

# CHATTANOOGA



A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY  
BY F. A. MITCHELL.

CHAPTER IX.  
FLOATING FOR LIFE.

MARK had very little idea how long a time would elapse before it would be discovered that Souri was in his place and he had escaped. It might be a few minutes, it might be half an hour, it might possibly be not till morning, though of this he had little hope. He believed that within half an hour he would be pursued by bloodhounds.

He had been about the town enough to know the direction of the river and started toward it. He was at home in the water, and determined that he would not attempt to find a boat, but would plunge in and swim for his life. The width of the river at Chattanooga was only about three-quarters of a mile, and Mark did not regard this a great distance for a good swimmer. Once across the dogs would have to pick up the scent on the other side, and if he should permit the current to carry him far down the stream the difficulty in doing so would be greatly increased.

It was a soft summer evening, and the larger stars had already begun to shine. Casting a glance to the right he saw a streak of light over Missionary ridge and knew that before long he would be at a disadvantage from the rising of a full moon. He walked briskly whenever any person was in sight, and when he thought that he was unobserved he ran.

No one of the few people who passed the strapping negro girl, whose face was hidden within the blue check sunbonnet, dreamed that a Union soldier was passing; that the scaffold was being cheated; that a messenger with the secret of one of the most important moves any Confederate general had made or was destined to make during the war was on his way north in the person of the negro woman hurrying on toward the river.

He sped onward, running and walking briskly alternately, till he came to a place where a board fence was capped by a narrow strip. He mounted it and walked as far as the fence extended, perhaps a hundred yards, hoping by this means to throw the dogs off the scent for a few minutes, and thus gain a little time. Then he jumped down and hurried forward. A man passed and called to him, but he paid no attention to the call, and the man stood looking after him, doubtless suspecting that the girl was a runaway slave.

At last the grateful sight of the river met his gaze. It cheered him and seemed to beckon him on to rest upon its bosom, or, as an alternative with the dreadful tragedy of the morning, to find oblivion beneath its surface.

He stood for a moment beneath a low clump of trees on the bank listening and looking up and down the river. A boat was passing, and he felt it necessary to wait for it to go by. He lost five minutes, but it seemed half an hour. Then taking off his dress and shoes and bonnet he put the dress and the shoes in the bonnet and tied the strings around his neck, resting the bundle on his back. Going down to the margin, and again listening a moment to make sure he was not observed, he waded out as far as he could touch bottom, and then began to swim.

As it was midsummer he had expected to find the water warm. His expectations were realized to a reasonable degree, and he felt that he could remain in it a long while without being chilled. His plan was to drift down a considerable distance. He might be expected to swim across as rapidly as he could, and the current in this case would land him perhaps a mile below the town. Those who would follow him with dogs would doubtless track him to the river margin, then take the dogs across and endeavor to pick up the scent some distance below on the other side. Mark had weighed all these circumstances, and determined to drift down as far as possible, land at the mouth of a creek if he could find one, enter it and swim or walk up it in the water, thus rendering it difficult for the dogs to track him.

He swam slowly till he reached the middle of the river; then, floating with scarcely any motion of his hands and feet, he permitted himself to drift down with the current. A favorite way with him, when a boy, of resting in the water, had been to float on his back. Unmindful of the waiting he would give the clothes tied around his neck, he turned over and drifted with his arms spread beside him, his eyes turned directly to the sky.

In the position on his back he could only look upward at the stars. There was the great dome above him spangled with myriads of bright points and spanned by the "milky way." He had always been fond of the stars, and in order to divert his mind picked out some of his favorites and traced a few constellations with which he was familiar. In this way he diverted his mind until his nerves became quite steady.

His observations were suddenly checked by a sound. It was very faint, but enough to freeze the marrow in his bones. It was the distant

mark of a dog. He listened and presently could hear more. Evidently there was a pack. They drew nearer. Then they ceased for awhile. Perhaps they had come to the place where he had walked on the fence. Then the barks began again, growing only slightly louder as they came, for Mark was floating rapidly from the point where he had entered the river.

He involuntarily turned over on his chest and struck out lustily. The current was swift; swimming would not add to his safety—it would only tax his strength and render him more liable to recapture on the other shore. But swim he must. With the terrible sound of those dogs in his ears he could not lie idly on the water and leave the current to bear him onward.

Soon there came another cessation of sound from the dogs far above on the shore, and Mark judged that they had lost the scent at the place where he had entered the water.

