CHAPTER XX. WAR IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

It was a Sabbath morning in the latter part of Ootober, clear and frosty. The sun part of Coroner, clear and rougy. The sun had risen in a cloudless sky, the wind blew northward in rolling columns, the smoke from the village chimneys, and the leaves but the magnificent forest trees, which surrounded the village on the north, east, and south, had, grown brown and sear; but the great plants. tions of the level valley on the west were still verdant. While on the west, faintly out strange pain at her heart.

lined in the distance, rose the Cumberland

The whole family was brone

An old man, with a basket on his arm. mountains. was walking down the broad sidewalk past the cottages, from which came the fragrant odor of coffee, a sure indication that breakfast was preparing. The old man chanced to cast his eyes towards the eastern part of the town,

and paused in amazement. in a field about twenty acres, as if they had risen by magic, were scores of snowy tents. Sentries were on duty, their burmidbed arms glittering in the sun, and handreds of gray-coated soldiers were passing and repassing, white clouds of smoke from their camp fires rose in the frosty sir.

While the old man was looking beyond the streets and houses at the encampment on the

hill, a neighbor, walking up the other side of the street, halled him with:

"Rather sudden appearance, ain't it?"
pointing to the camp, over which the Confederate flag was floating. When did they come, Mr. Williams?

said the first old man. "last night," replied Mr. Williams, cross ing over to where the other stood. "Can't you guess what's in the wind?" " was the answer.

Williams, a corpulent, smooth-faced man of sixty, amiled.

The boys are strong snough now to take the Junction, and they

are on their way."

"How many are they?" asked the first old man, who was tall and thin, with long, gray beard. He speke evidently with some concein. About three thousand in all, with five

pleces of artillery." The cannon and the ammunition wagons were plainly to be seen from the street. "And so they are on their way to fight the Abolitionists at the Junction?" said the first

old man, thoughtfully. "Yes, Mr. Jones, and your son, Hiram, in that crowd and my son, Seth. They'll make it quite lively for old Colonel Holdfast,"

replied Mr. Williams.

'Yes, they will," said Mr. Jones, stroking his gray beard.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and the frosty air grew warm and genial. By nine o'clock the forces were in motion, the long lines of cavalry and infantry proceeding slowly and cautiously towards the Junction. The good citizens of Snagtown had re-

covered from the excitement, into which the appearance of the troops had thrown them, and the church bells were calling them to worship, when the boom of the cannon shook All was instant excitement. The cannon

shot came from the direction in which the troops had gone. It was followed by another and another, until the roar of artillery shook the hills and valleys for miles around, and then the rattle of grape and canister was borne to the ears of the villagers. Plainly a fight was going on. The firing lasted about half an hour, then it began to slacken, and at last, ceased, excepting an occasional dropping musket shot. The villagers were gathered about in anxi-

ous groups, when a single horseman, dressed in gray, galloped furiously into the village. The men crowded eagerly about him to inquire how the battle had gone.

There had been no battle," he said, "but their advance guard had met the advance guard of the Union troops, and a skir mish had ensued, a battery on either side having opened.

We are falling back to more advantageous ground," he added, "and will be in the village in fifteen minutes."

The excitement, of course, redoubled. There was no service in the church, but the women and children were hurrled away from the village, and the stern-faced who remained, locked and barred their homes and gathered. armed and resolute, in the streets. Stragglers from the army came in first, then followed the infantry and artillery. There was a long em-bankment on the north side of the village, where the earth had been partly washed and

partly cut away. This embankment was nearly as high as a man's breast, and a fence ran along its top for a quarter of a mile to the east of the village. Behind this natural fortification the principal part of the infantry formed in lines. The artillery was placed in an orchard, where there was a dense growth of trees to mask it.

The advance of the Union forces came on slowly, and it was an hour after the entrance of the Confederates into the village before the deployed skirmishers came in sight. The crack of a rifle announced their approach, another and another burst on the air at once, and then the balls came rattling rapidly

against the houses. ... The engagement became general, and the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry was dealening. The Sabbath morning, dawning so serene and calm, had been followed by a noon of bloodshed, terror and strife. The neat village cottages were shattered and balls had crashed through window lights and shut, ters. The little stone church had been struck by cannon and shell, and one building had

caught fire and burned to the ground.
Finally, the Confederate lines began to waver and give way, and the bugle sounded the retreat. They fell back, column behind column, in regular order, passing through the village, closely followed by the victorious

troops. No comer had the last column left the village than the frightened inhabitants, who had been hiding in the woods at some distance away, began to peep forth upon the terrible scene.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, returning, found occasionally, here and there, in the street, a ghastly form. A man lay dead at the gate of Mr. Jones; some were even in the houses, while one was lying across the sidewalk in front of the church. Their houses had been struck with balls, but not near so badly shattered as might have been expected. Two or three cannon balls were lying in the street and fragments of exploded shells strewn on

The occasional dropping shots in the distance told that both armies were moving Colonel Holdfass seemed determined to bold

fast to Colonel Scramble this time.

