THE CAPTAIN'S THREE.

[Concluded from Last Saturday's Tribuna

It was some minutes before, having brushed the dust from my eyes and shaken myself together, I recovered my full senses, for Travers' cruel blow, and the jolting I received had dazed me much, so that by the time I could see and think clearly, Travers' frightened horse was out of sight. While I watched the clouds of dust raised by his maddened flight settling slowly, there appeared on the crest of a hill over which the animal had gone a body of horsemen, whose red coats and bright accouterments were plainly visible even at the distance of the mile or so between us. If Travers still lived and could speak I knew well he would send them in quick pursuit of me and my precious dispatches, and, while I debated what was best to do, standing the while foolishly in the middle of the road, I saw several of the horsemen detach themselves from the main body

and speed down the hill toward me. I at once plunged into the wood on my right, for in that direction lay the James and Lafayette army. I made what haste I could, in a line parallel with the road toward the hill which the British had left, for by this ruse I deemed it would be most easy to evade the pursuit. I had gone some two hundred yards in the direction from which they came, when I heard my pursuers clatter past me, and with light heart but legs somewhat shaky and breath much spent, I kept on. In a short time I reached the hill, and clambering up slowly, for the wood was thick with underbrush, approached as near as I dared to the road, and heard the voices of the soldiers whose comrades had gone in pursuit of me, but was not able to distinguish what they said. There I lay for some minutes, until I heard with no small satisfaction the whole troop go down the hill after the first

My short rest having strengthened me. I went on for half a mile through the wood, and then, feeling safe, drew out upon the road, where I could make so much better headway. Fortune was with me, for I soon came upon a brook. there drank and bathed my bruises, which much invigorated me, and then sat me down at a safe distance within the wood to look at my dispatches, which I had thrust hastily into my breast pocket. They were intact, and, to my sur-

prise and no small delight, I found I had snatched with them from the traitor's grasp some dispatches addressed from Lord Corwallis to the traitor General Arnold. These I had no compunction in opening, and thereby learned much. They told me first of the full treachery of the traitor Travers, who, it appeared, while holding a lieutenant's commission on his Excellency's staff, was a spy in the British pay, I learned, further, that the dispatches I carried were instructions from his Excellency, ordering Lafayette to keep Cornwallis closely engaged, and, if possible, to force him upon the coast, and there to hold him while the army under his Ex- cried De Courcey slightingly. cellency's command was hurrled to his assistance. How Travers learned all monsieur, who does," I exclaimed. this I know not.

There was a second dispatch too. which was of immediate importance, for it detailed the plans of an attack upon Lafayette that very night-General Arnold with his division to attack upon the north, and Cornwallis upon the east, and, getting Lafayette's army between two fires, in the confusion drive it back upon the James and capture or destroy it. A most excellent plan, to be sure, but which I by the grace of God would frustrate. General Arnold was also informed that Captain Hollister, the same with whom I had the encounter at Dorothy's house, had orders to dash into camp with his cavalry in the thick of the fight and endeavor to carry off the Marquis de Lafayette. Together with these was a rough sketch of the country, and by it I learned that Lafayette's army was much nearer than I expected, and, so far as I could judge, I was some six miles from the James and half way between the two armies-that of Cornwallis lying with its left on the river and its back to the sea, and the American army, with its right on the river, facing the British and some twenty miles away.

Truly had I made an important capture, and heartily did I wish that the villain Travers was still alive, that he might suffer the discomfiture of knowing that his treachery had gained him naught but a sore body and an uneasy mind. The plan, too, roughly drawn as it was, was most valuable to me, for it set me right in my bearings and convinced me I could reach the American camp in full time to apprise Lafayette of his danger and give him opportunity for a counter-movement if still the plan held force.

Nor did I, as may well be supposed, waste time in idle thought, but no sooner had my mind digested the full importance of the dispatches than I was up and away, straight as an arrow through the woods for the James, along whose banks I was sure to see the welcome sight of a Continental uniform.

