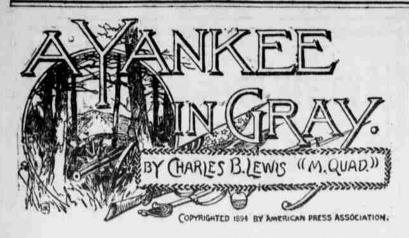
THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1894.



CHAPTER XXIX.

It is within an hour of sunset on a winter's day. An inch of snow covers the earth like a royal carpet, and dark and ragged clouds drive fast across a cold blue sky.

In front of Rest Haven, looking to the ponth, the hills recede and leave an almost level plain on which there is no greater obstruction than an occasional tree or bush. A creek which has its birthplace in the mountains meanders across this plain, but divides it about equally. The plain is large enough for 5,000 cavalry to maneuver on, and along its edges are a dozen spots on which field artillery can be posted advantageously.

Attention, now, for you are going to witness one of the grandest sights in war -a cavalry fight! Only a few of the Confederates have appeared in sight, but Custer has guessed the situation and is preparing for it. While he is issuing orders and the squadrons are moving and the artillery galloping into position, one of his aids is hurrying up the move to abandon the house. Wrapped in her bedding instead of a shroud, the dead woman is borne to an ambulance by troopers with uncovered heads and reverent mien-troopers who will be shouting like devils and wearing the looks of madmen half an hour hence. Marian goes with her dead, Royal Kenton into. an ambulance by himself. The vehicles take the road for the Federal lines.

"You are a noncombatant and had better go with him," the officer said to Steve Brayton as Kenton was ready to

go. "Scuse me fur differin with yo'," replied Steve, "but if it won't do no pertick'ler harm I'll stay and see this fuss over with. It's goin to be a right smart scrimmage, I take it, and as it'll probably be the last font I'll see I'll sorter hang around. That's that ole nigger, and you see 2,000 sabers flash in the

Uncle Ben stood in the midst of the bustle with bundles and packages in his arms and at his feet. He was told to get are off a-trot the murderous grapeshot into the vehicle with Kenton, and next moment six horses were galloping a gun over the spot where he had stood. 2,000 Federal carbines also open fire.

Look to the south. The Confederates are debouching from the highway and deploying on the plain. Their hearts are filled with rejoicing as they behold



carried away fingers and reduced hands to pulp. Of a hundred men no two have

received the same hurt. Rude tables have been prepared, and strong men lift each victim up to be overhauled by the men who have stripped off coat and vest and rolled their sleeves far back. They look like butchers in a slaughter pen, but their hearts are tender toward these victims of battle, whether friend or foe. The bitterness of battle is at its height when the crash of artillery and the crackle of musketry are fiercest. When the battle is over, whether victorious or defeated, pity returns to the heart and blinds the eyes to the color of the uniform. Over each man lifted up there is a brief consultation

and his mind was greatly relieved. In Those bare armed men need waste no her fall, as was afterward known, the time. They can tell almost at a glance woman's head struck a stone, and the what the result will be. If it is a morskull was fractured. When she strugtal hurt, the poor fellow is lifted aside gled up, she was no longer sane. She to breathe his last as peacefully as poshad been wandering through the forest sible under such surroundings. If there for hours before she appeared on The is hope for him, his wound is dressed battlefield, but she encountered no one with agile fingers, and he gives way to and found no shelter. Never was there the next. a more gallant deed than that performed

"That's Captain Wyle, my company captain!"

So exclaimed Steve Brayton as he en tered the barn about 11 o'clock at night to see if he could recognize any Confederates being brought in. The captain had just been lifted to the table. He was conscions, but had not yet spoken. Those who brought him in said that he was pinned to the earth by the hind quarters of his dead horse, and that the animal was fearfully mangled by grape shot.

"Shoulder dislocated, ribs broken, leg broken, struck in the groin by a carbine ball, "announced the surgeon who made a rapid investigation.

'Any hope for me?' asked the cap tain, whose lips had been moistened with whisky, as it was observed that he desired to speak.

The surgeon snook his head and motioned to the attendants to lift the officer aside. When they had left him, Steve Brayton sat down beside him and bathed his face with whisky and gave him to drink. The captain had recognized him at once, but it was several minutes before he queried;

"You and Kenton were in the fight at Harrisonburg and were captured. How came you here?'

