

SHENANDOAH

By HENRY TYRRELL

Founded on BRONSON HOWARD'S Great Play

A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing

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SYNOPSIS

Beauregard is ready to fire on Fort Sumter. Frank Haverill, General Haverill's scapegrace son, is hiding in Charleston. Edward Thornton annoys Mrs. Haverill.

Lieutenant Kerchival West protects her and wounds Thornton in a duel. Fort Sumter is fired upon.

Haverill unjustly suspects West. He sends Frank a miniature of Mrs. Haverill to help reform him. Frank enlists in the Union army.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IV. The Virginians.

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON—the ranking Confederate officer, but who had trusted the immediate command to Beauregard on account of the latter's familiarity with the country—was able to keep from his headquarters something like a general outlook over the field and received intelligence just as a final attack was preparing that "a Federal army" had come up and was

advancing upon his rear. This should have been the Union reserves from Centerville, but it was not. It was General Kirby Smith of the Army of the Shenandoah arriving with 1,700 fresh infantry. The whole southern line now advanced to the charge, and the combined attack upon the Federal flank and front was decisive enough to turn the tide of battle from uncertainty to sudden panic. The lines of blue wavered and broke, fell back from the plateau, across the Warrenton pike and on toward the Bull Run fords. The repulse became a rout, the rout grew into an appalling avalanche of defeat. The Federal advance on the southern side of Bull Run had seen a regiment



The Repulse Became a Rout, an Avalanche of Defeat.

moving toward them, but were told it was a New York regiment which had been expected for support, and the artillerymen withheld their fire. Suddenly there came a fearful explosion of musketry, which in an instant changed the scene into one of hideous carnage. Death stricken men with dripping wounds were clinging to caissons, which frantic horses dragged pell mell through the infantry ranks and over the prostrate bodies of the fallen. A caisson blew up and three horses galloped off with the burning wreck, dragging a fourth horse, which was dead. Cannoneers lay limp across their guns, with rammers and sponges and lanyards still in their hands. Whole batteries were annihilated in a moment, and organization command was wiped out. Those who could run, walk, limp, or even crawl, waited no longer, but dropped everything and got away from there.

On his hill at Manassas, after the final victorious charge, General Jackson had come nearer to the actual truth of possibility than he or any other Confederate then knew when he cried out exultantly: "Give me 10,000 men and I will be in Washington tonight!" The dawn of Monday came, but the sun did not shine. In the hot, sultry, drizzling morning the defeated troops poured into Washington over the Long bridge. Some good citizens—but they were not in the majority—put out steaming wash kettles filled with coffee or soup for the forlorn boys. Among these

good Samaritans was Jenny Buckthorn, surrounded by a staff of colored servants. Her father, severely wounded and captured by the enemy, had been recognized by his former comrade, General Beauregard, and as a personal courtesy had been exchanged for a wounded Confederate officer and al-



Whole Batteries Were Annihilated.

lowed to proceed to Washington in an ambulance, attended by Colonel Haverill.

"Where is Heartsease?" was the first question Jenny asked her father after having ascertained that that stern parent was not dead.

"Don't ask me," muttered the old warrior. "This is no time for picnics and dancing parties."

One especially miserable looking object drifted along about noon and stood as if dazed at the sight of food and drink and commiseration. His uniform might have been blue or it might have been gray—and mud were the prevailing hues. His shoes were heavy brogans tied with twine, and his naked and sore ankles showed that he was without socks. An old slouch hat was pulled over his face, and a tobacco bag hung from a button of his jacket, the collar of which was turned up to the chin, evidently to conceal the condition of the shirt—or the lack of one.

"You poor fellow!" said Jenny. "Tell me, were you in the cavalry?"

"Yes, Miss Buckthorn. Is it possible you do not recognize me? I must apologize for my appearance, but—"

"Great heavens! Is it yourself, Heartsease?" exclaimed the girl, with a little shriek. "Why, you look like a bummer."

"Possibly this may serve to identify me," and he drew from the mysterious inner recesses a stained packet, which proved to be a large silk handkerchief enveloping a dainty lace one.

Heartsease received his captain's commission at the dinner table that same evening. After all, as the old general said, he was a regular and had



General George B. McClellan.

fought before he ran, and that was a contrast to many of the pestiferous ready-made shoulder straps who had betrayed the brave volunteers and lost the fight for them, and who were now standing about unabashed, bragging in the barrooms.