Then he began to think of Souri and Jakey. What had they done to Souri when they had discovered her trick? Would they punish her? Would they treat the boy harshly? He was comforted with the thought that there would be nothing gained by this—it would not bring the prisoner back—but he muttered a prayer for the girl who had placed herself behind those prison bars, who had incurred the rage of his jailers to save him.

He heard no more of the dogs and floated on, swimming and resting alternately. The high bluffs of Missionary point were before him on his right. An owl on their summit, watching the rising moon, occasionally gave a dismal hoot, the intervals being supplied by the melancholy whippoorwill. The current bore him on around the point, carrying him in near the shore where he had passed the picket with the sleeping Jakey in his arms a few nights before. So close was he that he could see a man walking back and forth on the very beat of the one he had passed. As he drifted away he saw the relief approach and the picket changed.

He was borne directly under Look-out mountain, and on down for a mile to a point where the river makes another bend. Here the bank was low, and as Mark was getting chilled he swam to the southern bank for rest. He laid himself down for a few moments on the dry ground, and then getting up walked back and forth rapidly, swinging his arms at the same time to restore circulation and fit him to endure a longer stay in the water. He looked about for some piece of wood on which he might float farther. There were logs of various sizes scattered around, but most of them were rotten. He was so much at home in the water that he was not disappointed on failing to find one suitable to his purpose.

Plunging in again he moved on down past the bluffs at the foot of the Racoon mountains, swimming on his chest most of the time and keeping a lookout before him. He had not passed any boats, at least none near him, and did not fear this danger, but he wanted to keep his surroundings well in view in order to know his location. The moon was now well up, and he could see quite distinctly. Below and to his right a boat was putting out from the east shore. It was larger than an ordinary skiff, but as it was in a shadow he could not tell what kind of a craft it was. As it came over the river at right angles with the shore, and Mark was drifting toward it, he soon found that he was in danger of meeting it in the middle of the stream. The current was quite rapid, and before he was aware of it he was close to the boat. It was evidently a ferryboat, and Mark, who knew the location of Brown's ferry from the maps, judged that it was the boat belonging there.

But Mark was concerned with other considerations besides his location just then. He was too late to get out of the way unobserved by swimming aside. He made up his mind in a twinkling what to do. Drawing several long breaths he filled his lungs with air, and then putting his head down and his feet up he threw himself under water. He had often been beneath the surface for a considerable time, but never as long as now. He remained under as long as he thought he possibly could, and then staid awhile longer. When he came to light again the boat was a hundred yards above him and to the west of him.

Another mile brought him to an island. He remembered it on his map as William's island, and knew that it was about two miles long. He recalled the fact that the only creek flowing into the river in this vicinity entered it midway between the north and south end of this island, and on his right, if he remembered aright. He had about a mile to go to reach the mouth of this creek.

Striking out, he directed his course to the eastward of the island and swam very near to the east bank of the river. Along this he floated with scarcely a stroke, except to keep in close to the shore, watching eagerly for the mouth of the creek. Fortunately when he reached it he discovered it, and where he had supposed he would

# Are You A Woman?

# TAKE CARDUI

# The Woman's Tonic

find it. With a few lusty strokes he was in it and soon at a place where he could rest in the water with his feet on terra firma.

But the knowledge that the dogs would soon be upon him prevented a rest of long duration. Perhaps a party would cross the neck of Missionary point, thus cutting off a greater part of the long distance over which he had floated. The thought added new terror, and he began to wade and to swim alternately, as was necessary, up the creek. Presently he came to the crossing of a road. He drew himself up on to it and looked around. As a scout he had long been accustomed to keep his mind fixed on points along the paths he traveled, in order that he might know them again. As soon as he saw the little bridge—if it could be called a bridge—he knew that he was on the Chattanooga pike, over which he had passed a few days before, and at the junction of the creek running near the Fains' plantation.

Mark had not considered what he would do in case he should succeed in getting safely across the river. While in jail he felt that once out and across the Tennessee he would feel assured of safety. Now this had been accomplished, he began to realize that but half the battle had been won. Indeed there were more chances that he would be retaken than that he would ever reach the Union lines.

He wrung the water from his clothes and put them on, shielding his face with his sunbonnet, for, though he had no mirror to inspect his features, he fancied they must be streaked with burnt cork softened by water. Then setting out toward the Fain plantation he deliberated what he should do.

