THE RED CLOUD CHIEF, FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.



But Mark Maynard was a veteran and had seen all this before. He gave the ambulance corps a single glance, and then, looking toward a group of later on. Union officers partly concealed from hirs by the smoke of the battery, saw one of them, with the stars of a brigadier general on his shoulder, peer northward through a fieldglass. Turning his eyes in the same direction, he could see a light cloud rising west of Ringold. He watched it and observed that one end of it was trending toward a ford, north of Reed's ridge. The officer soon shut up his glass, and in another moment aids were galloping away to give orders to retreat. A column of Confederates, extending for miles, were marching to the ford to turn the Union left. and no time was to be lost in getting the little force back to the bridge. There is a quick limbering of guns,

ad skirmishers, cavalry, gunners, all burry back over the ridge. At the bridge they find two regiments ready for any duty to which they may be assigned. They are directed to hold the ford to which the column of dust is moving. Protected in that direction, the force at the bridge awaits more confidently the coming of the advancing Confederates.

They have not long to wait. The skirmishers, a thin line of gray, are soon seen scurrying over the ridge like light scattered clouds before a "white squall." The main line of groy is still tramping over the Pea Vine valley, keeping the slow pace of their heavy guns. The Uuion men do not wait for the stronger force. They turn upon these skirmishers and drive them back through the gap to their more slowly moving comrades.

Mark Maynard, following with the rest, soon again found himself on the ridge. There, in the valley below, was the line of battle he had seen, but nearer, a crescent shaped line extending from the bank of the creek above the ford across the northern end of the ridge into the Pea Vine valley. Battleflags appeared above the line at regular intervals Each one of 15 flags Maynard counted, indicating a regiment. He knew that the little Union force east of the Chickamauga could not stand against what appeared to be at least a division of infantry, with a very strong force of cavalry. Nor was he wrong. The scythe swung round as if moved by the arms of a Titan, mowing with its sharp edge the opposing Unionists. They were sent flying back to the bridge and hurriedly put themselves into a position to defend it.

They are ready for the storm when it breaks, meeting it with artillery and charges of cavalry. The Confederates are driven, but by this time their artil-

federate army was to overwhelm Thomas, still ten miles distant, leaving Mc-Cook, 20 miles away, to be finished

There was nothing on the left to prevent the execution of this attractive plan 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 Chickamauga, and still the Confederates had not crossed at either of these two points. The defenders of the bridges were a swarm of hornets flying in their enemies' faces, with many an effective sting. At noon they were still stinging. It was not till 3 s'clock in the afternoon that the detenders 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 Confederates 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? The moon is lighting up the field, the woods, the summits of the two ridges

inclosing the valley of the Chickamauga of sight. and 100,000 soldiers. The air is cold and crisp, and myriads of campfires are posite direction. scattered over the valley as a reflection of the starry heavens upon the bosom of a lake. All night the moon gleams upon Crawfish Springs." the steel of the two sleepless armiesthe Confederates pushing across the Chickamauga, the Unionists marching to cover their unprotected left. Many a soldier casts his eye up into the serene

of dust covered men in blue. At their soldier, a boy of 18, was sitting on the



was passing seemed far preferable. He battle, he was forgetting his misfortune 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 snores 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 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 op-

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

"Good. The army is safe for the pres-

ent. The game is balked." Striking the road leading to Alexan-

der's bridge, he found himself in rear of the Union line of battle that had openheavens and remarks the queen of night ed on the left. A force hurried by to looking down upon him, so pale, so the support of comrades at the front, cold, so dead, as if in mockery of his The ground he was on had just been own animate being and prophetic of fought over and dead and wounded what may come for him on the morrow. scattered everywhere. Entering a wood, From the southward comes the tramp he pushed forward through it. A young

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 down his gun, the hot tears bursting from his eyes, he turned away. Again he was tramping through a corn field 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 galloped 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 reports, but who can count or repair

the hearts broken with every charge, every defense! And so the sun went down over a

field on which there was no victory, no defeat, only suffering and death.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMING OF THE RESERVES. The night has come again. The smoke

has rolled away from the battlefield of Chickamauga. There is neither sound of cannon nor musketry, except here and there an occasional picket firing. There is another sound within the dark forest where Thomas' men are resting-the sound of the woodchopper's ax. The commander in chief of the Confederates hears it and knows, with a general's quick perception, that another chance of destroying his enemy is passing. He cannot enter the forest at the dead of night to stop that chopping, and he knows as he hears hundreds of axes replacing the more appalling sounds of the day with the clatter of their blades, and now and again some great tree crashing through its neighbors, that by morning his enemy will be intrenched behind breastworks.

