

CHAPTER L. BUSHWHACKED. NDS up!" Why he shouted the

words I don't know, for in another moment he gave me one barrel, and before I could raise a finger I heard a click, admonishing me that I was about to get the other. A thin film of smoke floating above the fence to the right and two malignant eyes peering at me from between the rails betrayed his position. Like a flash I whipped out my revolver, but before I could raise it there was another report, and my right arm dropped, benumbed by a charge of buckshot. Seiz-

ing my weapon with my left hand, 1 brought it to a level with the eyes be hind the fence and fired. There was a sound of a body falling, and I knew that I had struck home.

Spurring my horse to the side of the road, I craned my neck over the fence. and there in the ditch lay the bushwhacker. His hat had fallen off and left bare a head of red, shocky hair. In his belt was his revolver, beside him a shotgun. His body, elad in "butternut," lay on an incline, his feet in the water, which flowed lazily past. The sup, shining through budding branches. lighted up his face, and I knew that I had seen him before. Indeed, a vivid scene in which he had borne a part came up out of the past to fling over me a cloud of gloom like the wing of an Apollyon.

I drew an involuntary sigh. It was not that I had taken a life flives were cheap enough in those days, and he had sought to take mine); it was not my narrow escape from death, but an overpowering consciousness that the spirit of war lurked everywhere; that the beautiful face of Nature about metrees, fences, bushes, everything-best served to cover assassing.

"Is he dead?"

Startled at the sound of a voice, 1 glanced aside. There, leaning against the fence, her arms resting on the top rall, gazing at the disagreeable sight on which I had been intent, stood a young girl.

Where did you come from?" I asked, lifting my hat with my left hand. "There." She turned her head and glanced at a house on the other side of

the road. "You must have stepped lightly. 1 didn't hear you coming."

Without reply she continued gazing It may have been something in the at the body of the bushwhacker, 1, too, restfulness, the security I had felt, inlooked again at the upturned face, with congruous with pestilent war; just as amid the luxurious follage of the trop-Its glassy, staring eyes

"Why did you kill him ?"

"I will tell you." But I did not tell ber then, for as 1

spoke I felt something warm trickling over the back of my hand and, looking down, saw blood dripping upon her

"Come into the house, quick. That's arterial blood."

Seizing the reins, she led my horse, I following, to a side gate. This she opened, and we went up to the veranda. Catching sight of a colored boy,

life, then a half dozen shot, did some stitching and then carefully bandaged the wound.

"There," he said, "if you move that arm within 48 hours you'll be in danger of your life. Keep quiet, and you'll come out all right."

"I must go on at once, doctor." "You'll go part way as a corpse if

you do." The old lady declared that I should not stir out of the house till the doctor gave the word, the old gentleman bade me welcome as long as I needed to stay, the young lady who had brought me there said nothing, while the boy looked as if to lose a subject so fruitful of interest would break his heart.

'I'll send a young associate of mine," said the doctor. "If the wound opens, you must have attention at once."

vernal sun.

me

live.

Thank you, doctor. There seems to be a great deal of commotion about a very small matter. I don't care to put so many people to so much trouble." No one paid any attention to my protest, all busying themselves to make

me comfortable. Pillows were laid beneath my head, a silk quilt was thrown over me, and a stand with a silver bell on it was placed beside me that I might ring for anything I wanted. All being satisfactorily arranged, the doctor orbird. dered everybody out of the room and then departed himself.

What a singular transition! Half an hour before I had left Huntsvillebeautiful Huntsville, nestling among the hills that slope away from the Cumberland plateau-and was working my way northward toward Payette ville, Tenn. The plants in the yards beside the road were putting forth their buds, the leaves on the trees were

tread.

opening, insects were awakening, birds singing-all revived by the rays of the I permitted my horse to drop into a walk. A pleasant languor stole over me, replacing a bitter mental turbulence which had been ever present with for months. Perhaps it was the genial warmth, the balmy air; perhaps

an absence of war scenes with which I had long been familiar; perhaps both. looking into her mild eyes, it seemed as At any rate, I watched the sun glisten if there had come a patch of blue sky. on the dewdrops, felt its rays warm my and I wished-yes, strangely enough, shoulders, and listened to the singing I wished-that it had not been necesof the birds with a consciousness that, sary for me to shoot a man that mornafter all, sometimes it is pleasant to ing.

