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Mr. G. H. Snyder, a well known citizen of Lawrence, Kan, said:

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

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CONFESSIONS OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP

BY CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Gen. Heath is ordered to report to headquarters at Chattanooga. An aide is present at the interview. The general is shown an order for his arrest and court-martial, and is then assigned to special duty to watch a contemplated movement of Longstreet's corps. He accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Gen. Heath leaves Chattanooga with 500 men, his brigade, and moves out to Morganton's cross-roads. On the way he meets with a girl he knows who lives at the place he is to make his headquarters. He insists on her returning with his troops. At her home it is thought a face was seen at the window, but a search through the house revealed no suspicious persons. Lieut. Hall, the aide, is placed in charge of the young lady with orders to watch her and question her carefully. She faints.

CHAPTER III.—When questioned she said her mother is for the confederacy and herself for the union. At night she is caught in the kitchen attempting to burn a paper which contains the plans of Burnside's defenses at Knoxville. She is confined under guard as a spy.

CHAPTER IV.—Gen. Heath's command is attacked by confederates, but they are beaten off. During the fight Lieut. Hall again sees a mysterious face at the window.

CHAPTER V.—Gen. Heath accepts a parole from Miss Beach at the suggestion of Lieut. Hall, who proposes to answer for her. During the night she slips out of the house and escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—The federal troops are surprised at night and in the fight Lieut. Hall is captured.

CHATER VII.—Lieut. Hall is taken before a confederate, Maj. Berante, who had been a classmate of Gen. Heath at West Point and served with him in the west. He claimed to have an incriminating letter written by Heath offering to surrender his command in the army to the mayor of a southern town in which he was stationed. Hall sees the letter. Margaret Beach turns up and at night assists Hall to escape.

"Halloo!" he said, surprised; "I thought you were taken."

"So I was. I escaped."

"Good!" He was very much pleased, and grasped me warmly by the hand. "How did you manage it?"

"Well, you see, general, until a prisoner is confined in regular quarters, he is not very well guarded."

"You are right there; quite a number of our men have come in." He sat down to breakfast. "Well?"

"Last night was kept in bivouac with other prisoners. The camp on one side was protected by wagons instead of a sentry. I rolled over to one of the wagons, hid myself under it, and then made off in the darkness on the other side."

"Where was the guard all the while?"

"Chatting."

"With whom?" The general was buttering a piece of corn bread.

"A woman."

"A woman?" He smiled. "The nicest bits of deviltry in this war are accomplished by women."

This was not according to my rehearsal at all. "How did you get the command away, general?" I asked, changing the subject in order to gain time to think.

"I didn't; they got themselves away by hard fighting. We managed to get together—those of us who were left—and retreated here."

"Why didn't the enemy follow?"

"They will, as soon as they have formed a junction with others of their forces. My vedettes are on the lookout for them. But this woman who was chatting with the sentry?"

"She kept him talking while I rolled under the wagon; then I cut—"

"Who was she?"

"I cut through the woods, jumped a fence, and—"

"The woman?"

"What the devil does it matter who she was, general?" I blurted, losing my self-control. He should have put me under arrest for an insubordinate answer. He did no such thing; he seemed to enjoy my discomfiture.

"H'm! Cherchez la femme. I shall be delighted to hear of one woman in the south favoring the union cause, or even a young union soldier who carries his heart on his sleeve."

His mocking tone had been making me angry ever since the conversation began. His last remark made me hot.

"The woman in this case," I cried, rebelliously, "is one of the noblest of God's creatures."

"And this noble creature's name is—"

"Margaret Beach."

The general started and turned pale. "Where did you meet her?" he asked, quickly.

"In a house occupied by the commanding officer of the rebels."

He strove hard to conceal his feelings. It was impossible. His head dropped on his chest and a shiver shot through his body. Then suddenly recovering himself, his expression changed from that of a stricken man to that of one nerved for any duty.