By this time it was full daylight, and, as I judged, close upon 6 o'clock. On I trudged through the heavy wood until, by good luck, I came upon a small path and made good progress for perhaps balf a mile, when I was arrested by the whinny of a horse. Back few pass-s, realized it, and fenced cau-I jumped into the wood, and, with no desire to lose my direction, cautiously pushed forward to investigate. I quick-

clearing, and so close to the horse whose whinny I heard that I could touch him by stretching out my arm. 'Twas a noble animal, and I noticed with satisfaction the heavy cavalry pistols in each holster. One of these quickly secured, for the owner must

be near by. No sooner was the pistol in my hand than I saw him. 'Twas Captain Hollister. He was pacing swiftly up and down, with his watch in his hand, and ever and anon glancing anxiously toward an opening in the wood on the other side of the clearing. I remembered what he said about his important appointment at 6 in the morning. Perhaps, thought I, it was with Travers. I must act quickly. By this time Hollister was abreast of the horse and I stepped out, presenting the pistol at

"Damn." cried he in surprise. "Verily," quoth I, smiling, "the forune of war doth change rapidly." He sald nothing, but looked at me

surllly. "I want your sword, Captain," I

"Nay he cried; "I have use for it." "Not for some time," said I; "prisoners need no arms." He laughed bitterly. "Curse my

he cried. "Nay," I replied; "you see Lafaytte sooner than you expected."

I laughed as he started in surprise and looked at me curiously. "Ah," he exclamed; "tis now on the stroke of six. Give me ten minutes."

"Not a minute." I cried thinking of his appointment. "You will spoil a pretty pastime," said he

"For your dragoons?" "No, on my honor. You are safe "I mean to be," said I. "Your

sword. I heard the beat of horse's hoofs on the turf.

"Your sword," I cried savagely, thrusting the pistol in his face, and as he threw it down sullenly a richlydressed officer dashed into the clearing and dismounted with a jump at

our sides. I presented my revolver at his breast. "Ah, mon ami," he cried; "where are your eyes?" and he threw off his of an officer of Lafayette's staff.

"Capt. de Courcey at your service," he said, and bowed deeply to me and then to Capt. Hollister. "'Tis most urgent that I see the

Marquis and get my prisoner to camp," said I. "You will assist me?" "Willingly," he cried, "when Captain Hollister and I have concluded our

"'Twill take but a few minutes," exclaimed Hollister pleadingly. "Nay," said I angrily, "'tis foilishness; these private broils are absurd;" and, turning to Captain de Courcey, 'you know his Excellency disapproves

of duelling." "His Excellency is an American, and does not understand affairs of honor,'

"You can readily find one American, 'Ab," said he, smiling, ost happy after Captain Hollister." "He is my prisoner, and you cannot fight him now," I cried.

"Ah, but I will," he replied: and before I realized what he was doing, he sprang behind me and pinioned my arms, and in a few seconds I was sitting on the ground like a trussed fowl, my hands tied behind me with De Courcey's scarf and my feet bound with Hollister's bridle, while De Courcey stood bowing and smiling before me, and Hollister removed his coat in a

business-like manner. I was angry at the ease with which I had been overcome and at my humiliation, and freely branded De Courcey as a coward and a traitor, whereat he bowed and smiled as before, and contepted himself with flicking his glove in my face and saying: "After Captain Hollister, monsieur."

De Courcey had brought with him a

couple of duelling swords, and these were now produced. "You will cry 'stop' when one of us is asked Capt. Hollister.

"Willingly," said I, with a determination to make the best of it "Ah,monsieur is kind," cried De Cour-"It is not to ze death, as you say; but just a question of ze skill, ch, mon

Captain? "Quite so," said Hollister; and then, doubtfully, for duelling was not frequent in America, he asked: "You un-

"Full well." cried I, somewhat boastfully, for I had more than once seen swords crossed, and considered myself

no weak hand at the small-sword ex-"Monsieur can choose when ze Cantain and I finish whether he desires to

ze death or to ze touch," said De Courcey, adding insinuatingly, "it is so much more enjoyable to se death."

