J. E. PAGE,

Gastonia, N. C.: December 23, 1887.

(ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF PER ANNUM, )

2, Olmon

IN ADVANCE.

Why Girls Go Wrong. Elia Wheeler Wilcox's Letter.

Youth is youth where ever you find it. Young blood flows swift and warm through pulsing veins. Young hearts long for companionship, young brains indulge in vague, sweet dreams of pleasure yet to come. A beautiful young girl can no more be content with prosaic duties, without one day of pleasure to brighten her life than a meadow lark can be confined in a cage. To attend faithfully the most commonplace tasks all day, to Lear no word of praise for her labors, and to retire at 8 o'clock on a beautiful moonlight evening is little less than fortune to a girl full of sentiment and undefined longings. Yet this is the existence of hundreds of country girls.

The parents regard any hours spent in plearure as so much lost time. They extract industry and obedience from their offspring, invite no confidence, and object to late hours or merrymaking. The young heart seethes in silent rebellion, and learns to hate its lot, and lives in hope that something will happen to give color to life. If the city idler, or the amerous farm hand, or the married seducer happens to find her in these rebellious moods, why then we read in the newspapers an item about the "Strange Disappearance " or " Unaccountable Mesalliance " or " Shocking Depravity " or a hitherto quiet and respecta-

ble girl. The heartbroken parents are crushed with shame and sorrow. They cannot understand why their beloved daughter should go astray. Ah! if they had only shown her demonstrations of their love, if they had only sought to know her secret thoughts and longings, if they made an effort once a month to give her a few hours of pleasure, she need not have gone

## DARING AND SUFFERING.

A History of the Andrews Railroad Raid Into Georgia in 1862.

The Most Heroic and Tragic Episode of the Civil War.

Embracing a Full and Accurate Account of the Secret Journey to the Heart of mickerney, the Capture of a Railway Train in a Confederate Camp, the Terrible Chase That Followed, and the Subsequent Fortunes of the Lender and His Party.

The expedition, in the daring of its inception, had the wildness of a romance; while in the gigantic and overwhelming results it sought and was likely to obtain it was absolutely sub-JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL HOLT'S OFFICIAL RE-

It was all the deepest laid scheme, and on the grandest scale, that ever emanated from the brains of any number of Yankees co. THE Se THERN CONFEDERACY (ATLANTA, GA.), Despite its tragic termination, it shows what a

handfu. of brave men could undertake in America.—Conte de Paris' History of the Civil War IN Assented, vol. 2, p. 187.

> By WILLIAM PITTENGER, A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

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CHAPTER X. OOSTENAULA BRIDGE.

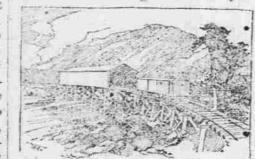
The bridge was now just at hand. What should we do? To leave it intact was to be thought of only in the direct We had carried our ammunition-the fuel we had gathered-into our last car, and while it was not as good as we would have liked, yet in a little time we could make a fire. We now punched a hole in the back end of our car-in fact we had done this in passing from one car to another previous to dropping the last one-and now began to let ties fall out on the track while we ran. They followed us "end over end," and showed a most perverse disposition to get off the track, but a few remained. This moderated the speed of the pursuing engine, which was a help that we sorely needed, for it was now evident that they either had a faster engine than ours or better fuel. The latter was certainly the case, for we had been using wood very rapidly without any opportunity for a long time past to re-

The first feeling of despondency of the whole route took possession of us as we approached the bridge, with our pursuer se behind. The situation was in every way unfavorable for us. If we passed by without leaving it in cshes we felt that one important part of our business would be undone, even if we were completely successful afterward in evading pursuit

