

She Followed Her Doctor's Advice

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"Two years ago I was afflicted with stomach and bowel trouble. My case puzzled the doctors. I subsisted only on the lightest kind of diet. My stomach would not retain solid food. The pain in my stomach and bowels was so intense that I cannot describe it. I continued to grow worse. I lost 48 pounds, my nerves were completely shattered, and I was very weak. Dr. C. W. Jacobs, of Richmond, advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I began to use the pills, and the first effect was the restoration of my appetite, and the quieting of my shattered nervous system. I began to regain my lost strength, and in one month after commencing to take the pills I was able to do my housework. I have gained 50 pounds and to-day am in good health."—From the Free Press, Burlington, Vt.

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CONFESSIONS

OF A REBEL

AT CAMP

BY J. P. MITCHELL.

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CHAPTER I.—Gen. Heath is ordered to report to headquarters at Chattanooga. An aide is present at the interview. The general shows the aide a letter and court-martial, and is then assigned to special duty to watch the movements of Langstreet's corps. He accepts.

CHAPTER II.—Gen. Heath leaves Chattanooga with 800 men, his brigade, and moves out to Morgan's crossing. On the way he meets with a girl he knows and who has been sent to the headquarters. He insists on her returning with his troops. At her home he searches for the girl, but she has been taken away by the rebels. He is placed in charge of the young lady with orders to watch her and question her carefully.

CHAPTER III.—Gen. Heath considers the girl's mother for the confederate army. At night she is caught in the kitchen attempting to make a paper which contains the plans of Morgan's defense at Knoxville. She is discovered and the letter is taken from her.

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 party to reach the confederate camp. 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 ordered to march at night and Lieut. Hall is captured.

CHAPTER VII.—Lieut. Hall is taken to a house for the night. He has been a classmate of Gen. Heath at West Point. He is taken to a room and he claims to have an incriminating letter written by Heath concerning the plans of Morgan's defense at Knoxville. He is taken to a room and he claims to have an incriminating letter written by Heath concerning the plans of Morgan's defense at Knoxville.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Beach joins Hall outside the confederate camp and together they reach the mountain line.

CHAPTER IX.—The confederates are surprised at their camp and routed. Miss Beach is asked to act as the guide on a southern town in which he was stationed. She sees the letter and she slips out of the house and escapes.

CHAPTER X.—The court-martial is ordered for Miss Beach.

CHAPTER XI.—A secret message is sent to the army, and Miss Beach is ordered to reach the confederate camp. She is taken to a room and she claims to have an incriminating letter written by Heath concerning the plans of Morgan's defense at Knoxville.

CHAPTER XII.—The confederates are surprised at their camp and routed. Miss Beach is asked to act as the guide on a southern town in which he was stationed. She sees the letter and she slips out of the house and escapes.

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"Mellodew!" Our hostler came from the improvised stable. "Where's Miss Beach?" "She took her horse before daylight and rode away." "You off that grin," commanded the general. Mellodew's features receded slowly, as usual, to an ordinary condition. "Lieutenant," said the general to me, "I told you you were not fitted for this work, but I did not suppose you were."

The words were cut short by the tread of a horse's hoofs on dead leaves, and in another moment Margaret, her cheeks flushed with exercise, rode into the camp.

"Why, general!" she exclaimed, turning pale. The general stood looking at her coldly without speaking. "I—we did not expect—" she faltered. "Evidently not."

"I got up early and rode to the house of some friends of mine—a union family."

"Probably with some such purpose as that with which you visited the confederates on a recent occasion."

"For several purposes. First, to arrange for a refuge in case of necessity. And to tell the news."

The color came and went, but she proceeded:

"I saw some articles of clothing, for the weather is colder than when I left home, and to be a little fresh meat for breakfast." She held up a dressed chicken.

"The general expressed an expression of impatience."

"General," exclaimed Margaret, driven to desperation by his manner, "I made a compact with you to guide your men here. I knew you did not trust me, but I did not suppose you would follow me here."