Maynard bivouacked on Thomas' line. The two armies lay too near to each other to light telltale campfires, and as all equipage had been sent to the rear and blankets were scarce the army spent the night shivering. The wood was too thick to see anything above the lower branches. The men needed sleep, but it would be as easy to sleep on the battlefield as in the continuous clatter of those axes. Besides distrust had come upon the whole army. It was an anxious night to the generals, and the men partook of the solicitude of their commanders. It was known that the enemy had been re-enforced from Virginia, Knoxville and other points. It was rumored that Burnside was coming, but Burnide did not come. To a natural fatigue was added that more appalling weariness of being constantly in the presence of death and the certainty that when the soldier should rise in the morning the grim specter would rise with him to haunt him for another day. There is a streak of gray in the east. The commander in chief of the men in gray listens for the sound of guns in the hands of those he has ordered to begin the attack at daylight and which are to be signal for others. The streak broadens; day comes; the sun rises; it is 8 o'clock. Still all is silent along the line. It is only a mistake, only an order not received or understood by the general who was to lead off, but in that mistake is involved possible failure. With all the vaunted generalship on the field of battle what is it, after all, that turns the tide except the mistakes? Mark Maynard on that Sunday morning was lying with his body in the dirt and his head on the root of a tree. He dreamed that he had just come in from making a charge at the head of his brigade and was approaching his commander to report a glorious success; that the general said to him after thanking him for his achievement, "Colonel, it will give me pleasure to recommend you for promotion to the rank of brigadier"-

'Mark," he exciaimed suddenly, "for these you must win back your spurs.

"Reckon she uns ud like fo' ter hear y' talk thet away, " put in Jakey sympathetically.

"Jakey, I'm a changed man. I feel that I am to have a chance to vindicate myself on the field today. For two days I have been fighting in the ranks. I have had only a private's opportunity. and that is to furnish material for the sacrifice demanded by the god of war, while the god only smiles on those who lead the victim. Today-today''-"Somep'n'll turn up sho', y' bet."

"Come, we must get some breakfast. We'll need it soon. This day will decide the fate of the Army of the Cumberland.

Going to a group of soldiers near by, from whose campfire emanated the pleasing odor of boiling coffee, the two asked and received a breakfast.

A fog hung over the valley of the Chickamauga which screened the two armies from each other. Maynard and Jakey were ignorant of their surroundings a hundred yards distant, so they munched their "hard tack" and swallowed their coffee, quite willing to be hidden from Confederate fire while they were doing so. Meanwhile Jakey gave his friend an account of his trip and how he had arrived on the field at noon the day before.

"How did you find me, Jakey?" asked the hearer.

"Waal, I ast a good many sojers, 'n none of 'em knew whar y' war. 'Bout dark I heard one o' th' cavalry of th' old brigade, our brigade, thet knew y'. He was a tellin how y' went with 'em in a charge. They all liked ter hev yer do thet away. I ast him whar I mought find y', 'n he reckoned he sor y' goin up this way. So I kem 'n found y'. Thet's all.

As he finished Maynard exclaimed: "Look!"

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lery has been got forward and posted at a point north of the bridge, where it can sweep the valley of the creek, the bridge and those whose purpose it is to defend

Now there is imminent danger. Will the little force on the east bank get over, or will it be cut off and captured by these overwhelming Confederates? It can only be saved by one portion charging the enemy while the others are moving by twos (the bridge will stand no more) across the structure.

Among those who charged and recharged to keep off the gray coats swarm ing upon them on that eventful morn ing, always in the advance, in the spitting line of foam that precedes the bil low rolling upon the sand, Mark Maypard was over present. As each wave tolled from the margin of the Chickamauga broke upon the southerners and receded a number of the Union troops had passed the bridge.

Maynard waited till every man was over. Then, stepping on the bridge, he joined a party who were tearing up the flooring to prevent the enemy from following. At last these left for the shore, and he remained alone. As board after board came up the Confederates pushed nearer, but still he worked on. Bullets sang to each other as they passed from east to west and from west to east. while the air was thick with interminable explosions. At last all was done that could be done. Whether his action had so excited the admiration of his enemies that they had no heart to shoot him or whether an overruling power would not let him die, he at last turned unhurt and joined his comrades.