and destroying the Chickamauga bridges. Murphy expresses the opinion that we made a great mistake at this point. There was at this time a long and high wooden trestle by which the Resnea bridge is ap-As we came near we "slowed up," and right in the middle of this trestle we dropped our last car. Murphy says that if we had but thrown it across the track the bridge would have been at our mercy, as well as all the bridges above. He is right, but the difficulty in doing this is greater than he thinks. To pull or push the car off by means of the engine involved some risk of getting the engine itself off, which would have been fatal. We had no good means of moving it in any other way, and the element of time was all important. The pursuers were right behind, and while they could not have fired on us at effective range, they could very quickly have alarmed the town aboad of us, and then the track could have been obstructed to prevent our passage. It is easier to imagine what might have been done, than actually to do it, even if

the circumstances were repeated. There was no opportunity to turn and fight at this point. The town of Resaca was within a few hundred yards of the bridge, and any noise would bring help from that quarter. Besides our pursuers

chance of getting at close quarters was by | train started from Marietta, and loaded | us put on some obstructions and hide; one an ambuscade. Had the day been dry, we could have flung fagots from the engine upon the roof, but now a fire even or the inside of the large frame bridge would require careful nursing. With a station only a few hundred feet ahead. where the track might be so easily ob-

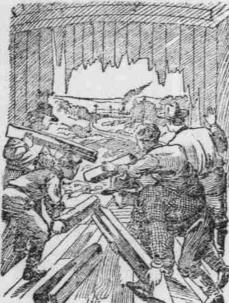


structed, and with the guns of the pursuers behind, we could not give time for this; so we slowly and reluctantly passed over the bridge, after dropping the car, and on through the village of Resaca. The pursuers took up this car as they had done the other, and pushed them both through the bridge, and left them on the Resaca side track.

It may be well to notice here how our gnorance of the enemy and his ignorance of us both inured to his advantage. There had been already many intimations among us that it would be well to turn and fight rather than to be chased any further. Had the real weakness of the enemy on the first train been known, Andrews would have certainly ordered the attack. On the other hand, if Fuller's party had known how strong we were he could not have induced them to continue the chase, even if the resolute conductor himself had not been willing to wait for help. It was believed at first that we were but fourthe number on the engine. The estimate was never raised higher than eight, Murphy suggesting to Fuller even then that it would be better to wait for the train behind and take on more men. But Fuller resolved to persevere and at least delay us at the risk of his own life. Had it been known that we were twenty, he and his slender band would not have been guilty of the madness of crowding on nearly twice their number, even if better armed and sure of help at every station. But this madness, this unreasonable pursuit, the result of imperfect knowledge, served them well.

After passing Resaca, we again forced our pursuers back by dropping ties on the track, and not knowing whether it was a telegraph station or not, we again cut the wires. No obstructions were placed on the track at this point, but it was on a curve, and taking a rail which had been bent in lifting it I placed one end under the rail at one side and the other projecting diagonally toward the train on the other side. The pursuers saw us start, but seeing no obstructions they ran at a good rate of speed right over this rail! Persons on the tender jumped a foot high, and one of Fuller's stanchest helpers demanded that Tuel, lingered still to get a huge annihold the train be stopped to let him off! he wanted no more such running as that! But Fuller, though considering this the greatest of their dangers, would not stop; and it was impossible for him to keep a closer lookout than he had done.

But what conjectures did we form to account for the unexpected appearance of this pursuing train? The story as given to the reader was totally unknown then and we were greatly perplexed. The matter had great practical importance. Was the engine started after us by an authority which had also alarmed the



DROPPING TIES OF THE TRACK. whole road ahead of us? If so, we would do well to abandon our efforts for the destruction of bridges and seek our own safety. Of one thing we felt sure, it must have been one of the trains we had passed at Calhoun or Adairsville that was following, but why? There were three possibilities only to choose from. The first and less serious was that the suspicious conductor at Calhoun, who had been so unwilling to let us pass, had determined that we were impostors, and at his own motion had set out to follow us. If so, we would have to deal only with him, and might yet accomplish a part of our work. Or it might be that the freight back.