"I follow you here," the general replied, a slight color tinged his cheek. "I am a soldier, doing a soldier's duty. The success or defeat of an army depends on my watchfulness, and I will not let a slip of my work be accomplished."

"And I am worn out with your persistence," cried Margaret, despairingly. "Either leave me to do the work I agreed to do, or take me home and kill me."

There was a shot in the valley below, and more in quick succession. The general sprang for his horse, which was nipping the grass near by, and Mellodew untied the hitching strap from a stable and rode to the general's aid.

"General," I called, "where do you go?"

"To join my escort below."

"Then there?"

"Yes, the plantation, as fast as my horse will carry me."

"Can you get through?"

"I must get through."

He was about to spur away, when Mellodew called to him and said something to him, which we could not hear. He looked back at Margaret and me with a peculiar expression, then, hearing more firing below, rode away.

"Margaret," I said, "that tall-faced Mellodew will be our ruin. He has said something to poison the general against us."

"Turning towards the valley, we saw three different bodies of confederate cavalry approaching the point where we had heard the firing. We watched and listened, but, beyond an occasional single shot, we could hear nothing, and the foliage was too thick for us to see what was going on. Half an hour after hearing, casting my eyes to the opposite hill, I saw the general and a few of his escort on the crest. He waved his hat to us, then, turning, followed by his men, disappeared."

XIII. THE REAL ENTRY. We set about making our preparations for the day without a word concerning the general's visit. After breakfast Margaret and I went out of the cave into the sunlight and stood looking down the valley.

"How long before our watching will prove effective or useless?" asked Margaret.

"If what we expect does not occur soon, I fear it will not occur at all."

"And I must return to my duty."

I did not reply, but looked gloomily out upon the valley. Turning my eyes to the south, my attention was attracted by what appeared to be a small white dot.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's an army wagon. I've seen so many of them that I would know one anywhere."

"And there's another," I exclaimed, as a second emerged from behind a hill. "It's a wagon train."

"Slowly," a wagon came into view. I looked at it, but it could be seen like a white-linker worm crawling up the valley.

"I don't see what that's for," I muttered; "they have the railroad for any transportation they may need."

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During the day we noticed straggling squadrons of rebel cavalry passing northward. A small drove of cattle made its appearance in the south, jogged along over the road, and passed. Another drove of cattle appeared, toiled slowly past, and disappeared. Then a larger body of cavalry went by, perhaps 500 men. I watched expectantly for bigger game, but was disappointed. Nothing more of importance appeared, and I gave up my expectation of some momentous occurrence.

When we began our watch for the night, Margaret insisted on taking part. "Nonsense," I said.

"I'll mean it."

"Do you suppose two able-bodied men would permit a weak woman to divide a watch with them?" And I stalked away without deigning another word.

Plunk, as before, had the first watch. At 10 o'clock he awakened and walked to the edge of the declivity to begin his vigil. The weather was splendid, and I was regaled with another view lighted by the moon. I made up my mind to pass a best like a sentinel, that I might be sure to keep awake. I chose two trees between which to walk, and continued to do so for an hour without rest. Then I took ten minutes off. After that I walked again till three o'clock, when the absurdity of walking an imaginary beat to watch for something that had only a remote possibility of occurring struck me with such force that I sat down on a rock, put my elbows on my knees, and rested my head in my hands. The last thing I remember was congratulating myself that if I were again to be sent to take place I was in exactly the position to see it.

Great heavens, Margaret was not there!

circumstances I will. To gain a knowledge of the route over which you would pass, with a view to seeing if it would be practicable to bring my men to Charleston. If we have the luck to catch the enemy's advance trains north and his rear trains south of the Hiwassee, we may make a dash and burn the bridge, cutting his force in two. But I am sure to be disappointed in my hold on your guide. You have kept the secret of the object of your expedition, of course?"

I hung my head without reply. The general turned from me with an impatient contemptuous exclamation.

"Plunk!" I called.

A bundle of blankets on the ground near by began to stir, and from them emerged the corporal. I looked for surprise when he saw the general, but he expressed any expression of it, said, rising, came towards me.

"Where's Miss Beach?"

"Don't know. It's been gone weeks."

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