SUMMONS.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown | ss
District Court, Ninth Judicial District.
William Pfaender, Plaintiff,
VS
Adolph Enslin, the unknown heirs of said Adolph Enslin; and also all other persons or parties unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein.—Defendants.

The State of Minnesota, to the above named Defendants.

You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Ninth Judicial District in and for the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office in the City of New Ulm, in said County, within twenty days after the service of this Summons upon you exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated Dec. 31st, 1894.

JOS. A. ECKSTEIN,
Plaintiff's Attorney
New Ulm, Minn.

NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown | ss.
District Court, Ninth Judicial District.
William Pfaender, Plaintiff.
VS
Adolph Enslin, the unknown heirs of said Adolph Enslin, and also all other persons or parties unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate, described in the complaint herein.—Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that an action has been commenced in this Court by the above named Plaintiff against the above named Defendants for the purpose of determining any adverse claim, estate, lien or interest in and to the real estate hereinafter and in the complaint herein described, claimed by said defendants, or either of them, and to have the same adjudged void; also to have said defendants and all persons or parties claiming under or through them forever barred from claiming and from any and all claims, right, title, estate, lien or intetest in or to said real estate, or any part thereof, adverse to this plaintiff; and to have said plaintiff adjudged to be the owner in fee simple and entitled to the possession of said premises and real estate and to have the title thereto forever quieted in the plaintiff, his heirs and assigns.

The premises affected by said action are situated in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, and are described as follows:

Lot No. one [1] of Block No. seventy five [75] and Lot No. eight [8] of Block No. one hundred and sixty-four [164] both north of Centre Street; Lot No. six [6] of Block No. one hundred and thirty-six [136] South of Centre Street; all of the foregoing in the City of New Ulm, in said county, according to the plat of said city on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said county.

Dated December 31st, 1894.

Jos. A. Eckstein,
Plaintiff's Attorney

Chickamauga.

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CHAPTER VII.

OLD FRIENDS MEET.

It was the middle of August before the different columns of the Army of the Cumberland began to cross the mountains between it and Chattanooga in pursuit of the Confederates who had withdrawn to that place and there intrenched themselves. Meanwhile the Slack family had arrived at their home near Jasper, in the Sequatchie valley. Much to Souri's surprise, everything about the place looked uncouth. When she left it a year before, it was all she had ever known. A ten months' residence in the north, surrounded by every comfort, associating with the daughters of refined people, had made a great change in her. Now the furniture appeared dilapidated, the rag carpets rough. Indeed there was a disappointment about "sweet home" that she had not expected. Nevertheless she did not sit down and repine over it. She had no means of procuring anything better, but she found that she could do a great deal of patching. With considerable forethought she had brought some cheap material of different kinds with her from the north, and this she used to the best advantage. She made neat valances for the beds, cushions for her mother's rocking chair, scarfs for the bureaus—in fact, with very little she made quite a revolution in the house.

Her great anxiety was her brother. Jakey had attended well to his studies while at school, but his teachers had found it impossible to change his methods of expressing himself. As soon as he reached Tennessee he began to relapse into the state of semibarbarism in which he had lived before the coming of his advantages. Souri knew that there was no hope for improvement in her father and mother. Instead of troubling them when their ways of acting and speaking shocked her, she refrained from comment, but when Jakey dropped into his old ways she tried hard to check him. Besides she felt that it was necessary to keep a strict guard over herself, for she had noticed that when under any excitement or when her feelings were deeply touched she was apt to forget herself and be once more the "poor white" girl of former days.

There was another cause of solicitude as to Jakey. It must be admitted, notwithstanding Jakey's good points and a certain original shrewdness there was about him, that he never was the same boy after his few hours of service on Colonel Maynard's staff. It was constantly "when I war Colonel Maynard's aid-der-camp," or "when the colonel 'n me rode inter Tullyhomy," or "when I carried the news of the revacuation." Then he would strut about with his hands in his pockets, much to his father's amusement and Souri's dread that he would run away and join the Union army. But one day when he threatened to do so Souri took him to task for it and made him promise that he would not. This ended her anxiety, for Jakey would as soon have forgotten his military honors as break a pledge to his sister.

The Army of the Cumberland was now advancing by every possible route toward Chattanooga. One of the routes taken by the Union army lay through the Sequatchie valley and directly past the Slacks' little farm. One evening Souri was leaning over the gate thoughtfully when she saw several mounted men in blue, with yellow facings, trotting down the road. They were the first bluecoats to appear of the host that was coming. There is a certain jaunty air, a devil may care appearance, about a trooper who becomes used to being always on horseback. Each man and horse seemed the same animal. Their sabers clanked in unison, and they were chatting and laughing as if they had come to the south with only the most peaceful intentions. When they reached the gate where Souri stood, one of them, lifting his hat politely, asked.

"Would ye mind me goin to the well for a little water?"

In the brilliant display that was revealed by the lifting of the man's hat Souri recognized a head she could never forget—the head of Corporal Ratigan.

"Why," she said, "ain't you Corporal Ratigan?"

"I am, me young lady, and if Oi'm not mistaken ye're one of the party that was goin through the lines one day a few weeks ago."

Jakey at this moment came around the house in a fashion at which he had become expert at school. This was turning handsprings sideways like a cart wheel. Seeing the soldiers, he suddenly remembered his dignity as former volunteer aid-de-camp, and straightening up pulled his hat down over the back of his head and tried to look military. True, his hair was in his eyes, but his military training had only been for one morning, and Jakey's hair was always in his eyes. Doubtless it would have required months of training from a drill sergeant to get it to growing any other way. Approaching the fence, he climbed it and sat with one leg on each side of it.

