

A Yankee in Gray.

Continued on Seventh Page.

Hill the close of the war, but only with desperate fighting at intervals.

And now the gallant Custer, with his command, reached the Shenandoah with the army of occupation—a young man, fresh from West Point, on whom the volunteer officers looked with distrust, but only waiting to prove his worth.

Custer belonged to Michigan. His first command was the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh cavalry regiments of that state, known as the Michigan cavalry brigade.

While his fame was national, while his sad death years after the war in that terrible massacre touched the heart of every American, it is in Michigan more than anywhere else that his memory is revered.

Let us go back to Royal Kenton. We left him just as Reube Parker had been made prisoner by a Federal scouting party. Reube basely sought to betray him, but he failed of his purpose.

The Federal captain beat up the neighborhood as thoroughly as possible, but Kenton slipped through his fingers and returned to Jackson to make his report.

It was his information, seconded no doubt by that of others, which decided Jackson's move to Front Royal. While the general seemed pleased at Kenton's success, the latter could not fail to perceive that something was yet amiss.

In his own mind he felt sure that he was mistrusted, and it was easy to conclude why. Not that he had failed in any one particular to do his duty, but that the officers and men of his own company, for reasons already given, were seeking his downfall.

When he had finished his report, he was ordered to his company, and again he found only one man to give him greeting. Steve Brayton chuckled with satisfaction as he extended his hand and asked for particulars.

The others only gave him looks of distrust. When Kenton was asked regarding Reube Parker and had made his explanations, Steve grew thoughtful and serious and finally replied:

"It's a good joke on the captain, but I'm troubled as to how it will end up. I jest reckon they ar' mean 'nuff to charge yo' with killin' Reube. They can't prove it, but it will get the general down on yo' and make things wuss. Dod what the fules anyway? Why can't they give yo' a fair show even if yo' be a Yankee?"

The crisis came next day. Reube Parker had been carried into the Federal camps as a prisoner, but owing to the confusion and excitement was not strictly guarded and managed to make his escape and arrive at Confederate headquarters less than 24 hours after Kenton.

After a brief interview with Captain Wyle the pair proceeded to General Jackson's headquarters, and when they left it Royal Kenton was sent for. General Jackson was a plain, blunt spoken man. Even while planning the great campaign on which he was to enter within three or four days he had determined to give this matter attention.

Reube Parker had charged Kenton with bringing about his capture for revenge. Captain Wyle had stated that he and all his company distrusted his loyalty. The general asked the scout for a statement of facts, and Kenton gave it to him, concealing no occurrence from the date of his enlistment.

The general listened attentively and without interruption. Then Reube Parker, who had been sent for and was in waiting, was ushered in to confront Kenton. He was a bad man, but not a nerry one. In five minutes it was apparent that he had lied, and he was dismissed.

Then Kenton was asked to step out, and Steve Brayton, whom he had several times referred to, was ushered in. He told a straight story, and it was greatly to the discredit of Captain Wyle. When Kenton again returned to the general's presence, the latter kindly said:

"It is a matter I very much regret, and I do not see how I can mend it just yet. I will, however, do what I think is best for all."

That "best" resulted in both Kenton and Brayton being detailed temporarily to the quartermaster's department. When Jackson moved away for the Luray valley, all the guards were mounted,

having been transferred to the cavalry, but the pair were left behind in disgrace. So they considered it, and they were further humiliated by the jeers and flings from comrades as they filed past.

"Dod rot 'em," groined Steve, ed, having been transferred to the cavalry, but the pair were left behind in disgrace. So they considered it, and they were further humiliated by the jeers and flings from comrades as they filed past.

confederacy will be powerful glad of every man it kin rake and scrape into the ranks!"

Kenton had nothing to say. He was even secretly glad that the machinations of his enemies had resulted in nothing worse. In his pocket at that very hour he had a letter from Marian detailing the family flight from Winchester, informing him of their destination and counseling him to do his duty as a soldier and not be disturbed over the plots of his enemies.

"Say, Kenton," exclaimed Steve as he suddenly turned on him, "why don't yo' rip and cuss and tear an show yo'r feelin's?"

"We have both been wronged," slowly replied Kenton, "but time will make all things right if we do our duty loyally and faithfully."

"I reckon so," said Steve as he turned away, "but yo' Yanks is a darned cur 'us lot o' critters jest the same!"

CHAPTER XVI.

While Jackson was pressing on to join Lee most of his cavalry was detached and left in the valley. The Shenandoah guards, which had dropped the title when transferred to the cavalry, were a portion of Imboden's command. The Federals poured into the Shenandoah and Luray from the north and recaptured everything and pressed the Confederates slowly back to Staunton.

Neither side was strong enough to possess and hold the valley. The Confederate occupation defended one of the roads to Richmond. The Federal occupation defended one of the roads to Washington. There were scouting and raiding and clashing of sabers, but nothing like a general battle resulted. Both commanders had been instructed to avoid this and watch the mighty movements developing elsewhere.

