

CHAPTER XXII.

While Uncle Ben was slowly progresssuddenly encountered about a dozen she felt I dun said I would go an find men, most of whom were mounted. All but one were in citizens' dress, and he at first supposed them to be farmers. They rushed upon the old man with a drew him out of the road. "Mars Kenshout, and pistols and knives were flourished before his face as the gang cried | bresh!"

"Hang him up!"

"Slice off his ears!" "Build a fire and reast him if he lies

"Fo' de Lawd, gem'len, but what's de matter?" asked the old man as soen as he could get in a word. "We want them two Yankees!" shout-

ed three or four men in chorus. "W-what Yankees? I nebber dun seen a Yankee sence dat big army went by do house on hers back!"

"Yo' lie, yo' old black faced devil!" and seized Uncle, Ben by the collar, risonburg?" "Now, then, tell us where they are hiding! Don't pretend to us that yo' have not seen 'em, for we know better! Out | Ober yere today? with it now, or yo' won't live two min-

"What yo' mean?" asked the old man, who was hadly upset over the sudden attack.

have met them and know where they 'yo' get a gun at the house? now are. Did they send yo' for a doc-

"Nebber, sah, nebber! I tole yo' de troof. I nebber did meet up wid nobody sonce I started from de house!"

From what he "Dat house back dar which b'longs to Missas Percy. Mobbe yo' knowed de Percys of Winchester?"

aigger?

about at night to confer with each other and plan escapes to the Federal camps. "Now, then," said the leader of the

band, "yo' have had a powerful close call, and yo' want to remember it! Niggers have no business away from home after dark, Yo' were probably going. to Harrisonburg to give yo'self up to the Yankees, but we'll spoil that little game! This will do yo' a heart of good!" And thereupon, bolding Uncle Ben

with his left hand by a firm grip on his collar, he used a rawhide over the old man's back and less with his right and administered the first whipping of his life. When his arm had grown weary, he stopped and mid:

"Now, yo' make a beeline for home and don't stop to rest on the way! If any other prowling niggers ask yo' about that battle at Harrisonburg, yo' tell him yo' was in it and got linked! Gee-

As the old man headed for Rest Haven the gang of men rode in the other direction. He stepped out at a lively pace until hidden by the darkness and then stopped and turned to shake his fist and whisper:

"White man, I'ze only a pure ole nigger, but somehody has got to bleed far | the matter?" sho asked. dist Nebody abber put a whip on Uncle Ben belo" sence he was a pickaninny, an I'll kill yo' fur dat as shore as I ebber

He at first thought of resuming his journey toward Harrisonburg, but a moment's reflection convinced him that if he fell into the hands of the same party again his life would be in peril. He realized how much disappointed Marian would be, but he would return and report and perhaps make a new start. He had covered two miles of the back track when at a turn in the road a man stepped out from the rocks at his left and ordered him to halt and added: Who are yo'?

"Uncle Ben Percy."
"What, is that yo,' Uncle Ben?"

"Fur shore, but I hain't dun met up wid no Yankee spies, jess as I told yo

"Uncle Ben, don't ye' un know me?" asked the man as he came nearer. "I've talked with yo' many a time in Winchester befo' the war. I'm Steve Bray-

"Fo' de Lawd! Yes, I 'member yo'r voice! I dun reckoned yo' was some mo' of dat crowd what was gwine ter kill

"Hev yo' met up with anyhody?" "De Lawd furgive me, but I hast Back dar 'bout two miles a gang o' white men stopped me an war gwine to shute me dead an cut my froat! Dey said I had sawn some Yankee spies, an bekase I dun hadn't seen nobody 'tall dey giv me de moas' powerful lickin on

"Yankes spies?" queried Steve. "Ah, I understand! And are yo' with the Percy fam'ly, Uncle Ben?"

Fur shore. "Do they uns live nigh yere?" "Bout a mile away, sah."

"And whar war yo' goin when yo'

met up with that crowd?" "I'd dun started for Harrisonburg to git news 'bout dat big battle. Dat Mrs. Baxter will open dem big ears o' Cap'an Wyle he was long yere today an hern an find out de news!" told Miss Sunsbine dat Mars Kenton was killed ober dar!"

"He did?"

"Yes, sah, an den Miss Sunshine cum ing along the frozen and slippery high- out to mo wid her face as white as snow way, and when he had reached a point | an tears in her eyes an a big lump in about three miles from Rest Haven, he her froat, an when I seed how powerful out dat Mars Kenton was all right."

"See yere, Uncle Ben, I've got sun-thin to tell yo'!" said Brayton as he ton is up yere among the rocks and

"Fo' de Lawd!"