"General," I said, in a husky voice, "I am ready to resign my position on your staff and submit to a court-martial."

"My boy," he said, kindly, and I knew that on this occasion he used the expression affectionately, "your resignation would not be accepted, and you will not be tried. Your action in this matter is perfectly satisfactory to me."

There was a pause, to break which I asked: "Have you any orders, general?"

"Yes. Bring the prisoner to me." She was no longer Margaret Beach; she was "the prisoner."

Going to the house, I told Margaret that the general wanted to see her. Well as she realized the change her last act had made in him, she did not realize it fully. But she was perfectly calm and prepared for anything. We found the general waiting for us before his tent.

"Miss Beach," he said, as if addressing a stranger, "you were caught with information in your possession intended for the enemy. Your word of honor was pledged not thus to offend again, whereupon you were given your liberty, and at once took advantage of it to go to the enemy's camp. It is plain to me for what purpose; but I confess I do not understand your return. I would be glad to hear your explanation."

"I have no explanation to make, general." She used the word "general" with the same cold emphasis he had used when addressing her as Miss Beach.

"Are you content to remain a perjurer?"

"For my acts I am accountable to no human being."

There was a short silence, during which the two regarded each other intently. In the general's face I could see nothing but condemnation, while I fancied I saw a quick glance of reproach in Margaret's dark eyes, like the flash of a gun at night.

"From this moment," the general said, "your fate is in other hands than mine. You will be tried by court-martial, and must accept the only sentence over pronounced on one engaged in secret service."

I led Margaret back to the house, where an order soon followed to place her in close confinement.

"There's going to be the devil to pay," said Walter, half an hour later. "The general has got one of his fits on."

Even the men seemed to know that something was in the wind. Old "salts" of the sea could not more certainly predict foul weather in the sky than the troops could see hard fighting in the general's face. About dark we got the first flash of the coming storm. The general called me to him and ordered me to ride to the headquarters of the different commands, directing each commanding officer to send two of his best men, especially fitted for scouting service, to report in person at headquarters. I gave the order, and the men reported as directed. The general sent them out by twos, apportioning the neighboring territory among them, with a view to discovering the positions occupied by the different bodies of the enemy. After they had left, he directed me to bring Corporal Plunk, his favorite scout, a long lean Indianian, whose principal occupation during the days when the prairies of his native state were being opened by the plow was shaking with ague. He had his own way of doing everything, and could no more be induced to follow a plan laid out for him than a mountain horse could be guided by its rider over a rocky trail. He sometimes scouted in uniform, but was quite as likely to go out in the garb of a citizen. It was not long before I had him standing before the general, not at attention, for such a position was not possible with him, but loitering awkwardly till the general, who was intent upon a map spread out before him, should notice him.

"Corporal," said the general, suddenly, "you must bring me the enemy's position, and that before midnight. This is the most important service on which I have ever sent you. Take the best horse in the command and go."

Having dispatched his scouts, the general lay down on his cot, a signal for us all that we might turn to rest or amusement.

Walter and I, instead of preparing for what was to come, as we should have done, spent the time in a game of shinplasters. Inveterate gamester as I was, on this occasion I tried to beg off, for my heart and mind were full of Margaret Beach. But Walter suspected the cause of my unwillingness to play, and, not wishing him to see any further than necessary into the state of my mind, I yielded. Once well started in the game, I forgot Margaret, the approaching operations, everything but the cards, and at 12 o'clock, when the scouts began to come in and the general needed me, he had to call twice before I heard him.

The reports were conflicting and of little value. Most of the men had gathered their information from citizens, who either did not have any information to give or purposely misled them. About one o'clock Plunk came in, slowly ambling on his nag, bearing all the information required.

"'Bout three mile above where the Tennessee runs into the Hiwassee on the west bank, I ran afoul of a rebel camp. I counted animals and made out purty nigh onto six hundred. Right opposite, across the river, were some more, and I judged by their camp fires purty nigh as many."