The struggle we have described in this

their home. During the night I rene had long gallop: Abner would have run over him. been awakened by the rumble of wheele and had not the man seized the former's horse by The state of the s

the tramp of hoofs, and, looking from her bedroom window down the broad road, saw long lines of dark, silent figures marching in the direction of Snagtown. For more than an bour those silent dark figures, with their bristling bayonets gittering in the cold moonlight, marched on and on past her window in seemingly never-ending processionhorsemen, artillery and baggage wagons rolling by. Then the line was less solid and finally broken -an occasional group galloping by to join the army in advance. When day light came not a soldier was to be seen on the

hard beaten road.

Irene knew well what was the intention of the Confederates. She had recognized one form among those hoses that marched by in the moonlight, and at sight of him, had arouched by in the window recess with a

The whole lamily was aroused by the passing troops, and all rightly guessed their object. Through the long morning they sat watching on the verands. Irene, pale and beautiful, leaning against one of the columns of the great porch running about the northeast side of the house, heard the first roar of the artillery, that ushered in the day's strife, and, during the long two hours that the battle raged, she stood motionless, except that her white lips moved in silent prayer. She saw the advance of the column in rapid retreat coming down the great road from Snagtown.

"Defeated!" she murmured. "O, Heaven, is he among the dead? Both may be slain!" Little did she dream how close were the pursuers. One vast retreating mass of troops in gray poured down the hill, and, among the last of the Confederates, she saw the dark face of Oleah. His company was the last to descend the hill, and the rear was not half way from the summit when a line of blue coats appeared on the brow of the hill and quickly fell in line.

White puffs of smoke filled the sir, and rattling discharge of fire-arms followed. Irene, forgetful of danger or too horrified to fly, stood motionless as a statue. She saw one or two of Oleah's company fall, and saw their captain wheel his horse and dash back among his panic stricken troops. He re-formed them almost instantly and returned the volley, driving back the advance of the

Union troops, who immediately rallied and came on again to the conflict. "Come, Irene, come in for Heaven's sake You may be struck dead at any moment, oried Mrs. Tompkins, seizing the poor girl around the waist. "Come, come to the cel-

lar; it is the only safe place." there, in danger of being killed. I can not distance with the series of go until I see him sale." But Mrs. Tompkins drew her away from

the porch. Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Tompkins and of the whole family, the house was not used as a fortification, and a running fight followed; then the bulk of the Union army swept on down the road in pursuit of the retreating Confederates.

Irene hastened from the house down the driveway. A dead horse lay on the hill, and two soldlers, one in blue and one in gray, lay motionless in the road, but their forms were stark and stiff; no earthly aid could reach them. As she turned away she heard a groan, and, hastening to the spot, she saw lying in a little hazel copse, which had before concealed him from her view, a Confederate soldier with a shattered leg, almost unconscious from loss of blood. One glance, and Irene recognized those pale haggard features. It was Henry Smith. She saw that he was badly wounded and flew back to the house for help.

The troops under Colonel Holdfast followed up the Confederates closely, harrassing them by repeated dashes on their rear, thus keeping up a continual skirmish. It so happened that Captain Abner Tompkins commanded the advance of Colonel Holdfast, while Captain Oleah Tompkins the rear guard of Colonel Scrabble. The men, under each, were from the immediate neighborhood of Snagtown, and, consequently, many in these hostile ranks were former acquaintances or friends. As the advance under Abner was l approaching a farm-house, he threw out skirmishers, among whom was one Jim Moore, who had formerly lived in Snagtown. The house stood back from the road, surrounded by giant oaks, and the skirmishers, fifteen in number, lad by Sergeant Swords. approached slowly and cautiously, warned by ie crack of rifles behind the trees. The trees being plenty, each man concealed him-self behind one of them; they commenced an Indian warfare, Jim Moore, who was behind a large oak, had been watching his chance to get a shot at a Confederate, behind a similar tree, about one hundred yards away. The Confederate was watching Jim the same time.

