CHICKAMAUGA

A SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

An Intensely Interesting Story Full of Thrilling Adventures And Dramatic Situations.

TOLD WITH CONSUMATE SKILL BY

Capt. F. A. MITCHEL,

Author of

Chattanooga and Other War Stories

CHAPTER I.

OPENING OF A CAMPAIGN.

The Army of the Cumberland is awakening. For months its 30 miles of torpid length have been marked by clusters of white tents like the rings of a gigantic anaconda. But now there is an arousing from its long period of lethargy. The tents are being struck, the men are stuffing knapsacks, rolling blankets or swallowing from tin cups a last draft of invigorating coffee. Wagons are being loaded with all kinds of camp equipage — tents, camp cots, cooking utensils, the pine tables and army desks of the staff departments. Here orderlies are holding horses, waiting their riders, and there men are strapping blankets or ponchos behind saddles or cramming bacon and "hard tack" into haversacks, while strikers empty the contents of the demijohn into canteens. Each regiment as soon as formed moves out into the road, the whole taking up the line of march by brigades and divisions.

It is the right or head of the monster that awakens first. The main body of this wing moves diagonally toward the front and left, while cavalry pushes directly south to conceal the movement and produce a false impression on the enemy. All day the infantry and artillery work their way over dirt roads, the men marching at will, smoking, chatting, laughing, the Irish regiments cracking jokes, the Germans singing, all with that esprit which pervades an army just starting after a long period of idleness on a new campaign. A lashing of artillery horses, a cursing of mules, words of command, bugle calls, picket firing, the occasional boom of a gun, mingle confusedly and in a country used only to the peaceful lowing of cattle or the song of birds. Throughout its whole length the Army of the Cumberland is in motion, advancing on that campaign which is to maneuver the Confederates out of Tennessee and lead up to the battle of Chickamauga.

On a road running parallel with the Cumberland mountains, which flank the Union army on its left, a strange looking vehicle is going at a breakneck pace toward the south. The horse is a rawboned animal with long legs and neck, while the vehicle—a buggy—is so bespattered with mud that what paint remains on it is invisible. The bottom is partly gone; the dashboard would let through a cannon ball without being injured; the springs are badly bent; the top, which is let down—there are no props to hold it up—is shriveled and torn, its tatters flying behind in the wind. A woman in a striped calico dress, a sunbonnet of the same material, a pair of colored spectacles on her nose, holds the reins and urges forward the horse. Yet strange looking as is the conveyance and its occupant, for that time and region there is nothing unusual in the appearance of either. The country people inhabiting that portion of Tennessee are not cultured, and uncouthness is rather the rule than the exception.

Coming to a place where she can get a full view for some distance ahead, the woman glances over the intervening space between her and the next rise in the undulating ground. Seeing nothing to deter, she drives her horse on as rapidly as she can force him to go. Her buggy careens till it is in danger of going over; she is bounced from her seat with a prospect of being sent over the dashboard; the mud flies, the horse wheezes, the buggy groans, but there is no slackening of pace.

"Go on, Bobby, go on!"

Turning a curve in the road partly hidden by trees, she sees a cavalry camp ahead. In the road an officer stands talking to a man in a farm wagon, beside whom, on a board seat, its two ends resting on the wagon's sides, sits a boy of 14, while on a back seat, evidently borrowed from a more pretentious vehicle, is a young girl, perhaps three or four years the boy's senior.

The woman of the striped dress drove up to the group, and drawing rein listened to what they were saying.

"Cap," said the farmer—all officers in the Union army were called by the people of the country either cap or gineral or mister—"cap, I want ter go through the lines powerful bad."

"Well, Oi'm thinkin, me good man," replied the officer, with the brogue of an Irishman, "that's exactly what old Rosy wants to do unless he prefers to get behind 'em and bag 'em from the rear."

"Oh, I don't mean fightin! I wants ter go hum peaceful."