"That all?"

"All I could find."

"What guard across the Hiwassee?"

"One company with two small cannon."

"Good." And the corporal was dismissed.

The general called his officers to his tent, and, spreading a map on a pine table, lighted by a tallow dip, informed them of his plans.

"Here, gentlemen," he said, pointing to the position of the confederates, "are two bodies of the enemy. You see here, just above the junction of the two rivers, a bridge crossing the Tennessee. It is still held by a small rebel force with two guns. The two forces will meet at the bridge, and, moving in separate columns by these two roads leading to our position here—"

"G-g-general," interrupted Snaffle, "you talk as if you were in command of the rebels instead of us. How do you know all this?"

"Major," replied his commander, "how don't you know all this? There's the map, here are the separate bodies of the enemy, and your eyesight is good."

Snaffle made no reply for awhile. He studied the map with an expression of great wisdom. "I suppose," he said, presently, "the proper thing to do is to engage the main force on this side, trusting to b-b-beat it before the others can cross."

"That is not my plan. I shall go straight for the bridge."

"W-w-what are you going to do at the b-b-bridge?"

"Take it."

"Then what?"

"Go over it."

"And get c-c-cornered on that point, with a river on each flank, and in rear?"

"We will hold the bridge."

Snaffle scratched his head. "G-g-general," he said, "I don't remember ever having seen a campaign like that laid down in any of the books."

"It's very simple, major. Your plan of attack on the main force up here would never do. The others would cross the bridge, unite, and you would have to fight them all together. Gentlemen, you understand what we have to do. Let us be off."

As I look back on all that was accomplished on that eventful morning, I wonder if the general did not wave a magical wand over the enemy to compel him to his purpose. I remember the night march to the bridge; our men moving stealthily as we approached it, to surprise the guard, and springing up suddenly before the two pickets who drowsily watched; then our whole force clattering across, the main guard surrounded in their tents, the little knot of prisoners huddled together in the gloom.

I remember the general posting Wilton at the west end of the bridge, with instructions to hold it while the rest of us went to attack the force Plunk had reported on the east bank. A ludicrous scene thrusts itself on my memory amid the volleys, the shouting of orders, confederate yells, turmoil death. While we march northward to attack the confederates on the east bank, there, on the other side of the river, within sight, but out of range, marching in a parallel line with us, is the force we left on the west bank. They can't trouble us, for the bridge is several miles below and held by Wilton, and the only shots we fire at them are gibes. We come upon the enemy we are going to attack, advancing to meet us. Two lines of battle—theirs the smaller; a short, sharp fight; Snaffle to the rear; surrender. And all this while across the river stands the force that has beaten us, looking on with no power to assist their comrades. On a stump stands their commander, gesticulating, swearing, shaking his fist at us, brandishing his saber, shouting like a madman.

Then we hurry back to the bridge, where we find Wilton fighting the advance of the force on the west bank. With the assistance of two captured guns, the general leads us against the advancing foe, and, falling upon it like a thunderbolt, puts it to rout.

But who is this pursy, red-faced, wild-eyed little man spurring towards the general, every corkscrew curl shaking like the spring of a bird-cage? It is Snaffle. Some momentous question is on his mind.

"G-g-g-general," he began, before coming fairly within hearing, "w-w-will you have the k-k-kindness to explain how the d-d-devil it was that w-w-we were not b-b-bagged instead of the enemy? W-w-we did everything w-we could to get ourselves into a t-t-t-trap. It seems to me that plan of campaign w-w-was the most f-f-f-f-f—" He tripped on his fs and could get no further.

"Major," said the general, in the soft voice he could assume when he wished, "our success is due to your marked ability in getting into their rear."