INCOGNITO.

sidering me always in danger. A doctor must needs be at all times within reach, a stripling of a medical graduate must sleep in the same room with me, the old gentleman was constantly coming into the room to ask if I wanted anything, while his wife was as tender and motherly as if I had been her own son. Even the servants yied with each other in waiting on me, and when anything was or-

war's greater horrors might for a time You have placed me under an obligaenable me to forget my feud. All went tion which well till I beard of him. He was at "Tut, tut! You know our southert customs-we are nothing if not hos-pitable. You are a southern man, of Huntsville. I burned to reach him. Our general was casting covetous eyes on northern Alabama. I begged him course ?" "Of course." I spoke the words hes

eves fixed on me intently.

"Mr. Stanforth," I said, "you and

your family have been too kind for me

"You are an honorable man, sir, who

ever and whatever you are?" exclaimed

pathizer

I looked at Helen. She was regard-

ing me earnestly. "If this gentleman is

with us," she said-"us of the south-

he need not fear to declare himself. It

There was an uncomfortable silence

during which Mr. Stanforth regarded

his daughter steraly. "If there is one right in the south."

he said, "sacred above all others, it is

"But I do. papa."

"Helen!"

opinions."

papa?"

he is with the Yankees"-

"While our guest he has."

to let me go down and bring back a report of the country, the railroads, its itatingly. rolling stock, machine shops, bridges, everything - a knowledge of which "Your state?" "Tennessee. ould assist in its capture. "East, middle or west?" But this low cur who had tried to kill "Blast."

Mr. Stanforth paused. There was no me-he was at the massacre. With my own hand I had applied fire to his mis information as to my sentiments in the grable hut. How had he known that I fact that I halled from east Tennesses was in Alabama? Had he heard of me More than two-thirds of the people of during my stay at Huntsville? It had that section were with the Union. "May I ask, sir," said my host, with been brief, for as soon as I reached the an evident intention of ending all doubt town I learned that my enemy was not there and, disappointed, turned my face in regard to the side with which I was northward. Or had the bushwhacker affiliated, "are you a Union or a Conmet me by chance? I did not know. I federate sympathizer?" do not know now. Of one thing I was I was about to declare myself an certain-he was one of my old enemies,

ardent supporter of the Confederacy and they would hunt me like a hare. when my little friend Ethel, who had 1 lay for hours unwillingly turning visited me on the day I was shot, apover these war borrors as if they were peared in the doorway, her blue eyes a wheel on which I was obliged to looking straight into mine. Had my No one came into the room, and intended falsehood been rammed back I called no one. Doubtiess they wished into my throat with the butt of a re me to be quiet. I was weak and tiredvolver it could not have been more eftired in mind, tired in body, tired of fectually stopped. Then something imexistence. If I could only find him, the belled me to turn my glance to Helen. She was about to pour a liquid from a

world might vanish for all me. I fell into a troubled slumber, and vial into a glass and had paused, her when I awoke I saw standing in the doorway a girl of 8 or 9 years-a frail blue eyed little thing, with her hair cut square about her neck and held by a semicircular comb. She was gazing at me intently, as children in fairy tales clare myself." stand on tiptoe and look at the sleeping ogre who is intending to eat them for

supper. 'Come in." I said encouragingly. She shrank back. But, though she seemed to dread me, she could not keep away from me. Without for a moment taking her eyes off me she began to approach by slow, very slow, steps. I

the enormity of my act. "Sweetheart, don't look at me that

way. Come and kiss me." I reached out for her hand. She shrank away, but I gently pulled her to me with my well arm, drew her down and kissed her. As I touched her pure young lips with mine the crimes of which I had been thinking, vivid as the day they were committed, seemed to move far from me, like a retreating storm muttering in the distance. And somehow, with this bit of innocence in my arm, my beard brushing her check.

"Why is your life of little moment rou?" she asked. "You overheard?" "Yes."

"You have a right to require me to disclose my affiliations in the great struggle in which we are involved, but my private griefs"--

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"I ask your pardon." There was no regret expressed. It was simply a well bred way of noticing that she had falled to ellelt the information she desired. "I should have got on well enough, continued, "if that confounded stand had not been in the way. I believe i could go now just as well as not." paused. I was very weak. "May ask you to hand me that glass?" I added, looking at a tumbler containing brandy.