It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock—so Mark judged by the moon being on the meridian—and he knew that all the Fains were asleep. He reached the corner of the yard and was about to enter it when he heard a clatter of hoofs behind him. He had hardly time to vault the fence and crouch behind it when a troop of horsemen crossed the bridge over the creek. They drew rein on the hither side not a hundred yards away from him. Mark heard a voice:

"Lieutenant, take ten men and scour the bank of the river from this on to the next creek, where I will make another detail."

The lieutenant with his men broke away from the column, which moved forward, passing within fifty feet of where Mark lay crouching.

Mark was for a few moments so completely overcome by the narrowness of his escape that he seemed to have no power to move. If he had been five minutes later, his capture would have been almost certain, for they would likely have discovered him between the road and the river, which space they were evidently intending to scour.

He got up, and getting on the outside of the fence walked beside a portion of it which led back from the road, designing to enter the negro quarters in the rear. He feared that the dogs were loose in the yard, and that he would have trouble with them; he therefore stole along till he came to the nearest point to one of the negro cabins. A dog sleeping in the moonlight near the house gave a low moan. Mark paused a moment and listened; then entering the grounds he walked in a stooping posture, keeping one of the cabins between him and the dog. He wanted to reach the rear door.

Mark felt assured that unless he could be concealed in some place where searchers would not be likely to intrude he would be lost. He well knew that every foot of ground within five or ten miles of Chattanooga would be alive with people hunting for him. The negro cabins would not be safe, for no searching party would respect them. There was but one chance for him. He must effect an entrance into the Fain house, and that with the knowledge as to his true character of but one person—Laura Fain.



"WHY IN HEAVEN'S NAME DID YOU COME BACK HERE?"

He reached the negro cabin and knocked.

"Who dar?"

"Whar Uncle Dan'l sleep?"

"Nex' to de lef'."

Mark went as directed and called up Uncle Daniel. He heard a movement as of some one getting up, and presently the old man stood at the open door.

"Uncle, I've got a message fo' yo' young mistress."

"Who from?"

"De po' white man whar war hyar las' week wid he little brudder."

"Niece man, dar. Hab he got in trouble?"

"Nebber mind dat, uncle. Go in de house 'n wake up Missie Laura."

"Ain't got no key."

"Can't you wake up some one in side?"

"Why don' yo' wait till mornen'?"

"Can't do dat no how. De message mus' be given at once."

"Waal," said Daniel at last, "I do what I can fo' dat man; be berry fine-gentleman ef he war po' white."

Mark followed the old man to the rear door of the basement. On the way a huge dog bounded at them, but seeing Daniel his fierceness ended in play. Daniel succeeded in waking a negro woman who slept within; the door was opened, and they stepped inside.

"Go tell Missie Laura a culled gal want to speak to her right off. Say she got message from de man whar war hyar wid he little brudder," said Daniel.

"At dis time o' night?"

"Yas; de message mus' be delivered right away," said Mark. "Don' wake no one but Missie Laura. Tread sofy."

The woman lighted a candle and went off with it grumbling, leaving Mark and Daniel in the dark. They waited for perhaps ten minutes, when they heard steps and saw the light returning. The negro woman was followed by Laura Fain, dressed in a wrapper. She knew Mark from the moment she saw him, but pretended not to see a negro girl.

To be continued.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Beware the Imitation

# FROM OUR EXCHANGES

SLATER

A well authenticated report comes from Bythville, Ark., that Fred Field, formerly of this part of the county, and Miss Stella Hyland, formerly of Marshall but now of Arkansas, were married at that place last Wednesday and will make their home in the state of California.—Edward Hackley, a popular young railroad man, and Miss Isabelle Wetton the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wetton, were quind married at the Catholic parsonage last Tuesday afternoon at 1.30, Rev. F. M. Jennings officiating.

We understand from Mayor Reator that the postal authorities have accepted his offer to lease his brick building in the extreme north part of town for the postoffice. The building is now vacant and is located on the west side of Main Street opposite Harrison's bakery.—The new real estate firm of Bridges & Tucker purchased of Gilliam & Steels, a new Flinley automobile, which was brought in from Kansas City Saturday.—City Marshal B. Batts, visited his uncle, Humphrey Dye of near Newton last Sunday. Mr. Dye is ill of Bright's disease and is expected to recover.—We understand that Wm. P. Fling, the week purchased of Mrs. Kate Hall the brick building he has occupied on Main Street for some time the consideration being \$200.—Oscar Crane who lives on Dr. D. W. Reid's farm west of Slater narrowly escaped being killed last Friday by the recklessness of some boys who were shooting a target gun on the public road. Mr. Crane was stooping down gathering apples from beneath a tree when a 22 caliber bullet struck him on the top of the head and glanced off. Dr. Reid dressed the wound which is not thought to be serious. The promiscuous shooting with a target gun is a dangerous practice.—Rustler.