track, had escaped wreck, and, turning had telegraphed ahead before we had cut the wire. In this case all the road ahead would be alarmed, and this was probable indeed. Or, once more, a messenger might have been sent down to Marietta from Big Shanty, and a dispatch sent to Atlanta and around the whole circuit of the Confederacy back to Chattanooga, and, before the wires had been cut, to one of the trains we had passed, with orders to follow us closely and prevent us from damaging the road until a train coald he sent out from Chattanooga to secure our capture. If either of these latterconjectures were true-and they were the most probable-our race was almost run! We would be obliged to leave the road, and essay the far more difficult task of escaping on foot. If Andrews thought either of these probably true, it would fully account for his 'reluctance in ordering the capture of a pursuing train; for such a capture could do no permanent good, while every one of his party wounded in the fight would be disabled for the inevitable and terrible land journey ahead, and would surely be lost. In view of the almost hopeless situation as it appeared to us then-far worse than the reality, for the road ahead had not been warned as yet-the heroic constancy of Andrews, who continued to put forth every possible effort as coolly and quietly as if success had been within his grasp, is made brightly conspicuous. There were now three chasing trains; first, Fuller and his

men with the locomotive of the down

freight; second, the Calhoun passenger,

with soldiers.

ot run very fast. It was evident that we be saving of our fuel. But now we were approaching Green's, a wood station near Tilton, and we were determined to have a fresh supply at any cost. So the last wood in the box, with a little of our precious oil, was shoved into the furnace, and Brown, who had now taken the throttle, turned on a full head of steam, and we once more flew along the track. At the same time we who were in the box car put a line of ties along its floor and kept them moving to the hole in the end, and let them drop as fast as possible on the track. This was rapidly exhausting our mmunition, but it was effectual in enforcing slowness and caution upon our pursuers. Fuller could not run rapidly in the face of such a succession of obstacles. He did the best he could, giving the signal to reverse whenever he saw a tie on the track, jumping off and removing it, and on again, when the engineer would start with a full head of steam, and reduce speed, as the engine gathered headway to such a rate as would admit of stopping in time when another tie was It was fearfully perilous, and the only wonder is that he was not wrecked long before the chase was done. But he probably understood that we were racing for the wood yard ahead.

When we reached it there was no lingering in the work of loading up. The wood was piled in frantically by men working for life; but before we had half filled the tender we again heard our releatless follower. So eager were we to get the largest possible supply of wood that we did not take their first whistle as a sufficient intimation to start. Then came scream after scream of the most unearthly character, obviously designed to alarm the



AT THE WOOD STATION.

keeper of the woodyard that he might hinder us from getting a full supply. Lut this did not discourage us, for even when Andrews reluctantly gave the word to come on board, Wilson, who as ifremen had a great appreciation of the need of more, and the enemy, seeing our engine standing there, were actually obliged to "slow up" to avoid the collision that seemed inevitable. However we did not wait for them to get close enough to use their shotguns-at least not to any effect, though Wilson is quite positive that some guns were fired. He says:

"We had, however, secured only a partial supply when the chasing train came in sight, loaded with armed soldiers. Cur pursuers were worked up to an infuriated pitch of excitement, and rent the very air with their screeches and yells as they came in sight of us, like dogs when the quarry is sprung. They opened on us at long range with musketry. The bullets rattled around us like hail, but fortunately none of our party was hit."

CHAPTER XI.

A DIRECT RAILROAD CHASE. But we now had a good head of steam, and with a joyful bound our engine, as if refreshed from its rest, sped on again. We had been careful to so obstruct the track that the enemy was obliged to come to a full halt, and thus give us time to once more get out of sight. We passed Tilton in safety, and the

water station, which at that time was at a different place from the wood yard, was soon reached. Our supply of this necessity was low, and without it our progress would be at once arrested. We stopped, adjusted the pipes, told the powder story -although from the battered appearance of our only car, with a hole knocked in each end, that story was no longer plausible, but it answered for the moment and we succeeded in getting all the water we needed. Had any objection been made we would have taken it by force, and the assurance with which we went to work aided in securing confidence. Before the tank was full the pursuers came in sight, but seeing us they ran slowly, and as a party of our men had run back and put some obstructions on the track, out of gun shot, they were obliged to come to a full stop there, thus giving us the time needed. Then we mounted and sped on toward