"I say," called fout Jim, during a lull in the attack, "give a fellow a chance for a

pop. The Confederate thrust out his head for a brief second, and Jim blazed away; the bullet passed two inches over the reckless head. " Too high!" cried the Confederate; "now give me a chance."

"Jim. not to be outdone, thrust out his head and shoulders, and a ball whizzed beneath his arm. "Too low!" he oried; "but now, I'll bet

a quart o' whiskey you and I have shot together before."
"Your voice is familiar," answered the man, reloading. "Who are you, any way?"

"Jim Moore, from Snagtown, and, if I aint mistaken, you are Seth Williams."

"Right, old boy. We've shot ducks to-gether many a time. How d' ye do?" "Pretty well," said Jim. "How are yer-"Pretty well," said Jim. "I self and all the rest of the boys?" "Excellent. What are you fellows following us for?"

"To keep you out o' mischief." "How many you got?" "Not quite seventy thousand."

"You're lying, Jim."
"Well, I'll take that from an old friend

Seth, but don't repeat it too often, or I'll come over there and thrash you." This dialogue attracted the attention of all the skirmlehers, and not a shot for the last

two minutes had been fired. Reinforcements now came up to the aid of and Swords, and the bullets whizzed uncomthe Union skirmishers, and the Confederates fortably near our short friend's head. retired through the farm-yard and across the pasture, into the woods beyond. A cackling and a squalling of hens told that they had

fowls. The Union soldiers ran forward and fired at the retreating rebels. The only reply was a chorus of voices, singing "Chick-a-my, chick-a-my, crany crow," followed by reckless yells and peals of laughter.

In the hurry and confusion of the pursuit, Abner became separated from his company. and carer to rejoin it, dashed down a wood land path. Both forces were now between Snagtown and Twin Mountains, in the forest. which spread out for miles on either side of Wolf and Briar cracks, and the constant popchapter is not recorded by most historians, plng of guns told that the sharpshooters were and, if mentioned at all, is only considered a at work. Not a human being was to be seen akirmish, yet the citizens of Snagtown on the forest path Captain Tompkins had thought it the most terrible battle of the taken, but he could hear shooting on all Suddanly he came apon a man stand-No one of the Tompkins family had left ing by the side of a dead horse, In his head-

its haun A grange told Abner it was a Confederate officer, and that he held a naked sword in his hand. In an instant he had drawn his own weapon and leaped from the saddle, to discover that he was confronted by his brother. "Bo, we meet again," oried Oleah, his oyes flashing fire. "You are my prisoner, sid."

" Release my horse, and remember that we are brothers," returning his sword to its toab-bard, "We shall find other foce to sight.

Loose my horse and go."
When Ligo you will go a prisoner with
me. Broothers!" exclaimed Oleah, sneeringly. "In all things you oppose me. You are joined now with my enemies, fighting to rob me of country and home; you have tried to take from me more than life, why not my

life? Defend yourself." Again the brothers blades clashed together, but a tall, powerful form sprang from the thicket into the road and hurled them apart,

as though they were children. "Brothers seeking each other's blood?" cried the new comer in a ringing voice. "Shame! ob. shame! There are enemies enough for both swords without drawing them on each other."

The new comer was the mysterious negro, Yellow Steve. "I know you," cried Oleah; "you have

something to tell me-" "But it is not to slay your brother," interrupted Yellow Steve. "Shame on you both!
Put up your swords, lest I take them from you and break them on my knee. You, Oleah, go, and go quickly. Your enemies

are all around you."
"Hilloa!" oried another voice, "what does all this mean?" and Uncle Dan Martin, the acout, stepped out of the woods, with his rifle, ready cooked, in his hand.

Oleah, hearing others advancing, sprang into the bushes and made good his escape. Abner looked after him for a single moment, and when he turned to speak to Yellow Steve that mysterious person had disappeared. "Who was them uns?" asked Uncle Dan,

hastening forward to where his bewildered captain stood. "One was my brother Oleah, the other was that strange negro, who calls himself Yellow

"Where did he go?" asked the scout "I don't know," answered Abner. "His ways of appearing and disappearing are quite

beyond my comprehension."
"I'll catch him," replied Uncle Dan. "I know the tricks of the tox and mink, and others, and I'll set a trap, which will get him

"Will you?" cried a mocking voice some distance up the path, and looking up, they saw the mysterious black, standing by the trunk of a tree, his arms folded on his breust, a look of defiance in his gleaming eyes. Almost simultaneously with the discovery came the crack of Uncle Dan's rifle. When the smoke had cleared away the black had again disappeared.