"As you please," said I, carelessly smiling, resolved not to be outdone by this bloodthirsty Frenchman, though little I liked the part I was playing. "Gardez, Monsieur Captain," cried De

Courcey, and the swords clashed. Scidom have I seen a more pretty display of swordsmanship. Both were adepts at the art, and after the first tiously. The Frenchman, dapper and thin, but wiry as an eel, was in and out pushed forward to investigate. I quick-ly found myself on the edge of a small that carried him around and around his

THE PARKHURST OF OLD LONDON TOWN

Lord Bishop Creighton Begins a Crusade Against Vice.

Unique Personality of Mrs. Creighton, the Lord Bishop's Wife, Who Is Probably the Prime Mover of the Crusade -- Although She Might Be a Leader of the Bon Ton, She Prefers

to Labor Among the Lowly -- Rise of the Present Lord Bishop. Writes Barnard Barrett from Lonto the Washington Post: The crusades conducted by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, against the social evil are being repeated in this

city, but on entirely different lines, the methods adopted being without the offensive features which caused much adverse criticism to be directed against the New York divine. The Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, Lord Bishop of London, the most powerful church official of the English metropois, has instituted a crusade, and the immense influence he wields has served to gather about him in the work a small army of divines of various de-

grees of importance.

London, like all other great cities, has various municipal laws which are supposed to govern the matter, but notwithstanding these it can honestly termed the wickedest city on earth Nightly the scenes in the West End are such that their parallel is not to e found anywhere. Paris has its frivolities, Berlin and Vienna their obnoxious features, but in substantial vice London is pre-eminent. Time and again numerous reform organizations have been formed and various means adopted to reduce the evil to a minimum, but one and all have met igno-

minious defeat. Part of the programme of the Bishop London is to hold "social purity" meetings at a late hour at night in the fashionable churches of the West End. The first of these were held in St. James', the fashionable church of Piccadilly, the meetings being called at 11 o'clock and lasting until after midnight. Men of eminent station in the social world go into the streets, and mixing with the crowds, invite the people to attend the services. Other churches have adopted the same plan with the hope of stirring up such a mighty protest among the populace that the home secretary will be forced o pursue effective measures for crush-

ng the nightly parade of vice. While little has been said on the subect in the newspapers it is well known that Mrs. Creighton, the wife of the Lord Bishop, has much to do with the new reform movement. She is a woman of exceptional metal power. She cannot be termed as a new woman, as the popular idea pictures that species of femininity, as she is strongly opposed to woman's suffrage and with characteristic courage has braved public opinion by actively protesting against it.

If she were so inclined, she could as wife of bishop of London become a potent factor in the fashionable world. The official home of the Bishop of London, and where the Bishops of many generations have lived, is Fulham Palace. The manor of Fulham belong ed to the See of London before the Norman conquest, and in fact history says that it was given to the See in year 691 by the then Bishop of Hereford. The house is a fine old structure and the surrounding grounds ar beautifuly laid out. The possession of such a home would tempt the average oman to go for entertaining, but Mrs. Creighton assiduously avoids everything of the kind and devotes her enrgies to more serious work.

She is an eloquent speaker and jour-neys to various points of the Kingdom to participate in meetings. She has written much, and, moreover, her writings have been a financial success. Her "First History of England," written for children, had several editions her "First History of France" has been just as successful. She has also compled several historical biographies and has written considerably for periodi

HER IDEAL MINISTER'S WIFE. Mrs. Creighton is of English birth but her parents were natives of Revel one of the Baltic provinces. Recently she was asked to describe her ideal of a clergyman's wife, and she said:

"The sphere of a clergyman's wife is f course, a more subordinate one than that of any other wife. It calls for an absolute surrender of self. Her first object must be to make the surroundings of her husband's life such that he can do his work easily; to make no claims upon him which would interfere with or hinder his work. Any help she can give him should be known only to hemselves and God.

"At the outset she is called to make renunciation of that complete symeathy and confidence which is the ideal of a loving wife. That renunciation should be faced and bravely made

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there must be no curiosity about her husband's intercourse with others need not say that there must not be the least suspicion of jealousy. I feel very strongly that the first care of the wife of a bishop or clergyman must be given to her own home. Children and husband should come before any social

SIMPLE SOCIAL DUTIES.

