

A YANKEE IN GRAY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. QUAD.")
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CHAPTER XV.
We follow Jackson up and down the valley because his movements are threads of our story, and he must be driven away to introduce new characters. Shields had scarcely ceased pursuit when a Federal army under Banks was sent into the valley. No one supposed Jackson had recovered from his defeat when he suddenly moved an army of 12,000 men down to New Market, crossed the Shenandoah river and the mountain range to the east and was in the Luray valley before an alarm was raised. There was a Federal force stationed at Front Royal, and he was moving to attack it.

An army in the march is a mousetrap on the move. Far in advance are cavalry scouts. Then follows a body of troopers. After that comes the advance guard of infantry. Then artillery, more infantry, more artillery, and finally the wagon train. The highway is packed with a living, moving mass for miles and miles. Infantry and cavalry overflow into the adjacent fields on the right and left. Where there is a bend in the road they cut across it. Horses fall lame or sick and are abandoned. Wagons break down and are unloaded and set on fire. Guns and caissons get stuck or upset in the ditches, and a hundred men lead their aid. Some felled men stagger and limp and finally throw themselves down and declare they can go no farther. Here and there a musket is accidentally discharged, followed by a shriek and a fall, and half an hour later the victim fills a grave by the roadside. The mass advances a quarter of a mile and halts. Another quarter of a mile and another halt. Only in the case of a single regiment is there freedom to step out and march at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

The trail of a marching army, even in a country of friends, is a trail of ruin and desolation. Every soldier is a wage of destruction. He has a feeling that he must despoil and destroy. Trees are felled and fences pulled down to repair the roads, gardens are despoiled, crops are trampled under foot, fruit trees denuded of their branches, stacks and barns fired by accident or design. It is as if a force cyclone had passed over the country, followed by a plague.

So Jackson's army swept forward to Front Royal. His command outnumbered the Federal force four to one, and his presence was not expected until his artillery began to thunder. The Federal commander soon discovered the situation, but he did not retreat without a fight. He gathered his handful of men, pushed them to cover the town, and for an hour they held Jackson at bay. It was only when they were almost surrounded that they gave way and sought shelter in the passes of the mountains. Jackson passed only long enough to burn such Federal stores as he could not haul away and then swept down the Luray, bent to the left, and next day was before Winchester. He attacked and recaptured the town and drove away Federal to the Potomac and across it before he halted again.

Then the Federal government grasped the situation, and three different armies were dispatched to chase in on Jackson and destroy him. The battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic followed, and Jackson fell back to join Lee and take part in the battle which was to sweep McClellan from the peninsula. The Shenandoah and the Luray were now in possession of the Federals, to be held till the close of the war, but only with desperate fighting at intervals.

And now the gallant Carter, with his command, reached the Shenandoah with the story of a young man, from West Point, on whom the volunteer officers looked with distrust, but only waiting to prove his worth. Carter belonged to Michigan. His first command was the First Fifth, Sixth and Seventh cavalry regiments of that state, known as the Michigan cavalry brigade. While his name was national, while his and death years after the war in that terrible massacre tormented the heart of every American, it is in Michigan more than any where else that his memory is revered. It will live there until every soldier and soldier's son and grandson sleep beneath the sod. The plains of northern Virginia were given up to fierce battles between infantry, the valleys to desperate charges and bloody conflicts between the opposing cavalry forces.

Jackson had looked his last upon the Shenandoah. He was to become Lee's right arm and fight elsewhere until his fall in the darkness on the Bush Road highway at Chancellorsville. Another look his place, and the dead Ashby was replaced by Stuart to lead the cavalry. Let us go back to Royal Kenton. We left him just as Reube Parker had been made prisoner by a Federal scouting party. Reube barely sought to betray him, but he failed of his purpose. The Federal captain leapt up the neighborhood as thoroughly as possible, but Kenton slipped through his fingers and returned to Jackson to make his report. It was his information, seconded no doubt by that of others, which decided Jackson's move to Front Royal. While the general seemed pleased at Kenton's success, the latter could not fail to perceive that something was yet amiss. In his own mind he felt sure that he was mistrusted, and it was easy to conclude why. Not that he had failed in any one particular to do his duty, but that the officers and men of his own company, for reasons already given, were seeking his downfall. When he had finished his report, he was ordered to his company, and again he found only one man to give him greeting. Steve Brayton, shocked with satisfaction as he extended his hand and asked for particulars. The others only gave him looks of distrust. When Kenton was asked regarding Reube Parker and had made his explanations, Steve grew thoughtful and serious and finally replied:

