

CHATTANOOGA



A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

BY F. A. MITCHEL.

CHAPTER XIII. OFF FOR THE UNION LINES.

MARK'S first impulse after Fitz Hugh's departure was to leave the house at once. He tried to say something to Laura to soothe her, to excuse his own unfortunate part in her breaking with her lover. He could only go to her and taking her hand kissed it without a word. Then he told her that he should take the risk of capture and depart instantly.

He was discoursing upon the method of his departure in quick, excited tones, when a horseman entered the yard, and riding up to the veranda drew a letter from his belt and handed it to a negro who went out to receive it. It was for Mrs. Fain. It had been sent through the lines from Nashville, where her husband was lying dangerously ill, and begged her to come to him.

After its perusal Mrs. Fain determined to set out the next day, taking with her her daughter and the maid Alice. Daniel would drive them.

"You shall go with us," said Laura to Mark. "This is fortunate. In our company you will be far safer than trying to make your way alone."

It occurred to Mark that since he was being hunted as a half starved creature in the disguise of a negro girl he would be less liable to suspicion as a well dressed man traveling with a party of southern ladies than in any other character. At any rate he took this view of it, and when Mrs. Fain announced her intention to go he offered to escort the party to the Union lines.

The offer was accepted, and preparations were made to leave the next morning. Mrs. Fain wrote a note to the officer in command at Chattanooga (to send with the letter she had received from her husband for his personal asking for a pass for herself, her daughter and two servants. Mark took the missives and went out to find Daniel, who had just returned from Chattanooga.

"Well, Daniel?"

"I be'n dar."

"What did you learn?"

"I hearn every one talken 'bout sojers goen to 'de noif, and dey say dey was goen to Knoxville. Dey was marchen 'n marchen all de same way. I follered 'n dey brung up at de depot. 'n I sor one train after anudder go out full o' sojers inside and hangen on to de platfo'm and on de roofs."

"How many trains did you see go out?"

"'Bout forty hundred."

"Daniel," said Mark, smiling at the figures, "you're smart as a whip. But you'll have to go right back to Chattanooga, and take this note to the commanding officer with this letter from your sick master to show him. The note is a request for a pass for the party to the Union lines. Keep your wits about you, and if he is an easy going sort of a man, you might try to get him to put in three servants instead of two. At any rate try to ring me in if you can. Do you understand?"

"Reckon I do, sah."

"Can you read?"

"A leetle. Missie Laura learned me."

"Well, read the pass he may give you and ask him to fix it so that it will include me as a servant. But you must use your judgment."

Daniel drove again to Chattanooga. Mark waited anxiously for his return. Indeed so impatient was he that he thought the negro had been gone twice as long as he had when he saw him drive into the yard. He at once went out to the barn to meet him.

"Any luck?" he asked anxiously.

"I got de pass for misses and de res', but I didn't get what yo' wanted. I got a paper hyar. Mebbe it'll do."

Mark took the paper. It was a pass for Thomas Green and wife from Chattanooga to the Union lines.

"How did you get this?" asked Mark, surprised.

"I hab to wait while folks was getten passes. De officer go out to de udder room fur a moment. Dis was layen on de desk, 'n I tuk hit up and brung hit away."

"Well," said Mark, "it's not exactly what I want, but ingenuity will have to help me through. You're a trump, Daniel."

In the morning when all was ready for the departure two vehicles were brought around to the door, the one, a two horse carriage, the other Laura's phaeton, drawn by her pony. Mrs. Fain entered the former with Alice, Daniel being in the driver's seat. Laura and Mark got into the phaeton.

All went well during the first ten or twelve miles, when Mark received a piece of information which seriously interfered with his plan. Meeting a courier riding toward Chattanooga, who looked as if he might be the bearer of some important news, Mark halted him and asked if he had anything from the front.

"The Yankees air gettin' no'th right smart," the man replied. "Reckon th air left Battle creek."

Mark argued that if this were true there would be confusion on that route,

and it would be better to take another. They were not far from the road leading from the Chattanooga pike north to Anderson, on which the Slacks lived. Mark concluded to take this road as far as Anderson, and then strike west with a view to reaching McMinnville on the other side of the mountains. Mrs. Fain left all to Professor Rhett, in whom she had perfect confidence, and on coming to the road in question Mark led the party northward.

The change of route was unfortunate, inasmuch as it would add another day to the journey. The departure from the Fain residence had been delayed by the preparations till nearly noon. McMinnville was a considerable distance over the mountains, and Mark knew they could not reach it that night. He remembered that they would soon pass the Slacks, and it occurred to him that it would be a capital place to pass the night, giving them a good day of twelve hours light on the morrow to pursue their journey. His disappointment at the delay was compensated for by the thought that he would likely learn something of Souri and Jakey, of whom he had heard nothing since he left them in the Chattanooga jail.