"Can't pass ye, me good man. Oi've orders not to pass any one south while the army is movin. There's no need to be tellin ye that all day. Once ought to be sufficient."

"What's thet?" cried a shrill voice from the buggy. "You don't mean fo' ter tell me I can't go hum?"

"Oi fear, me dear leddy, that ye can't, if ye live beyond our lines."

"H'm! And so you uns hev kem down hyar ter make war on women."

"Well, now, that depends on the kind of war. We've come down vi et armis, as my old preceptor at the university used to say—God bless 'im! Like enough the vi is for the men and the armis for the women."

"I don't keer," replied the woman. "You uns hain't got no business fo' ter come down hyar nohow. You're a mis'able set o' black abolishioners. I'm a gal 'thout nothin ter fight with, and you uns"—

"Beauty and the beast," interrupted the officer, bowing.

"Now, see hyar, Mr. Yank, I got ter go hum. Pop he's away, and mother she's sick in bed."

The officer scratched his head and thought.

"Well, me friends," he said presently, "Oi'm thinkin Oi'll refer the case of all of yez to brigade headquarters. Would ye moind sittin where ye are till I get an answer?"

"Reckon not," from the farmer.

"Hurry up," said the woman in the buggy. "Mother's waitin fo' me."

The officer stepped into his tent near by and came out with a pencil and the back of an old letter. With these he proceeded to take down the information required. Approaching the buggy, he said:

"Will ye plaze favor me with your patronymic"—he paused while he looked to see if she were young or old—"miss?"

"My what?"

"Your patronymic."

"Oh, talk Tennessee!"

"Well, then, your cognomen."

"See hyar, Mr. Officer, ef you want ter git anything outen me, you want ter talk squar'."

"Please tell me your name."

"Betsy Baggs. And yours?"

"Major Burke, at your service. Are ye Union or"—

"Rebel!"

"Where do ye want to go?"

"Hum."

"And that is at"—

"Dunlap."

"Why are ye here?"

"I been ter MacMinnville ter see mother's old doctor."

"There's a shorter road from MacMinnville than this. Why didn't ye take it?"

The girl showed a slight confusion.

"Oh, I got a friend at Franklin college. She uns and I uns allus ben powerful thick."

After getting the data as to all the party the major called a mounted man and directed him to take it to headquarters and ask for instructions.

"Do ye know who to take it to?" he asked of the man as he was about to ride away.

"It's to the gineral I'm takin it."

"The gineral? Man, would you get me court martialed for disregard of the regulations? Take it to the chafe of staff, ye lunkhead, and from him ye'll get the answer. It's not the loikes of you can approach the gineral. Moind now, and don't spind the time talkin with the guard."

While the messenger was away the party listened to the voluble tongue of the young Confederate sympathizer in the buggy. She entered into the causes of the war, depicted the benefits of negro slavery, especially on the slave, spoke admiringly of all Confederate soldiers and ransacked the dictionary to find words to express her loathing of Yankees.

"Come, now, Miss Baggs," said the major good naturedly. "There's a young fellow in me regiment who'll suit ye exactly. He is an Oirishman from the crown of his head to the sole of his fut. He only came over a few years ago. He is as smart as a whip. There was but one gurrel in County Cavan who could outtalk 'im. That's the reason he left Oireland."

"When I want a man, I reckon I can find one right hyar outen the yarth o' Tennessee 'thout goin to Oireland ter find one. Is he redheaded?"

"Red as the linin of an artillery officer's cap."

"What kind o' eyes?"

"Blue as a robin's egg."

"Waal, trot him out. I'll take a look at him."

"Oi'll call him meself," and the major went into one of the tents. There he found Corporal Ratigan, the man he sought.

"Corporal Rats," he said—every one called the corporal Rats—"there's a gurrel out thers that wants to go through the lines. Oi've sent to brigade headquarters to find out if they'll give her a pass. I want ye to make her acquaintance."

"At your service, major," said the corporal, saluting. And the two walked out to where the travelers were waiting.