The place all about was searched, but no trace of him could be found. "I believe he is the devil," said Uncle "I never missed a squirrel's head at Dap.

that distance in my life." "He is certainly a very extraordinary per son," said Abner.

## CHAPTER XXI.

CRAZY JOE'S MISTAKE, Uncle Dan had long prided himself on his skill in woodcraft, and, to be thus outwitted in his old days. was more than he could endure. He plunged recklessly into the brush, which was so dense that no object could be seen a dozen feet away. He ran several narrow risks, coming two or three times almost into the rebel lines. "To think that a nigger should get ahead

of me that way! It's too much!" exclaimed the old man, as he leaned against a tree, and listened to the occasional shots which awoke the echoes of the forest, "But what do I want with him, if I should catch him? My business is to lead the army through the woods, and not to be following a strange nigger up and down." A orushing in the underbrush told him

that some one was advancing, and, a moment later, Corporal Grimm and Sergeant Swords with half a dozen soldiers came up to where the old man stood.
"Hillos, old boy!" said Sergeant Swords.

"Pausin' to view the land ahead?" "No, I've been trying to git a pop at

nigger," replied Uncle Dan.
"What are niggers doing here?" said C:rporal Grimm. "When dogs fight for a bone, the bone seldom fights."

"The bone is in these woods, but I'll be hanged if I know what it's here for. Let's be moving on." "D'ye know the lay of the land?" asked

Sergeant Swords.

"Every foot," said Uncle Dan.

The long line of Union skirmishers was moving slowly through the thick woods, and

the line of Confederate skirmishers was retreating at the same pace to cover the rear of their army. The crack of rifles rang out frequently, but it was seldom with effect. It was evident that the Confederates were making for their stronghold beyond the Twin Mountains. The line of their retreat led by the foot of the mountains, where stood Uncle 1)au's cabin.

With some anxiety Uncle Dan watched the movement of the retreating mass of soldiers. Among them was one short fat little fellow on foot, whose legs were too short to ably execute his prodigious exertions to keep page with his companions; nis little gray coattails were streaming in the air cr whipping wildly against the trees. The officers who were in advance, amused themselves by pop ping away at the fleeing rebel with their re volvers. Still he flitted on among the treesinto the brush, out of the brush, over the logs, and under the lower branches of the trees, straining every nerve to keep up with his swifter companions. The soldiers were gaining on him rapidly, and it was painfully evident that, when he reached open ground, one of these many loaded guns must bring him down. His companions, who were sev eral rods in advance, suddenly turned abruptly to the left, which he, evidently too terrified to comprehend which way he was going, kept straight ahead.

Crack, crack ! went the pistols of Grimm

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, I know I shall be killed!" he cried in tones so will and shrill that his fear could not be doubted. He made a raid, in passing, on the barn-yard reached the thicket bordering Wolf Creekcrash, crash, tang?—he went through the thicket into the creek. The splash was plainly heard by his pursuers and, in spite of themselves, they could not repress a laugh. In a moment they were at the bank and

beheld a half drowned little man, eneezing and coughing as he struggled to the bank and clung to so pendant vines.

"Hem, hem, or Lordy 1—achew—hem

hem.!-oh Lordy, ashew!" he murmured. "I'll-achew-quit this horrible soldierschew-business. Oh! Lordy, I know shall be killed! Achew! oh, Lordy. want to quit this, I never was made to be s soldier.

"Hellos!" oried Uncle Dan. "Come out o' there, and tell us who ye are." He looked up on the bank and, seeing the eoldiers, with a cry plunged under the mater.
In a moment more he came up to breathe. Come out o' that and don't be playing

the bit with an iron gramp and burled it on unud-turtle," oried Uncle Dan. "Ef I ain't

it really was Diggs, with a vell of recognition and delight, he scrambled up the bank. wit. "O, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan!" he cried, falling almost exhausted at his feet. "Save me, save me, save me !"

Save ye from what?" said Uncle Dan. From being shot and drowned and killed Oh, I solemnly swear that I will never have anything more to do with this soldier busi-ness. It is only run, run, from beginning to end, and then plunging head first into a muddy stream. Ob, I'll quit it, I'll quit it. Heaven forgive me, Uncle Dan !" her cried, vehemently.]