He had been exposed as never before, as he might never be again, but he had not met death.

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 Chata nooga road leading from what was both the Union left and rear into Chattanooga there were only small bodies of cavalry. Bragg had but to overwhy in these, cross the Chickaman sent i. h a few miles westward to seize this r at and throw himself between i and that energy's base-Chait was his intention to cross Reed s br. by 8 o clock in the morning with colum. , and Alexander's bridge, miles days, at the same hour, it columns to join and seize the c road, attack Crittenden's left, v third Confederate column, ero Dalton's ford, would attack front. Crittenden once crushe these combined forces, as it way ed he would be by noon, the who

to the Chattanooga road-the road comand the distance is great.

are pushing across the Chickamauga. to where the man lay. He was dead. there is little left of the bridges, and it and two little children. Within hearing is slow and hazardous work at the of the booming in front and shells cutstreams. They flow easily across open ways. Yet the work goes on. It is a of human feelings to the eternal peace. of the Union army is sealed.

tree trying to catch some sleep. The ex. He could have cloven the man's skull ertion of the day would have brought it, with his saber. But there was no need for he was exhausted, but his position of that. Was there not an enemy at the as to the army with which he had no place was burning him like a hot iron. dashed on and arrived at one of the hot-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 st wretch too detestable for the respect even of menial cooks and strikers, of covered death must come. But the gaps teamsters, of the grasping horde of ar- 1 in my 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

head rides one who before the sun twice ground, supported by a tree, gasping sets is to take first rank among the he- for breath. A red stream running down roes of Chickamauga. Thomas is leading his bosom showed that he had been shot his men from a distant point far beyond through the lungs. "You are thinking Crittenden to the exposed left and rear, of home, my boy," muttered Maynard and pushed on. An officer lay in his manding the line of communication of path and begged him for what the the Army of the Cumberland. It must wounded crave so eagerly-water. Maybe a forced march, for the time is short | nard rode about hunting for a stream or a spring. At last he found what he From the eastward the Confederates sought, and filling a canteen rode back Every available passage is occupied, but In his hand he held a picture of wife

fords. Large bodies of men are like ting the trees above him he had passed countries, but become choked in narrow 1 the harshest through the gentlest

long night-long for these men wading through water or standing in the chilly had known intimately. Without thought hours past midnight in wet clothing. It of his altered condition the degraded is an eventful night, for if they get colonel waved his hand in salute and across in sufficient force, and the way cried out, "How goes the battle, mais still unblocked as yesterday, the fate jor?" The officer passed by with a look which Maynard never forgot. It sent At midnight Maynard lay under a the hot blood mounting to his cheeks. front? Yes, and there was death. He test points on the left just as a line of cavalry was moving to a charge.

ming them, he rode down into a so wild, so fierce, so full of de tion that surely he thought the the ranks were to his right, to his anywhere, everywhere, except rode. And when the troopers m he fought came out of the Mark Majuard was still among ang.

opened the battle of Saturday. 19. Throughout that day Mayrode wherever he saw that grim ter hovered. At times he was with cavalry, at times he would disunt, and leaving his horse in the rear go forward with a musket. On our occasion, catching the enthusiasm of

"General!"

He awoke and saw Jakey Slack looking down on him. It was he who had spoken the word "General!"

"General," said Jakey as he saw his friend's eyes open, "it's ben a dhard fight.'

"For heaven's sake, my boy, where have you been, and what are you doing here? The battle will open soon again this morning. I wonder it hasn't open-ed already. You must get back."

"I thort I war a sojer."

"Well, Jakey, you are a soldier, that's a fact, and I'm not."

"Reckon I'll git cashyered. I ben away 'thout any furlough.' Where?"

"Waal, I thort I'd go 'n see Souri afore th' fight cos I moughtn't hev no chance after it. I mought git killed, 'n

then I wouldn't be no good nohow." "Have you seen her?" "Yas.

"And Laura?" he started up. "And you told her"-

"Reckon."

Maynard paused in his questions. He dreaded to know how his wife had received the news. Did she condemn him with the rest?

Jak y put his hand in the pocket of his coat and took out a card on which was a picture of Laura holding her child. Maynard seized it, and in a moment his eyes were riveted on it to the exclusion of all other objects. His mind drank in thirstily all it suggested.

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