"Miss Baggs," said the major, "allow me to presint Corporal Ratigan, commonly called Rats by his comrades, one of the most gallant men in the regiment."

Corporal Ratigan bowed and uncovered a head of hair fully up to the major's description of it. It surmounted one of the most honest of countenances. There was an air of gentility about the man despite his private's uniform, and the smile with which he greeted the young woman could not have been more bewitching had he saluted a marchioness. Admiration for the strapping Irish Yankee soldier stood big in Miss Baggs' eyes.

"How de?" she said, with something that was intended for a bow. "Yer a purty likely lookin feller ef you air playin Yank. You'd better 'a' staid in Oireland than come down hyar ter make war on women."

"And have Oi overpainted the beautiful tint of his hair?" asked the major, laughing. "It'd make good winter hair; needn't hev no fire in the house."

Horses' hoofs were heard down the road, and in a few minutes the messenger who had been sent to headquarters rode up.

"Where's the answer?" asked the major.

"Divil an answer did Oi get, major," said the man, saluting awkwardly.

"And what d'ye mean by that?"

"Well, Oi kem up to headquarthers, and the gineral was gettin off of his harse to go in his tint. 'Have ye anythin for me, me man?' he asked. 'Niver a worrud, gineral,' Oi answered, salutin respectful. 'What's the paper ye have in your belt?' 'It's for the chafe of staff. 'Well, give it to me.' 'Divil a bit, gineral; it's not for the loikes of me to be givin yez a paper. Oi'm instructed to give it to the chafe of staff.' 'Give me the paper, ye cussed Oirishman,' he said, 'or Oi'll sind ye to the guard tint.' 'Niver will Oi be guilty of breakin the regulations or the articles of war, gineral.' 'Corporal of the guard!' yelled the gineral.

"The corporal kem and saluted the gineral, him red as Corporal Ratigan's head. 'Take that paper from that man! he roared. Well, bein surrounded by the guard who were at the corporal's call, Oi surrendered."

"And thin?" gasped the major, glaring at the stupid messenger.

"And thin the gineral said, 'Go to yer camp and tell Major Burke to put ye in the guard tint for 24 hours. And whin he sinds another orderly to me not to sind a recruit, or Oi'll put him in arrest.'"

"By the howly ——! Ye infernal, raw ——! Did ye get no answer?"

"'Oi'll sind an answer by a soldier who has been properly retained,' said the gineral. Didn't ye tell me right, major?"

"Corporal of the guard!" cried the major by way of reply.

"Take that man," he said when the corporal came, "to the guard tent."

As the messenger was marched away, protesting against the injustice of his treatment for obeying orders, a staff officer rode up. Taking the major apart, he instructed him to let the applicant go through, provided they would take an oath not to give any information concerning the Union troops to the enemy. With the passes he brought a suggestion from the general to send some person with one or the other of the two parties under pretense of an escort, but really with a view to discovering the proximity of the enemy. Now that the main army was moving, it might be well to discover if the cavalry on its flank had fallen back. The ground was unfavorable for a reconnoissance; hence the suggestion to get information by strategem.

The major hunted the camp for a Bible on which to administer the oath and called on Corporal Ratigan to help him. He explained the general's request and told Ratigan that he wanted him to go with Miss Baggs. Having given the corporal a full understanding of what was required of him, he went back to the party with a Bible, followed by Ratigan.

The farmer and his family were first sworn, and then the major offered to swear Miss Baggs.

"I hain't goin ter do no swearin," she said defiantly.

"Oi'm glad to hear that," remarked Corporal Ratigan.

"What fo', fire top?" she asked, surprised.

"Oi'd be breakin me heart at partin with ye."

"You hain't got no heart nohow, or you wouldn t be in the Yankee army."

"Don't ye believe it," exclaimed the major; "his heart's as warrum as the color of his hair. Come, young leddy, take the oath. Oi'd be sorry to be partin ye from yer mother and she sufferin."

