NORMAN HOLT

A Story of the Cival War by General Charles King.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Norman Holt, favorite son of an old Kentucky family, is repremanded at West Point for duelling and is withdrawn by his high-spirited father. His home coming in the winter of 1860 is celebrated by an old-fashioned Christmas gathering. Among the guests are Daisy Lane, daughter of Dr. Holt's lawyer, and J. Burnett Malloy, both of Cincinnati. The latter brings letters of introduction from Lane's partner, Mr. MacIntyre, and is courteously received, but arouses the jealousy of Norman Holt by his attentions to Daisy Lane. Malloy separates Miss Lane from the main party during a fox hunt and at the Christmas ball the same evening effects an air of proprietorship distasteful to Daisy and obnoxious to his rival, Norman Holt. But all ill feeling is forgotten when at midnight all surround Dr. Holt to drink the Christmas punch, which ceremony is interrupted by a midnight messenger, who announces the dangerous illness of Judge MacIntyre. Investigation reveals his financial affairs in a hopeless tangle and the Holt joins the confederate forces. Norman enter Lane's law office in Cincinnati. Norman later enlists as a private in Ohio infantry. Malloy, through political influence is lieutenant in the same company, and Henry Holt joins the conwederate forces. Norman is ordered to conduct a skirmishing party under Captain Wing to Belleview in search of prominent rebels. Belleview raid fails; Wing captured and Norman is accused of treachery. Brain fever saves him from trial and takes him to the hospital. The charges against Norman are disproved by Engert. Norman rejoins his regiment and aids Sheridan in capturing Henry Holt. Norman, drugged by Malloy while on picket duty, is found asleep at his post. Court martial convicts Norman, who demands that Malloy, whose testimony convicted him, shall lead the firing party on the day of his death. Norman is pardon by President Lincoln and made lieutenant of Kentucky infantry. Norman is accused by the Lanes of betraying Theodore, who has deserted into the hands of secret service men. Norman wins high praise from Sheridan for gallant rally of troops, and when Malloy, now major of new regiment, returns to camp he is "out" by Norman.

CHAPTER XXII.

When an officer and a gentleman, in the presence and hearing of other officers and gentlemen, especially when they are of such high rank as the commander of an army in the field, refuses his hand and acknowledges a presentation to another officer, supposedly a gentleman, with the significant remark, "I know the man," it means only one thing: He knows him so well that he will have nothing to do with him. Holt did not conduct the new comers to Sheridan's headquarters. Without another word he returned to his map. The general saw instantly that there was bitter feud between the young men that even in his presence could not be forgotten. Ignoring it entirely, he chatted a moment with the colonel until Malloy had partially regained color and composure; then inquired after his father, the senator; and, Mr. Holt being still busy, turned them over to the aide-de-camp. When they were gone Norman arose, laid the paper before the general and stood half expectant of rebuke or reprimand, but none came. Like Grant, Rosecrans took no notice of minor affairs when great ones demanded his attention. A few quick questions were all he asked, as to fords and wood roads, and whether light guns could be run through the forest along the western foothills. Then briefly bidding Norman hold himself in readiness for important service, and with a hint as to silence, wished him all success and said good afternoon.

That evening, summoned to the headquarters of the corps commander, Norman Holt found assembled some men already famous in the Army of the Cumberland. Central figure in the group, blunt, outspoken, burly, sat McCook, a map on his knee and objurgation on his lips. He who loved a square fight and asked no favor, had been bidden to hold the foe instead of hammering him. The exasperations of Perryville and Stone River still rankled in his heart, and he longed for opportunity to show what his men could do when not overlapped and outnumbered, as had hitherto occurred. He wanted to hit, not clinch, and here were orders that he should maneuver—occupy the attention of Hardee's crack corps, prevent their sending aid to other fellows thirty miles away, whom Thomas would fall upon and crush. Much of the same mind was the fierce little, black-eyed division commander, striding up and down the room, listening with obvious impatience to the explantions of the suave, Garfield, courteous, plausible, conciliatory, if not entirely convincing. The candles on the rough pine table flared and flickered in the breeze that stirred the cheap curtains and swept through the tawdry Tennessee living room. It was one of the farmhouses not far from the outkirts of the little town. Two or three staff officers sat copying orders at an adpoining table; another at the hall doorway was in low-toned conversation with the commander of the cavalry escort, waiting in the mud without. It had begun to rain again. It seemed as though it always rained when the Army of the Cumberland needed to march, and it never rained, but it poured. Norman Holt, dismounting and giving the reins to an orderly, entered the narrow hallway and briefly said: "I am ordered to report here to General Sheridan. Lieutenant Holt, adjutant, —th Kentucky."