"This is sorry business, Diggs. What was ye doing?" said Uncle Dan, seriously. Running for my life, answered Diggs: "Get up, Diggs," said the old scout,

solemnly. The little fellow arose, looking more like school-boy who was going to be thrauned. "Diggs," said the old man, and there was not the slightest tinge of jest in his tones; what war ye doing with the rebels?"

"If you please, sir, hem, hem-" began Diggs, greatly confused, turning pale as death and beginning to tremble, "I—I—was taken prisoner with these two gentlemen, pointing to Corporal Grimm and Sergeant "No, you were not," said both at once.

"We were never taken prisoners." "Oh, I beg your pardon-hem, hem gentlemen, please hear me through, and I can explain all this to you. I was taken prisoner by the rebels one night, when I went out with these two gentlemen, and they-hem, hem !- I mean the rebels, kept me for a long time until they made me go with them to day, and you found me with them."

"Do you mean to say that ye have been a prisoner all this time?" saked Sergeant "Yes," said Diggs, after a moment's heai-

tation. "Then what was ye doing with a gun in yer hand, when we come on ye and the others?' scid Corporal Grimm.

"You are mistaken, it was some one else, said Diggs, becoming confused.

No, I am not. We all saw you throw it away and run with the rest," said the Cor-

"Well, it was one I had just picked up. was tryin' to escape, when you came up, and I ran with the rest," "But here ye are with the cartridge-box belted around you," said the Sergeant," and

you have the gray uniform on." Diggs was too much confused to reply, and his eyes dropped under the searching glance

of the soldlers.
"Diggs," said the old scout, with great
earnestness in his tone, "I'm afraid it will go hard with you. You are a deserter and s spy. I'ts sorry business, Diggs."
"O, Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, promise me

you will not let me be hurt !" cried Diggs. "Come along. You shall be treated as prisoner of war, but I can't say what a court martial may do about your desertion."

"O, Uncle Dan, you won't let them shoot me, will you? Say you won't, and I'll do anything in the world you want me to do. "I'il enlist in your army and fight on half rations."

You've 'listed a little too much already,' said Uncle Dan. "This tryin' to sarve two masters won't do."

"Oh, you surely would not let me be killed. Oh, promise me, you will not let them take me out and shoot me." Poor Diggs broke down and sobbed like a whipped school-'Hush un blubberin'. Be a man, if ve've

got any manhood about ye, and come along.' They now began to retrace their steps back to where the main army had paused. "But, Uncle Dan, you have known me

from a child, and you know my father before me. Say that you won't have me killed!" sobbed Diggs, as he walked along with no raibles "That's beyond my control," replied Uncle

"I'll turn ye over to the authorities, and I can't make promises." Poor Diggs felt his heart sink within him. His very breathing became oppressive, and the soldiers who walked by his side seemed

like giants of vengeance. "Oh, what must I do, I know I shall be killed," thought Diggs. He reflected on his past life and commenced preparing for his

exit from this world.

In his mind he opened a double-column ledger account of the good and the bad acts of his life. He tried to think how many times he had prayed. They were few. Only on occasions, like the present, when his danger was imminent. He remembered with borror, now, that when the danger was gone, he had always forgotten his good resolve, and mentally blamed himself for his weakness. The bad column ran up so rapidly that it seemed impossible for the account to be balanced.

"If I ever can get out of this," he mentally ejaculated, "I shall devote my life to the Lord's service. I will be a preacher; I would make a capital preacher; I was meant for a preacher, I know. If the good Lord will only get me out of this scrape, I will not go back on my word, sure."

When Uncle Dan's party came up, they found Colonel Holdfast, Colonel Jones and Major Fleming holding a consultation under

a large tree. "Here is Uncle Dan, the scout, the very man we wanted," said Colonel Holdfast, "But who have you here? Did you find your prisoner in the home of the beaver and

Uncle Dan explained how they captured Diggs, and then the scout was instructed that he was to pilot two of the regiments through the woods to Snagtown, while the other was to follow up the retreating enemy. Uncle Dan understood in a moment how matters atood. There was no danger from the re-treating Confederates, but it was very important that fortifications be thrown up at

Poor Diggs spent the night following in the jail building with several other prisoners. He passed weary hours in prayer, good resolutions and in the firm determination to be a preacher, if the Lord would get him out of this scrape.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be, When the devil was well, the devil a monk was be,"

Major Fleming, to whom was left the task of completing the rout of the Confederate forces, was a bold, energetic man. He pushed forward with no delay after the demoralized and retreating enemy. The science of war was yet new to both sides, and, while bravery and tact was displayed at an early day of the war, there was a lack of the veteran's skill.