"It's a good joke on the captain, but I'm troubled as to how it will end up. I just reckon they're mean 'nuff to charge yo' with killing Reuba. They can't prove it, but it will get the general down on yo' and make things wuss. Did I bust the falls anyway? Yo' can't they give yo' a fair show even if yo' be a Yankee?"

The crisis came next day. Reube Parker had been carried into the Federal camp as a prisoner, but owing to the confusion and excitement was not strictly guarded and managed to make his escape and arrive at Confederate headquarters less than 24 hours after Kenton. After a brief interview with Captain Wyle the pair proceeded to General Jackson's headquarters, and when they left it Royal Kenton was sent for. General Jackson was a plain, blunt spoken man. Even while planning the great campaign on which he was to enter within three or four days he had determined to give this matter attention. Reube Parker had charged Kenton with bringing about his capture for revenge. Captain Wyle had stated that he and all his company distrusted his loyalty. The general asked the scout for a statement of facts, and Kenton gave it to him, concealing no occurrence from the date of his enlistment. The general listened attentively and without interruption. Then Reube Parker, who had been sent for and was in waiting, was ushered in to confront Kenton. He was a bad man, but not a nerry one. In five minutes it was apparent that he had lied, and he was dismissed. Then Kenton was asked to step out, and Steve Brayton, whom he had several times referred to, was ushered in. He told a straight story, and it was greatly to the discredit of Captain Wyle. When Kenton again returned to the general's presence, the latter kindly said:

"It is a matter I very much regret, and I do not see how I can amend it just yet. I will, however, do what I think is best for all."

That "best" resulted in both Kenton and Brayton being detailed temporarily to the quartermaster's department. When Jackson moved away for the Luray valley, all the guards were mounted. "Did not 'cut' growled Steve, ed, having been transferred to the cavalry, but the pair were left behind in disgrace. So they considered it, and they were further humiliated by the jeers and slings from comrades as they filed past.

"Did not 'em, but this 'ere laughing match laid 'em over yit!" growled Steve as he shook his fist at the faces of his comrades. "Yo' ar' durn the grinsin just now, but it'll be our turn himey! Rebe's this time to cover with the southern confederacy will be powerful glad of every man it kin take and scrape into the ranks!"

Kenton had nothing to say. He was even secretly glad that the machinations of his enemies had resulted in nothing worse. In his pocket at that very hour he had a letter from Morley detailing the family fight from Winchester, informing him of their destination and counseling him to do his duty as a soldier and not be distracted over the plots of his enemies. He knew that he was being malign and vilified for her sake, so she scrubs, but he hoped to be worthy of all the sacrifices he might be compelled to make.

"Say, Kenton," exclaimed Steve as he suddenly turned on him, "why don't yo' zip and cum and tear an show yo' ferlin'?"

"We have both been wronged," slowly replied Kenton, "but time will make all things right if we do our duty loyally and faithfully."