Kerchival West, shortly after his arrival at St. Louis, was assigned to the army of southwestern Missouri, where in a short time he saw hard service in almost every line except that of actual fighting. A large addition had been made to the regular army and to fill vacancies in the new regiments rapid promotions among the officers already in service had occurred. In a few months' time West rose from second lieutenant to the rank of captain of infantry—an advancement which a year before could only have been gained as a reward of perhaps fifteen years of continuous service.

of a year. At the north the effect produced was exactly the contrary. While the south was planning the organization of a new republic and even putting up the name of General Beauregard as a candidate for the presidential succession in such a way as to



Lieutenant General Scott.

lieur for that officer the cordial distrust of Jefferson Davis forever afterward, the Federal government and the people of the northern and western states set to work with furious energy to counteract the reverses suffered in the beginning. Congress authorized the enlistment of half a million of men for three years, an increase of the navy and stupendous loans with which to strengthen the slinews of war.

Lieutenant General Scott, now just seventy years of age, being up his laureled sword and yielding the command of the Federal armies to a younger and more active officer, General George B. McClellan.

With two Federal armies ready to move into Virginia that of McClellan at Washington and that under General Banks opposite Leesburg—to say nothing of considerable bodies of troops harassing the northern counties about the headwaters of the Potomac, the Confederate prospects for the spring of 1862 were decidedly threatening. To protect this portion of the state and to guard the lower Shenandoah valley against General Banks, the Confederate government determined to send a force to Winchester. This force, organized under the official title of the "Army of the Monongahela," was placed under the command of "Stonewall" Jackson, now advanced to the rank of major general.

This was great news to the Ellinghams, not only for the naive reason that it seemed to them like throwing an impregnable guard around Belle Bouquet and the whole valley, but also and especially because of Captain Robert Ellingham's part in the growing prestige of the "Stonewall" brigade.

The valley of Virginia comprised within that section of the Appalachian plateau bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge and on the west by a range of the Alleghenies called there the North mountains, stretches from the headwaters of the Shenandoah near Staunton on the south to the Potomac on the north, a distance of considerably more than a hundred miles. At the upper end this valley is more than forty miles wide, while at Strasburg, fifty miles south of the Potomac, the extreme width is scarcely twenty-five.

A broad macadamized road, the famous Valley pike, traverses the entire region from north to south, with lateral roads extending to the mountain boundaries on either side, those toward the Blue Ridge connecting through various gaps with the railroads of eastern Virginia.

This beautiful and fertile region called for protection for its own sake as well as for that of its patriotic population (of which the Ellinghams were a fair sample), its numerous black slaves and the rich supplies which its lush meadow lands and broad plantations furnished.

It was especially important from a southern military viewpoint that the valley should be held intact by a Confederate army. No portion of the region could be given up without serious detriment to operations north of Richmond.

"If this valley is lost Virginia is lost," was Jackson's watchword.

Early in January, 1862, Captain Ellingham wrote to his sister in Richmond: "We have only conjecture as to our destination. General Jackson keeps his secrets so well as to deceive not only the enemy, but ourselves."

Without losing any time Jackson now set out with fierce energy than ever to surprise the Federal garrison under General Kelly at Romney. The weather was fearful, even for ordinary travel, to say nothing of forced military movements. Men and horses fell on the icy roads, their guns going off all along the line, the knees and muzzles of the animals lacerated, the men limping along, leaving trails of blood on the frozen snow. The march was comparable to Napoleon's passage of the Alps and not alone in its hardships, but likewise in its results, for before the last of February General Kelly had evacuated Romney, and for the moment there was no Federal force left in the entire lower valley.

With the opening of spring four Federal armies under Fremont, Banks, McDowell and McClellan respectively were ready to close in upon Richmond. Fremont and Banks in the north and west expected to unite their forces and drive Jackson up the valley, cutting

the Confederate communications and then sweeping down upon Richmond from the mountains, while McClellan marched up the peninsula between the James and York rivers, and McDowell advanced from Fredericksburg.

Early in March "Stonewall" Jackson was back in Winchester with Banks and an augmented Federal force at his heels on the north, and Shields with another army reported at Strasburg to the southward.