The staff officer returned his salute, looking curiously, almost intrusiyely, at him. The story of that afternoon's episode was already aleak, and men do not trifle with fellows who, even in the presence of the commander, stand to their convictions, as had Norman Holt.

"The general is engaged just now. I'll announce you in a moment. I think I've heard Bob Enyart speak of you, Mr. Holt. My name's Warden. Let me present you to Captain O'Connor. Your old friend Gaffney, by the way, was here not long ago, and General Garfield heard his explosion, too."

Holt smiled gravely. "Sorry I came too late," said he. "Gaffney is sore at being overslaughed, and I don't blame him. But he's too good a soldier to have his chances spoiled by angry talk."

"Well, he charged it all to Malloy, and I fancy General Sheridan wasn't sorry to have Garfield hear that much, anyhow." And the aide-de-camp looked keenly at the Kentuckian, as though in hopes of hearing his views on the subject of Malloy.

But that reply was, at least, not verbal. Holt had been long enough an officer to learn that one of the curses of the camp is the tendency to gossip—the frequency of misquotation. "Say nothing you would not have repeated—especially in garbled form," was a good rule for a staff officer. Norman wondered at the general's aide that did not seem to know it. Meddling in the affairs of other men is bad enough in the line; it is worse in the staff. Warden showed that he felt the tacit rebuke. He looked a bit nettled, but promptly said, "I beg pardon—but of course you realize that Gaffney has been proclaiming this and—other matters from the housetops."

Then came Sheridan's voice, quick, impatient, and with it Sheridan himself right at Warden's elbow. "Isn't Holt here yet? It's high time—oh, come right in, Holt. We've been waiting."

"So have I, sir," said the Kentuckian, as he followed his little leader into the office. There at a nod from McCook he closed the door behind them, which Warden liked still less. It left him obviously out of the conference.

"Know who that is, I s'pose?" said he, shortly, to the cavalry officers. "That's Holt—who was charged with misguiding Wing's squadron and later sentenced for sleeping on post."

"Not guilty of either, as I understand it," said the trooper, shortly. "What do you know?"

"H—m, well. Considerable smoke for no fire. Pardoned on account of Judge Holt's influence, as I understand it. Wait till we hear Malloy's story. D'ye think he'll fight?"

"Don't know," was the short reply, "but if he will, Holt will give him all he wants."

"Oh, I forgot you were a Kentuckian," said Warden, nettled again. "I suppose you know Mr. Holt."

"Never met him before in my life. I'm from Paducah. But you'd better talk to the Buckeyes before you believe Malloy. That's my advice." And the captain quit his chair and sauntered out on the porch, another symptom that Warden was making a mess of it; another reason why Warden should desire to hear anything to strengthen his side, even as against the man who had never wronged him. When the conference broke up that evening and Warden was released from duty, he made his way to the camp of the newcomers and sought out Major Malloy.

But the generals spoke earnestly together even after they came out from the building. At Sheridan's request Holt had briefly described the situation south of Frenchman's creek, and again made a little sketch, which, stepping to one side, the seniors compared with the map in the hands of McCook, and lowered their voices as they talked. It was McCook who finally blurted out, impatiently:

"Do you suppose Hardee will be deceived by the sight of a single division? I don't. I served under him. I know him."

"There are other ways," answered the chief of staff, placidly, with a warning look at the impetuous speaker, and a quick glance at the three junior officers in the room. "You can leave that to me."

Late that night Norman lay pondering over the events of the day, over Kate's letter, over Gaffney's bibulous excitement, over the dramatic meeting at general headquarters and Malloy's evident discomfiture. Of one thing he felt assured, yet could not say why—the major had not yet prevailed, Daisy Lane had not surrendered. The regiment must have been sent forward within a day or two of Kate's announcement, probably shipped by river all the way from Cincinnati to Nashville. This was one cause, at least, for rejoicing, and he had another, for even in the intensity of his devotion to his soldier duty, Norman Holt was human. In the hearing and presence of the highest officers of the army, he had been able at last to express his contempt for Burnett Malloy.

Gaffney was awaiting his return. The Irishman had heard the story as it reached the Buckeyes, and after a wild hurrah and a rousing drink had rushed to "tinder his sarvices," for, of course, Malloy must fight. Even in an age when dueling was on its last legs, a soldier could not submit to such ignominious treatment without losing caste in the whole corps. "A missidge," said Gaffney, "should come furrst thing in the mornin'. If it didn't, bedad, he'd "cyarry wan to Malloy," and Norman, knowing that long before Gaffney's inflamed peepers would open on the morrow camp would be left long miles behind, but remembering, nevertheless, that he was enjoined to silence, finally got rid of his importunate friend by promise that the "missidge" and its bearer should be referred to Gaffney the instant it was received.

