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National Tribune

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

Tribune

ANOTHER POINTER. New Administration of the Pension Office...

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXI-NO. 26-WHOLE NO. 1077.

Who Goes There?

Story of a Spy in the Civil War.

By B. K. BENSON.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ALPHABET.

"I stoop not to despair; For I have battled with mine agony."

On the next day, the 10th, we marched through Culpeper. I recognized the place; I had struggled through it on the road to Gettysburg.

That afternoon I again thought of Dr. Frost's advice to hold to any clue I should ever get and work it out; I had a clue; I wondered how I could make a step toward an end.

To recover a lost name seemed difficult. The Doctor had said I was required. My will was going to be tested.

At once I began to go through the A's. The first name I could get was Abby; the next, Abbott, and so on, through all names built upon the letter A.

Then I took up regularly and patiently the B's. They resulted in nothing. I tried C, both hard and soft, thinking intently whether the sound evoked any response in my brain.

I abandoned the soft C, but hard C did not sound impossible; I stored it up for future examination.

Then I went through D and E, and so on down to G, which I separated into two sounds, as I had already done with C, soft and hard.

H I and I were examined with like result—nothing. The K's was at once given a place with the P's and was speedily rejected.

At P I halted long, and at last decided to hold it in reserve, but not to give it equal rank with the others.

Q gave me the most interesting results. I found the following initial letters: C, hard, G, hard, and K, with P a possibility.

It was now very late, but I could not sleep. My mind was active, though I found to my surprise that I was more nearly calm than it had been for days.

I knew that I ought to sleep, but I seemed on track of discovery. I had taken me hours of unrelaxing labor to get what I was—monotonous but interesting labor—and it would likely take me hours more to advance a single step further.

A sudden idea occurred to me. What if the name was a very unusual name, or, in fact, that I had never heard, or seen written, except as the name of this Doctor?

This thought was a revelation. It was the idea of a written name. I had been following but one line of approach, while there were two—sound and form.

I had not considered the sound approach, but now I saw the importance of that process. Another thought was, whether it would help me for the name to be not merely unusual, but entirely unknown.

I could not decide this question. I saw reasons for and against. If it was an utterly unknown name, except as applied to the Doctor, might I never recover to the recovery of one man's name and names through my brain for years without result, if my brain could bear such thought for so long?

I decided that I had been attracted to it simply because its sound was identical with K. Then K looked up large in my mind and took enormous precedence.

The name Payne was given up. But another, or rather similar, question arose in regard to Payne. If K was so prominent, why had Payne influenced me? It took me an hour to find the reason, but I found it, for I had determined to find it.

It was simple, after all—the attraction added to my K's the name Kayne, although the name evoked no interest. Thinking of this name, I saw that Kane was much easier and added it to my list, wondering why I had not thought of it before.

whether we were passing through woods or fields. My head was bent; my eyes looked on the ground, but saw it not. My mouth was shut, but words rolled their sounds through my ears—monotonous sounds with but one or two consonants and one or two vowels.

Suddenly association asserted itself. I thought of Capt. Haskell's quotation from some Persian poet; what was the poet's name? I soon had it—Khyayam—pronounced Ki-yam. I added Khyayam and Ki-yam to my list. We marched on.

Why Knight? I did not know. My work seemed to revolve about K. I felt greatly encouraged with Khyayam—pronounced Ki-yam—which had the K sound.

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What was his name? I did not know. Why did he sometimes wear a blue uniform? It must be a Confederate spy; of course he is a Confederate spy.

My memory refused to abandon this man. I had known that I should recover the Doctor, and I had supposed that the Doctor's name would be in the list.

Another scene. The Doctor, and the man, and Willis lying hidden in a straw stack. Ah! Willis! That name has come before me.

Who is Willis? I do not know; only Willis. It is a mistake to be following up the man. I do not recall the Doctor without this disturbance of shape.

I forced the Doctor to appear. This time he was sitting in an ambulance, but not alone. The man was with him.

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I forced the Doctor to appear and reappear. He was sitting in an ambulance, but not alone; instead of him, this strange man persisted, and contrary to my will.