"I won't."

"Won't ye take it for moi sake?" queried Ratigan, with a mock appeal.

"You'll hev ter git some un uglier'n you uns ter move me. I hanker after ugly men, but you uns ain't quite ugly enough fo' me."

"Now ye're talkin with a seductive tongue," quoth Ratigan. "If the major will permit, Oi've a mind to see ye through the lines meself without the oath."

The corporal looked slyly at the major, and the major returned the corporal's sly glance.

"Very well," said Burke. "Ye go with her, and moind that she isn't keepin her ois open to see things for Gineral Bragg's benefit. Miss Baggs, if ye'll just keep lookin roit into the corporal's blue arbs, ye'll get through all right, and if ye're tempted to look aside just fix 'em on his head, and ye'll be blinded."

The corporal went for his horse, buckled on his revolver, and coming back started out to play diplomat—in other words, to acquire knowledge by strategy.

"SEE HYAR, MR. OFFICER."

CHAPTER II.

A WAR OF WITS.

Corporal Ratigan rode gallantly beside Miss Baggs, the two keeping up a constant picket firing, which occasionally warmed to the dignity of a skirmish. Miss Baggs was in an excellent humor and the corporal quite delighted at the role he was playing. He pretended to watch her carefully whenever anything belonging to the army was passed on the road, while he was secretly forming his plans for getting far enough on the way to determine the proximity of the enemy. He felt no suspicion as to Miss Baggs carrying information. Being on the flank of the army, she would not be likely to have much information to carry. The country people were constantly passing between the lines, and considering their harrowing excuses no one except with a heart of stone could well prevent them.

"What's in the box ye have with ye?" asked Ratigan, looking at a square little box on the seat beside her. It had been covered with a shawl, which had fallen from over it, exposing it to view.

"Thet? Thet's a philosophy machine. You see, my friend, Sal Glassick, she knows a heap o' things. She's tryin ter beat somé on 'em inter my pore noddle. Reckon she won't hev no easy time."

"What branch does she teach ye with that?"

"Waal, you see, mother, she's sufferin with palsy, and this hyar box is a—waal, Sal, she calls it a gal—gal"—

"Galvanic battery?"

"Thet's it. You hit it right thar. A galvanic battery. We uns 're goin ter try 't on mother. Lord a-massy, what's thet?"

She directed his attention from the box to a cloud of smoke hanging over the gaps in the hills far to the west. They were crossing a mountain spur and could see it quite plainly.

"There's foightin goin on there," remarked the corporal.

"And yon uns air gittin licked," observed the rebellious Miss Baggs.

"How d'ye know that?" asked Ratigan, surprised that she should know anything about it.

"Oh, I reckon!"

"It's a quare thing—the reckonin of gurrels."

"Waal, you see, women hain't got the big heads men hev. They can't reason things out. They hev ter jump at 'em mebbe, like ants. Ants is powerful small, but they're most times right when they reckon."

Ratigan made no reply. He was thinking that Miss Baggs did not appear to be so plain a personage as he at first thought her. He looked at her hands, incased in coarse gloves, and noticed that they were small for "poor white trash."

Her attire was very cheap, and her cowhide shoes did not betoken refinement, but somehow he began to gather a notion that Miss Baggs was not so dreadfully common as she appeared. The corporal came of an excellent family in his native land, and under ordinary circumstances could detect refinement. He looked for Miss Baggs to use some expression beyond the ken of a "poor white" girl, but she did not. So he dismissed the matter from his mind and began to wonder what excuse he could make to go on with her under flag of truce when she should pass the Union pickets.

"We uns air goin slow enough ter worrit a snail," remarked Miss Baggs.

"And wh should we be goin faster?"

"Whar'd you steal thet critter?" she asked, instead of replying, looking sidewise at the corporal's mount. "It's likely nuff fo' Tennessee blood."