"And you promise me you'll go straight to bed, Gaffney, and drink no more to-night. You'll need a clear, cool head in the morning," was the only stipulation, and Gaffney gave his word and went his way.

At 4 o'clock in the soft summer-like morning there rode away from corps headquarters a squadron of cavalry, led by the Paducah captain, and at his side rode Norman Holt. Five miles out they reached the stations of the southernmost command of the Army of the Cumberland. Between them and the enemy's pickets, which covered the country from beyond Columbia on to the west far up to McMinnville on the heights, there was now nothing but the union sentries and their supports, but under the dawn were a dozen strong squadrons of cavalry feeding and grooming in the fields to the right and left of the Shelbyville pike, and a staff officer, coming forward, conducted O'Connor and his tall Kentucky comrade to the presence of the general in command. The sun was just glinting the tips of the trees as they came upon the party, sipping coffee at a campfire. Coffee and welcome both were tendered to the newcomers, and then the general, tall, bearded, soldierly, drew Norman to one side and drew from the breast of his uniform coat a paper which Norman recognized at once. It was the map he made for Rosecrans the night before. The other was in the hands of Sheridan. "We mount in twenty minutes," said the general. "What I wished to ask was, are you so familiar with this neighborhood"—and he struck the sheet with his gauntleted hand—"that you could lead through there back of Wartrace—in the dark?"

Norman hesitated. He had, as he told the general in chief, abundant reason to know that region, but there was something in the question, the tone, that brought up instantly the memory of that ride in the dark across the Hardin hills, through Shelby gap. The very next words decided him. The very name was enough.

the general quickly. "Hardee is to his right

AS THE GALLANT HORSE BORE HIM SWIFTLY ON, HE CLUTCHED THE STRAP OF THE PRICELESS BAG.

"Bragg's main body is at Shelbyville," said at Wartrace, covering Tullahoma and there's nothing but cavalry from there out to McMinnville. I need not go into details, but—the plan is for us to make a wide detour to the east, while Sheridan holds them in front of Wartrace, and—others occupy everybody else the whole length of the line. We are to burst through there and try to get a peep at Tullahoma. I estimate that it will take the best of two days and all to-night."

The answer was prompt. "I can guide you along the creek, sir, anywhere to the north of it—nowhere to the south. We were forbidden to cross."

"Yet I'm told many of your fellows did cross."

"Only a few parties scouting for stills, sir, and they had to risk capture at any moment."

At this moment an aide approached and pointed north. Two miles away, over a low ridge came crawling, snake-like, a long blue column, tipped with fire—the morning sunshine slanting on thousands of sloping rifles.

"Sheridan already," said the general. "Sound to horse! Will you ride with me, Mr. Holt? They'll not need you at the front till by and by."

Five minutes later the whole brigade of cavalry was rapidly saddling, while the general, with a few staff officers, rode swiftly over toward the pike to meet the coming column, Sheridan at its head. There was a brief conference between the two leaders, while all juniors respectfully drew aside. But the little division commander nodded cheerily to Holt, then beckoned him to draw nigh.

"Thomas marched an hour before I did," were the words he was saying, as the adjutant reined closer. "He must be well out on the way to Columbia now. Heard any firing?"

"Not a crack, anywhere," was the sturdy answer.

"Well, good-by Stanley. Send Mr. Holt to us as soon as you make it, will you? I'll give those fellows in front all they can attend to meanwhile."

Already the cavalry had swung into saddle and was filing away eastward through a cross country road, but O'Connor's squadron remained awaiting the coming of the commander. The sun was peeping over the tree tops and the dropping leaves, still heavy with the rain of the night before, stirring under the rising breeze, shook showers of diamonds on the horsemen winding below. Up from the rear of Sheridan's escort a trooper rode to the general's side, and, touching his cap, sat in the saddle mutely awaiting instructions. His dress, his equipment, his arms seemed newer than those of his comrades. His face, too, lacked the tan of the war-worn veteran. His seat, his salute, even, were not those of the cavalry, and Norman Holt looked at him in odd curiosity. Somewhere he had seen that face before. Somewhere—when it was not pleasant. Sheridan glanced at the newcomer askance.

"Oh, yes, Stanley. This man is to join your escort. You can send him back with Lieutenant Holt after you're—through. Follow the lieutenant, my lad. Good-by, Holt. Good luck!" And then the little general pricked away, and Stanley, looking queerly, keenly, at the latest arrival, motioned Holt to ride on his left hand, reining his horse about, made way for him.

"What's the game, do you suppose?" he muttered. "You know that's one of those secret service men, don't you?"