Dalton. It was advisable at once to get decisively ahead of the pursuers before reaching this town, which might present serious difficulties. As there were no bridges to burn now for a considerable distance, had run to where we had broken up the the only other thing was to try once more to tear up the track. The engine was again in good running condition, and we rushed rapidly forward, putting frequent obstructions on the track-mostly by drepping ties or sticks of firewood, but in one or two instances by reversing the curine, jumping out and piling up obstructions At a favorable place we stopped again for

a more permanent break. Long practice had made us skillful in this matter, and the last two stops had shown us that the enemy could not run apon us without great care. So we divided at once into four parties. Scott and a companion cut the telegraph Knight carefully inspected the engine; two or three ran back just out of gunshot, and heaped obstructions on the track, while the remainder worked with might and main in taking up a rail. It was here that a little occurrence took place that has been much misrepresented A southern account, widely copied says that Andrews' men almost mutipled against him at this place. The facts are these: The writer and the men in the box car had come to feel that there was no need of running so long before the pursuing train, which we could see to be a short one, with probably not much if any greater force than our own. Now while as many were at the rail as could find places to work-the process of lifting it with our imperfect tools was very slow, requiring more than five minutes—I said to Andrews: "We can capture that train,

if you are willing." 'How?" he asked. I answered: "Find a good place on a curve where there are plenty of bushes" (as the road which had immediately followed him and | had numberless curves, and ran mostly were armed with guns, and our only was not very far behind; and last, the through woods, this was easy); "then let

of our engineers can can ahead a mile or For a time after leaving Resaca we did two and come back after us; when the enemy stop to clear the track we will rush could not get away from the engine be- on them, and when we have captured hind us by mere speed; the only hope was | them our other engineer can reverse their in some way to disable them, or to ob- engine and send it in a hurry down the struct the track; and we were obliged to track to clear the road of any more trains that may be following.

Andrews said, in his quiet way, "It is a good plan. It is worth trying," and looked around in a meditative manner as if weighing the chances. Then the enemy's whistle sounded, we saw them rush up to the obstructions we had placed on the track, stop by reversing, and labor as frantically to clear the road as we were doing in trying to raise the rail.

But our efforts were in vain. The stubborn spikes still held, and as they were ready to move on again, Andrews called out, "All aboard," and we dashed away. That was not the place to make a fight, as we all knew, for revolvers against shotguns and rifles would have had no chance at long range; but from an ambush we could have been climbing into their engine and cars before they could pick up their guns, and the conflict would not have been many minutes doubtful. This was the nearest we came to what a southern account called "open mutiny"a mere respectful suggestion in the line of our work. No officer was ever more heartily obeyed than was Andrews during the whole of this day, and none of us said anything more about this plan for the time, partly because we felt that our leader was better able to judge what was to be done than we, and partly also, I must confess, because we thought he was only waiting for the best place to turn on our fees, and that we would soon have all the fighting we wanted.

The full speed of our engine was again called into requisitive as we neared Dalton, and by the aid of a few ties dropped on the track we were once more a respectable distance ahead. We needed this interval badly, for sit was by no means certain that the switches at this point would be properly adjusted for our im-mediate passage through; and if not, serious difficulty might arise. We might have a battle with forces in front as well as in the rear, for Dalton was the largest town we had reached since leaving Marietta. Here a road diverged to Cleveland in Tennessee, where it connects with the main line from Richmond to Chattanooga, thus making a large triangle, or, as a railroad man would say, a great Y. At that time no telegraph wires were on this cross road; they were not put up till 1877. There were also numerous side tracks, and a probability that cars might be left standing on some of them; and as we had more than made up our hour's delay at Kingston and were now much ahead of time, there was no certainty of the road being rightly adjusted for us. It was therefore necessary to stop at the opening of the switch, which was fortunately a little way down from the large passen ger depot, which had a shed over all the il through which we had to