IN THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST CITY Concerning the social duties of a minister's wife' she said: "I think that calls and tea parties may seem to be a waste of time, but it is only by getting on easy terms with one's neighbors that we are able to speak words of sympathy when they are needed. The best thing a clergyman's wife can do for her poorer neighbors is to visit them, get to know them, and make them feel she is their friend; at the same time, in all work done for women and children at least she should take a leading part; her great object should be to raise the tone of home life and the moral standard in the place. Those who know the country know that few things are more heartbreaking than the low standard of morality in a country village."

On this subject Mrs. Creighton feels most strongly, and with her immense determination behind the crusade now in progress it is believed that the movement just begun will not have the same fate as the others.

The Bishop of London is a scholarly man of broad experience in church work. He began at the bottom of the ministeral ladder. The first ten years of his married life was spent in straggling north country parish's, where there was nothing but a continual round of hard work. After leaving this parish his rise in the church world was gradual but steady. His elevation to the bishopric of London is of comparatively recent date, but since then he has made many innovations, not the least of which is the war on what many Londoners have come to regard as a necessary evil.

CONTINGENCIES.

How the Native's Enthusiastic Interpolations Was Waived Aside.

"Down in the vicinity of Tupelo," said Private John Allen to a Washing ton Post man, "some time during the summer of 1896 a traveler on horseback espied a tow-headed, bare-legged country youth of about 14, driving a pair of billy goats to a wagon of home architecture, on which rested a barrel of water. A conversation ensued, and the stranger ascertained that the lad hauled the fluid from a river hard by his home to the paternal cabin for use on washdays. He was further enlightened that the pay was sometimes as good as fifteen cents a day.

"Would you sell your goats, bub' asked the traveler. "I guess I would, mister, if some-

body would give me \$2 for 'em,' re plied the boy. "Hold on, there,' shouted a native who had just come up in time to hear the conversation. 'Don't take \$2 for them there goats. Ef Bryan is elected they'll be worth \$5."

"Yes,' said the owner of the goats, and if I had this barrel of water in - I could git a thousand dollars for



no protection against his arrow. Yet many a young woman whose affections are already engaged, hesi-tates to assume the obligations of wifehood and motherhood, because she feels unfitted for them by some physical weakness or disease.

The special ailments to which the femi-nine organism is liable, not only unfit a wo-man for happy wifehood and motherhood, but incapacitate her for any sphere of action. No woman can discharge the daily decise of any position with comfort or satisfaction who is constantly weighed down by head-aches, backaches and dragging, weakening

Troubles of this nature are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They are positively and completely cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts genuine health and strength to the womanly organs. It was devised for this one purpose by an eminent specialist in this particular

field of practice.

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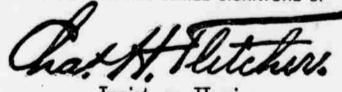
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arm and dexterity of wrist what he lacked in lightness of foot. For close upon five minutes the Frenchman attacked furiously, but the coolness of the Englishman was a match for the impetuosity of his assailant, and he waited with a quiet smile for the Frenchman to time himself out and his turn to come. breath hard, for he had hovered in

antagonist, who made up in strength of

At length De Courcey, drawing circle while the Englishman had stood the ground of his first choosing and hardly moved ten feet in either direction, drew back, as feeling the futility of his attack, and slightly dropped his sword point. This was the English man's chance, and by mere weight and strength he drove De Courcey back with a shower of blows, until the Frechman's foot slipping on a pebble, he half fell, his weapon was knocked from his hands, and Hollister held the point of his sword against De Courcey's throat for an instant, then threw it down and helped the Frenchman to his

feet. "'Twas an accident," he cried; "will

you try again?" "No, no, mon ami," replied De Courcey; "you are generous, too much; pernaps some time again, with ze rapier' -Hollister bowed-"for now ze American awaits my pleasure." 'Nay," cried Hollister, "he must first

fight me; he struck me;" and he point-

ed to a mark on his forehead where my fist had landed the night before. "He called me ze traitor," cried De Courcey, excitedly, "I will fight first." They were rapidly reaching a quarrel when I interrupted, for my blood was

"Do not squabble," said I, with some braggadocio; "I will fight you both to-Hollister shook his head, but De