Know? It flashed all at once over Norman Holt. This man in the trooper garb was indeed no private soldier. Swung over one of his shoulders was a waterproof sack such as was often carried by couriers and dispatch bearers in stormy weather. That and the newness of his outfit distinguished him from the array of the escort. So did his pale, earnest face, and now Norman knew where first that face appeared before him. It was on that woeful day at Cincinnati. This was one of the men who collared the deserter, Theodore Lane.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Almost without event the long day wore on. At times a squadron was halted, detached from the column and pushed out southward. Especially was this done where road or pathway entered the woods, or when there were broad, open fields. This seemed odd to Norman, and the general saw his perplexity, smiled and explained: "We wish them to see us. The idea is that we are but a cavalry veil covering a heavy column of infantry on march for the mountains; whereas, there isn't a battalion of infantry east of Carlocks—that town we passed three hours ago."

Holt still looked puzzled. "I couldn't help hearing General Sheridan say the Fourteenth corps was out toward Columbia by this time, yet—"

"That's it," answered the general. "Pretty much everything is moving out that way. But we're coaxing them to believe everything is coming this way instead. You can hear Sheridan banging at Hardee's outposts now."

True. Borne on the soft breeze blowing from the lowlands far to the west, every now and then the dull boom, boom of distant cannon caught the ear. At times, too, among the woods to the south and eastward where the hillsides seemed to grow steeper and steeper, the "ping" of carbine broke the silence, as scouting parties of gray horsemen ventured too near the long skirmish line in blue. As the sun sank farther to the west the sound of cannon became less frequent, and the woods woke up with an almost incessant barking. Stanley, with his staff and escort, had halted near a decrepit farmhouse in the open, awaiting the report of certain squadron commanders before pushing on toward the heights, and Norman, who had been questioned so closely as to the road and streams toward Tullahoma, wondered that he should be going so far away from the region he was supposed to know. Another thing had surprised him and given him food for earnest thought. Halting at noonday for a bite, the staff had gathered about the general, while field officers came and went, making reports and receiving instructions. Not a word had the Kentuckian exchanged with the acting trooper, who in placid silence had ridden for hours at his heels, but now they came together. Linking his horse with that of a soldier of the escort, the man with the dispatch bag had strolled off to the right. There he took from a pocket a little parcel of oiled silk, and from the dispatch bag some stout official envelopes. These latter he laid upon a convenient stump while he essayed to unfold the silk. In that moist, humid atmosphere the folds had stuck together and resisted. Engrossed in his occupation, he failed apparently to notice the coming of the Kentuckian until Norman stood at his side. Then his first move was to throw the unfolded portion of the silk over the address on the topmost of the pile, but that superscription was in large and most legible hand, "Major General George H. Thomas, commanding Fourteenth Corps," and, unless he came with blinded eyes, Norman could not help seeing. Why should orders for Thomas be here on the extreme left if Thomas was out on the extreme right? The man saw the look in the officer's eyes, but was silent until Norman spoke.

"You were not in uniform the morning you arrested Theodore Lane," said he.

"Nor were you," was the answer, with a quiet smile. "Our duties are many-sided. Just now I am a courier and you a guide, yet neither has his part to play until nightfall."

All the long afternoon, as the column pushed its way slowly southeastward, Holt had been thinking over his words. Now, as sunset came on, he noted that the courier had ridden out with one of Stanley's aids, and was close to the young officer in command of a platoon, deployed as skirmishers just entering a skirt of woods. Half a mile back they had crossed a broad country road that seemed in better repair than was usual, and the general, with a grin of satisfaction, ordered a squadron sent out northeastward along that road to hold the flank. "But mind you," said he to the captain commanding, "be ready to fall back at dusk. That," he continued, turning to Norman and pointing southwest, "is the road we take the minute it's dark, but I've got to swing a covering force behind it."

That covering force must have taken time, and meanwhile the advance along the McMinnville road southeast was checked. It was cavalry against cavalry, only, but Johnny Reb was on his native heath, and the farther his patrols and skirmishers were pushed back toward a main body, the thicker they got. "Shove out two of your platoons, O'Connor," said the general, sharply, after listening awhile to the crackle. "They're holding fast just here, where I don't want them to. It's time to turn the column toward Tullahoma, but they must not see. Hold them off there for half an hour; then they can't see!"

