



Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

(Copyright, 1901, by G. W. Dillingham Co.) Norman Holt, favorite son of an old Kentucky family, is mentioned at West Point for dueling and is withdrawn by his disgruntled father...

span and gleaming, his dark eyes flashing, his cheeks aflame. A word to the major, as he pointed to the disintegrating blue battalion beyond them, a nod from that appreciative fellow Kentuckian, and the junior had sprung into the vacated saddle, and away sped a startled, astonished, excited steed, under the hand of a practiced horseman...

narrow wood lanes, and at the same time "stand off" the swarming enemy. Sheridan's men had fought superbly, had suffered sorely and were savage in spirit when the bloody day was gone. There was no welcome for Malloy when at last he found the Emmets. Gallant little Scarcliffe had been shot dead in the grapple at the "Round Forest"...

The train bearing that valuable young soldier and several other scapegraces drove straight into the welcoming arms of Joe Wheeler's raiding dragoons at the north of Nashville and guards, prisoners and supplies were whisked off into Dixie...

CHAPTER XXI. And many a change that dread mid-winter battle made in the Army of the Cumberland. To begin with, in recognition of its sufferings and its stalwart fighting, its divisions were expanded into three corps d'armee, with the senior major general to command each. Heavy reinforcements were ordered. Many a new regiment appeared in the old brigades, many a new face in the old regiments, many officers who had won enviable distinction were promoted, and a few, whose distinction had been unenviable, were permitted to resign...

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A SUDDEN CHEER WENT UP AT SIGHT OF HIM.

The dangerous illness of Judge McIntyre, investigation reveals his financial affairs in a hopeless tangle and the Holt fortune dissipated. Henry and Norman Holt, Lane's law office in Cincinnati, Norman enlists as a private in the Ohio Infantry. Malloy, through political influence, is lieutenant in the same company, and Henry Holt joins the confederate army...

return to reason. And then, when the last company, far at the extreme flank, had brought up standing and refaced the foe and the lightning leaped in a sudden flash and the thunder rolled from wing to wing, fringing the long front in a wide, wide, frolicsome to the division, right and left, that "the flag was still there," back along the rear of the rattled line rode the young hero of the day, almost pulled from the saddle by Gaffney's grasping straining hand, cheered like mad by the exulting Emmets and welcomed by the snapping-eyed, rejoicing, delighted division commander, with the high-pitched tenor he first heard so solemnly May day six months before...

time to sleep of their fatigue, officers began strolling about from battalion to battalion, from brigade to brigade, and by dozens they drifted to the campfires of the Kentuckians, and looked up Norman Holt. To think that the man the state had refused to own, to recognize or commission, should be the man to rally the Buckeyes in the midst of the fight! What would be said of this in Columbus and Cincinnati when finally published as sooner or later it would be? Every man knew that Sheridan's report extolled the conduct of Lieutenant Norman Holt as something beyond praise. Every man had heard that the dashing little division commander had offered Holt a billet on his staff, and the young officer had thanked him, blushing, but begged to be permitted to serve with his regiment, where allowed, officers and men, they swore by him. And this was when a court had sentenced and a general ordered shot. By more than one voice, over and again, was echoed the chaplain's cry, "God bless Abraham Lincoln!"

had him court-martialed. Now Ohio has made him a major. "And to think," mused Gaffney, "Holt never yet looked the nose up at him, as he promised—or as I promised for him, which is the same thing." Yes, Malloy's orders had come by wire. Even "Old Rosey" could not interpose, and all the hard swearing of bluff Dick Cook and all the hard swearing of the Buckeyes came too late. In war, as in peace, a friend at court is worth a hundred afield.

CHAPTER XX. January, 1863, and never since the union of states was born did New Year's day open to heavier hearts among union-loving men; never sounded the mid-time, glad, though conventional greeting, "Happy New Year," more like bitter mockery. There came a period of comparative inaction after the midwinter battle in the mud and rain. Damages had to be repaired, supplies renewed, big gaps filled in the ranks of both armies, but in one division at least there was no lack of incident and excitement. Sheridan's men had much to talk about, and as for the Buckeyes, from whose muster rolls the names of Newman Holt and Malloy were conspicuously missing, they had much to say about the promotion on October 31, they, the old regiment, were in ferment, and Gaffney and the Emmets in their glory. It all came about in this way: The brigade had been hit hard early in the first day's fight. The line zigzagged through the echelon—Sheridan facing nearly east, Davis, his next door neighbor, to the right, facing south, and Johnson farther south yet, far outflung by the southern line, facing every which way. Far ought on the right flank beyond them, everything seemed gone to pieces, for the exultant yells of the charging "rebs" could be heard between them and the reserves. No soldier, old or new, is happy when outflanked. Small wonder that the reserves, when they came in on the run, and on the flank of the second brigade were the Buckeyes. Aides and staff officers, hoarsely shouting, strove to make them understand that here was the place to halt, which about noon, they had done. They had cleared "unmasked," as the military expression is—the right regiment of the brigade already in its new position, and furiously it opened on the advancing line. Kentucky was sending its compliments straight into the faces of Fat Cleburne's lads from the far south. Now was the time for the Buckeyes to halt and do likewise; but something was amiss; either they couldn't or they wouldn't hear, and to the wrath of their brigadier—himself the colonel of a rival regiment, and in spite of the efforts of some few company commanders, and the mingled threats, prayers and profanity of good old Gaffney, acting major, and to the amazement of the rear of the Kentucky right wing sprang a tall, slender lieutenant, his new uniform dripping wet, his sabre belt and sword scabbard...