"We uns made a bolt fur it on the road and got away."

"And what has happened here?" "Waal, Kenton was wounded, then

me and him stood off like Baster and his crowd, then the gal's mother died. then the gal and Kenten how bin driv away to the Yankoe lines. Sorry fur co', cap, and sorry fur the rest of 'em for our hall crowd has bin wiped off the face of the airth! "Have we been defeated?"

are knocking them down by dozens, and "Regularly cleaned out, cap. I don't as the artillerists change to canister believe a hundred of our men get away. 'Cordin to what them doctors say, yo can't pull through this. Do yo' want to Above the rear of cannon and musketry you can catch the notes of the

leave any word with me?' "No," whispered the captain after a moment's thought.

bear no gradge when she hears yo' as dead.

his eyes. Steve moved away after a few cer's dead body was carried out with

marriage, because more than 50 Federal officers attended, because a Federal chaplain officiated, because a Federal

band serenaded the happy couple. Who do you think gave away the bride? General Custer, who became a groom himself only a few days later. Royal Kenton had recovered from his wound, and the keen edge of Marian's grief had been the keen edge of Marian's grief had been somewhat dulled by lapse of time and the excitement of her surroundings. It was better so, Kenton was not held for exchange under the circumstances, nor did any one wish him to become a rene-gade, by joining the Federal service, After the marriage the bridal couple, accompanied by Uncle Ben, went north and there remained till the close of the war. Stars Brayton was asked to go war. Steve Brayton was asked to go-

nay, almost commanded-but he replied. "See yere, Yank, I've bin thinkin and

thinkin, and I make it out this way: I sorter owed the confederacy a grudge fur the way it treated yo', and hevin paid it off and squared the debt I orter go back. Thar won't be nuthin said about yo' arter the war, bekase yo' was actually driv out, but the boys would rub it in on me purty heavy to the day of my death. I'll jest surrender over

again to this Yankee army, wait to be exchanged and in due time become a good Confed again.

And that was the course he followed, and when I shook hands with him in Winchester last spring I was proud to give him his title as licutenant. Did the match please Uncle Ben? Hear what he says as he congratulates the bride:

"Now, Miss Sunshine, yo' all has dun gone an married Mars Kenton, an it does jest seem to me dat I ar' walkin round on nigs! Hu! But when I was



dar wid dat big discolver, an de sojer

an gorillas was guashin their teef.

couldn't git dar in time to savo us, The Percy mansion was burned, a you remember. A much finer house oc cupies the site today, and it is there the Kentons dwell, honored and respected by all. What more could I add? Goodby THE END.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache,

dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid "Not even for the gal? She won't liver, dizziness, sick head ache, bad taste in the mouth. The captain shock his head and closed coated tongue, loss of appeminutes to look for other Confederate tite, sallow skin, when caused wounded, and two hours later the offi- by constipation ; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them. Book free; pills 25c. At deed a full half of his own company had drugstores or write B.F.Allen Ike Baster. But great as was the Con- Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

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a peeted de Lawd was so far of he most persons, of her peculiar moods. Lowell has well said:

"Our seasons have no fixed returns; Without our will they come and go; At noon our sudden summer burns, Ere sunset all is snow."

The Ottman Lithographing Company in reproducing these paintings from the originals, has achieved a marked success, and produced four pictures that will easily hold first place in either home or studio, not only for their artistic merit, but as fine examples of the work of this renowned artist.

The artillery galloping into position.

the force of Federals opposed. They, too, have longed for a battle in which the infantry should have no part, and the oft expressed wish is about to be gratified. There is no advantage of position.