"Do ye know me, me boy?" asked Ratigan.

"Does I know one o' them signal lights on th' mounting?"

"Oh, Jakey," sighed his sister.

"Well, me lad," pursued the corporal, laughing. "Who am I?"

"Rats."

"I see ye have a good memory. Rats. It's quare ye should have remembered that." And the corporal chuckled good naturedly.

"Mebbe y' remember some un's name."

"And who is that?"

"Miss Baggs."

"Certainly I do," said the corporal somewhat startled and confused.

"I sor her t'other day."

"Ye don't mean it?"

"Reckon I do."

"Where?"

"She war a-trottin thet ole critter o' hern, goin no'th like shot from a squirrel gun."

"Upon me word!" ejaculated the corporal, evidently much interested.

"Reckon she war up to somep'n."

"What makes ye think so?" And Ratigan changed his position in his saddle uneasily.

"Waal, when we uns met her"—

"Oh, Jakey, please don't say we uns," interrupted Souri.

"Waal, when we met her outen th' reach o' you uns (Souri gave a despairing look, but said nothing) she talked peart nuff, 'n she knowed me, too, but when she passed me on th' road t'other day no'th o' th' Union army she only stared at me through her goggle eyes 'n didn't say nothin nohow."

"And what do ye suppose that was for?"

"Reckon she war in a hurry 'bout somep'n 'n didn't want ter stop 'n talk or nothin."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I asked her ef I c'd give her love ter Rats when I sor him."

Corporal Ratigan's Irish good nature triumphed over his desire to reach down and give the boy a cuff. Jakey's countenance was solemn, as usual, and did not break into a smile in response to the corporal's embarrassed laugh. He opened the gate, and Ratigan rode into the yard, followed by his troopers. They refreshed themselves from a gourd which hung in the wellhouse; then, filling their canteens, they rode away.

But Souri and Jakey were destined soon to meet one who was of far more consequence to both than Corporal Ratigan. The next morning while Souri was setting the house to rights she heard the beating of innumerable horses' hoofs. Going to the window and looking up the road, which stretched northward for a long distance, in full view she saw a column of cavalry approaching.

Before the head of the column had reached the house the whole Slack family were standing in the yard gaping. Two regiments passed, though each seemed like an army, for cavalry occupies three or four times the space of infantry. Between the second and third regiments was a gap of a few hundred yards. In this rode an officer especially noticeable for his youth and manly beauty, attended by his staff and escort. On approaching the Slack cabin he motioned to these to go on, and wheeling his horse from the road unattended rode up to the party of lookers on. Jakey, who was standing on the fence, gave a spring and was caught in his arms.

"Aha, little brother, we meet again."

But there were others to engage the speaker's attention. Dropping the boy to the ground, he dismounted and was soon warmly shaking all by the hand.

"Yer Mark Malone, I reckon," said Farmer Slack, "though 'y' don't look much like the common sojer ez kem 'long hyar a year ago 'n changed yer uniform fo' our Henery's store clothes."

"Not Mark Malone—that was a fictitious name—but Mark Maynard. No. I'm not a private any longer. I command this brigade. And it's a splendid body of men. I'm proud of it."

When Colonel Maynard came to salute Souri, there was an unspeakable interest, sympathy, even tenderness, in her expressive eyes.

"Why, Souri, you're a woman. How you have improved!"

A slight flush on her cheek showed the pleasure the words gave her.

"Hain't I improved?" asked Jakey.

"Improved? Certainly. Have you conquered your old habit of answering people with questions?"

"Did I lick Johnny? Oh, yes," suddenly recollecting himself. "I purty nigh got over thet."

"So I perceive," said the colonel, smiling. "You're a perfect paragon at expressing yourself."

"Won't yer come in 'n set down?" asked Mrs. Slack.

"Not now. I am going to meet my wife, whom I have not seen for nearly a year. I expect to find her at her mother's plantation near Chattanooga. You remember how she hid me when my neck was in a halter on that very plantation; how I came north in disguise with her; how I came here one night, where I had left my horse and uniform, and dashed away to the Union lines; how she followed me, and we were married by a chaplain. Well, I've never seen her since a week after our marriage. Old Pap is famous for not allowing women in camp, and he made no exception in Mrs. Maynard's case except for one week's honeymoon in recognition of service rendered the cause."

"And yer wife's gone back onter the plantation?" said Mrs. Slack.

"She has. You see, in June a recruit entered our family quarters in the shape of a ten pounder boy. Before that happened Mrs. Maynard went through the lines to join her mother, Mrs. Fain. As the youngster is not old enough to report to his father since his enlistment, I suppose his father will have to report to him."

"I reckon Mrs. Maynard'll be right glad to see you," remarked Souri feelingly.

"I shall certainly be right glad to see her. And that must account for my leaving you so soon. I owe you all a great deal in this household, and now that our forces occupy the country, if you require anything, let me know it. What can I do for you?"

There was silence for a few moments, which was broken by Mrs. Slack.

"Waal, now, colonel, d'ye know I hain't had a cup o' coffee fo' nigh onter a year?"

"You shall have some as soon as I can reach my commissary. Anything else?"

Souri frowned even at the request of her mother, and no one named any other requirement.

"Jakey," said the colonel, "you haven't forgotten how, when I went through here a year ago, I asked you to go with me on my way to Chattanooga

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