"Oh! That's United States. Don't ye see the 'U. S.' branded on him?"

"Can he trot?"

"He can beat anything in the brigade."

"D'you think he can trot with this hyar critter o' mine."

Ratigan looked at her rawboned brute and burst into a laugh.

"Waal, now, you needn't take on so. Reckon I o'd give you a brush ef you was minded."

"All right, me dear. Here's a straight bit of road."

"Fo' what stakes?"

"A $5 greenback."

"Agin Confederate money?"

"With pleasure."

The corporal drew forth a crisp $5 bill. And Miss Baggs put the thumb and finger of one hand in the palm of the other under her glove and drew out a Confederate shinplaster.

"Who holds the stakes?" asked the corporal gleefully.

"You uns."

"Divil a bit. The lady shall hold 'em."

She took the bill he handed her and gave the lines a jerk with a "Git along thar! Remember, it's a trottin race."

Ratigan was at a disadvantage from the first. He did not dare to use his spurs lest his horse should break from a trot. Miss Baggs' animal began to reach his lank legs out, triangulating in a lumbering fashion that put him over the ground at no inconsiderable speed. The corporal did his best and kept pace pretty well.

"Reckon my Bob Lee kin knock the stuffin outen your critter, Mr. Sojer. Git up, Bob."

With that Bob increased the length of his triangulations, increasing their frequency at the same time. The result was that he carried the old buggy with Betsy Baggs in it right away from the corporal. Indeed Ratigan fell behind steadily. If he should break from a trot, he would lose the race; if he should keep up his trot, he would lose Miss Baggs.

Suddenly an officer appeared on the road, and regarding him sternly ordered him to halt.

"Oi'm followin the young lady, sir. Oi'm on official business for the gineral, commandin the ——th cavalry brigade."

"Well, my man, you're a well disciplined orderly. You keep the regulation 40 paces to the rear. Give your horse the spur and catch up."

Ratigan, who could not well explain to an officer that he was running a race, and fearing to lose his charge, gave his horse the spur and dashed after her at a gallop. He reached her in a "blown" condition.

"Oi've lost," he cried out of breath.

"Reckon you have," was Miss Baggs' sole reply.

"The money's yours."

"Reckon it air," repeated Miss Baggs.

"Yer always reckonin. Mebbe ye reckoned about the end of the race loike the ant ye were talkin about."

At that moment they spied the outpost ahead.

"Waal, hyar we air," said Miss Baggs. "Don't want ter part from you uns, Mr. Sojer. I'm powerful bad struck hyar." And she put her hand on her heart.

"Like enough Oi can find some reason to go with ye a bit. Oi'm all broken up meself, sure enough."

"I hopes you kin."

"Lieutenant," said the corporal, saluting an officer who came out from the picket post. "Major Burke ordered me to see this young lady out of the lines. She has a pass to Dunlap."

The lieutenant read the pass and told Miss Baggs she might go through.

Ratigan was racking his brains to know what to do. He had been instructed to go through with Miss Baggs under some pretense, but his ingenuity when put to the test failed him. Miss Baggs came to his relief.

"Mr. Corporal," she said, "I don't hanker ter part 'ith thet bloomin head o' ha'r o' yourn. Would you mind seein a pore lone woman ter the Confederate lines?"

The corporal whispered a few words in the lieutenant's ear. The result was that in five minutes four cavalry privates were placed under the corporal's orders, who held in his hand a pole cut from a tree at the side of the road, to which he had attached a white cotton handkerchief.

Then the old buggy, which rattled at every turn of the wheel and threatened to collapse at every mudhole, proceeded down the road. Corporal Ratigan cantered alongside, while the four privates followed directly in rear.

But a few miles had been traversed when a horseman—he proved to be the enemy's vedette—was seen standing in the road ahead. As the party approached they saw a dozen more advancing to his support. But the Confederates evidently saw the white flag, for no other demonstration was made than the riding forward of an officer with half a dozen men to meet those who were advancing.