Two thousand Federals, 2,000 Confederates, and each has a battery numbering six pieces. Custer's guns could reach the gray borsemen as they deploy, but every piece is silent. A charge by half his command across that snow covered plain would have swept the field at first and crushed the Confederates back into the narrow highway to become a panic stricken mob. No charge was ordered. The man' whose name was to become a household word before the end of the war and whose life was to be spared on 20 fields of battle that it might go out with the shouts of Indian are lost to sight, demons ringing in his ears sat his horse and watched and waited. He had come to the brigade of stalwart Michiganders a few months previously fresh from West Point. He had been called a boy, and men and officers had taken no pains to conceal their sarcasm and distrust. Two or three times he had led them in a dash there, but little fighting resulted. He would test them now, and they should weigh him in the balance. Boom! Boom! Boom! The Confederate battery is the first to open fire, and It is promptly responded to. The very first missile is a percussion shell, and it frives its way into the house so lately pecupied by the living and the dead, and in its explosion brings wreck and rain. Twelve guns are belching their death missiles screag the open space when a audden cry rises to the lips of a thousand men. From the western edge of the plain, where the pines grow thick, a woman suddenly appears to view. She is bareheaded, and her hair is flying about her shoulders. She has neither shawl nor cloak, and her dress is ragged and torn. She has a stick in her hand, and she waves it as if it were a word in the hand of a man and starts at a wild run for the eastern edge of | in the barn that structure would have the plain, right across the front of the lines drawn up in battle array. The pry of astonishment which greeted her appearance becomes a shout of warning, but she does not heed it. Enveloped by he smoke of their guns, the artillerists to not see her. Their hearing deadened by the loud reports, they do not catch e shouts uttered by Federal and Conederate alike. Round shot and shell go whizzing and shrieking over the snow. and men waiting for battle shudder at he woman's danger.

"Who's that? Halt! Halt! He can ever do it! He's sure to be killed!"

So cried 500 Federals as Steve Brayon, mounted on the horse of a trooper e had been asked to hold for a moment. ashed straight out into the plain to ead the woman off. He knew her the noment she stepped out of the woods. Incle Ben had told him of the meeting with Mrs. Baxter on the highway. He ad flung her down the bank with trependous force, and as he came back ver the road with Custer's men he exected to find her lying there dead. have plowed their way into arms, sides, Fothing was to be seen of her, however. hips or legs; fragments of shell have

the smoke has drifted off, and the eye an scan the plain. Beaten, broken slaughtered, and yet the gray horsemen are trying to rally again!

by Steve Brayton, and never was hero

more heartily applauded by friend and

foe. He galloped his horse straight at

the woman, and as he came up to her

he leaned over in the saddle, caught her

with both hands, and next instant she

was on the saddlo before him, and the

horse was flying back to the Federal

Hnes. The woman fought and screamed.

and fragments of bursting shell whizzed

and whirred around and above horses

and riders, but they dashed into the

lines unhurt, and the gallant rescuer

was directed to continue down the road

until the woman could be placed beyond

Turn quick to the south! You will

never see a grander spectacle than this.

The Confederate command, divided into

three divisions, with double lines dreased

as if on parade, has received the order

to advance. They had waited for Custer

to charge, but the chevalier was also a

strategist. His artillery, being better

served, was creating the most havee,

and he could afford to delay, Look!

Look! As the gray horsemen begin to

move Custer's guns, which have been

grouped in front of his center, limber

up and move at a gallop-four of them

-two to the right and two to the left.

In three minutes they are on his flanks

and loaded with grape-hot and canister.

The Confederate battery does not follow

the example, and as the horsemen move

sunset as 2,000 horsenion thunder over

the plain. Give them credit for bravery

even to reckleastess. Before the horses

"Rally! Re-form! Forward!"

bugles, and as the smoke lifts here and

there in spots the eye can detect the

gray horsemen seeking to obey the calls,

They do rally. They do re-form. They

do push forward under that terrible fire.

but only to be broken up and swept

uside. The Federal artiflerists get the

order to cease firing, the crackle of mus-

ketry dies away, and five minutes later

forward the gans are necless.

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

danger.

Now is the moment, and Custer has waited for it. Only the dead and wounded are left behind as he moves out, as his entire command sweeps straight across the plain and falls upon the broken and disorganized enemy. They rally here and there by the score and meet the shock. They fight singly and by twos and threes. Men wait and die rather than run away. Brave men, all of them-men whose deeds will be spoken of around our campfires for years to come. The only criticism will be

that they did not have a leader equal to Custer in the murderous art of war, Night has fallen, and the fight is over There are prisoners to be guarded. wounded to be cared for, dead to be counted for the official report and spoils to be gathered up. The clouds have driven away to the east, and the canopy of heaven is studded with bright stars. There is no moon, and the blood spots an the snew gradually fade away and