There is another scene which occurred after all was over, and when the general and I were riding into the yard of the plantation. The sun was at our backs, and shining directly on the front of the house, flooding it with a bright light. Looking up at the "spook window," as Walter had named it, there again—was it human, or was it a dream? I reined in my horse and stared wildly at it. Surely I could not be in my senses. It was the same face I had seen before, but now, with the light full upon it and with more time to see it, it was plainly that of a young girl. She could not have been more than 17 years old. At first I thought her Margaret Beach; but she was not Margaret; besides being younger, she was radiantly beautiful; at least, so she seemed to my youthful eyes. But the strangest part of it is yet to come. Her long black hair was streaming over her shoulders, so that I knew, be she ghost or flesh, she was a woman. And yet—mirabile dictu!—her attire was that of a confederate officer.

"General, look, quick!"

"What is it?"

"The face at the window."

As I spoke the slats were turned.

"I see no face."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him what I had seen, but if he doubted my statement that I had seen simply a face, how could I expect him to believe that I had seen a girl dressed in confederate uniform? Such an apparition could come only to a diseased brain. For once prudence came to me, Heaven knows how, and I refrained.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," I said.

The general looked at me curiously, but said nothing.

But what I had seen—if indeed it was real—brought a horrible confirmation

The face at the window.

against Margaret. She must be guilty of all of which she was accused. Till this moment I had hoped that this uncertain vision might be the real culprit who would eventually relieve her of blame. Since the distinct view I had at last had of it, I knew that the child-like face I had seen could not belong to man or woman capable of entering an enemy's lines, making drawings of his works, and traveling miles over muddy roads to transmit them to her employer. Margaret, with her stronger nature, might do all this, the young girl at the window never. Margaret had been stopped by us in the act of carrying the plans. She had been interrupted by me in the attempt to burn those plans. Finding herself foiled, she had eagerly given her parole, only to break it in order to transmit what information she could to the confederates. She was a desperate, treacherous woman without a conscience.

When I dismounted I found that I had dug my spurs into my horse's flanks with such force that the blood ran in a trickling stream.

X.

A COMPACT.

The next day Margaret was tried, the court sitting in the very room where the plans of Burnside's works had been taken from her. The prisoner was pale, but self-possessed. The general was not present. An officer read the charge and specifications in the formal, choppy manner usual to the reading of orders at dress parade. It set forth that Margaret Beach did, on or about the —th day of October, 1863, have in her possession plans of the defenses of Knoxville, Tenn., with the intent to transmit them to the enemy, and, having given her parole not to escape, had visited the enemy's camp.

I, being cognizant of every event requiring proof, was the only witness called for the prosecution, and Margaret made no defense. I testified to having interrupted the burning of the plans, the parole Margaret had given, and her disappearance from the plantation. I intended to make the most of her having assisted me to escape, but on describing my meeting with her in the enemy's camp a sense of the enormity of her act swept over me with such force that I hesitated, stammered, and at last broke down, making it plain that I was trying to convince the court of what I did not believe myself.

Margaret, being called upon to speak in her defense, simply said: "It would be useless for me to attempt any thing in face of such strong proof against me."

In view of the evidence and the absence of any defense, there was nothing for the court to do but to find the prisoner guilty. One circumstance only was in her favor—her having assisted me to escape, and her return to face what must surely follow. But it was suspected that I had found favor in her eyes, and her return was explained on the ground that, being a woman, she believed she could come and go unpunished. When the case was closed the officers composing the court withdrew, and after a brief consultation returned with a verdict of guilty.

The general sent, for me and asked me to give him an account of the trial. He made no comment on what I told him. After an oppressive silence, which he did not seem inclined to break, partly to escape from the gloom that overhung us both and partly to divert his mind, I ventured upon the military situation.

"Is there any hope, general, of our reaching the railroad?"

"No; they have cavalry enough to patrol all the railroads in Tennessee."

"Why not send a spy?"

"I don't like spies."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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87w12

Railroad Time Table.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Illinois Central Time table No. 21, taking effect at 12:00 o'clock noon, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

Main Line Passenger Trains.