What is a battle like—a battle in which 10,000 men fall in their tracks to die with the roar of the guns still sounding in their ears and as many more lie there for hours cursing and groaning and praying with the pain of their wounds? McClellan was on both sides of the Chickahominy, with the spies of Richmond in view. His front was miles long and defended by rifle pits, earthworks, felled trees and natural obstructions.

More than 100,000 Federals faced Lee along this line. Behind them were camps and wagon trains and field hospitals and supplies cumbering the ground for miles and miles.

McClellan was about to attack. He was even writing his order when Lee fell upon his wing at Mechanicsville. That was a feint. The fight at Meadow Bridge, directly in front of his center, was a piece of strategy. The assault upon his wing at Cold Harbor was meant to annihilate him. The battle ground was made up of swamps, cleared fields, patches of forest, timber covered hills and old fields grown up to bushes and briars.

McClellan had two and three lines of earthworks here, and here his guns were planted as thickly as men could work them. Longstreet and Hill attacked here. They knew the strength of the position; they had counted the odds. There was no skirmishing, no waiting. On a front three miles long the Confederates suddenly appeared and rushed forward to the attack.

Had they numbered five times as many they would have been beaten back. They were repulsed again and again by the fire which seemed to burn them off the face of the earth, but those who lived came back again more desperate than before. Only their leaders knew why this terrible sacrifice was being offered up to the god of war. Lee had planned with Jackson. Jackson had left the valley by way of Brown's gap to fall upon McClellan's flank at Cold Harbor.

The sacrifice in front was to give Jackson time and to mask his movement. And so Longstreet and Hill advanced again and again to the sacrifice until their dead and wounded outnumbered the living. The afternoon sun was sinking lower and lower. By and by it was only an hour high. Then the roar of battle along the front suddenly ceased.

Had the remnants of regiments and brigades become panic stricken at the awful waste of life and fled from the field? Had they sullenly refused to obey orders to advance again? Had Lee given up all hope of success and withdrawn from that front? For five minutes scarcely a musket was discharged. Then from the heavy forest directly on the flank of the position Jackson appeared. The flank of an army is its weak spot. Even if attacked in the rear it can face about and fight with hope of success, but if the flank gives way disaster follows. Jackson's coming was a surprise. His attack was as sudden as the stroke of a bell. It dumfounded and dismayed the Federal flank, but only for a few minutes. McClellan was not far away. He had fathomed Lee's plans and discovered his true object. The flank gave back until it had a front of a mile long, and then it halted and battled to save that great army. What was to be done must be done right there. Re-enforcements were ordered up, guns advanced, and for an hour there was such fighting as war had never witnessed before.

On the Federal flank were swamp and forest and tangled thicket. Engineers had said that the nature of the ground protected this flank. Wading through swamps deep with ooze, bursting through thickets which caught off their caps and left their jackets in rags, advancing their lines amid the thick forests, Jackson's men rushed to the attack. Time and time again the lines were repulsed, but fresh troops poured out of the woods to take the places of the dead and wounded, and the battle grew more vindictive and murderous. There is a key to every battlefield. There is always a key within a key. Cold Harbor was the key of this great field of slaughter. The exposed flank was the key within the key. Jackson could count his dead by the thousand. His entire force was up, and he had

charged and stormed and battered in vain.

The coming of night does not always end a battle, but as darkness shuts down the combatants lose their desperation and become more wary of each other. Hunger, thirst and fatigue begin to tell. As the fire of artillery and musketry slackens the cries of the wounded are heard, and those who have escaped unhurt begin to estimate the losses. If Jackson could not break that flank before night shut down, then his sacrifices had been in vain. Then the thousands of dead and wounded belonging to Longstreet and Hill had simply been led to slaughter. An order was sent to General Hood, whose brigade of Texans had been held in reserve for an emergency. Hood placed himself at the head of his 4,000 men and dashed forward. They had to traverse a swamp and then cross an open space on which the dead already lay touching each other. The Texans had only begun their forward movement when every piece of artillery and every musket on that flank was turned upon them. With yells of defiance they rushed forward. The skeletons of men struck down in that swamp were dug out years afterward as burial parties sought for the dead of the war. Wounded men fell into the pools of black water or floundered about in the ooze, but those unhurt used them for stepping stones.

Nothing could check that rush. Grape and canister and bullet killed and wounded 2,000 men, but the other 2,000 swept forward, dashed over the earthworks and were driven like a wedge into the Federal flank. It was the climax. Beaten but not panic stricken, the men in blue fell back step by step, fighting over every foot of the ground, and at length they rested on a new line. McClellan alone knew that he was beaten. He alone realized what would result. That great army, only a portion of which had been driven, must retreat to a new line and a new base of supplies. Jackson's coming from the valley and placing himself on the flank had imperiled the fate of the nation. Like the strategist he was, McClellan assumed much, concealed much. While he brought up fresh troops to hold the victorious enemy at bay he issued orders for retreat.