Promptly the captain of the escort threw forward the first troop, he himself riding out with the men. It was a spirted scene, and Norman sat gazing in fascination. In front of them were rugged slopes, up which, at a distance, wound the McMinnville road. Stumps, stones and snake fences adorned the landscape close at hand, but there was a fringe of forest 300 yards away, and beyond that bold, tumbling, wooded heights, all aglow with the glare of the setting sun, all alive apparently with southern skirmishers. The instant he reached the open, O'Connor deployed forward at a trot, his Kentucky horsemen scattering fence rails and squirming among the stumps as jauntily as they would ride to the races. Out at the far front the woods were ringing with the rebel yells, which meant that Johnny was winning. He never yelled when he wasn't—if he knew it. The trouble with our southern brother too often was that he wouldn't know when he was whipped. The woods rang with louder clamor when O'Connor's long line got fairly in, and there was a glorious burst of musketry when they reached the retiring line and let loose on their pursuers. Norman, carried away by the thrill of the sound, turned to beg leave to ride out to the front, and Stanley and the staff were gone. There stood the reserves. There, filing to the right, half a mile back, the main column was being switched off Tullahoma way. Then up came an aide at a gallop.

"It's all right," he cried. "The road's covered. O'Connor's people are to fall back here." And Norman galloped on with him out to the front.

In the thick of the woods and the joy of the fight they found the gentleman from Paducah. "Retire, captain. Withdraw the line. But hold 'em off. I'll show you where to stand!,' shouted the aide, and O'Connor, nodding, spurred forward. Aloft the bullets sang and bit through the trees, but the fire was moderate, the aim too high. Johnny was shooting down hill. The trumpets began a lively peal, and to the sound of slow, scattered shots, the mounted skirmishers reined about, O'Connor's fellows first to disentangle themselves from the original line, and came trotting back through the trees. The yells that had died away before the fierce fire of the reinforced line speedily began again as O'Connor's troop disappeared, leaving only a thin and dispersed array to hold the woods. The aide still remained, as though personally to guide the commander to the new station at the rear, and Norman stayed with him, fascinated. Suddenly, at a point to their right, where there was a little clearing, half a dozen troopers came sputtering out in some disorder, as though hard pressed at the front. Instantly the aide and Norman from one side and a cavalry lieutenant from the other, dashed at them, drove them back into line, and as they floundered about in the soft, squashy soil of the open field, ashamed of their panic and eager to recover the lost ground, the troopers were astonished to see one of their own number, apparently, dismounted at the edge of the timber, straining at his saddle girth, while his excited horse pranced about and circled around him. It was the courier, and, as though to have free use of his hands, he had flung his carbine. The next instant a chorus of exultant yells burst from the heart of the timber, and a crashing volley sent the bullets whistling about the ears of the onlookers. Down went two horses, kicking and plunging in the mud, bearing their riders with them. Away darted a third, in panic uncontrollable, but, to Norman's horror, as the courier sprang for safety, something, a bullet possibly, had clipped the strap of that dispatch bag, and, sliding from the fleeing rider's shoulder, it fell, with its precious, priceless contents to the ground.

"Good God! Those are orders—orders for Thomas!" shouted Norman. "Come on! They must be saved!" And never waiting to see who might follow; never heeding shouts or shots or the rush of gray jacketed troopers through the woods ahead, straight for the abandoned haversack he spurred, noting only as he shot past the fleeing courier that he was clutching at the pommel and swaying in the saddle. Straight as the flight of an arrow he darted on, linked his left hand in a lock of the flowing mane, and never slackening speed, hurled himself from the saddle, his left leg deftly curling about the cantle, swooped low as the gallant horse bore him swiftly on, clutched the strap of the priceless bag in his gauntleted hand, and with a shout of triumph regained his seat, waving the prize on high. And then, then as in sweeping circle he strove to rein about and rejoin his comrades whose shouts and shots were ringing over the field, the woods close at hand seemed to spit fire, the air buzzed with stinging missiles, the crack of carbines smote upon his ear. Something stung his left arm just below the shoulder, and numb, limp and spouting blood, it fell nerveless by his side. His bounding steed gave two or three frantic plunges and then went headlong, plowing the soft soil with nose and doubled knees. Norman felt himself hurled forward, clinging still to his prize, and even then in his agony strove to hurl it to the few troopers who had followed him. Too late! A swarm of yelling lads in gray came tearing into the field. Rough hands seized the stricken officer and dragged him to his feet. There sounded in his ear in a moment a chorus of mingled cheers and yells, a furious sputter of musketry, and then he realized that from the ambush of the forest a strong force of southern horse had burst upon the thin skirmish line and swept it all away. Exultant Johnnies were already exploring that precious bag in the hopes of something to eat or drink. He and those dispatches were the prize of the enemy. The plans of "Old Rosy" in the hands of Hardee!

A surgeon was ripping up his coat sleeve, while an officer in the garb of a colonel bent over and questioned. No need to ask if it was Stanley's cavalry in front. They knew that well enough. "What force is behind him?" Norman closed his eyes, faint and sick, and would make no answer.