The retreat was up Wolf Creek toward the mountains, through a rough, wild region. The advance of the Confederates came. to where Uncle Den's cabin stood. It so happened that Joe, who had so often been Uncle Dan's companion, was at the cable. which he kept always ready for the old man's return. He stood in the doorway and watched

the advancing throng, his mild blue eyes Do you come from the land of Canaan, and is the famine over where my afather A CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF TH

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dwells?" he asked of the rough soldiers, who up his hands, reel and fall. "You have hit mistaken, ye are Patrick Henry Diggs, and paneed at the spring to drink.
yer lost."

"Come from Canasa ! No; we come from

HOUSE SHOWER THE STREET THE STREET SHOWS THE STREET SHOWS

h\_l," replied one, with a laugh at his own "Have you seen my father?" asked Jos, in

astonishment. "No; but we have seen the devil," replied another, "and he is close at our heels," The poor idiot looked alarmed. He vaguely comprehended, that some danger was advancing, and his eyes filled with tears.

There are plenty about here.

"No," said a third, "fight them. Here is, one ray of light pieroing the dark cloud he agun," handing him a musket. "Take this had so faintly tried to lift; dead, with the and shoot the first one you see."

"There are plenty about here."

"There are plenty about here."

"There is, one ray of light pieroing the dark cloud he had so faintly tried to lift; dead, with the land shoot the first one you see."

"There are plenty about here."

"There are plenty about here."

"There are plenty about here."

"There is, one ray, of light pieroing the dark cloud he had so faintly tried to lift; dead, with the land shoot the first one you see."

shone in his blue eyes.
"I will fight no one but the Philistines," he said, thoughtfully.

He was stunned and confused, and stood by the spring with the old musket in his hands, as group after group of armed soldiers

harried by. "Hillos, Joe, what are you doing?" said a fimiliar voice, and Howard Jones came towards bim.

"I am here to assist Samson slay the Philistines," replied the poor lunatic.
"Put that down," said Howard, taking

the gun from him and laying it on the rocks by the spring. "Now run. Go that way," pointing to the west, "and don't take any gun in your hands. If any one says 'halt !' stop at once.

Howard Jones hurried on, hoping rather than believing that Joe would follow his ad-

"Hello, where are you going?" oried an another soldier, as Joe started away.

"Fleeing from Sodom," replied Joe.
"Well, sir, don't you flee. Pick up that

gun and fight the d-d Yankees. Shoot em as fast as they come out of the woods." Joe, always obedient, took up the gun again and remained automaton-like, to obey the last speaker.

"For shame, Bryant!" exclaimed Seth Williams, who came up at that moment. He is crazy. Would you have him expose his life that way, when he doesn't know what he is doing? Put the gun down, Joe, and go that way," said Seth, pointing to the west, "Go to Mr. Tompkins; be wants you." Joe hastened to ovey, and Seth hurried

There seemed to be some fatal attraction about that long line of moving men, with burnished arms and glittering bayonets, to poor Joe. He had not gone a dozen rods before he paused to look back at them. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they went, on and on, and he looked till his weak mind became all confused with wonder. As the dangerous reptile chains the bird it seeks to destroy, and draws it involuntarily to its death, so poor Joe felt involuntarily drawn towards that moving line of gray coats and glittering steel. Who were they? Where were they going? When would that long line end ?

They kept passing, passing, passing, to many men, and to many alike, that poor Joe finally concluded it must be only one man, doomed for some misdeed to walk on, and on, and on forever, never advancing on his endless journey. Joe forgot Howard Jones and Seth Williams, and, pausing, gazed on in mute wonder. But the main body had at length passed

straggling groups of horsemen and footmen went by; then these finally came at longer intervals, but in larger groups. Joe thought the end must be near. The rear guard of the Confederates paused in front of Uncle Dan's cabin, to check the

Then the line became broken, and only

advance guard of Major Fleming. " Deploy "Halt!" cried the officer. skirmishers and then advance." "They're almost upon us, lieutenant," said

woods. "Let 'em come," said the first speaker. "Take shelter behind trees or rocks, and make sure of every head that peeps out of the woods.