Here the coolness and advoitness of Andrews shone out with pre-eminent luster. It is likely that when we had spoken of fighting a little was back, his mind was occupied rather with the problem of pass-ing Dalton, and of judging by what took place there whether the enemy was warned. The train was stopped, he ran forward, observed that the track was clear, spoke to one or two bystanders, and was back to his post in an exceedingly short time. To one or two who had come up even in these few seconds, he said: "I am running this train through to Corinth, and have no time to spare;" and nodded to Knight, who once more put on the full force of the engine-there was nothing to be gained by care in avoiding alarm any longer, for the distant whistle of the pursuer was heard-and we rushed at the depot, which then stood right across the double track, and passed with fearful speed under its roof. Here Knight got his most terrible fright. The darting into the partial darkness of the shed was bad enough, but just at the far end the main track bends sharply to the left, and the swerve was so sudden and the speed already so high, that Knight believed he was rushing on another side track, and that in a moment would come the awful crash. But instead the engine instantly righted, and he again saw the track straight before him. But so quickly had we passed that we could not certainly determine whether the people at the sta tion had been warned or not!

A mile above Dalton, which was about as soon as the headlong rush of the engine could be checked, we stopped again, just opposite to where Col. Jesse Glenn's regiment of conscripts were encamped in a field. Their position, which was within 200 or 300 yards of us, was probably not seen until we were close to them, and it was better to take the risk of their interference than to lose time by seeking an other place for more pressing work. Again the wire was cut; but it was a second too late, for a message had just been flashed through, no doubt even as Scott was bringing it down. The usual obstructions were here piled on the track. and we again essayed to take up a rail, for the Chickanianga bridges were just above, and we wanted time enough to get them on fire, hoping that Fuller would stop long enough at Dalton for the purpose of getting his telegram ready, to allow us to finish the track lifting. No men ever worked with more desperate energy, but all in vain; long before the rail was loose the pursuers were again upon

The race recommenced with all its speed and fury. The great tunnel was a short distance ahead-a glorious place for an ambush, where, in the darkness, the guns of the enemy would be of little value. If Andrews was disposed to fight, there would be the place of all others to do it. With the smoke of our train filling the space, with our party in ambush along the sides, success would be comparatively sure, if they had twice our number, for of course we could not tell how much of a re-enforcement they might pick up at Dalton. But we kept right on through the tunnel and the village of Tunnel Hill beyond, where we carefully drew down to conceal our number from the curious eyes of any who might be about the station. At Calhoun Fuller had received a small but very effective re-enforcement-only a boy thirteen years old, but worth a dozen of ordinary men-by means of one of those apparently small circumstances which often influence the course of great events. At Chattanooga the chief officers of the road had become alarmed by receiving no dispatches from Atlanta, or the stations below Kingston. They therefore directed the young assistant operator at Dalton to jump on the passenger train just then leaving that station and go south, sending them back word at each station passed till the cause of the trouble was found. He had only got as far as Calhoun when And: ws passed, and Fuller in a moment after. The latter hardly came to a stop before he saw the operator and called him, and without a word of explanation seized his hand and dragged tions, and wrote out the following dis- than I had often felt in ordinary military patch:

To Gen. Leadbetter, commander at Chattanooga: "My train was captured this a. m. at Big Shanty, evidently by Federal soldlers in disguise. They are making rapidly for Chattanooga, possibly with the idea of burning the railroad bridges in their rear. If I do not capture them in the meantime, see that they do not pass Chattanooga. "WILLIAM A. FULLER."

This he gave to the operator, saying, "Don't speak to anybody or lose a second till you put that through to Chattanoga. Jump for the platform when I slow up, for I must push on and keep those Yankees from getting up a rail or burning

the bridges. It was terribly quick work. The operator was at home in the office, and almost before Fuller had cleared the shed he was at the desk and the first words were over the wires. Whether they had time to get the whole message over before the cut is very doubtful, and not material, for the first two lines would answer every purpose. Had Fuller stopped at this point, and himself went into the office enough to set the operator at work, it is almost certain we would have had the rail up, and then all the bridges above that point would have been burned; though it is still possible that enough of the message might have been pushed through to secure our arrest in Chattanooga. This was another striking instance of the many narrow margins on which this day hinged.

