



CHAPTER XIII.

Jackson retreated no farther than Strasburg. Shields advanced no farther than Winchester. Prisoners captured during the first year of the war were not held long. Within 30 days from the battle of Kernstown those members of Captain Wyle's company who had been taken prisoners were exchanged. Ike Baxter was among them.

Two days after the battle Kenton had reported to his company at Strasburg. It was known that he was captured with the others, and his truthful story of his escape found no believers except Steve Brayton. While the others declared that his escape was all arranged for by his Yankee friends, Steve gave him his hand and said:

"It's gettin' purty hot fur yo' around yere, Kenton, 'cordin to what I see and hear. If yo' could surround and capture a hull Yankee army and turn it over to us, the boys would think yo' had some game to play. Reckon yo' know whar it all starts from?"

"I think I do." "Can't no two fellers love the same gal without sunthin bustin sooner or later. I kin jest shet my eyes and see whar the captain is layin fur. He un's achin powerful bad to hev yo' killed off or driv out or used up in some way. He wouldn't hev minded if half of us had bin wiped out down thar if yo'd bin one of the dead."

Two or three days after Jackson reached Strasburg Captain Wyle had an interview with him. None of his own company knew it, and what passed could only be inferred from circumstances which developed later on. It was announced that it had been decided to reorganize the guards as a cavalry company, and in the course of a week this change was effected, much to the satisfaction of the men. Just as it was finished Royal Kenton was ordered to report to Jackson again. He found the same stern, low spoken, plain looking man and received the same quiet greeting. The general adverted to the bravery of the guards at Kernstown, and then to Kenton's capture and escape and asked for the details. The latter at once realized that some one who professed to know all about it and who was seeking his injury had reported to the general. He, however, proceeded to give the particulars not only of his escape and his efforts to rejoin his company, but of the charges brought against him by Ike Baxter and the interview with General Shields. This portion of his adventure he had not spoken of to any one on rejoining his company. Jackson seemed to be thinking very seriously as Kenton talked. The facts just related no doubt surprised him and perhaps gave a different turn to affairs. After awhile he said:

"General Banks is pushing up the valley with a large force. I wish you to scout along his front and secure all possible information of value. Can you set out at once?" "Within half an hour, sir," was Kenton's reply. "And do you wish a companion?" "I think I can do better alone, but if you think two might do better than one I shall."

"Do as you think best, but report to the captain of your company that you have been detailed."

As Kenton left headquarters he felt that something was wrong. Just what it was he could not determine, but it seemed as if there were mistrust and suspicion. He had been thoroughly loyal in making his previous observations and reports, but an enemy was at work to discredit him. He was fully satisfied of this as he left camp on his scout. After reporting to Captain Wyle, who treated him with strict military etiquette, he went to his tent to make a few preparations. He had left it and was making his way out of camp when he was overhauled by Steve Brayton, who said:

"The general is sendin' yo' off on another scout? Yo' think yo' ar' goin' alone, but yo' hain't. I've fellered along to tell yo' that the captain has put Reube Parker on yo' track. Yo' know Reube? He hain't bin abusin' yo' with his mouth as much as some others, but he's down on yo' and playin' into the hands of the captain. I tell yo' to look out fur him!"

Kenton turned white with anger and started to retrace his steps. "No, yo' don't," said Steve as he barred the way. "I fust took to yo' on account of yo' sense, and I hope yo' won't lose it now. Thar's a game been played, and yo' wanten come out on top!"

"Is it possible that after what has passed they still continue to look upon me as a traitor?" demanded Kenton in a voice broken with emotion. "They do, but it's fur an object, yo' see," replied Steve. "It's all on account of the gal. If thar was no gal, yo'd be the first lieutenant or mebbe captain of the company today. If thar was a gal and no war, yo' and Wyle would hev fit a duel over her befo' this. One would hev challenged t'other."

"But, but," stammered Kenton, boiling over to say something and yet not wishing to drag Marian Percy's name into the case. "It's jest this way," interrupted Steve. "Yo' un's got the inside track, and thar's but one way to keep it—play

to win. Beat the captain at his own game. Go right along about yo' r' business, but keep an eye out fur Reube. He's put on yo' track to sell yo' out, and he'll do his purtiest to please the captain."