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
6:05 p. m	†No. 31, Clipper	6:25 p. m
8:43 a. m	†No. 3, Day Express	8:43 a. m
10:20 p. m	*No. 1, Flyer	10:25 p. m
Arrive	**East Bound.**	**Leave**
9:40 a. m	†No 32, Clipper	9:40 a. m
8:10 p. m	†No. 4, Day Express	8:10 p. m
3:22 a m	*No. 2, Flyer	3:25 a. m

Freights Carrying Passengers.

Arrive	West Bound.	Leave
12:25 p. m	†No. 91, Way Freight	1:05 p. m
2:00 p. m	†No. 71, Through Freight	2:30 p. m
Arrive	**East Bound.**	**Leave**
10:10 a. m	No. 92† Way Freight	10:55 a. m
12:15 p. m	†No 82, Through Freight	12:50 p. m

CEDAR RAPIDS BRANCH.

South Bound —Leave—	Bet Cedar Rpds and Manchester	North Bound —Arrive—
No. 303 9:45 a.m	...†Passenger..	No 304 6:10 p. m
No 331 6:30 p.m	...†Passenger..	No. 322 8:35 a. m
No. 351 5:30 p.m	...†Freight....	No.354 1:45 p. m

*Daily.
†Daily Except Sunday.

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Day Express, daily except Sunday.....3:04 p m
Way Freight, daily.....11:35 a m

Going West, North and South.

Way Freight, daily..... 9:35 p m
Day Express daily except Sunday.. .. 1:53 p m
St Paul & Kansas City Exp. daily ... 5:41 a m

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DELAWARE TIME CARD.

North Bound
St. Paul & West. Passenger,..... 9:03 a. m.
Way Freight,.....11:50 a. m.
South Bound
Davenport & Kansas City. Pass..... 6:07 p. m.
Way Freight,..... 10:20 a. m.

B. C. R. & N. R'y.

CEDAR RAPIDS TIME CARD.

MAIN LINE GOING NORTH.

Arrive		Leave
7:35 a m	No. 1 Minneapolis Express	8:05 a m
12:30 p m	No. 3 Waverly Passenger	3:30 p m
12:03 ngt	No. 5 Minneapolis Express	12:20 ngt
5:45 a m	No. 13 Chicago Passenger.	
11:45 p m	No. 19 Chicago Passenger.	

No. 1—Free chair car and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul. No. 5—Pullman sleepers and coaches to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

MAIN LINE GOING EAST AND SOUTH.

8:20 p m	No. 2 Chicago Passenger	8:40 p m
10:15 a m	No. 4 St. Louis Passenger	3:05 p m
3:10 a m	No. 6 Chicago & St. Louis Ex.	3:30 a m
12:20 ngt	No. 8 Chicago Fast Express.	12:30 ngt
	No. 10 Passenger	6:05 p m
	No 12 Burlington Passenger	7:15 a m

No 2—Pullman sleeper, free chair car and coaches to Chicago. No. 6—Pullman sleepers and through coaches to Chicago and St. Louis. No. 8—Pullman sleeper to Chicago; arrives Chicago 7:50 a. m. Ngt.—night.

DECORAH DIVISION.

8:10 p m	Decorah Passenger	8:15 a m
4:05 p m	Decorah Freight	6:20 p m

IOWA FALLS DIVISION.

2:50 p m	Spirit Lake Passenger	8:30 a m
12:20 ngt	Sioux Falls Fast Express	12:30 ngt

IOWA CITY, CLINTON AND DAVENPORT.

2:30 p m	Passenger	3:05 p m
7:35 p m	Passenger	7:15 a m
11:55 a m	Passenger	8:40 p m
	Passenger	6:05 p m
7:50 p m	Clinton Passenger	7:15 a m
7:50 p m	Davenport Passenger	7:15 a m

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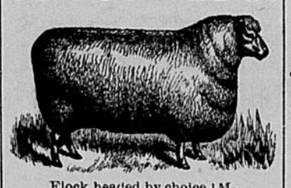

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