"What do you want?" asked the officer grimly.

"Flag to see the lady to your lines."

"Under a commissioned officer?"

"Only meself, a corporal," said Ratigan.

"Well, you can turn about pretty quick and get back to where you came from. The next such flag sent out will be taken in and won't get out again."

"Captain, don't you know me?" said Miss Baggs, smiling at the officer.

"Well, upon my word. You don't mean"—

Miss Baggs put her finger on her lip.

"These men came at my request," she continued, "so I hope you will not find any fault."

The officer raised his hat, but said nothing.

"Good morning, corporal," she said. "I'm much obliged for your trouble."

"You're quite welcome, miss."

Both parties moved slowly away simultaneously. They had scarcely started before the corporal heard his name spoken in a woman's voice, but one with which he was not familiar.

"Rats!"

He turned and saw what must be Miss Baggs, for her dress was the same, though her head and neck were changed, standing in the buggy, her back to the horse, her face directly toward him. Her glasses were gone, her sunbonnet hung in one hand, while she held reins in the other. Never had the corporal beheld so great a change in so brief a space of time. The jolting had disarranged a mass of dark hair which had partly fallen over her shoulders. Her eyes were black and lustrous, her complexion an olive relieved by a ruddiness on the cheek. Her superb head was set on her neck as if it had been placed there by an artist. The face was lighted by a smile of triumph—a smile so bewitching that it haunted the corporal to his dying day.

Ratigan had not recovered from his surprise before she spoke to him in a rich contralto voice, as little like that he had heard from her as a fife is like the mellow tones of an organ.

"Corporal, please present my compliments to Major Burke and thank him for me for his kindness, and tell him that when he sends another woman through the lines under pretense of keeping her eyes shut, when he has an especial purpose of his own in view, not to send an 'Oirishman' for an escort." The smile on her lips broadened and showed a set of white teeth. "The 'Oirish' race as diplomats are not usually successful. Au revoir, corporal."

There was a grin on the faces of the Confederate lookers on and astonishment on the honest countenance of Corporal Ratigan.

"And, Rats," she continued, evidently enjoying bringing out the word with her rich voice, as one loves to roll old wine on the tongue, "when a woman desires to race, it is not always for the money up." She tossed the bill she had won toward him.

"And, Rats, don't race again with any one with a rawboned animal with long legs. Bobby Lee is from the blue grass regions of Kentucky. There's something wrong about his breathing apparatus, but even with that disadvantage he can trot a mile over a good road in 2:50."

Had Miss Baggs appeared less bewitching as she stood there under the protection of half a dozen Confederate troopers, Ratigan would have turned away impatiently. As it was, she seemed to hold him by a spell.

"One thing more, my bonny cardinal flower. Tell the major that I like 'the young man from County Cavan' he has recommended to me very much." Her eyes fairly danced. "When the war is over, I hope you will look me up. Inquire for Betsy Baggs at the St. Cloud hotel, Nashville."

With this she threw him a kiss from the tips of her fingers, which, now that her glove was removed, he noticed were white and round. There was really something sympathetic in the last glance she gave him. In it was a regret that it had been necessary for her to deceive so honest and manly a fellow. It was the final dart that pierced the Irishman's heart and completed his inthrallment.

Leaving the corporal and his men gaping in the road, the party moved away. The last thing Ratigan heard was a hoarse laugh from one of the Confederates, which was rebuked by Miss Baggs and reprimanded by the officer.

The corporal led his party northward in no good humor. At the picket post he left the men he had taken with him and rode on alone meditatively. In passing a part of the road where there was no one to hear he reined in his horse and exclaimed aloud:

"D—n it! I believe the witch is carrying important information."

The thought filled him with horror. Who was she? What was she? What was the box she called a galvanic battery? For more than an hour he had attended a rude country girl, who, when under the protection of Confederate officers, bloomed into a handsome woman. He was as much chagrined at his own stupidity as he was bewildered by the cunning of Miss Baggs.