"Hard hit," said the surgeon in low tone. "Humerus smashed. Bullet just missed the brachial artery." Darkness was coming down. The sound of the fight had swept to the west. The Confederate colonel gave brief orders to the few men who lingered about, then mounted and rode away.

Late that night the bleeding stanched, his arm in splints and deftly bound, Norman lay in bed in a farmhouse among the Tennessee hills, still faint, weak, chagrined, yet conscious that he had done a soldier's best to save those precious papers. In an adjoining room were gathered half a dozen Confederate officers of rank, and there was high excitement in their talk. Norman could hear the eager words of one speaker. He was urging that they should not wait for morning, that every available man should be sent forward at once to hold the wood roads and check the federal advance. Another, older, graver, pointed out that by this time those captured dispatches were in the hands of General Hardee, who would notify General Bragg without delay, and probably have his divisions on the march for McMinnville by 3 in the morning, if not before. On all hands it was agreed that the capture of those papers was another feather in the cap of Joe Wheeler's cavalry corps. From time to time the surgeon came softly in and bent over him to say an encouraging word. Sorely wounded was the prisoner, and among chivalric men a wounded foe was a sacred charge, and chivalric men were many on both sides. According to the school of surgery in force in the earlier days of the war, the patient should already be upon the table, knife and saw severing the shattered member from the shoulder; but there was no table, and the surgeon was of a younger, more optimistic line. But he had not scrupled to administer opiates to dull the senses and to deaden pain, and under the soothing influence of the drug Norman lay, half dozing, when there came the sound of new arrivals in the outer room, the clank of swords and the harsh screech of chairs shoved suddenly backward over uncarpeted floors. Every man seemed to have sprung to his feet in acknowledgment of the coming of a general of rank, and there entered a man at sound of whose voice there swept over the senses of the wounded captive a strange flood of memories. He was again at the Point, a "plebe," and that voice had prompted him day after day upon the drill ground or parade. Then a yearling corporal, and that voice had hailed him in glad, cordial congratulation. Those were days when the chevrons were found most frequently on sleeves of lads who hailed from the southern states, and Alabama, stripping off the gold bars and black of a cadet lieutenant—just in from last parade, and just about to don the blue of a graduate, a commissioned officer—had handed them to the tall stripling from Kentucky and bidden him wear them in the by and by. Norman would have known the cordial tones the world over, yet lay there silent, as presently there entered a slender, undersized, yet soldierly young man in the full uniform of a major general of the Confederate service, his thin face covered by a dark, pointed beard. With him there came another general, older, sharper and sterner of visage, but soldier all over; then two staff officers, bearing candles and holding respectfully back. The first to enter held in his hand one of the captured dispatches. He was too diminutive of stature to bend over the prostrate Kentuckian, but he spoke in gentle, courteous tone.

"My officers tell me you made a most gallant attempt to rescue that dispatch bag, sir, and I deeply regret to hear you are so severely hurt. I am compelled to go on further to-night, but General Morgan makes his headquarters here, and we wish to know, sir, if we can do anything to make you more comfortable?"

Norman, closing his eyes, faintly shook his head. It was evident the general did not know him. It was four years since their last meeting—the night the little southron first called him Norman—the night he, half timidly, had answered "Joe."

"I beg that you will not hesitate to ask," persisted the general. "As soldiers we cannot but admire soldier daring and devotion such as you displayed. What we cannot understand is why a courier, with such important orders, should have ventured so far out as to lose both them and his own life. He never spoke after our fellows reached him."

Norman unclosed his eyes—looking up in pain. "Is he killed?" he faintly asked.

"Yes, he was evidently shot as he was trying to gallop away. He died an hour ago.

There was a moment's silence, broken by the sighing of the wind about the rafters of the old farmhouse and in the leaves among the trees. A crazy, antiquated clock in the main room struck a jangled three on its spiral wire, and a sentry somewhere without sharply challenged, "Who comes there?"

"Staff officer from General Hardee," rang out the answer, followed by the clatter of hoofs and jangling of scabbard, and then the sharp query:

"Where's General Wheeler? I must see him at once!"

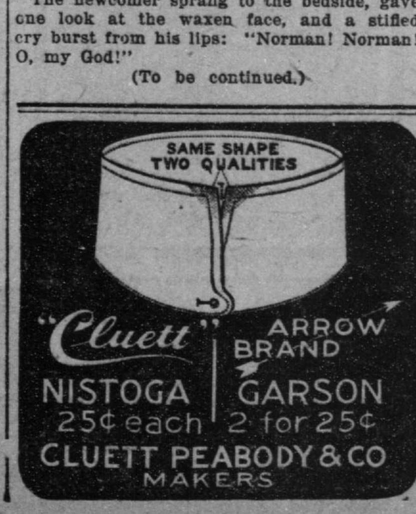
"Right in here, sir," shouted a voice in answer, and the next instant a tall, distinguished looking soldier strode into the room, a major of staff, his dark eyes snapping with excitement. Up went one hand to his forage cap as with the other he extended a dispatch to the little cavalry commander.