It was true that Banks was moving up the valley. He had an army five times as strong as Jackson's, and he meant to annihilate the latter before re-enforcements could reach him. Kenton had set out in good time. It takes an hour to move a regiment of men assigned to a certain place on a march. It takes three hours for a brigade to march and counter-march and file out of its camp onto the highway. Divisions ordered to move at 7 o'clock a. m. are halting and lingering at noon. An army of 20,000 men with its artillery, baggage trains, ambulances, camp followers and beef cattle is a gigantic sloth. It must open its eyes. It must wink and blink and nap again. It must stretch and yawn and complain. It is as if a huge tortoise was trying to work loose from its shell.

Banks was getting ready for his move. Every report which Kenton received as he neared the front went to assure him of the fact. He was on foot, dodging from forest to forest and from field to field and betraying himself only to a few whom he knew could be trusted. After the first day out he became satisfied that he was being dogged by Reube Parker. The latter must also have been provided with a pass to take him through all Confederate lines, but though he hung to Kenton's trail he did not betray his presence except by accident. Everywhere along Banks' front were evidences that a forward move was on the tapis, and before Kenton's work was finished he had secured a pretty fair estimate of the Federal strength. Banks knew that Confederate scouts and spies would be seeking information, and he was guarding against them as much as possible by covering his front with scouting parties of cavalry.

Just before sundown on the second day of his scouting along the front Kenton came very near crossing a highway upon which a Federal scouting party were quietly riding in hopes to come upon game of some sort. The rattle of a trooper's saber put him on his guard, and he had just time to sink down in the bushes to escape observation. Not

was added to by Mrs. Baxter's appearance. Her errand appeared to be to give information of the servants who had fled in terror, and in this way she gained admission to the presence of the ladies, though as she left the kitchen Uncle Ben shook his head and muttered to himself:

"Nebber did like dem white trash folks 'tall, an I can't a-bear to hev 'em around. I know dat man ob hers, an de two ob 'em together hain't worf shucks!" The Percys had heard a rumor that several of the guards had been killed or captured at Kernstown, but had no reliable information. Mrs. Baxter gave the number and their names. The last name on her list was that of Royal Kenton, and she added the information that it was believed by all the surviving guards that Kenton was to be held responsible.

"I don't see how," quickly replied Marian as a look of pain and surprise came to her face. "He braved danger with the rest, and he was also made prisoner."

"I'm sure I dunno, but I'm tellin' yo' what they all say," remarked the woman. "Didn't know but Captain Wyle had told yo' all how it happened."

"No. He has not been here." "Everybody's cheerin' and shakin' hands with he un, 'cause he un was so brave. He un killed 10 Yankees with his sword in that bout. General Jackson shook hands with him down at the tavern befo' all the people. Reckon he un will be made a grand ossifer fur bein so brave."

She had given Kenton a shot and Wyle a lift, as she thought, and satisfied for the time being she asked if she could be of assistance during the absence of the servants, adding that nearly the entire colored population of the town had fled, and that most of them would probably be picked up by the Federals and sent north. Under the circumstances her offer was eagerly accepted, and she had gained the point she was seeking. While Marian and her mother were nervous and upset over the situation, they had no thought of flight. It was certain that Jackson would retreat up the valley, and that Shields would occupy Winchester, but they were too sensible to fear that the town would be given up to sack. They were preparing to retire when they were aroused by the call of a citizen acquaintance who had made all preparations for flight and felt it his duty to warn them of the perils of the situation. He repeated the story that the town was to be burned and the valley laid waste, and added that news had been received from the front to the effect that the advancing Federals were applying the torch and dealing out death as they advanced. He advised them to lose no time in retreating up the valley. This information added the climax.

In the Alleghany mountains to the west, 50 miles away, was a rough but comfortable house surrounded by a few acres of land which Senator Percy had owned for years before his death and occupied with his family for several years. There he had found a good shooting and fishing and rest. After receiving the latest "news" and sitting down to wonder what they should do, mother and daughter remembered the place and its quiet location and soon determined that if flight was necessary it should be in that direction. It was out of the track of the armies, and they would not be disturbed, and they might hope that after a few weeks the Confederates would either regain permanent possession of the valley or that war would be at an end. The faith of the south in its soldiery was sublime, and it never wavered until the last gun was fired at Appomattox.