For weeks and weeks stores had been accumulating in rear of that grand army. There were thousands of beef cattle, train loads of bacon, rice, salt, beans and other eatables. Thousands of spare tents had come forward, thousands of blankets, uniforms, shoes, muskets and other supplies. Boxes of hardtack were piled up 10 feet high for miles and miles. Barrels of flour, covered with tarpaulins, shut out some of

Jackson's men rushed to the attack. The camps from sight of the highways. Here and there in forest and field were great heaps of forage for the animals, and here and there great heaps of fixed ammunition for cannon or musket. There was the value of millions of dollars lying about, and nearly all must be sacrificed. Withdrawal meant retreat. Retreat meant that Lee and Jackson would assume the aggressive and seek to utterly annihilate the Federal army.

The work of destruction began almost before the cheers of Hood's Texans had died away. Whole regiments were detailed for the work. The cattle could be driven away. A part of the most valuable stores could be hauled off. It is a rule of war to leave nothing behind in retreat to benefit your enemy. He is often left the dead and wounded to embarrass him. The soldiers were ordered to destroy, and they seemingly took delight in obeying. The heaps of flour, meat and clothing were given up to the flames, and as the heavens were lighted by the midnight fires people on the house roofs in Richmond believed the green forests to be fiercely blazing. Never had a general more to sacrifice that he might be stripped for fight; never was the hand of destruction more ruthlessly applied. A night was not sufficient. All next day while those in battle line held the enemy at bay thousands of men were burning and destroying. When the Confederates marched over the ground, they were appalled at the sacrifices made. When the last heap of forage had been given up to the flames, McClellan was ready. His lines were abandoned, and his army was in retreat, but there was no panic. Lee and Jackson were ready to follow. They hoped to find a fleeing mob, but whenever they attacked it was to be beaten back by men as valiant as Napoleon ever saw turn at bay. Mile by mile they retreated, pausing now and then for a fierce grapple in which they could justly claim a victory, and at last the James was reached, and the army had been saved. What of the dead and wounded? Nothing. They figure in the reports of battles only as figures.



[To be Continued Next Week.]

A Remedy for the Grip.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the grip is Kemp's Balsam, which is especially adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of the disease, but get a bottle and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected, the grip has a tendency to bring on pneumonia. All druggists sell the Balsam.

The St. James' Gazette, London, says that the beauty of the French foot is only tradition, and that to the American woman belongs the palm of distinction in this respect.

THERE WAS NO STRING TO IT.

But He Had Abundant Reason Nevertheless to Be Suspicious.

There was a bright new 50 cent piece lying on the pavement on Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, when a bow backed man with a satchel came along from the depot. He saw the coin while he was yet 20 feet away, and he made a sudden forward rush to get it. The movement was almost instantly checked, however, and he walked slowly forward and backed to the curbstone and stood there and gazed at the coin with a foxy look on his countenance. In about a minute a pedestrian came up, saw the coin and reached for it and put it in his pocket. Observing the attitude of the old man at the same time he turned and queried:

"It didn't belong to you, did it?" "Waal, I swan!" was the reply. "What's the matter?"

"This is the queerest durned turn I ever struck in all my life. I was coming up this street last year about this time when I saw a 50 cent piece lyin' jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell on my nose and rolled all over and finally got up to find that a boy had a string on the money and had pulled it into that doorway."

"And so you were shy of this one?" "Yaas, I was shy."

"And are half a dollar behind the game?" "Yaas, I'm half a dollar out. Say, are you in a hurry?"

"Yes—great hurry." "Waal, I'll hev to find somebody else then. I want to find a feller who'll sot down with me fur about two hours and post me up. I'm comin into Detroit once a week now, and I want to find out what's got strings to it and what's lyin around loose and kin be picked up."—Detroit Free Press.

Modes of Divination.

If a Scottish maiden desired to summon the image of her future husband, she read the third verse, seventeenth chapter, of the book of Job after supper, washed the supper dishes and retired to bed without uttering a single word, placing underneath her pillow the Bible, with a pin thrust through the verse she had read. On All Hallow eve various modes of divination were in vogue. Pennant says that the young women determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbages blindfold, a custom which lingers still in some parts of Scotland. They also threw nuts into the fire, a practice prevailing also in England, as Gay has described:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame, And to each nut I gave a sweethearts' name. This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed, That in a flame of brightest color blazed. As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow. Or they took a candle and went alone to a looking glass, eating an apple and combing their hair before it, whereupon the face of the future spouse would be seen in the glass peeping over the foolish girl's shoulder.—All the Year Round.

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