As Fuller pressed on toward the great tunnel, even his resolute heart almost died within him, while all his party began to blame him for foolhardiness. He feared to plunge into its dark depths. It was still filled with smoke from our engine; and he well knew that if we jumped off at the far end and hurled back our locomotive at him, it meant a horrible death to every one on his train; and he was by no means sure that we would not do it. Mr. Murphy, who had so ably stood by him all the while, here counseled prudence, pointing out all the perils of an ambush. But Fuller realized as apparently no one else did the desperate need of pressing on to save the road; and he had made so many escapes and been so marvelously favored, that a kind of fatalism took hold of him. He determined not to lose a minute, no matter what the danger might be. It may as well be said here that no prudent and common sense kind of pursuit, such as possibly any other man would have employed, could have had the slightest chance of success. But even Fuller qualled as they dived into the cloud of smoke that hung around the entrance of the tunnel, and held his breath for a few seconds (they were still at full speed), till he saw with a sigh of relief a gleam of light ahead and knew that there was no other engine now in the tunnel! On he pressed, for he knew the value of the Chickamauga bridges ahead as well as

CHAPTER XII.

A BURNING CAR. But for the wetness of the day all his efforts even yet would have been foiled. We now did what had been in the mind of Andrews, doubtless, for some time past—what he might have tried even at the Oostenaula bridge had not the interval between that and Calhoun been so fearfully short. He ordered us to fire our last car while we were running. was said easily, but was much harder to do. Everything about the car was as wet as it well could be. The rain fell in torrents, and the wood was drenched in the tender. It was by no small effort and skillful firing that the engine fire could be kept at the heat required for fast running. But desperate fingers tore everything combustible loose from the car, and smashed it into kindling. Some blazing fagots were stolen from the engine and the fire made to burn. The rapid motion with driving rain was an obstacle at first, but as we fed up the blaze and sheltered it as well as possible, it grew rapidly, till soon but one could stay on the car and watch it, and all the others crowded on the tender and locomotive. The steam was now gradually shut off that we might come slowly upon the bridge and be able to leave the burning car just at the right place. We came to a full stop at this first Chickamauga bridge, a large one, and well covered. Inperate. Aside from the capture of the side it was at least drier than on the outside, and we doubted not that with time it would burn well. The only question was: "Will that time be given?" added almost the last of our oil and nearly the last stick of wood-knowing that a wood station was not far ahead, and if this bridge could be made to burn well, we could have all the time we wanted to get wood and everything else. In fact we put life itself on this last throw, and left ourselves, in case of failure, hopelessly bankrupt. For a considerable time, as it seemed to us, though it must have been measured by seconds rather than minutes, we remained on the other side of the fire



watching. Then the inexorable smoke of the foe was seen; the pin connecting the burning car with our engine was pulled out and we slowly moved on. Too clearly we saw the ruin of all our hopes! To wait the coming of our foes was vain. They were now near at hand, and we could see their guns, with which they would be able to fight us at long range. The car which, if the day had been dry, would long before this have filled the bridge with a mass of roaring flame, was burning faster than the bridge. To take it to another bridge was useless, for the drenching rain would have given it little chance to burn away from the shelter of the bridge. Very sadly we left the tall column of smoke behind. The pursuers saw the car, and realizing how serious their loss would be if it was permitted to consume the bridge, they pushed right into the smoke and shoved the burning car on to Ringgold, but a short distance ahead, where it was left to smoke and sputter in the rain on the side track We were now on what proved to be our

last run. I have often been asked if this day was not one of great fear and terror on the part of those who were engaged in | provisions and guides our force would him on the train. In the run up, how the race. For my own part, I cannot have enabled us to command and even