To decide was to act. While the ladies set about packing whatever they might need, Uncle Ben was told to have a vehicle ready for a move at daylight. When Mrs. Baxter was informed of the contemplated move, she promptly volunteered to go along, and her offer was as promptly accepted. It was not only a part of her plan to maintain an espionage on Marian, but to be on hand when opportunity might offer to favor Captain Wyle's cause. Such a flight would bring mistress and servant closer together. There was a grim determination about the woman worthy of a far better cause. She hated Royal Kenton simply because she believed he stood in the way of Ike's advancement. She would be faithful to Captain Wyle simply because it would assist Ike. She had always fretted because Ike had no ambition to climb up. His excuse had always been:

"Dod rot my infernal hide, but how's a feller goin to start? Show me a way to climb, and I'll git thar or die tryin'!" The war had regarded a way. No matter if Ike was regarded as the poorest soldier in his company and the last one who would deserve promotion, he had made her believe that he was on the road to military glory, and that on his "success depended her opportunity to become somebody." She was ambitious even if poor and ignorant. In some way which she could not yet determine Kenton was to disappear, Captain Wyle was to wed Marian, and Ike was to become "a great general and ride around on a critter."

There was no sleep for any of them during the remainder of the night. Uncle Ben got a wagon ready to carry provisions and clothing and a few articles of furniture and the family carriage in which the women were to ride, and as dawn was breaking a start was made up the valley. They had company on the road. Four or five farmers below Winchester had set fire to their own houses and barns and come into town, and during the night artillery firing had created a new panic among the residents of the city. Marian had been made anxious by the story told by Mrs. Baxter the evening before—not that she put any faith in the report, because she had become aware that Kenton's position was a painful one, but because she realized that the situation would become still more grave. She worried over his capture and feared he might

have been wounded, and she couldn't help but feel that, no matter how brave and loyal he was, he would become a victim of conspiracy and circumstance. She was somewhat consoled, however, when she went to the carriage house in the gray of morning to notify Uncle Ben that all was ready. His life service in the family had given him certain privileges, and on certain occasions he did not hesitate to express his opinions.

"See yere, Miss Sunshine," he began, "whar 'bout dat white woman in de kitchen?" "She's to go with us," was the reply. "Den let me tell yo' to look out for her. Nose too sharp. Face too sharp. Eyes jest like snark's. Walks aroun' jest like a cat!"

"Why, how can she hurt us?" "Tellin' lies." "About what or whom?" "Look yere," replied the old man, dropping his voice and looking around, "I've gettin' purty ole, but I hain't blind or deaf. I knows all 'bout dat Yankee Kenton an dat Captain Wyle. I knows dey boaf wants to marry yo'! Dar now!"

"Why, Uncle Ben!" she reproachfully exclaimed. "It's jest like I tole yo', leetle Sunshine. Member when dat Ike Baxter dun cum home on a furbelow 'bout six weeks ago?" "I believe I did hear he was home."

"An all de time he was home he dun 'bused Mars Kenton up hill an down. Whar fur? Whar he got to say 'bout

his presence was not suspected until his artillery began to thunder. The Federal commander soon discovered the situation, but he did not retreat without a fight. He gathered his handful of men, posted them to cover the town, and for an hour they held Jackson at bay. It was only when they were almost surrounded that they gave way and sought shelter in the passes of the mountain. Jackson paused only long enough to burn such Federal stores as he could not handily carry away and then swept down the Luray, bent to the left, and next day was before Winchester. He attacked and recaptured the town and drove every Federal to the Potomac and across it before he halted again.

Then the Federal government grasped the situation, and three different armies were dispatched to close in on Jackson and destroy him. The battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic followed, and Jackson fell back to join Lee and take part in the battle which was to sweep McClellan from the peninsula. The Shenandoah and the Luray were now in possession of the Federals, to be held

Continued on Third Page.

Strange Captivity. The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Happily Defined. Little Johnny (looking up from his book)—Pa, what is the besom of destruction? Pa (who is adjusting a collar)—A machine they use in laundries, Johnny.—Boston Transcript.

Old Hurd church was built near Harrodsburg, Ky., in 1797, and it is said that weekly meetings have been held there ever since without a single exception. Harrodsburg is said to be the oldest town in that state.

For Nervous Prostration. Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. SAMUEL R. WOOSTER, Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "I believe it is a remedy of great value, and well adapted to cases of nervous prostration and applicable in fact, to all diseases of the nervous system dependent on exhaustion or debility."

CHAPTER XV. We follow Jackson up and down the valley because his movements are threads of our story, and he must be driven away to introduce new characters. Shields had scarcely ceased pursuit when a Federal army under Banks was sent into the valley. No one supposed Jackson had recovered from his defeat when he suddenly moved an army of 12,000 men down to New Market, crossed the Shenandoah river and the mountain range to the east and was in the Luray valley before an alarm was raised. There was a Federal force stationed at Front Royal, and he was moving to attack it.