Entering the camp, he slunk away to his tent and did not report the outcome of his mission to Major Burke till just before "taps." Then he only said, "Their pickets are three miles down the road beyond ours."

"Are ye shure?"

"Oi am. Oi left the young lady—Oi mean the counthry gurrel—among 'em. And the vixen blew me a kiss at partin."

"Ah, Rats, ye're a sly dog. Oi'm shure ye did your work well."

"Major," replied the corporal, "don't ye believe it. All the divils in hell if they be men are no match for a woman."

"And if they be women, Rats?"

"Then God save 'em both."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Have you Renewed your Subscription for 1895.

GARRETT.

S. Frymire, of Ekron, was here one day this week.

Mr. James Osborne Sr., of Guston, was here last Sunday.

Uncle John Tuell, of Ekron, is visiting in this neighborhood this week

Several from here attended the sale at Hill Grove and report good sales.

Mr. J. W. Tuell and wife spent Thursday night with Dr. Miles and wife.

Josh Montgomery has returned home after several days visit with friends here.

Mr. Bob Buckler has returned to Marion county after a few weeks visit here.

Mr. Pree Richardson and wife spent last Sunday with Mr. Wm. Hilf and family.

D. W. Burch and Josh Montgomery went to Brandenburg Saturday on business.

Mrs. J. G. Shacklett, of Hill Grove was here one day this week the guest of her son, Rod.

Mr. John Funk visited his sister, Mrs. John Bunger, who is still very poorly, last Sunday.

Mr. James Ricketts and family, of Brandenburg, were visiting Mrs. Crutcher and family this week.

Dr. Walker, of Bewleyville, passed through here last Friday enoute for Garnetteville to visit his brother, Dr. B. R. Walker.

LOUISVILLE MARKET REPORTS

Correctly weekly by Pumphrey & Laufer, Produce Commission Merchants, 230 Second St., bet. Main and Market, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 5, 1895.

Shippers should mark all packages plainly, with shipper's name and post-office address.

BUTTER.	
Choice, country	19 @ 11
Medium	8 @ 9
Creamery	20 @ 25
EGGS.	
Fresh	@ 23
BEANS.	
Michigan, hand picked	to 22 5
Indiana—Navy	1 75 to 2 00
Old or Common and colored	1 00 to 1 20
FEATHERS.	
Prime, white goose	35 @ 38
Mixed	25 @ 30
Old	15 @ 30
No. 1. duck	25 @ 60
GAME.	
Rabbits per doz	75
Squirrels per doz	75
HIDES.	
Green, good	4¾ @ 5¼
Dry Salt, good	7¼ @ 7¾
Dry flint, good	7 @ 9
Sheep skins	20 @ 40
POULTRY.	
Hens per lb	6½ @ 7
Ducks	7 @ 8
Turkeys alive	7 @ 7 ½
Turkeys dressed	@ 10
DRIED APPLES AND PEACHES.	
Apples, choice bright quarters	5¼ to
Apples, average	4¾ to 5
Apples, old	
Peaches, new	4 to 5
Peaches, old	
WOOL.	
Tub-washed	21 @ 21½
Grease, fine	15 @ 16
Grease, coarse	13 @ 15
Merino	10 @ 12
Burry and Cots	8 @ 12
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Tallow	@ 4¾
Beeswax	@ 25
Sorghum Molasses	30 @ 35
HAY, GRAIN, FEED.	
We quote prices to-day on Louisville city wharf:	
OATS.	
No. 2 oats	32 @ 36
HAY.	
Strictly choice	10 50 @ 13 00
Choice No. 2	11 00 @ 12 00
Good Medium	10 00 @ 11 00
Good Bright Straw	4 50 @
CORN.	
Choice white	@ 42½
Choice shelled	@ 46
CATTLE.	
Good to extra shipping	4 00 @ 4 25
Light shipping	3 50 @ 3 75
Best Butchers	3 40 @ 3 65
Medium to good butchers	3 00 @ 3 25
HOGS.	
Choice packing and butchers	4 90 @ 5 00
Fair to good	4 85 @ 4 90
Roughs	6 50 @ 6 75
Shoats and pigs 100 lbs and under	4 75 @ 5 00
SHEEP.	
Good to extra shipping	2 00 @ 2 25
Fair to good	2 75 @ 2 50
LAMBS.	
Good to extra spring	4 50 @ 4 75
Fair to good	2 50 @ 4 00

Louisville, St Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

NO. 24.