The men, about fifty in number, sprang to cover. The officer in command, chancing to look around, saw Crazy Joe, still spell-bound with wonder.

"Hey, fellow," he cried, "what are you doing there ?"
"Nothing," said Joe. "Well, then, come here and I'll give you

comething to do.'

blue coat."

enough to betray the poor fellow's weak-The lieutenent knew that he was crazy, but, reckless of what the poor fellow's fate might be, he pointed to the musket Joe had

Joe obeyed. One look in his face was

laid on the rocks, and said: "Pick that up, get behind those rocks, and when I say 'Fire !' shoot at the men you ace coming from those trees." Joe knew nothing else to do but obey, lit-

tle dreaming of the consequences that were to

follow. "What do you expect that crazy chap to do ?' saked a soldier, as he rammed a ball down his rifle. "He can shoot, and his bullet may strike

"Brace up and look more soldier-like," said one. "Who greased yer hat?" asked another. "When was yer hair out?" put in o

third. "What we got in the pockets of that great coat?" said another. "Attention!" cried the lieutenant. "Here comes the enemy. Steady! Be sure

of your aim, and fire only when you have The Union skirmishers advanced cantiously, and the Confederates blazed away, taking care not to expose their own persons to the sharpshooters in the woods below and above. The fire from the woods became deadly, and the lieutenant ordered a retreat just as the Union forces in the woods, receiving reinforcements, made a charge.

"Run, run for your livos!" cried the lieutenant, setting the example. A storm of leaden hall swept around Uncle Dan's low cabin, rattling against the walls and shattering shade trees in front of it. Joe's face was now white with terror. The dread moneter had come. He saw the men about him take to flight, and, in his simplicity,

he threw saide the unused gun and followed them. He had not gone far before he changed his course, running off to the left, down the creek bottom, where the grass was tall and dry. The Confederates kept straight on across the woods, making for the mountain

A detachment of soldiers came up to the up, Bill," said another, abin, and, seeing Joe in flight, the others, "Wou have souls," persisted Diggs. llready out of range, levelled their guns upon "We've got in such thing I—I'll order it." you up and play it alone," replied the or cabin, and, seeing Joe in flight, the others, already out of range, levelled their guns upon "Hold !" cried an officer, in the uniform of millett Bill a United States captain, as he galloped up Wilkemember, poor, dying sinners, you he

a United States captain, as he galloped up acute the group.

He was too late, before the word was fairly to Remember, sir, you have a head, uttered a dozen rifle shots downed it.

"Great God, you have hit him "crising the players," and if you don't keep to prain Abner, compaine, as the saw Joe throw the first to a corner to pray this time in such as the saw Joe throw the first to a corner to pray this time in such that the saw Joe throw the first to a corner to pray this time in such that the saw Joe throw the

him, and he was a poor, crazy fellow." In a moment Abner was beside the prostrate form. He sprang from his horse and raised Joe from the ground. A deadly pallor had overspread his face; his blue eyes were glazed.

and he was gasping for breath.

"Who is it?" Is he hurt? cried Major Fleming, riding up to the spot where the young captain was supporting the dying man

comprehended that some filled with tears.

vancing and his eyes filled with tears.

come of our men have that him by mistake,"

soil Abner, a moisture bathering in his eyes.

tonched a heart of stone.

'The is a poor fellow called Crazy Joe, and

some of our men have that him by mistake,"

said Abner, a moisture bathering in his eyes.

"He may not be hadly him the perhaps he

"Bot while they yet spoke, Joe breathed his

There are plenty about here."

"Is is a poor fellow called Crazy Joe, and

some of our men have that him by mistake,"

"He may not be liadly him the perhaps he

"But while they yet spoke, Joe breathed his

Crazy Joe was dead; dead, without

"No." said a third, "fight them. Here is, one ray of light piercing the dark cloud he
had so faintly tried to lift; dead, with the 

twi her of; and wo his tai har gin ast hin her ma

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not knowing who or what he was, not knowing who or what he was, musket ball had struck him in the back, passing out at the breast, and he lived but a few minutes after Abner had reached his side; he was past recognition then, and never

snoke after he was shot, Abner had the body conveyed to his father's house. The troops returned to Snagtown, having orders to pursue the enemy no further than the foot of Twin Mountains.