An army in the march is a monster serpent on the move. Far in advance are cavalry scouts. Then follows a body of troopers. After that comes the advance guard of infantry. Then artillery, more infantry, more artillery, and finally the wagon train. The highway is packed with a living, moving mass for miles and miles. Infantry and cavalry overflow into the adjacent fields on the right and left. Where there is a bend in the road they cut across it. Horses fall lame or sick and are abandoned. Wagons break down and are unloaded and set on fire. Guns and caissons get mixed or upset in the ditches, and a hundred men lend their aid. Sore footed men stagger and limp and finally throw themselves down and declare they can go no farther. Here and there a musket is accidentally discharged, followed by a shriek and a fall, and half an hour later the victim fills a grave by the roadside. The mass advances a quarter of a mile and halts. Another quarter of a mile and another halt. Only in the case of a single regiment is there freedom to step out and march at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

The trail of a marching army, even in a country of friends, is a trail of ruin and desolation. Every soldier is an engine of destruction. He has a feeling that he must desolate and destroy. Trees are felled and fences pulled down to repair the roads, gardens are despoiled, crops are trampled under foot, fruit trees denuded of their branches, stacks and barns fired by accident or design. It is as if a fierce cyclone had passed over the country, followed by a plague.

So Jackson's army swept forward to Front Royal. His command outnumbered the Federal force four to one, and

his presence was not suspected until his artillery began to thunder. The Federal commander soon discovered the situation, but he did not retreat without a fight. He gathered his handful of men, posted them to cover the town, and for an hour they held Jackson at bay. It was only when they were almost surrounded that they gave way and sought shelter in the passes of the mountain. Jackson paused only long enough to burn such Federal stores as he could not handily carry away and then swept down the Luray, bent to the left, and next day was before Winchester. He attacked and recaptured the town and drove every Federal to the Potomac and across it before he halted again.

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Railroad Time Tables.

Trains marked thus (P) have Parlor Coaches. Trains marked thus (S) have sleeping Cars. Trains marked thus (B) have Buffet Cars. Trains marked thus (V) have Vestibule Cars. Trains marked thus (D) have Dining Cars. Trains marked thus (T) run Sundays only. Trains marked thus (r) run daily. All other trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

VANDALIA LINE.

MAIN LINE. LEAVE FOR THE WEST. No. 7 Western Ex (V&S) 1.40 a m. No. 5 St. Louis Mail 1.45 p m. No. 1 Fast Line (P) 2.20 p m. No. 21 St. Louis Ex (DV&S) 3.10 p m. No. 13 E. Acc 4.05 p m. No. 11 Fast Mail 9.04 p m.

ARRIVE FROM THE WEST. No. 12 Cincinnati Express (S) 1.20 a m. No. 6 New York Express (V&S) 2.10 a m. No. 14 Erieham Ac 9.30 a m. No. 20 Atlantic Express (DPV&S) 12.42 p m. No. 8 Fast Line (P) 2.20 p m. No. 2 Indianapolis Acc 5.00 p m.

LEAVE FOR THE EAST. No. 12 Cincinnati Express (S) 1.30 a m. No. 6 New York Express (V&S) 2.20 a m. No. 4 Mail and Accommodation 7.15 a m. No. 20 Atlantic Express (DPV&S) 12.42 p m. No. 8 Fast Line (P) 2.20 p m. No. 2 Indianapolis Acc 5.05 p m.

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MICHIGAN DIVISION. LEAVE FOR THE NORTH. No. 52 St. Joseph Mail 6.20 a m. No. 54 South Bend Express 4.00 p m.

ARRIVE FROM THE NORTH. No. 51 South Bend Express 11.45 a m. No. 53 St. Joseph Mail 7.30 p m.

PEORIA DIVISION. LEAVE FOR NORTHWEST. No. 75 Peoria Accommodation 3.25 p m.

ARRIVE FROM NORTHWEST. No. 78 Decatur Accommodation 11.00 a m. No. 76 Peoria Mail 7.00 p m.

H. & T. H. NASHVILLE LINE. LEAVE FOR SOUTH. No. 3 Ch & Ev Ex (S&P) 5.03 a m. No. 1 Ev & Ind. Mail 8.15 p m. No. 5 Ch & N. Lim V&S 10.05 p m. No. 7 Ev. Accommodation 10.29 a m.