At last they drove up at the Slacks' gate. Mark handed the reins to Laura and jumped from the phaeton impatiently. Not seeing any one in the front of the house he proceeded to the rear. The first person he met was Jakey. He took the boy up and hugged him.

"Are you glad to see your big brother, Jakey?"

"'Alr th' corn ripe?"

Souri came out of the house, her big eyes glistening and her expressive face radiant with pleasure and excitement. She had heard nothing of Mark since he left her in prison. Mark seized her by both hands.

"You uns air safe. I knowed it," she said, almost in a whisper. She could hardly speak for joy.

"For the present, Souri, thanks to you."

Mark asked no questions then. He knew that they were safe and at home, and he hastened to inform them and the father and mother who came out to welcome him that he was with a party who was unaware of his true character, which they must not betray, and desired permission to stay in the house over night. Then he led them around to the gate. Daniel had meanwhile caught up, and the two vehicles were halted in the road.

"We will spend the night with these good people," said Mark. "They are quite willing, and will make us as comfortable as possible."

The party alighted and the horses were driven to the barn. Mrs. Fain and her daughter were given the room in which Mark had changed his clothes when he went through to the south, and Mark was assigned a bivouac on the gallery, or in the barn, or any other place he might select.

Laura found Mark's uniform and arms concealed beneath the bed.

"What do you suppose it means, mamma?" she said.

"I fear," replied the mother, "that we shall be murdered before morning. These people are doubtless guerrillas."

An apology for a meal was carried in to Mrs. Fain and Laura, which they left unopened, preferring a luncheon they had brought with them in a basket. After supper Laura came out and begged Mark to bring Souri and Jakey to speak to her. She smoothed Jakey's tumbled hair out of his eyes

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yard, where they could converse unobserved, and developed a plan he had conceived for Souri and Jakey.

"It is due to your son and daughter," he said, "that I am here at this moment, indeed that I am alive. I belong to a wealthy family and am wealthy myself. It only requires means to make a splendid woman of the girl and a fine man of the boy; for means will produce education, and education is the open door to a desirable career. I am going to leave with you a letter to my father in Ohio, which will contain an order for a sufficient amount of money to insure both Jakey and Souri an education. Take or send them north, present the letter, and you will find everything provided for you. Souri may not consent at once, but doubtless she will in time. Now I must have pen and paper."

"You uns is a good an, stranger. Y' treat us far. Hadn't you better send the letter when y' git no'th?"

"No. I must write it tonight. I am by no means safe; my neck is still in a halter."

The man led the way to his bedroom, where the old woman was sleeping. There he produced writing materials, and Mark wrote an order which, whether he lived or not, insured the future of his two friends, his preservers among the "poor white trash" of Tennessee.

In the morning, after the pork and corn bread meal of the country, the travelers again got into the carriages. While they were standing before the gate prior to departure Mark saw Souri out by the well-house. He went here to bid her goodbye.

"Souri," he said, "I wish there was some way in which I could show you the gratitude I feel toward you. When I think of my fate, had you not appeared in the nick of time to save me by your wit and daring and sacrifice, I feel that I would like to make some corresponding sacrifice for you."

"Laws, I didn't do nothin. Besides" — she leaned over the well and looked down into its depths — "you uns and me is too differ. You uns is a gentleman, and I air poor white trash."

There was an inexpressible melancholy in her tone.

"Souri," Mark went on, "I have made an arrangement with your father to make a lady of you. I can't make such a sacrifice for you as you have made for me; that is impossible; but I can do this if you will act with me and consent to the plan. I shall be off in a moment, and before I go I want you to promise me that you will consent. I am still in danger, and you must grant me this as perhaps a last favor."

The girl burst into tears.

"Promise."

"I don't keer what I do."

"You uns promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

With a pressure of the hand he turned away, and stalking to the gate got into the carriage beside Laura. Daniel and Mrs. Fain had started. Mark followed, and had gone but a short distance when he heard Jakey calling to him. He pulled in the pony and waited for the boy to come up. Jakey was holding something out to him, which, as he drew nearer, Mark recognized as the red silk handkerchief.

"Souri sent it ter y'."

"Tell her that I'll never part with it."

"'N I got the squirrel gun," said the boy.

"All right, Jakey. Keep it to remember me by."

Mark grasped the boy's hand and then drove on. Laura Fain leaned back on the cushions in silence.