ever, he made all the necessary explana- honestly lay claim to any greater fearservice. No matter what happened, there was the assurance that we still had one resource-the power to turn around and attack the pursuing foe. From the beginning, such a conflict had been present to my mind as a matter of course. Before leaving camp, this had been reckoned a natural consequence of our position. It had been frequently talked of among the men, and not one of them seemed to regard it with any more dread than an ordinary battle. We had been careful to select large revolvers for use, and not for show, and when we found the enemy gaining upon us, or our leader's plans for their destruction falling, we only felt or said that our time to strike would soon come. We did not have the boastful feeling that we were an overmatch for a large body of southern soldiers, for we all knew how desperately they could and often did fight; but of the ordinary citizens gathered up as we presumed our pursuers were, or even of conscripts, we had no great fear. That we had not our accustomed arms was a serious disadantage, but this could be remedied by getting into close quarters; and we trusted that our leader, who had shown such wonderful skill in management, would be able to put us within short range of the pursuing train, where we felt sure that we

could quickly give a good account of it. Probably the fact of Andrews having never been in battle, but always engaged in schemes where his own cool daring and sugacious planning counted for everything, and mere force for nothing, made him hesitate to order an attack which would throw aside all these qualities and determine the issue by simple fighting. A time was near when we would firmly have disputed our leader's command if there had been an officer of any authority among us who could have been substituted for him; but not antil Andrews himself had definitely abandoned his au-

Many times the question has been asked: "Why did you not reverse your engive, and, jumping off, let it drive back at the enemy?" What good could that have done? If their engine and our own had been destroyed, as was very probable, to gether with a considerable number of lives, we would only have been where we were before we captured the engine at all, except that the whole country would have been aroused, and our disguise thrown off. The second train would have been on the ground in a few minutes and the power of pursuit would have been undiminished. We had no wish to sacrifice our own engine until the last effort possible had been made. To merely destroy had no charm for us, when that destruction could neither promote our escape nor serve a military purpose.

> CHAPTER XIII. THE LAST HOPE.

We crouched down as well as we could in the tender while passing Ringgold, that the enemy might not see our number, and when beyond the town we arose and looked about us. The country was mostly wooded and rough, being much cut up by the branches of the swollen Chickamauga creek.\* We had no fuel, though we might have taken on a few water soaked fence rails and broken them to burn; but what would have been the use? Every combustible scrap was carefully gathered up and thrown into the engine. Worst symptom of all, a large pair of saddle bags, which we had never seen Andrews without from the time of the midnight conference, together with his cap and some other pieces of clothing that he did not need for immediate use, were flung remorselessly into the furnace. Various papers went along. These were probably documents that he feared would compromise himself or others in case of capture. Such preparations were indeed ominous But his next command-the last he ever gave to us as a party-was more dreadful stal, and for the first time that day there shot a pang of mortal terror to my heart. Not the crash of the engine down an embankment nor the coming of another train of the enemy from the north, shutting us between two fires, would have caused such a sense of despair and hopeless misery to steal over me. This was the order which, as intimated before, our party, had they been properly organized, would not have obeyed. For our situation was still far from des

oursuing train, which would now have been very difficult from the fact that we had neither fuel for rapid running, nor the obstructions on board that were necessary to place us far enough ahead for an ambuscade, there was another plan to which our leader was virtually pledged, which presented every prospect of saving our own lives, though it was now too late to accomplish our original purpose. We were some five miles beyond Ringgold. within a mile of Graysville, or nineteen miles by the longest railway course from Chattanooga. From that city westward to Bridgeport was twenty-eight miles further. But the nearest way to Bridgeport was not through Chattanooga, but further south, and by that route it was not distant more than thirty-five or forty miles. The direct course was at right angles with the numerous mountain ranges which here run almost north and south, a route over which cavalry could not be used, and which was known to more than one of our party. Two comrades had pocket compasses which would have guided us in thick woods or in cloudy weather by day or night. Now to have left our train in a body, and without delaying to seek concealment, to have struck over the streams and mountains at right angles, as rapidly as we could go, would have been our most hopeful course. Long before night of the next day we would have been safe within Mitchel's lines! Why not? How could the enemy have captured us? If they sent cavalry, these would necessarily have made long circuits and have been obliged to adhere to the lines of the road, and thus could not have come near u while clinging to the valleys and th mountain sides. Even in thick woods they could not have overtaken us. they followed us with a strong party or foot, we fleeing for our lives, would no have deserved to escape, if we could not have held our distance for forty miles of more. If they had ridden ahead an raised the whole country for a general man hunt, they would have had only twenty-four hours or less to organize it, and no small party then could have arrested twenty armed men. In fine, this plan of escape through a mountainous and densely wooded country did not appear to me to be more dangerous than a cavalry dash on the lines of the enemy's communications-an every day military affair. Even if Mitchel did not prove to be in the neighborhood of Bridgeport when we arrived, we would then have been in the loyal mountainous district where we would have met as many friends as foes. All that we needed in the way of