"That gang was after the two of us, though we are not Yankee spies. Mars Kenton was badly wounded jest befo' dark, and I had to earry he up on my back for a couple of miles. Uncle Ben, yo' must go to the house and git blankets and bandages and southin for us to cat. Yo' must also bring that gal yere, but not tonight. Tomorrer will do fur her, but we must hev the other things tonight."

"Fur de luy of heaben, but how yo' do talk!" gasped the old man. "Den said the leader as he got off his horse. Mars Kenton he wasn't killed at Har-

"And he dun got shot tryin to git "Yes. Is The Baxter's wife at the

"Her am, an she dun jest hates Mars

'Then yo' must be keerful. Try and "We mean just this: We've been fol. see the gal alone. Tell her she must lowing two Yankee spies along the send the things tonight, but not to come clearer and drier. She produces what the mountain nearly all day. One of them herself till tomorrer. Go now as fast as general public demands. There is, howwas wounded about an bourngo. They yo' kin. I'll be waltin for yo' right were headed this way, and yo' must yere on this spot. Hold on a minit, Hev

> Yes, a double par I'd shotgun,' "Then bring it back with yo', and powder and shot and caps. If we hev a foot yere, it will be at clas cange, and backshot will be better'n builets."

Fo' de Lawd!' muttered the old man as he set off at his best pace. "Dat Cap'an Wyle he lie to Miss Sunshine. Den Miss Sunshine wants me to go to "The Percys, ch? Are you a Percy | Harrisonburg. Den I meet up wid some gorillas an gitswitched till I smart like | the hussar braiding is in black.

chance that Uncle Ben had encountered her night, while the other had gone to the men they were after, and their vig. the help's quarters. Uncle Ben need with field the crowd that he was telline | road to approach the house from another the truth. It wouldn't do to let him direction, and so softly did he draw down too entity, however. The negroes near that the first warning Marian had and I cannot, shall not, part with her. The of the country were breaking over all of his pressure was a tapping on the mother-in-law in England plays a lonely



face against the glass that she might hever leave him. I regard him as one of know who was there, and a moment the noblest and most lovable men on earth later she stood outside the door with a shawl thrown over her head. You are back, Uncle Ben-what's

"Heaps de mattah, Miss Sunshine, heaps. I dun met up wid mo' dan fo'ty bushels o' trubble! I'ze news fur yo' "You-you met some one who told you about Mr. Kenton?"

"For shore! Dat Cap'an Wyle lie to yo'! Mars Kenton he dun git away arter dat battle, 'long wid Steve Bray-

"Thank God!" she whispered as she raised her clasped hands to the bright stars in the winter sky.

"But dar's trubble, Miss Sunshineheaps o' trubble! Dey was tryin to git oher yere when some gorillas reckened dey was Yankee spies an dun shotted Mars Kenton. He hain't dead, but he's had hurt, an he's lyin in the bresh an

Royal Kenton wounded-badly hurt and lying in the brash this winter's night!" meaned Marian as she grasped

Uncle Ben by the arm. "Hist dar!" he cautioned. "We mustn't woke up de missus or dat Baxter woman. Now, den, yo' be brave. Yo's got to be! Steve Brayton he dan said I was to bring back blankets an bandages an sunthin to cat. We must step around mighty softly an pick 'em

'And I will go back with you! God grant that his life may be spared!"

"Hush, chile! Yo' can't go wid me tenight, but tomorrer. Dat's what Steve Brayton dun said. When I git back dar, I'll see Mars Kenton wid my own eyes, an I'll tell him all 'bout yo, an I'll stay right dar all night an nuss

"Oh, Uncle Ben, but I feel that I must go to him"

"Hush! Yo' jess git all dem fings what I spoke of packed up fur me as quick as yo' kin an let me go back! If yo' want dem gorillas to finish Mars Kenton, yo' jest make a fuss so dat

BRAIDING IS IN AGAIN.

A Pretty Nihilist Venetian Cloth Coat Bodice With Hussar Braid Trimming. Braiding has decidedly "come in" again this season. Both the wide and narrow va rieties of braid are used, the former in plain or waved bands, the latter in close and complicated patterns. It is a particularly suitable decoration for close fitting street gown



HUSSAR BRAIDED COAT. like the tight, tailor made styles and yet consider the usual rows of ornamental stitching too plain and commonplace fine braiding commends itself as an ideal trimming, since it does not at all interfere with the close, severe lines of such costumes and yet gives an effect of richness and elabora-tion. Braid also stands dampness and hard usage patiently, and is therefore a most appropriate decoration for seaside and moun taingowns in tweeds and other fine qualities of mixed goods that, although expensive as to first cost, repay the outlay by

wearing forever, comparatively speaking.