"General Wheeler," he exclaimed, "General Bragg telegraphs to stop the move at once. The whole thing's a fraud. Van Dorn reports that the federal army is in front of Columbia."

"In front of Columbia! These dispatches false! Then how comes it that this gentleman—" And with troubled, wondering eyes, the general turned again to the couch—whose occupant appeared to have fainted away.

The newcomer sprang to the bedside, gave one look at the waxen face, and a stifled cry burst from his lips: "Norman! Norman! O, my God!"

(To be continued.)



Sabbath-School Lesson.

FOR FEB. 17, 1901

The Lord's Supper—Matthew XXVI. 17-30.

By John R. Whitney.—Copyright, 1901.

Golden Text—This do in remembrance of Me.—Luke xxii., 19.

The Jewish "Feast of the Passover" and the Christian feast of "The Lord's Supper" are very closely connected, both historically and spiritually.

Historically—immediately after presiding at the last "Passover," of which he was a partaker, Jesus presided at the first "Supper," which he then ordained. He did both on the same evening.

Spiritually — both signify deliverance, through the death of a lamb. In the one, the lamb was selected by men, and every man selected his own. In the other, man has nothing to do with its selection. It is provided for him. It is "The Lamb of God." As the significance of the one closed, that of the other began.

Both were ordained as memorials of events which had not taken place when they were ordained. They were, therefore, divine ordinances. For human memorials must of necessity by instituted after events have actually occurred. But God determines beforehand what shall occur, and what shall be commemorated, and how. So both The Supper of The Lamb and The Supper of The Lord were divine institutions. The one assured the believing Jew of God's care for him as a man. The other assures the believer in Christ of God's love for him as a sinner. The one spoke of a temporal deliverance; the other, of an eternal salvation.

The story of events leading to the institution of "The Lord's Supper" is exceedingly interesting and important. It is told by all of the evangelists, but it is not all told by any. Taking up the history where we left it last week, our Lord closed, for that day, his recorded instructions to his disciples. As he did so, he called their attention to the near approach of "The Passover," saying, "Ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified. (Matthew xxvi., 1-2.) It was then early in the evening of our Tuesday, and, rising from their resting place on the Mount of Olives, he and "the twelve" went on to Bethany, where they lodged that night.

On the next day, our Wednesday, Jesus apparently remained in Bethany. In the evening "there they made him a supper" (John xii., 2) "in the house of Simon the leper" (Matt. xxvi., 6), which we have already considered.

But while those who loved him were thus engaged in honoring their master, those who hated him were very busy in Jerusalem discussing plans to put him to death.

As they "consulted" together, Judas Iscariot suddenly appeared in their midst. It was probably late in the evening. For, stung by the rebuke he had received at the supper in Bethany, he had come into the city and finding them assembled "in the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas" (Matt. xxvi., 3), he managed to come before them with the welcome inquiry, "What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" (Matt. xxvi., 15). They were only too "glad" (Mark xiv., 11) to receive such a proposition to take long in debating about the terms. So the bargain was quickly settled, "and they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver" (Matt. xxvi., 15), and he covenanted with them "to betray him unto them in the absence of the multitude." (Luke xxii., 6.) Then he returned to Bethany and took his usual place among the apostles.

The next day — our Thursday—was "the first day of the feast of unleavened bread." (Matt. xxvi., 17.) In the morning the necessary preparations were made, and the feast began in the evening "when they killed the passover." (Mark xiv., 12.) To make these preparations, Jesus "sent Peter and John" (Luke xxii., 8) early in the day, into Jerusalem with special directions for securing a suitable room. To do all this, probably required the most of that day. But in the evening everything was ready.

At the appointed hour Jesus and "the twelve" came into the city and went at once to the "larger upper room furnished and prepared." (Mark xiv., 15). They had walked in from Bethany, and their feet were soiled with the dust of the way. But there was no servant in waiting to remove their sandals, and perform the customary washing. The owner of the house provided none, and none was attached to their little company, and now none of them was willing to do it for himself or for the others. For their minds were filled with the idea that their master was about to declare himself King of the Jews, and as often before "there was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest." (Luke xxii., 24). And "the greatest," they thought, could not possibly be expected to do the work of the lowest! So they all took their places at the table with unwashen feet.