Courcey rushed to me, and, cutting my onds, embraced me effusively. "Ah, mon brave," he cried; "ah, do; ze novelty, et will be ee-mense. You are ze American D'Artagan, ah, ze

glorious Bob, Bob, Bobby!" and he patted my sword-hilt. 'Don't be a fool," exclaimed Hollister; "one at a time will be plenty, I doubt not. Here, De Courcey, let's toss

for it. Heads you win; tails you lose," and he tossed up a coin. De Courcey bent over it eagerly, and then drew himself up with a laugh. 'Monsteur, I await your pleasure," ha

Hollister gave me his sword. "You ill not take off your coat?" he asked. "No," replied I; "the air is cool." He laughed knowingly. "Your dis-

"Ay," I replied, and held myself in

cried.

eadiness. The Frenchman made a few passes to draw me out, but I held myself well in reserve, resolved to rush him as Hollister had done, for I knew he was tired, and the advantage was all on my side. cloak, revealing the splendid uniform But I waited too long, for as we fenced, and more as if in practice than in carnest, he made a pretty feint, and scratched me upon the forehead, and before I recovered myself, again upon the cheek. Then, as he laughed as if he were playing with me, I lost my head altogether, and rushed at him blindly. He guarded my flerce thrusts and cuts with admirable coolness and decision, until, my breath being spent from the force of my too vigorous attack, I dropped back, and the Frenchman coming on, lunged in quatre and tierce, feinted, and ran me through the

left arm with the greatest ease. The shock made me real, but I quickrecovered and sprang forward again eager for revenge, and I doubt not I should in my blind rage have run upon my death had not Hollister knocked up my sword, and caught my arm.

You are to eager," he cried: yourself for me." "I'am ready now," I panted "Allow me first," cried DeCourcey, ripping up my sleeve and binding my wound with his kerchief. Fortunately no artery was served, and, though

the wound bled a good deal, it was in no way serious. Hollister and I now faced each other and I was cool enough to realize that I had a more formidable antagonist than the Frenchman, but for all that was eager enough for the fray.

He wasted no time in fencing as De Courcey and I had done, but lunged fiercely and hard, quatre tierce-tierce -quatre-cut - cut - quatre - thrust. Slowly I was forced back inch by inch. He pressed me on until my eyes became bloodshot and my tongue thick with want of breath. Around and around he drove me. Once we rested for a moment, drew deep breaths, and again our swords clashed upon each other until my arm felt like lead and my knees shock. Then, as I guarded for a high thrust, he got his point under my guard and lunged fiercely; mechanically I thrust, and as I did so his sword struck me on the breast so truly and strongly that I reeled and fell, faint and dizzy. With my head spinning, I staggered to my feet, saw as in a mist my sword red with blood, and Hollister in De Courcey's arms,

the blood welling from a wound in his shoulder.

As I staggered towards him he rais ed his hand to his ear. "My troopers are coming," he cried let my horse be my ransom-go 'Go monsieur," he exclamed; "I am safe here. You are not.'

I hestitated and looked at De Cour-I drew myself painfully into th saddle, and heard the thump of the hoofs close behind me. There was no time to be lost. Hastily I waved adieu to the two, spurred my horse across

the clearing, and down the path toward the river The rush of fresh air quickly revived me. I felt for my dispatches. They were safe. Then I saw the clean-cut hole where Hollister's point had struck. Why had it not pierced my heart? I unbuttoned my coat and drew forth what was once Dorothy's picture. The glass upon which it had been painted was in a thousand fragments, and in the metalframe was a great dent. This kissed twice; for once Dorothy had

saved my liberty and once my life. For an hour I sped onward, and then saw from the crost of a small hill the

James flowing quietly half a mile away, and some two miles up stream the glorious flag of our country. In half an hour I was in camp and had delivered my dispatches to the Marquis in person. What a boy he was! I doubt me whether he could have grown a beard. But though young in years, he was an able general, and as sank in much-needed sleep, the orders were being given for a counter-move-

ment to the proposed attack of Corn-This attack, by the way, never took place, and to this day I flatter myself that had I not Yallen in with the traitor Travers Lafayette's army would have been swept away in that night at-Cornwallis might never bave been shut up in Yorktown; the states might---. But whom am I thus to

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