To be continued.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

BLACKBURN

George Haeseleier fell from a scaffold Saturday morning and cut a gash in his scalp, but was not seriously hurt, we are glad to say. — Mr. and Mrs. Ben Curtius returned Friday afternoon after a visit to relatives in Illinois. It was their bridal trip. — Miss Charlotte Swift, of St. Louis is here for an extended visit to her brother, Ed Swift, and wife, Miss Charlotte has many friends who will be glad to see her. — Charles Meinershagen left for Houston Tex., Monday to look after a farm he purchased there last fall. — Henry Brunkhorst and George W. Litter went to Bowling Green Thursday and purchased a jack from Luke Emison. The jack came Sunday morning and was a good one. — Rev. E. Runge attended the funeral of Mr. Rohlfing at Alma Wednesday afternoon. — Record.

SLATER

Wm. Maneke went to St. Louis last Saturday to spend a week and purchased some equipments for his bakery. — Allen Pollard and wife are making arrangements to spend the winter in California. They expect to start on their journey about Dec 5th. — Frank Winand, of Mexico, a son of Tony Weinand, who formerly lived in Glasgow was married in Kansas City to Miss Mamie Foley on November 22d. — Mrs. Jack Hawkins had the misfortune to have the end of her ring finger on the right hand badly mangled last week by getting it caught in a sausage grinder at the home of E. W. Hawkins. It is thought she will lose a portion of the finger. — Weldon Booker, of Marshall was circulating among his Slatter friends last Saturday. He informs us that his father, one of the old settlers of the county, was celebrating his eighty-second birthday when he left home and that both his mother and father were enjoying good health. — The Glasgow Missourian says A. B. Price and family will leave Glasgow the middle of December for California, where they will spend the winter. — Miss Judith Gilliam fell and broke her right arm near the wrist last week. The accident happened near her home and was due to ice on the walk. — Rustler.

The sad news reaches here that the six year old son of S. L. Anderson of Pueblo, Colo., died last Monday of spinal meningitis. — Harry Herder has taken contracts to build new 5 room cottages in west Slater for Ralph Barksdale and R. A. Jenkins. — News.

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SWEET SPRINGS

Rev. J. E. Wiley, of Wortham, Texas, who was called recently to become pastor of the Sweet Springs and Hughesville Presbyterian churches, has accepted and he will be here the first week in December. He will begin his work as soon as his family gets settled in the manse on Highland street. Mr. Wiley is a pastor and preacher of ability, with several years experience. He will take up the work recently laid down by Rev. S. F. Shiffler. — Mrs. J. W. Grayson, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Steele of Marshall returned from Warrensburg Tuesday afternoon, where where they had been attending the funeral of Mrs. Grayson's sister Mrs. Crusen. — Herald.

MIAMI
On and after Sunday, December 3, Wabash eastbound train No. 52 due at Miami Station at 10.14 a. m. and westbound train No. 53, due at 5.40 p. m. will be discontinued on Sunday only. This leaves only one train each way on Sunday, No. 51 at 7.34 a. m., going west, and No. 12 3.38 p. m. going east. — Ashley Holloway received word Friday that his brother Charles Holloway, had died that day at his home at Langdon, Atchison county. The funeral was held Sunday. — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Quincy Siebert at their home in Miami, Saturday, November 25, a daughter. — News.

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ARROW ROCK

G. F. Vanarsdell lost two good horses the latter part of the week supposed to be from eating wormy corn. Mr. Vanarsdell, however, claims that he picked all of his corn and was careful to see that he fed his horses no wormy corn, but they may have gotten it from eating the fodder as we understand the little shoots are full of the dust and besides we are told that the Veterinaries claim that the blades of both the corn and grass are filled with a little superfluous growth that causes the disease. Arthur Dickson also lost two horses a few weeks ago. What ever the cause, farmers and others who have teams can not be too careful in feeding as there seems to be no cure for the disease. — Thos. W. Wilby and wife, of New York, were in town for a short while last Saturday. Mr. Wilby is an employee of the U. S. office of Public Roads at Washington D. C. The banner on his auto read from New York to San Francisco and return. He is going over the proposed National Highway from Washington D. C. to San Francisco over the old trails routes and was this far on his return trip. He is taking pictures of the historical points and gathering such information that is of interest, which we understand will be printed in pamphlets and distributed for the benefit of those who may travel over the road or are otherwise interested. He took a picture of our hotel which was built in 1876. — Statesman.

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Democratic State Chairman, Jos. Shannon and Ex. Gov. A. M. Dockery were here Tuesday in conference with leading Democratic leaders of Saline county.

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"I FEAR THAT WE SHALL BE MURDERED BEFORE MORNING."

and asked him if he remembered her. Jakey was about to reply in his usual fashion when he checked himself, and for the first time since Mark had known him answered directly. Souri stood eyeing Laura from the corners of her black eyes with a mingled expression of admiration and antagonism. Laura spoke to her kindly, but got only monosyllables in reply.

After all were asleep that night Mark took Farmer Black out into the