But "supper being ended" (John xiii., 2), Jesus quietly rose from the table and, laying aside his outer garment, he "took a towel and girded himself" after the manner of a servant. Pouring water into the unused basin, he came behind them all and "began to wash" their tired and soiled feet, "and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." (John xiii., 2-10.) Thus he did for all what none of them were willing to do for each other, or even for him. It was a loving rebuke to their pride and selfishness, but it was more than that. For he said, through Peter, not only to him and to them, but to disciples of every age: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

After Jesus "had washed their feet and had taken his garments and was set down again" (John xiii., 5), he proceeded to teach them more fully the lesson they were to learn from what he had done. (Luke xxii., 25-30.) But that was not all. He had often told them that he should be betrayed, but he had never told them that it was one of them who should do it. Now this solemn fact was to be made known to them. It must have been a very impressive scene when Jesus revealed it. He himself felt it deeply.

For the record is; "He was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said" (John): "Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table." (Luke.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." (John.) "One of you which eateth with me shall betray me." (Mark.) "And truly the Son of Man goeth as it was determined; but woe unto that man by whom he is betrayed." (Luke.)

No wonder that the record continues: "And they began to be sorrowful." (Mark.) "And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him" (Matthew) "one by one:

"Is it I?" (Mark.)

"Lord, is it I?" (Matt.)

"And another said, is it I?" (Mark.)

"And he answered and said unto them, It is one of the twelve that dippeth with me in the dish" (Mark); "he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me" (Matt.). "The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him; but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born." (Mark.)

"Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake." (John.) "And they began to inquire among themselves which of them it was that should do this thing." (Luke.)

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter, therefore, beckoned to him that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake. He then, lying on Jesus' breast, saith unto him, Lord, who is it? Jesus answered, He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon." (John.)

"Then Judas which betrayed him answered and said, Master, is it I?"

He said unto him, "Thou hast said." (Matt.)

"And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. He then, having received the sop, went immediately out; and it was night." (John.)

The Passover feast was now over, but all of that little company, all except Judas, still retained their places at the table. Then, without any recorded explanation as to what he was about to do, "as they were eating, Jesus took bread" (Matt.), "and gave thanks" (Luke), "and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body (Matt.), "this is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me." (Luke.)

"Likewise also" (Luke) "he took the cup" (Matt.) "after supper" (Luke) "and gave thanks" (Matt.) "And when he had given thanks, he gave it to them" (Mark), "saying, Drink ye all of it." (Matt.) "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." (Luke.) "And they all drank of it."

"And he said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many." (Mark.) "For the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." (Matt.)

With these few words, and with the simple elements of "bread" and "wine," our Lord instituted the memorial of his work of redemption. It is to be observed "till he come again. (I. Cor., xi., 26.) The elements were simple, but they had a wonderful depth of meaning. They were nothing but "bread" and "wine" at the time. They have never, on any occasion, been anything else. They never can, or will be made anything but "bread" and "wine" by any form of consecration. In themselves they can never give either peace or strength any more than it was possible for "the gifts and sacrifices" of the old dispensation of "the law," "to make him that did the service perfect as pertaining to the conscience." (Heb., ix., 9.)

But the things which they signified can give both. For the "bread" represented the "body" of flesh assumed by the Son of God when he became the son of man (John vi., 51), and in which he fulfilled "all righteousness." (Matt. iii., 15.) It pointed to his life "without sin."

The "wine" represented his "blood" shed on Calvary as the penalty due for all transgression. It pointed to his death.

Thus, in taking the "bread" and "wine" at "the Lord's supper," the believing sinner is called to remember that in the "life" of God's own son, there is provided a spotless robe of righteousness for his covering, and by his death a full pardon has been purchased for his sins. It was ordained by our Lord, himself, with the giving of thanks. It is to be received "by faith, with thanksgiving."

Many a timid soul, however, in coming to this sacrament has been greatly troubled by the words of St. Paul, "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and dring this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." (I. Cor., xi., 27.) What is it then to come worthily? To answer this question, allow me to use an illustration which I have used before. It is an illustration from real life and experience.

A young man who belonged to a Bible class, having united himself to the church, was expected to sit down with others at the next celebration of the Lord's supper. But the thought of his unworthiness greatly troubled him, and the words of St. Paul added to his perplexity. So he laid the matter before his teacher.

In reply, his teacher said: "Suppose that two men come to your house asking for food, and you give it to them both. One of them takes it gratefully, and walks away, devouring it as if he were half starved. The other—when he supposes that he is out of your sight—looks at it and throws it away. Which of the two would you consider as worthy of your charity?"

"The one who showed that he was really hungry," the youth replied.

"So is it with the Lord's Supper," said the teacher. "The worthy partaker is the one who hungers after Christ, for in all matters of grace the measure of worthiness is not merit, but need."

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