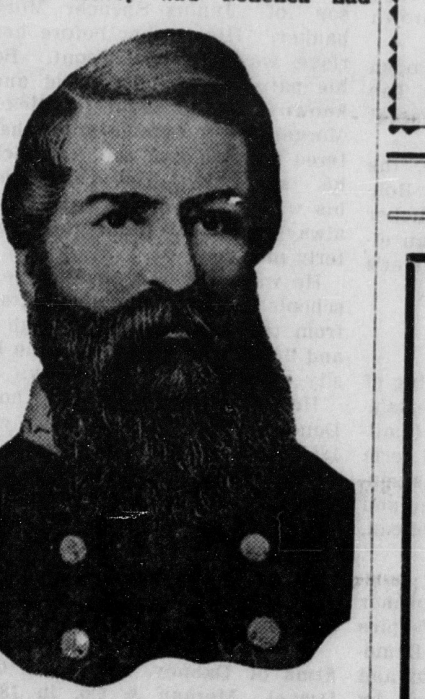
Here Bob Ellingham first made the acquaintance of Colonel Ashby, commanding Jackson's cavalry—a wondrous cavalier from Fauquier county, mounted on a milk white blooded horse, the most dashing rider in the whole state of Virginia, and as a leader of partisans destined soon to rank among the foremost of his contemporaries. Ashby looked like a Moor and had the chivalrous soul of a Saladin.

They struck Shields near Woodstock, some forty miles up the pike, and on March 23 attacked him, at Kernstown, and were repulsed. This was one of the few setbacks Jackson encountered in his campaign, and the furious impulse of his rebound that followed immediately after made it a costly victory for his opponent. A frenzy seized "Old Stonewall" and his men and made them invincible, irresistible. The limitless resources of the now thoroughly aroused Washington government were brought to bear in earnest upon this bold secessionist.

The whole valley was alive with marching and countermarching, and vaning and retreating armies. Jackson's desperate game was to present a menacing front in several directions at once, while awaiting re-enforcements sorely needed. General Banks came over from Manassas, bent upon his destruction. At the same time Shenker, on his way with 10,000 men to join Fremont, was instructed to report to him as he followed Jackson up the valley. Jackson stood at bay at Swift Run rap in the Blue Ridge mountains, with the Shenandoah river in his front and his flanks protected by the foothills. Ewell, with a lanky Confederate force, was not far away, but on the other side of the mountains in Jackson's rear, at Gordonsville.

In this tight place Jackson called upon General Lee at Richmond to re-enforce him with 5,000 men. Lee could not spare any from the defense of Richmond, but suggested that a union might be effected with General Edward Johnson and his 3,500 troops at Staunton. Ewell was expected to move eastward against McDowell's Federal army at Fredericksburg.

Meanwhile Banks, with his large force, was watching General Edward Johnson at Harrisonburg. The Federal Generals Milroy and Schenck had



Ashby Looked Like a Moor.

moved up west of the mountains, in front of Johnson, awaiting the arrival of Fremont from the north.

It was now the end of April, and "Stonewall" Jackson started in to do the theoretically impossible. Evading Banks and Harrisonburg, he moved with incredible swiftness to Staunton, joined his force with Johnson's and defeated Milroy and Schenck at one fell blow. This great advantage had to be followed up, so Ewell marched over into the valley from Gordonsville, compelling Banks to fall back to Strasburg. Having disposed of the two Federal commanders, Jackson, with Ewell, now hotfooted it to Front Royal, where the north and south forks of the Shenandoah river unite, at the northern end of the Massanutten ridge.

CHAPTER V. Grand Old Jack.

THE stunning successes of Jackson at Front Royal and subsequently at Cross Keys and Port Republic, on the Shenandoah, were achieved by a startling series of maneuvers little understood by the world at the time, save that in a general way they meant that he "held one commander at arm's length while he hammered the other."

"I have seen grand Old Jack rattled, for once," Captain Ellingham wrote his sister from Front Royal. "We were opposite Port Republic and the general, with a part of his staff, had crossed over the bridge into the town when the enemy appeared in force, with the evident design of attacking the town, destroying the bridge over the Shenandoah and thus cutting off our army and getting in our rear. Jackson sent some hurried orders to Tallafiero and Winder for the defense of the bridge, but before these could be executed the advance Federal batteries had opened fire and their cavalry, crossing the South river, had swept into the town and taken position at the southern entrance to the bridge.

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)

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