Hark! That sound is the cry of wounded men blended into one great wail for succor. It is freezing cold, and they are in torture. Hark again! That me sound rising at intervals. above the wailing comes from the wounded horses. They are also begging and pleading. Some are limping about among the dead and wounded men as if weeking their masters, pausing now and then to rab their cold noses against a body, while others are lying down and lift their heads only to utter a whinny which tells of fright and pain. Thank iod that night and darkness come to the attlefield to hide its horrors! In the larkness we shall search out all the wounded, hat we shall not be forced to ok upon the mangled dead-mangled by shot sad shell and grape and the iron boofs of the charging horses until resomblance to humanity is lost and one cries out in horror.

CHAPTER XXX. While the fight was raging the house and "quarters" were both in flames, fired by the shells from a Confederate gun. But for the strenuous efforts of the detachment guarding the prisoners also been reduced to ashes. It therefore came about that when the battle was over and men began to bring in the wounded the barn was the only shelter to be had. The prisoners were turned out and the place given up to moaning, groaning men and those who sought to succor them. The sounds of battle had been heard in the Federal lines, and a brigade of infantry arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. While their services were not needed, the half dozen

surgeons sent out with the column had work to last them the long night through and far into the next day. It is a grim sight, a field hospital like

this, and they are grim men into whos hands the wounded fall as they are lifted off the stretchers, groaning, cursing or crying. The flight of a snowflake in a gale of wind is not more erratic than the flight of death missiles in a battle. Here are men wounded in the face; the next three or four may be wounded in the feet or ankles. Sabers have descended upon heads and shoulders; bullets

here to make room for the When morning came and the dead were gathered for burial, Steve Brayton found many that he could identify. In

> been wiped out, and among them was federate loss, that of the Federals was severe. History has said of that first real cavalry fight of the war that it was terribly brief induration and appalling in its list of dead and wounded. It was almost night of the day following the fight before the last of the Federals moved off and left the field. And how changed was Rest Haven, and what a misnomer the title which had been given to it in the years of peace! Cinders and ashes showed where the houses had stood. Across the plain, furrowed by shot and shell and hoof, its snow white carpet now spattered and blotches yin thousand blood stains, they had dug ong trenches and covered in the dead Trees had been cut down, bushes uprooted, and over acres of ground was strewed the wreck of battle.

I have but few more pages to write. My story has not been all romance, and it is with a feeling of selfishness that part from those of my characters who are with us in the flesh today, and whose hands I have held in mine within the last twelvemonth. At the opening of my story Winchester was described as a quaintold town. That was true of it a quaint old town of quaint houses and streets and people. War wrecked it again and again. Every street and square and alley witnessed a death grapple. Every building which escaped the flames was marked by ball or buildt. A few months ago I looked in vain for MT. PLEASANT trace of war. Here and there a quaint old house still stands, but the town is full of the bastle of these rushing days. Ah, but there was a trace of war after all. Up in the cemetery skirted by the Berryville pike I found grave after grave in which soldiers slept their last long sleep, each name engraved on the stone, and behind them the pitiful spot over which all may sorrow, but no one weep

-the resting place of the "unknown. It was many days ero Kenton or Marian or Mrs. Baxter walked in the sunshine. In the case of the latter perhaps it was better that her mind groued in the darkness, and that it was months before she could realize her widowhood. General Coster kindly sent her on to Washington for treatment, and for weeks and weeks she kept calling out:

"Ike said he'd go fur help to captur the Yankee, but he hain't dun come back yit. Ike's goin to be a great ossifer and hev a sword and a prancin critter, and 1'll held up my head with any N. E. Cor. 15th and Filbert Sta., Philada.

Where is Uncle Ben? Gone to his rest years ago, but he lived to see the end of the war and to enjoy for a season the haven of rest which kind hearts created for him.

There was a marriage in Winchester about two months after the battle of T. J. VICTORY, Rest Haven. They called it a military



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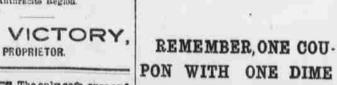
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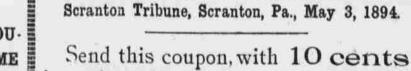


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