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH. No. 6 C & Nash Lim (V&S) 4.45 a m. No. 2 T. H. & East Ex 11.15 a m. No. 4 Ch & Ind Ex (S & P) 11.15 p m. No. 80 Mixed Accommodation 4.45 p m.

C. C. C. & I. - BIG 4. GOING EAST. No. 10 Boston & N Y Ex 1.30 a m. No. 2 Cleveland Acc 7.25 a m. No. 18 Southwestern Limited 1.01 p m. No. 8 Mail Train 3.55 p m.

GOING WEST. No. 7 St. Louis Ex 1.45 a m. No. 17 Limited 1.45 p m. No. 3 Accommodation 1.01 p m. No. 9 Mail Train 10.08 a m.

Rev. J. Merritte Driver, D. D. is widely known as pastor of the First M. E. Church at Columbia City, Indiana, and is a powerful pulpit orator. His book, "Samson and Shylock, or a Preacher's Plea for the Workingman," has received much praise from press and clergy. Dr. Driver says: "Columbia City, Ind., June 3, 1893.

"Dear Sirs—Among the railers of all the vital forces, I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla as the general-remedy. Crowded and overworked, as a preacher and lecturer, I sometimes am conscious that I am not measuring up to the best that I am capable of doing. A few doses—a bottle or two—of Hood's, however, greatly invigorate my body, clarify my mind, and like a new man.

"In a week I am up to concert pitch again, cheerful, buoyant and ready for any work and capable of any feat of strength or endurance. To all overworked professional men Hood's Sarsaparilla is a God-send. Very truly yours, JOHN MERRITTE DRIVER."

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES Even when other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

DR. GEO. MARBACH, GROUND FLOOR DENTAL PARLORS, 124 South Sixth Street.

FELSENTHAL, A. B. Justice of the Peace and Attorney at Law, 26 south 3rd street. Terre Haute, Ind.

JAMES L. PRICE, Attorney at Law and Notary Public. JAMES H. CALDWELL, Collector and Real Estate Broker.

PRICE & CALDWELL, Room 2 Patton's Block, 408 Ohio St., Terre Haute, Ind.

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Just time to sink down in the bushes to escape observation.

so with the man who had been dogging him. He was aiming to cross the road lower down, and as he stepped out a dozen carbines were leveled at him, and he was a prisoner in an instant. Kenton was too far away to hear what was said, but we can relate it. Reube Parker no sooner found himself in the hands of the enemy than he asked for the captain in command and said:

"I don't deny bein a scout, and yo' see me yere in Confederate uniform with a pass signed by General Jackson. Thar's two of us, and I reckon yo' might as well get the other one while yo' r' about it."

"Do you mean that you were in the company of another Confederate scout?" asked the captain.

"That's what I mean." "And where is he?" "Round yere sunwhar, I reckon. If yo'll beat up the bushes purty lively, yo'll be apt to uncover him."

"I'll have the locality searched, of course," said the captain after a long, hard look at Reube, "but it strikes me you are a mighty mean man to give your comrade away."

"Yaas, I reckon it does," imprudently drawled Reube, "and mebbe I'd better tell yo' why. It's becase he un's another of yo'—a reg'lar bo'n Yank who's mean 'nuff to sell out both sides if he could! Reckon he's got lots of news fur General Jackson this time, and yo'll git a prize if yo' git hold o' him!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Ike Baxter's wife made her way to the Percy mansion to find everything in confusion. Every neighbor had fled, and such friends as remained were exaggerating the results of Jackson's defeat and retreat. Reports were brought in by this one and that one that Jackson himself intended to burn the town and leave only desolation behind him as he fell back. As a consequence, though brave enough during the early part of the day, night came to find Marian and her mother full of alarm. This

CHAPTER XV. We follow Jackson up and down the valley because his movements are threads of our story, and he must be driven away to introduce new characters. Shields had scarcely ceased pursuit when a Federal army under Banks was sent into the valley. No one supposed Jackson had recovered from his defeat when he suddenly moved an army of 12,000 men down to New Market, crossed the Shenandoah river and the mountain range to the east and was in the Luray valley before an alarm was raised. There was a Federal force stationed at Front Royal, and he was moving to attack it.



"It's jest like I tole yo', leetle Sunshine."

his betters? What his wife 'buse Mars Kenton fur? Why she mad at him? Yo' know whar she libs?" "No."

"In dat house jest beyan de cooper shop. Yo' know who I dun saw go in dar yesterday?" "No."