And yet the division had to go. Left to itself there could have been no hope or help for it. But when at last the fateful day was over and the hard-hammered right wing curved around the general headquarters close to the Nashville pike, while Rousseau, Newley and Van Cleve, under the masterful eye of Thomas, held fast in front of the confederate right, men of the three brigades that battled under Sheridan were chatting, despite sore fatigue, over that stirring incident of the day. Of course, as the Buckeyes told it, they had no notion of passing the new line. They say nothing could see it through the rain and low-hanging smoke, but the moment Lieutenant Holt came along they knew where they "were at" and acted accordingly. But the Kentuckians and certain generals and colonels and a major in temporary command, and old Gaffney, too, knew far better. They were on the verge of a panic when halted in the nick of time.

And now, with Gaffney acting major, how came it that Scarcliffe, not Malloy—commanded Company C, and where was Malloy? The answer was a laugh. Colonel Pride had sent the adjutant back to the train to bring up certain regimental books and papers that were bound to be needed the last day of the last quarter of the year and had detailed Malloy to act in his stead. Early in the morning Pride had got a serious wound, so serious he was ordered at once to field hospital, and Malloy conceived it his duty to go with him; nor had he rejoined up to 8 p. m., nor did he rejoin until the colonel had twice told him to do so without further delay, but that, of course, Malloy did not mention.

One day in early April came a letter Norman Holt was longing for—a letter from Kate Ray. It gave him food for thought for many a week as it was. It was from Cincinnati, she wrote from Cincinnati, whether she had gone at the urgent summons of Mrs. Lane. There had been previous letters—letters brimful of pride and affectionate interest from Lexington. They had not been answered, though she had written that they should know it at Cincinnati—of his splendid service at Stone River. Now she could tell him of matters that, despite all his devotion to soldier duty, weighed heavily on his heart. Though she had written briefly, coldly, proudly to Margaret...

Lane in answer to her cold and even cruel letter, though he had told her in so many words that she need never dread another visit from him, he could not so summarily drop about his ears the words of a man not but long to know the result of Malloy's homegoing. Gaffney, the Emmets and the Buckeyes, generally, had written many a disdainful thing of the new major to the old folks at home, but the major was there, on the spot, and so was the crippled colonel, the latter loaded with hospitality at the hands of the senior Malloy, and whispered promises of the speedy coming of the yellow sash and silver star, provided he would "stand up" for Malloy, Jr. So what could he do? The new regiment was recruited up in the old western reserve. The men were camped or housed, and the major's duties were not so arduous that he could not spend much time in Cincinnati. Presently Colonel Pride was able to hobble about on crutches and say good words for him in society. Major Lane had gone to Nashville, leaving his business and his household to the fostering care of Senator Malloy, and all looked like plain sailing for the lucky young field officer when Kate Ray was called to Cincinnati by a sorely troubled mother. They had had news of Theodore, brought by an officer—an exchanged prisoner. It gave much relief to the mother, "but Daisy seemed going into a decline."

No wonder Kate's letter was of vivid interest to the Kentucky adjutant. "Daisy is listless, nervous, dital, but declares there's nothing the matter. The doctor talks vaguely and seems puzzled. Major Malloy, so Mrs. Lane tells me, has been a frequent visitor, and so helpful, kind and considerate. But since my coming he has been very busy at Dayton. The regiment is to be sent forward in a few days. What I do not understand is Senator Malloy's position. I did not tell you, but when I was here before he appeared just as I was leaving. Now he is very frequently a caller. Mrs. Lane says she has to confer with him about Mr. Lane's business affairs. But Daisy ought to be spared those conferences, yet twice she has had to go down to see him, and both times looked wretched when she returned. Tomorrow I must hasten home. I am needed there. But I so wanted to see Colonel Pride, who has been taking up the cudgels for Major Malloy's position. I do not know what the colonel says has great weight against what has been said or written by brother officers, 'envious, possibly, of his success.' Nor did I get here in time to see the officer who brought Theodore's letter. It seems the gentleman has been captured when severely wounded, had given his parole and was sent through the lines after a month at Chattanooga. He has resigned and gone home, but Mrs. Lane said he spoke of the kindness shown him by your brother Henry and of having seen Henry with Captain Wing, who is quite well of his wound and eager for exchange. It was through Henry that Theodore was able to meet this officer and send a letter to his mother—an appeal for money, mainly, by the way, as Mrs. Lane says, now that there were in no wise connected with his detention and capture. I can't help thinking he knew then when he made his furious denunciation. I can't help thinking, too, that Henry had something to do with his getting that in his letter. It is my belief that Henry and your dear impulsive old father have long since learned through Captain Wing the real truth about that Believeview affair, and that they were as unjustly as certain of your superiors were in another. They knew of your court-martial and pardon. They know so very much more about what is going on in our army than we do of their. But, Norman, it is of Daisy I am thinking now. If you were only here! If you could only come a few days! Can't you? I cannot get her to talk, but a woman's intuition is keen, and it seems to me that she is being entangled in a net she is vainly struggling against. Now, if you were here, Norman, I think you could break it. What I dread—I must tell you—is that they are striving to persuade her to marry Major Malloy before he goes again on the front.

