

Shenandoah.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]
ings of the expedition. Be on your guard here. I will speak with General Haverill and then ride over to General Wright's headquarters. Keep us informed."

It was twilight—the soft, lingering, caressing twilight of that idyllic valley ellipse—when next the anxious heart of Kerchival West was thrilled with the sight of Gertrude.

"You are still on guard, Colonel West?" she said, but her tone had something of the old delicious, friendly intimacy in it. "I am giving you no end of trouble."

"I like it, if you don't mind, Gertrude," he replied, somewhat languishingly for a stern jailer. "I am posted here, you know. The signalmen will report to me at this spot—may be along any minute. We are watching for signals from the mountain."

"Your men might not have caught me this morning if I had had Jack, my own pet horse. But I lent him to Brother Robert for a cavalry mount, and the enemy captured him at Winchester."

"If he is in our cavalry I'll get him back for you, Gertrude. I'll give one of my own horses to the government or I'll buy him outright at any price

"There, Bob, I'll be all right now," he was murmuring faintly. "It's only the loss of blood that upset me. I got a scratch of the knife, that's all."

"Go for a surgeon, somebody," said Colonel Ellingham as they helped Kerchival to the seat. "The fellow has knifed him. But they've got the wretch!"

Corporal Dunn and his guard dragged in Edward Thornton for the second time that day.

"We were leaving the house together," explained Ellingham, "when this wild beast sprang out upon us from the bushes."

"This is murder, not war!" exclaimed General Haverill, turning to Thornton, who, in his shirt sleeves, torn and disheveled, looked a fearsome picture of diabolical malice. "If you have killed him!"

"Oh, do what you like with me. My account is settled," retorted Thornton watching with an evil smile as Ellingham handed to General Haverill a wallet and a miniature case, saying:

"I took these from Kerchival's breast pocket when he fell."

"My wife's portrait!" muttered the general, with an involuntary gesture of despair.

"You recognize the precious keepsake, general?" sneered Thornton. "So you see, if I have killed him, your boy or will be buried in the same grave."

Gertrude Ellingham ran out from the house. She had come to bid her brother Robert goodbye. She saw him

and bring him back to you. Anything that is mine, dear Gertrude, you know!"

"Oh, thank you, my dear Kerchival! I could almost!"

"Almost confess that—that you don't hate me?" he cried joyously, grasping her hand. "Oh, Gertrude, I have dreamed of a meeting like this. You are silent?"

"Kerchival," she began, with pathetic half yielding—"oh, is this your whole regiment coming up?"

"It's the signalmen. Don't go, I command you!"

"I must go now, but I'll be back if you insist. I am your prisoner. Only don't read that letter for the world."

Before the signalmen reached the house Corporal Dunn came hurrying ahead of them to announce that his prisoner, Captain Thornton, had escaped.

"He had a knife hidden in his boot, sir, and he slashed two of the guard and got away while my back was turned for a minute. He's like a mad dog, sir."

A flash of fire on the dusky mountaintop was the "call" or opening of the enemy's long awaited communication. It brought Captain Lockwood up precipitately.

While they were watching the signals through their glasses General Haverill arrived, accompanied by two staff officers.

"Can you make anything of it, captain?" he asked.

"Nothing, general, until we get the key," was the reply.

"It should be here, if Lieutenant Bedloe has succeeded."

A shot rang out from the direction of the gate—followed by a cry of "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Oh, ye murtherin' spalpeens!" cried the voice of Sergeant Barket.

"Pass on!" called the sentinel.

"He didn't give the countersign," said Kerchival. "Must be news from Lieutenant Bedloe."

"Here's the papers," panted Barket, running up, covered with dust and with one arm limp.

Captain Lockwood took the code book he brought and hurried up the elevation back of the house.

"What of Lieutenant Bedloe, sergeant?"

"Badly wounded, sir, an' in the hands of the infantry. But he fit off the whole gang until we came up an' got the papers."

"And Captain Heartsease?"

"Shot down at his side, sir. May be dead—I dunno. But please don't say anything to Miss Jenny yet. She'll find out soon enough. Och! Me arm is hurted. Sure, I forgot the sentry entirely, but he didn't forget me."

"12-22-11!" a signalman on the knoll called, reading the torch wiggling on the distant mountain top.

CHAPTER XV.

"It's Only a Battle!"

COLONEL WEST," said the general, "we must get Lieutenant Bedloe in exchange at any sacrifice if he is still

alive. Let's see—why, there is Colonel Robert Ellingham, our prisoner. We might offer him in exchange if he would go."

"Surely! Bob will go in a minute; I know he will. I will find him and ride to the front with him myself, general."

"At once, then! Can you follow the dispatch, Captain Lockwood?"

"Perfectly, general. Everything is here in the book."

"11-22-1-12!" shouted the signalman.

"General Longstreet is coming!"

"Longstreet! I feared that."

"1-21-3!"

"With 18,000 men."

"Longstreet with his corps!"

"2-22-11-1-12-1."

"We will crush Sheridan's army."

"Aha!" cried General Haverill, stirred to deadly energy. "Now, men, signal that dispatch up the valley to our own station. Tell them to send couriers and catch Sheridan with it at Front Royal. They must catch him, so that he can hasten back with the cavalry. Major Burton, order our horses. We will ride to General Wright's headquarters at once."

General Haverill, while awaiting the horses, watched Captain Lockwood and his men lighting pine wood torches attached to long poles to flash their signals up the valley. Another minute and Barket returned with Robert Ellingham, the two supporting between them Kerchival West, white faced and with his coat thrown open, a crimson stain on his shirt front.