guns and ammunition could readily have been gathered on our way. But all these advantages depended on our keeping together under one head. An army scattered and disorganized is lost; and our little army was no except The fatal command which Andrews gave as we were huddled together in the wood box of the tender was to jump one by one, scatter in the woods, and each man strive to make his own way back to the Union army! We hestrated, but had no concert of action, no leader, no time for council, and the instinct of obe was still strong upon us; but it was fatal order, and led directly to the calami

ties that followed. It transformed us in a moment from a formidable body of picked soldiers, ready to fight to death, into a scattered mass of fugitive boys, be wildered and hopeless in an en Yet no one of us felt like censuring our leader for this order, which every one at the moment believed to be a terrible take. Probably he thought that each man of the party would find relief in being cast entirely on his own resources.

It must further be remembered, in explanation of this mistaken order, that Andrews had slept none the night before, that he had been nearly twenty-four hours without food, and that he had spent nearly two days and a night in the most exhaust ing labors, both mental and physical, that it is possible to conceive. He had seen his cherished plans, when on the brink of success, overthrown by what seemed the remorseless hand of destiny. To the many failures and sorrows of his past life had been added the crowning mis this defeat. Perhaps under his calm brow he realized this with an intensity of anguish, and felt that the greatest favor he could do those he had led within sight of a horrible death, and into the pre of an enraged and triumphant foe, was to separate them at once from his own dark and shadowed destiny. If so, that was the most fearful mistake of all; and as this order was given, we could almost, as we looked southward through the driving rain and the storm clouds, behold alre the dark outline of the Atlanta scaffolds! It was pitiful! The General had served

us well ever since the morning hour in fearful speed and patient waiting, in exulting raptures and in almost despair. It was hard to abandon her now. She was substantially uninjured. The engineers Brown and Knight, had taken good care of her, and with wood and oil in ance, there would have been no difficulty on her part in completing the run to Huntsville. She was still jogging along at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour and could maintain that pace a litt longer. The pursuers had also din their speed, so as to just keep us in sight having apparently no wish to press upon what may have seemed to them like a wounded and dying lion. The command to "jump off and scatter" was repeated with the injunction to be quick about it, as the engineer wished to reverse the en-With such a reason there could be no more hesitation. It is said that some three or four had already got off at the first word of command; but the most of us had hesitated, not on account of the still rapid motion of the train, but in the idle hope that in some way this te parting might be averted. Now on after another clambered down on the ste and swung off. I was neither amon the first nor the last, and jumping ur fully out from the step, instead of for ward, whirled over and over on hands and feet for several revolutions. Rising in a dazed condition, though unburt, with the exception of a few scratches from the briers with which the place abounded. I looked over the animated scene with the deepest interest. The men who jumps off were, according to instructions, flying in different directions, a few others were just coming off the engine in much the same way that I had done, while the engineers were attempting to carry out their scheme of reversing the engine, which could do no good now, except possibly to



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delay the inevitable pursuit a little, and give us a better opportunity to organize our plans. The brakes of the tender were put on still more to diminish speed, and the reversa' was made. Here is a slight conflict of authority. The pursuers say that the brakes were not loosed again; but our engineers are equally positive that they were. It is not material, for the result is the same. The steam power was so low, that though the engine moved by it was with moderate velocity, and I sa the pursuers reverse also, and coming to a full stop, whistle two or three times as it approached—a seeming whistle of alarm, though there was little in the approach of our poor General to fear; and then they moved slowly before it for a short distance till the two were in contact, when the weaker stopped and the steam was shut off. The great railroad chase was over!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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