earnestly into the face of Norman Holt, who, side by side with his colonel, stood respectfully before him. "The line I mean," said the general, with a careful nod to Sheridan, "is south of Frenchman's creek and to the left of the pike and railway. You know it well, I've been told." "I have reason to," answered Holt, the blood quickly mounting to his brow. "There—here's the very man you'll need, Sheridan," said the chief. "Go ahead with your preparations and I'll send Mr. Holt over presently." A few minutes later, at the general's request, Norman was seated at a little table making a rough pen and ink map of the roads, trails and streams at the very point where the Buckeyes were in camp the morning of his arrest. How strange it seemed that eight months before he had passed through this very town a prisoner charged with a crime whose punishment was death. And now he sat in the presence of the commander, welcomed, trusted, leaned upon. He was still at work upon the sketch. The general was busy with his new chief of staff—Buckeyes, both of them—when an aide-de-camp ushered in two officers in spick and span, glistening uniforms—a portly colonel, a trim little major. "Old Rosey" dropped the matter in hand to beam upon the newcomers. "Welcome, colonel; welcome again, Major Malloy. Of course you both know General Garfield." There was a moment of handshaking, as the four Ohioans exchanged cordial greetings, and the aide stood quietly by. "You came just in time to go with Sheridan. He was here not five minutes back, but one of my right-hand men will guide you to him. Gentlemen, let me present the adjutant of the—th Kentucky, Lieutenant Holt."

"Come! What would he not give? But how could he ask such favor when Sheridan's division was at the moment under attack and his colonel was stirring the very earth to get ordered back to the brigade? Come and save her from that marriage—that sacrifice! Even though he had written, he would never seek to see her again, he would unashamedly word on the instant and hasten to her, were it possible to go. The railway beyond Nashville was again ripped up by Morgan's light-hearted and hard-hitting horsemen. This letter had been ten days coming, probably sent around by boat from Louisville and up the Cumberland from Nashville. It might take another ten days to reach her, another ten to return, and what might not happen in these twenty days? Indeed, were he there would she have been able to see him? His father and brother were probably long since shown the light as to his part in the Believeview raid! Now if only the wing could be exchanged and brought back to his own side, the Kentucky adjutant would have shown that the valiant Colt was in a frame of excitement. "Will you lukked dthis, Norman?" quoth he, striding into the tent, his boots thick with mud, his breath with piteous. "Did Pride an' Sill—God bless his soul, an' Shurdin's an' McCook—livery wan 'em backin' me for meejor, they make that omadness Foley over the head of me! It's all along of Malloy—thim two Malloys—an' me the saynor captain. Will ye come an' see me now?" "Come where?" asked Norman. "To the giner'l—to headquarters—thill I strip the skin off him!" "The general's?" "No!" interrupted Gaffney, "but Malloy's. Ye didn't know it? He's there! He's back! The regiment's in, an' he's wid it. Will ye come now?" The question was answered for him. An orderly, one of his own Kentuckians, was at the entrance, with the colonel's compliments and a summons to headquarters. The oddly assorted pair strode away together. Gaffney, grizzled, red-faced, broad and bulky, Holt, dark-haired, dark-eyed, thin, tall and slender. There was the usual throng of officers, orifices and horses about the group of headquarters tents, and at the entrance to the commanding general's aide Sheridan, buttoned up to the throat in his hot, double-breasted coat, though it was a steaming hot day, his short legs thrust thick deep into muddy riding boots, his black eyes snapping with impatience. "You're wanted, Holt," said he, in his quick, bluff way. "I hope you'll go—Holt, captain, what's the matter?" He had caught sight of Gaffney, as that irate officer drew back on seeing the division commander, but thus challenged came impulsively forward. "Mather enough, general! They've robbed me, as they did you, and given me leaves to Foley, him that doesn't know—but I'll not say a wurrd against Foley—only a me—not him—the giner'l's recommender. 'Twas them two Malloys, an' wan of 'em is here now."

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