"I reckon so," said Steve as he turned away, "but yo' Yanks is a durned cur' as lot o' critters jest the same!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Eating Habits in New York.
"One reason why city people are so much more afflicted with illness than country people," said a leading physician recently, "is because of the difference in their habits of eating. Your countryman eats a hearty breakfast before 7 in the morning. He eats a hearty dinner at noon. At 6 o'clock he takes a light supper, rests for a couple of hours or more and goes to bed to sleep and recuperate. There is nothing like sleep to give renewed energy to the physical man. Your city man gets his breakfast at 8 to 9 o'clock. It is a heavy breakfast, but he eats light because his head is generally heavy. If he has been late in getting up he bolts his food and rushes off to his office, with his stomach struggling to get the best of the chunks of stuff he has flung into it. At 12 or 1 o'clock he bolts a lunch—meat, pastry and fruits and liquor in such combination as to make his poor stomach howl with anguish. Then at 6 o'clock he eats an enormous course dinner, washes it down with tea or three kinds of wine, coffee and liquors. He has no time to rest afterward, but rushes off to the theatre, and when he leaves the theatre he sits down to a midnight supper that drives his poor stomach wild again. He rolls into bed at 1 or 2 o'clock and wonders why he cannot sleep. There are a few old fashioned men in New York who still insist on the country habit of eating dinner in the middle of the day and supper at 6. I know some of them, and they haven't an ache or a pain. But the other fellows are troubled with indigestion, kidney troubles, liver difficulties and all sorts of disorders."—New York Herald.

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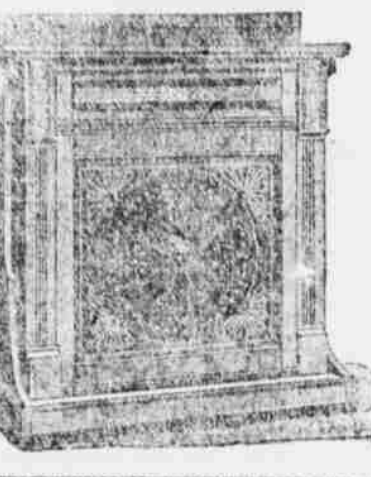
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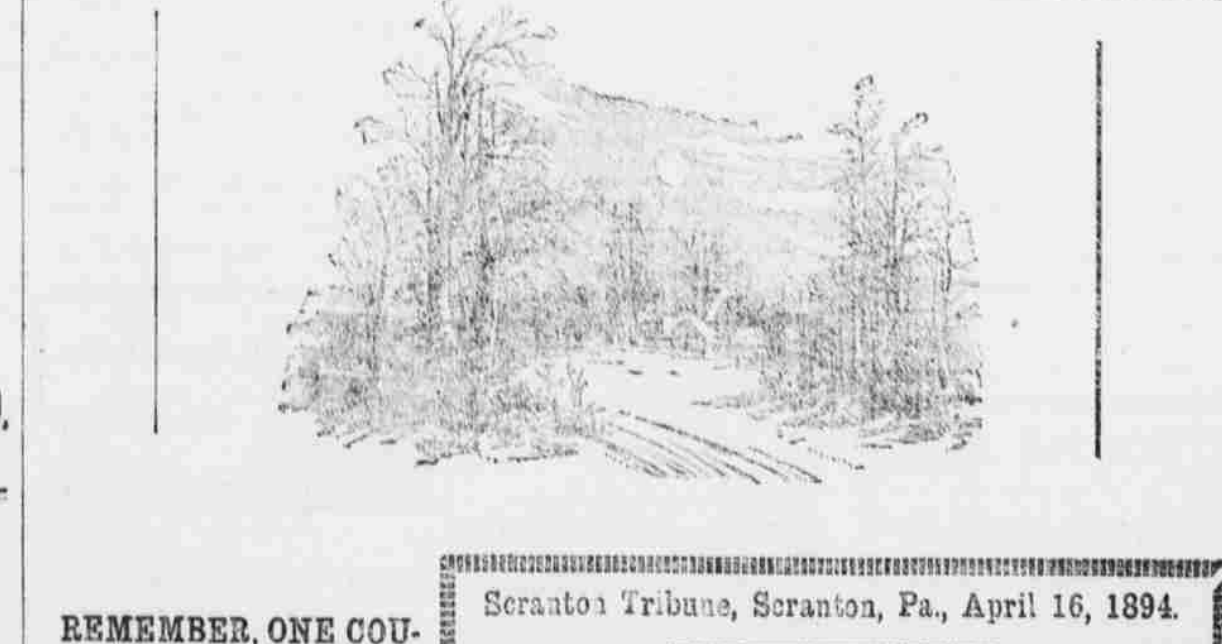
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