campfires are scattered over the valley as a reflection of the starry heavens upon the bosom of a lake. All night the moon gleams upon the steel of the two sleepless armies—the Confederates pushing across the Chickamauga, the Unionists marching to cover their unprotected left.

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 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 there is little left of the bridges, and it is slow and hazardous work at 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 through water or standing in the chilly hours 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.

At midnight Maynard lay under a tree trying to catch some sleep. The exertion 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 mental cooks and strikers, of teamsters, 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, looked at him in a way that in a measure quieted him. What an absence of turmoil on her surface! No guns roar in her valleys; 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 nothingness. The scenes through which he was 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 such turmoil, such roaring of guns and yelling of men as had come and were coming.

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

He was awakened by the sound of a gun. It was broad day. He started up and listened. Then came another dull

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

AVENGED BY A MOB.

John Halls, Jr., and William Royce Lynched.

Danville, Ill., May 27.—John Halls, Jr., and William Royce, the two young men of unsavory 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 Bookwater 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 sequestered.

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 Bookwater'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 loose."

The lynching followed in short order. FIRST PLACE OR NOTHING. Morton Wants the Presidency and Elkins Also is Ambitious.

New York, May 27.—The Hon. Stephen B. Elkins walked into the Hoffman house one day this week and engaged quarters for himself, but his name does not appear as a guest of the hotel.

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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