My heart misgave me. Had I been following the man, I had been following the Doctor's face flits by and vanishes before I can even tell its outline.

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PRIZE WINNERS.

U. S. Treasury Receipts for Monday, March 31, 1902, \$2,307,105.20—the figures guessed at.

REGULAR PRIZES.

Table with columns for prize amount, winner name, and prize value. Includes entries like '1st prize, \$1,000, won by Isaac Kendall, Scott's Bluff, Neb., by guess...' and '2nd prize, \$500, won by J. H. Henderson, West Windsor, Mich., by guess...'.

Consolation Prizes reported next week. News from winners next week.



With the WESTERN ARMY Sherman's March to Chattanooga.

By GEN. GREEN B. RAUM.

On Nov. 3 I marched away from Shoal Creek at 6 o'clock in the morning, and marched 17 miles, to Rogersville, where I overtook the Fourth Division.

This stream, like Elk River, had been suddenly raised by the rains. I directed an orderly to ride into the stream to test its depth. I observed that the water was about three feet deep. There was no way of crossing the creek dry-shod.

The next morning, Nov. 4, Gen. Smith marched into Rogersville with the First and Third Brigades. They camped the previous night four miles out, at Second Creek.

Gen. Sherman decided to make a detour to the left and head Elk River. He gave the necessary orders for that purpose, and at 12 o'clock the Third Division drew out from Rogersville on the Pulaski road.

I sent an orderly with my compliments to the commanding officers of regiments, with instructions to have their men remove all their clothes except their flannel shirts, and to carry their clothing in bundles attached to the muzzles of their guns.

Gen. Smith, with the First and Third Brigades, closed up on us at Fayetteville, as did Gen. Blair with the Second Division, coming from the other road.

This town is in the midst of a prosperous and well-developed country, with good roads in every direction. We had some leisure time on our hands, the day was bright, and there was abundance of clear water convenient.

The journey from Fayetteville to Winchester was made in three days; 25 miles on this distance were covered on the third day. The troops all pushed rapidly forward to Winchester, this being the place from which the different divisions would direct their march to the points for crossing the Cumberland Mountains.

Part of the troops were to cross at Dechlor, but the Third Division was to cross by way of Sweden's Cove. At Winchester we were in communication with the rest of the world.

On the morning of Nov. 5, at 6 o'clock, Gen. Ewing had the command to forward. I gave the command to forward, and this procession of veterans came marching on.

This apparition of four regiments of partially-naked men was more than Mrs. Brown had bargained for; she instantly started for the house; but Mr. Brown and his daughter proposed to see the fun. The leading regiment marched in fine order down the bank and walked boldly into the stream.

Gen. Ewing had the right of way of the road, and I was compelled to await his movements. At 7 o'clock a. m., Nov. 5, Gen. Smith reached my camp with the other brigades. We were delayed some time. I marched away, however, about 10 o'clock. The country was very broken.

The road lay over a very high ridge, the backbone between two rapid streams. The descent was into a nice, fertile valley, through which flowed Richland Creek. The road ran up the stream to Brown's Mills to a ford.

While these arrangements were being made Adj.-Gen. Nicholson and other staff officers were at the front gate talking to Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their daughter, Miss Brown. They were well-to-do, intelligent people, and seemed much interested in the presence of the troops.

In a few minutes the brigade was ready to march, the head of the column had been halted some 50 yards or more from the ford. I gave the command to forward, and this procession of veterans came marching on.

2,000 men made that old valley fairly ring. The crowd at the gate never witnessed a more martial scene, and although it was something out of the ordinary to see so many naked men, the orderly manner in which the whole business was conducted aroused no sensation except that of mirth and jollity.

We went into camp about a mile from the ford, in the shade of one of the finest beech groves I ever saw. The ground was thickly strewn with dry beech leaves, and under these lay quantities of beech nuts. Every soldier had a comfortable bed of beech leaves that night.

We were off the next morning at 9 o'clock. The night had been clear; the morning air was cool and bracing. Ice appeared for the first time.

My march was directed to Fayetteville. After struggling for a time along a muddy road in a creek bottom, we came upon a well-kept macadamized road. Here we turned to the right and marched steadily forward to the town.

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