Chas. Armstrong, city night marshal, arrested Edgar Wolery, col., last Sunday morning for selling whiskey. Mr. Armstrong had suspected for some time that operations of this sort were taking place in certain localities but not until Sunday morning was he able to chase it down. The prisoner was taken to Marshall to await action of the grand jury.—News.

## It Startled the World

when the astounding claims were first made for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, but forty years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and everywhere it is now known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Boils, Scalds, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Eczema, Chapped hands, Fever Sores and Piles. Only 25c at P. H. Franklin's.

## HOUSTONIA

There was a reunion of the Thomas families and their connections at the home of J. M. Thomas near Wanamaker Sunday. Nearly a hundred guests were present to enjoy the occasion. A long table was placed on the large veranda, and the guests partook of a sumptuous repast at the roomy hour.—Houstonian.

## Saved Child From Death

"After our child had suffered from severe bronchial trouble for a year," wrote G. T. Richardson, of Richardson's Mills, Ala., "we feared it had consumption. It had a bad cough all the time. We tried many remedies without avail, and doctor's medicine seemed as useless. Finally we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and are pleased to say that one bottle effected a complete cure, and our child is again strong and healthy." For coughs, colds, hoarseness, lagrippe, asthma, croup and sore lungs, it's the most infallible remedy that's made. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by P. H. Franklin.

## GILLIAM

The Blue Print for the new station for Gilliam has been received by Mr. Leimbrock president of the Gilliam Commercial Club and is a very neat plan—it calls for a building of 52x20 feet—with roof projection 31-2 feet to be of brick veneering and concrete with cedar shingle roof stained green—waiting room 12x20 baggage room 10 by 11-2 office in center 11x19 the building will be a very nice structure and very acceptable to our people.—Globe.

**NELSON**  
F. B. Ault, W. S. Hanley and M. G. McAllister returned home from Gregory, S. D. Saturday. They stated that they liked the country there fine.—Wm. Taylor, rural route carrier on route three, is suffering from a sty on his right eye.—Record.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1883.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials to F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## SWEET SPRINGS

Jas Lindsey of Marshall was here last week visiting relatives, returning home Sunday.—Miss Mary Krause of this city, and Eugene Hallrah of Warrensburg, were married at the home of her brother, Rev. Ed Krause, on Sunday, Oct. 15, at Hampton, Neb.—Joe Treese of near Crestler, has moved into the property recently purchased of C. K. Smith in Daisy avenue.—Harald.

## Is the World Growing Better

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They will help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at P. H. Franklin's.

## MIAMI

J. J. Bristow and wife are making preparations to move to Arkansas this fall. They will probably go early next month.—George Siebert is visiting his mother, Mrs. Henrietta Siebert. Geo. travels with a circus during the summer. Frank Siebert was also with the show this summer.—A story of misjudgment of the value of an orchard is told at the expense of B. B. Berry, south of town. The apple buyer offered him 80 cents a barrel for the apples from his orchard but Mr. Berry was anxious to sell the orchard as a whole and priced it at \$200. The trade was finally closed at \$187.50. The apple pickers have already taken 600 barrels from the orchard, so that Mr. Berry gets about 30 cents a barrel for his apples, losing fully \$200 on the deal.—News.

## Do It Now

Marshall People Should Not Wait Until It is too Late

The appalling death-rate from kidney disease is due in most cases to the fact that the little kidney troubles are usually neglected until they become serious. The slight symptoms give place to chronic disorders and the sufferer goes gradually into the grasp of dropsy, Bright's disease, gravel or some other serious form of kidney complaint.

If you suffer from backache, headaches, dizzy spells; if the kidney secretions are irregular of passage and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. Help the kidneys at once.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney disorders—they cure where others fail. Over one hundred thousand people have recommended them. Here's a case at home:

Mrs. E. Lindsey, 559 W. Boyd St., Marshall, Mo., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used by members of my family with the best results. I am glad to recommend this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBury Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.