When Irene beheld the body of Crazy Joe, her resolution, which had borne her up under so many trials, gave way. She swooned, and, when she recovered, her grief so touched Mr. when she recovered, her grief so touched Mr. Tompkins that he had a costly burial outfit prepared for the poor dead boy. Abner obtained leave of absence to attend the funeral, and, early in the morning, he entered the home of his childhood, where he had so often played with the helpless being, who now lay there cold and lifelese. Irene met him in the hall, her eyes red with weeping. "O, Abner," she orled, "it was such a

ornel thing !" " Yes, dear Irene, it was cruel, but it was a mistake, we were powerless to prevent," replied Abner, thinking that it was the suddencess of his death that affected her.

But, O. Abner, you do not understand me. I cannot tell you how strangely the death of this unfortunate being affects me. I loved Joe as we love these whose blood flows in our veins. I knew it all along, but never felt it so forcibly as new. Tis some great instinct, some higher power than human reason, that prompts me. Come, see how peaceful, how happy, how changed he looks.'

He went with Irene into the darkened room. Joe's body was dressed in dark clothes with spotless linen, the hair trimmed and brushed, the eyelids closed over the troubled eyes. A look of intelligence had dawred in death on the face for years expressionless. There was a striking beauty in the face, with its perfect curve, its delicate, clear-out features, and it seemed that there might have been a brain of power behind that lofty brow, on which he perceived the same dark scar that he had seen on his head when a boy. Abner was astonished. He had never thought Joe handsome with the old, pitiful look on his face, and his astonishment deepened, when, for the first time, he observed a striking resemblance between that face and the face of the girl who bent over it.
"It cannot be possible!" he thought. "Yet

it might be; the birth of both was shrouded in mystery."

He did not give his thoughts expression, but he turned with deepening compassion from the white face of the dead to the face scarcely less white of the girl beside him.

## CHAPTER XXII,

DIGGS GETS OUT OF HIS SCRAPE AGAIN. Mr. Diggs' views, in the cold, dark prison, and through iron bars, of a soldier's life, were very gloomy. The first night of his incarceration, for hours, he tossed about unable to aleep.

"I am a failure," he moaned, "a miserable failure. I went into the army, intending to rise to be a general, and only not to be a subordinate officer, riding in from the corporal; then taken prisoner, lost my office. retaken by my own company and treated coolly. No chance of promotion, only kicks. cuffs and bumps all through this cruel world. Others have risen to higher positions. There's Abner and Oleah, both captains. They were never taken prisoner, ducked in a creek, or thrown into a thorn bush; why should I? and now I am to be tried by a court-martial as a deserter, and I know I shall be killed." "Shut up!" yelled half-a-dozen fellow prisoners. Do you intend to sleep, or let any

of us aleap to-night?"
"" We're all going to be led out and shot temorrow," whined Diggs.
"Well," is that any reason ye should be

keeping us awake all night?" replied one gruff fellow in an adjoining cell. The doors of all the calls were open. Diggs was awed into silence by the tones

these men could take their coming fate so coolly, fell ssleep. He attributed his own emotions to the possession of finer sensibilities then those of his companions.
"What's to be done with us?" he saked next morning of the soldier who brought

worthy set the breakfast on the stand and departed. Mr. Diggs did not have an excellent appetite. oner, "don't eat too much, for these Yankees

their breaksast.

are cannibals, and, when they have fattened their prisoners, they eat 'em."

Poor Diggs pushed back his plate, sick at heart, and commenced pacing the hall in front of his cell. Seeing a soldier on guard duty outside, he went to the grating and called t

" Can I speak to you ?" "I recken you can," was the answer.
"Do you know what's going to become

"I think, sir," said the coldier, gravely, that you will be in h-l before morning. "Oh! they do really intend to kill me oried Diggs, and running back to his cell, he fell upon his knees and tried to pray. "If ever I get out of this," he vowed,

I'll be a preacher. I was made for a preacher." "Well, now, who cares if you are ?" said a fellow prisoner, roughly, who was playing cards with three others at the table. needn't be disturbin' honest men, who her no desire for sich things. Keep yer jaw and yer preachin' to yerself !"

How can you be so wicked," said Diggs, to carry on such unholy games, when you know that the judgment awaits you?" Oh, dry up !-- I'll pass," said one.

"Remember, you wicked men, that you have souls to save!" oried Diggs, growing quite warm and earnest in this, his first at ortation. 06 Oh, hush up yer nonsense 1-Order h

of his companions, and, while wondering how

"Don't know," was the reply, as that pri the cri

pac mu and right the Ess

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