America may fairly pride herself on her cotton fabrics, and her silks are by some judges considered almost equal to French goods, but she does not yet turn out such firm, close woven, thoroughgoing tweeds and cheviots as Great Britain. To do her justice, there is far less demand for them here than there, as this climate is so much ever, a certain satisfaction in the possessis of a good. English serge or Scotch tweed gown that no other costume can impart It looks equally well in fair weather and oul. It is unaffected by rain, mist or mud It washes like colleo and wears like from and will last unto the third and fourth generation. It is always to be depended upon makes an ideal traveling gown and has its own particular place in every well dressed woman's wardrobe.

As an example of severs braiding, a sketch is given of the coat bodice of the traveling costume of a recent English bride The material is nihilist venetian cloth, and

How Stanley Won Ills Bride.

Speaking of Mr. Stanley's courtship, arous measures were intended to fright. not have been cautioned about Mrs. Bax. Mrs. Tennant. Mr. Staniey's mother in on the information out of him. While ter, as he felt that he theroughly under. law, said: "Henry wood a long time behe was frembling and afraid, his tenes stood her disposition. He turned off the forche won. I do not give my consent at once. When he came to me and pleaded for Delly's hand I said:

"No, Henry: Dolly is all that I have left rules and regulations and traveling window pane. He pressed his old black part. She is not welcome to her daughter's bousehold; her visits must be few and brief. They have taken my other daugh ter away - I cannot part with Delly"
"Henry pleaded long and eloquently, at times he would almost even. The tears would fill his eyes and he would choke

world: I have to they father nor mother brother nor water, I am perialing of lone liness. I know nothing of, and care less for the customs of the country. I wa your daughter to be my wife. Give her a me, and do you at the same tring become my mother, father, brother, sleter and

"Henry "says I, do you mean ut"
"I do, he amounted firmly, and I saw
determination fleeling from the same eyes before which the ferocious barbarians of Ujiji load qualled, and under which the hostile horder of inhospitable Njanda had melted away like mists of the morning

"She is yours" Lerbed, and then I nother, 'and so am 1." Now that," continued the proud mother-in-law, "as In brief, the story of his wooning. I am his as insepara bly and indissolubly as Bolly is, I shall and have no other ambition than to ad him with the benefit of my congred and ex-perisors. Knowing this, here ever the paragon of affection and gentleness, and I am certain that no womair-at least, to griish tromian -ever had a more tracta-taore obediens son." - Chicago News.

Divination in Mongolia.

He was a native of eastern Tiber, and was known as the Lab jyal-se-re. He passed his time in prayer, thus warding off all calamities from the country, the people and their flocks and herds. Especially was his wonderful forekoowledge of use to all those who were about to start or journeys or to undertake perilous expeditions, for he could foreteil all that was to

Taking a few presents, and accompanied by the two Mongols who had offered me their services, I went to the Gegen's tent, and having given him a long blue siik scarf, called a kata—the indispensable accompaniment of any present or requestrocks down yere 'bout a mile. I met
dat Steve Brayton, an he dun tole me
all 'bout it."

"Roval Kenton wounded—badly hurt
companiment of any present of request
together with the other presents, which
comparised a crowex and concave lookingglass, a razor and a piece of soap, I begged
that he would deign to disclose to me the fate of my expedition—should I be able to cross the terrible Dre ch'u and eastern Tibet, or should I be obliged to retrace my

steps and fail in my attempt? He took up from beside him a little gold box in which were dice, held it up to his forchead while he muttered a prayer, opened it, and looked at the dice. Then he took a book, and turning over the leaves till be reached one whose number corresponded with that turned up on the dice he conned it for a while, and then delivered himself of this remarkable prophesy: . "You want to go through Ch'amdo?

Well, between this place and the Dre ch'u you will perhaps have trouble and fall in with brigands, or perhaps you will not. As to the Dre ch'u, it is a terrible stream to cross, and you may cross it or you may not. But as to traversing all eastern Tibet and reaching Jyagar (India) or Sauch'uan I cannot tell; it is beyond my ken. Be careful, be careful."—W. Woodville Rockhill in Century.

Most of the jests which have been cur-rent in England for centuries are known also throughout Europe. Students of folk lore assure us that to a far greater extent than is generally understood these jests are of Asiatic origin, many of them having come from as far east as China and Japan. Some of them are thousands of years old, and who made them first is a question that

can never be answered.

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"Down to Harrisonlarg, sah, to git news 'bout dat battle day fore) during the fore and an important seed a single puston on do road, an important seed a single puston on do road, an important seed a single puston on do road, an important seed a single puston on do road, an important seed a single puston on do road, an important seed a single puston on do road, an important seed as in the seed fand the maney on application personally at by letter. We will also be glad to send testimentals and information proving the effects of h. h. B. in the above named di-COSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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