TIME SCHEDULE

Taking Effect

At 6:00 o'clock A. M. Sunday, Dec. 30, 1894

West Bound Trains				East Bound Trains	
53 Expr's Daily	51 Mail & Expr's Daily	STATIONS		52 Mail & Expr's Daily	54 Expr's Daily
6 30pm	7 30am	lv. Un'n p't	..ar	1 00pm	8 30pm
6 45	7 45	Kentucky St.		12 45	8 15
7 24	8 25	West Point		11 25	7 35
7 30	8 28	Howard		12 02am	7 30
7 47	8 45	Rock Haven		11 47	7 14
7 55	8 53	Long Branch		11 39	7 07
8 04	9 02	Brandenburg		11 31	6 58
8 13	9 11	Ekron		11 22	6 48
8 21	9 19	Guston		11 14	6 40
8 30	9 30	Irvington		11 05	6 30
8 38	9 39	Webster		10 56	6 14
8 45	9 47	Lodiburg		10 49	6 06
8 55	9 56	Pierce		10 41	5 57
9 00	10 00	Sample		10 37	5 52
9 09	10 09	Stephensport		10 28	5 45
9 14	10 14	Addison		10 23	5 40
9 17	10 20	Holt		10 20	5 36
9 28	10 23	Cloverport		10 05	5 24
9 31	10 19	Shope		10 01	5 21
9 43	10 59	Skillman		9 48	5 09
9 54	11 02	Hawesville		9 37	4 59
10 02	11 09	Petrie		9 29	4 51
10 07	11 15	Falcon		9 23	4 45
10 12	11 19	Cayce		9 19	4 42
10 18	11 23	Lewisport		9 13	4 36
10 35	11 48	Powers		9 05	4 20
10 48	12 05am	Pates		8 40	4 08
10 59	12 16pm	Owensboro		8 30	4 00
11 09	12 18	Mattingly		8 17	3 47
11 14	12 23	Griffith		8 09	3 41
11 19	12 27	Stanley		8 06	3 37
11 25	12 35	Worthington		7 58	3 30
11 33	12 42	Reads		7 50	3 23
11 43	12 53	Spottsville		7 42	3 16
11 53pm	12 59	Basetts		7 34	3 10
12 10am	1 15pm	ar. Henders'n	lv	7 20am	2 55pm

L., St L. & T. R'y, Fordsville Branch.

TIME TABLE No. 24

TAKING EFFECT DEC. 30, 1894.

West Bound Trains			East Bound Trains	
Daily ex Sun. No. 5	Daily ex Sun. No. 1	STATIONS.	Daily ex Sun. No. 2	Daily ex Sun No. 6
	10 10am	Lv Irvington Ar	9 20am	
	11 50	Garfield	8 10	
	12 05pm	Harned	7 50	
	12 22	Hardinsburg	7 30	
	12 58	Kirk	7 00	
	1 10	Jolly	6 50	
	1 28	Glendeane	6 30	
	1 35	Dempster	6 20	
	1 55	ar Falls Rough	lv 6 00	
	2 30	Rockvale	5 27	
	2 42	Ruth	5 16	
	2 54	Askins	5 08	
	3 04	Oaks	4 56	
	3 40pm	Ar Fordsville	Lv 4 35am	

"Chickamauga"

A stirring story of love and Adventure. Will soon appear in this paper.