"There, Bob, I'll be all right now," he was murmuring faintly. "It's only the loss of blood that upset me. I got a scratch of the knife, that's all."

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"You love me?"

ened by firing in the distance up the valley to the southward. Jenny Buckthorn, in an adjoining chamber, heard their voices and joined them for companionship and sympathy. Alas, what a changed, subdued Jenny within the last twenty-four hours!

The girls dressed hurriedly in silence and came downstairs. Already Kerchival West, laggard and excited looking, was pacing the veranda like a caged animal. Barket had been down to the pike for reconnaissance and now came back with startling news.

"It's a battle, sure!" he said. "An Sheridan away, the devil only knows where Bogob, they must have attacked by surprise before the screech of dawn, judgin' from."

"Who has attacked? Who is surprised?" demanded Kerchival with furious impatience.

"The infantry has attacked us, sor, an' what's more, they seem to be drivin' things before 'em. By the direction of the fire it should be our left flank they have pounced upon instead of the right, where they were dactinly expected, sure, thin relets have no politeness nobow!"

"Do you mean to say our troops are falling back?"

"Well, sor, I did hear some cavalry gallopin' down the pike, but whether it was ours or theirs or only Mushy's gorillas, that I can't tell yez."

"Then I'll go and find out for my self!" Kerchival cried fiercely, making a move into the hallway for his hat. The sudden exertion proved too much for him, and he sank into a chair clutching with one hand at his breast.

"Hark! There is the firing again, worse than ever, and it is coming nearer," said Gertrude, unconscious of a certain exultation in her tone. "If General Longstreet only has—I mean if really he—"

"He can never drive General Sheridan back—of that I am certain," spoke up Madeline with unwonted spirit.

"Let us go—oh, pardon me, Gertrude—ladies—I beg," said Kerchival, starting up, then at once seating himself again.

But they all had risen, as impatient as he was, and hurried out.

[Continued next week.]

The Civic Alphabet.

"The American Club Woman" prints a civic A B C that has enough hints in it to keep any good pupil in practical civics busily at work. Men and women, boys and girls, can all learn this alphabet together with profit to themselves and their towns.

THE CIVIC ALPHABET.

A—Aim to make Arbor day annual "clean-up" day.

B—Banish the tin-can district from your city.

C—Clean up back yards and alleys.

D—Destroy rubbish by burning.

E—Educate housewives to demand clean markets.

F—Fine every club member who does not work.

G—Give free lectures upon civic improvement.

H—Have campaigns against unsightly billboards.

I—Interest city authorities in "clean-up" day.

J—Join all forces for the anti-dirt crusade.

K—Kill sidewalk spitting or it will kill you.

L—Let your slogan be: "Do it for Home, Sweet Home."

M—Make requests of preachers for "clean-up" sermons.

N—Next to godliness is cleanliness.

O—Organize the children into civic leagues.

P—Plant trees, and then plant trees, and plant more trees.

Q—Question authorities about city expenditures.

R—Remember to plant parks and playgrounds now.

S—Study city ordinances and work for their enforcement.

T—Try to make the school buildings social centers.

U—Use every effort to arouse citizens.

V—Vanquish the opposition with good nature.

W—Wage unceasing war upon all weeds, flies and mosquitoes.

X—Xact obedience to the city sanitary laws.

Y—Your city is YOU; never forget that.

Z—Zeal, courage and patience will "clean-up" the city.

—For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

"It is never too late to mend," is one of those deceiving proverbs which seem born of human fatuity. It is often too late to mend the health which has been neglected until Nature herself is exhausted and gives up in despair. There are always some people who procrastinate until their opportunity is gone forever. The wiser proverb is "never put off until to-morrow, what you can do to-day." If

you have undue fullness after eating, eructations, risings, bad taste in the mouth; if you are nervous, irritable, sleepless, don't wait a day before beginning the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first dose is the first step toward a cure. Persons suffering with chronic forms of disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, by letter free. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

How to Plant the Home Grounds.

The following hints—and that is all they are—on home planting presume that the preliminary work of clearing up has been done. While planting will conceal an ash-heap, a dump, a bad fence, an unpleasant out-building, it ought rather to take the place of such unnecessary things about the home. Let us clean up, as much as possible, planting for honest adornment and the joy of having beautiful homes in a beautiful America, rather than to conceal our lack of neatness or cleanliness.

These hints, moreover, will not take the place of the suggestions and plans of the landscape architect, who should be consulted by all those with the larger problems to solve. They are intended to suggest a right start for the smaller home grounds, to prescribe helpfully for the city lot, back yard or home fence-corner, and for the immediate home grounds elsewhere; but not to lay down laws for the improvement of large areas, where the contour and situation call for special treatment by the landscape architect.

The saving touch of greenery at least, and the refreshment of flowers usually, can be had anywhere in America, from Florida to British Columbia, regardless of sun, cold, soil or exposure. Something will grow everywhere to beautify the home grounds. Only knowledge and discrimination as to what to plant, and a little care as to how, are required, with a reasonable interest to maintain proper growing conditions afterward.

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Clothing.

Men's Clothes that Offer Style and Quality at Moderate Cost



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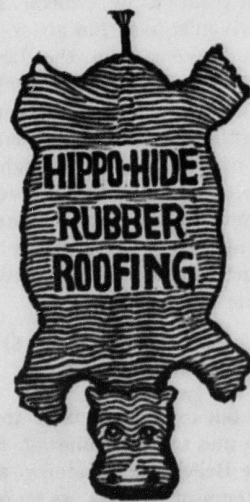
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