Without noticing the proof of my inability to do as I assorted she handed me the glass and when I had taken a awallow put it back on the table. Her coolness was beginning to irritate me. "I have a mind to get up and go on," said. "I don't believe there is any danger."

"What did the doctor say?" "He told me to keep quiet as I val-ued my life."

"You don't value your life; therefore you will get up and go on-in other words, commit suicide."

"You know very well that it galls me to be obliged to impose upon a family that has loaded me with kindness without declaring my identity." "Then why not declare it?"

to deceive you. I will not do that, but "Because it doesn't suit my plans to it would not serve my purpose to dedo so."

> I was acting ungraciously, recklessly, and I knew it, but I was in no condition to fence with this cool creature. "Shall I leave you?" she asked, without appearing at all offended.

"I don't need your attention. 'You need some one's attention. I

will have Jackson sit in the hall, where he can hear you if you ring." And she walked out of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SKETCH.

builder's yard, a ship upon the ways, The grean of straining planks, the snap of stays, The obsering of a crowd: "She moves! She's obsering of a crowd: "She movest

And with a sudden rush and splash the great ship Leaves the wharf. A storm swept, foam tossed sea, a howling gale,

Waves to disappear.

A summer's eve, a calm and wailing tide, A dismai stretch of sand that tries to hide The bones of some great vessel, prow on high, Outlined against the sunsel's last faint glow

Outlined against the sumset s rass Athwart the sky. —Julian Hinckley in Outlook

The Interval of Effort. "My man, you are a professional beggar, aven't you?"

"No. sir. I'm a professional loafer. When I gits hungry, then I gits up and begs."-Chicago Herald.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between Lewis G. Lidle and T. E. Evans was dissolved on the 19th day of July, 1901, by mutual consent, so far as relates to the saild T. E. Evans. All debts due to said partnership are to be paid to Lewis G. Lidle and all demands on account of partnership business are to be present to him for pay-ment. T. E. Evans. Dated July 19th, 1901.

U. S. A.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY

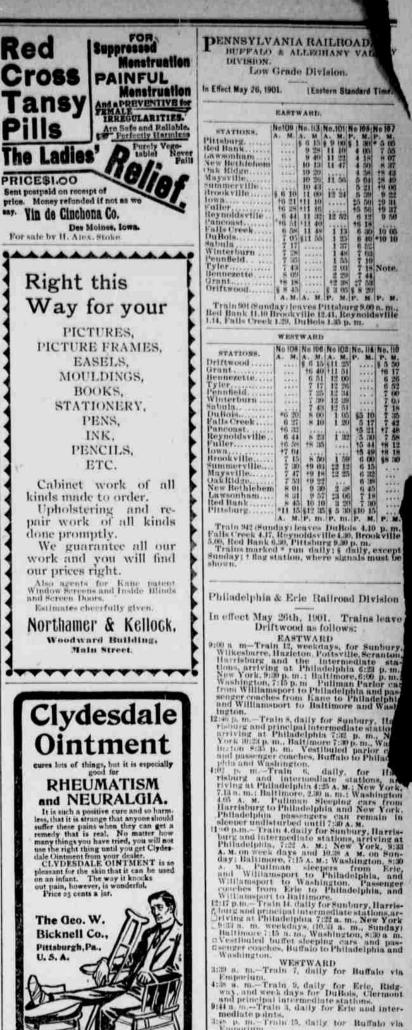
Dated July 19th, 1991.

the right of hospitality. Mr. Brander-NOTICE OF SALE. stane cannot be forced to divulge his

"But has he a right to conceal them,

In consideration as a guarantee for payment the indersigned. John Ymlekovick, of Big Soldler, deferson county, P.a., does by these presents sign over unto John Sulite, of Hei-vein, Clearfield county, P.a., the following described property. I hay horse, I read con-generation of the solid point of the solid presents in a property of the solid bolm Sulite water. Lessing machine, I bureau, I longe, all other household goods. The conditions water, I see ing machine, I bureau, I longe, all other household goods. The conditions water, I see ing machine, I bureau, I longe, and other household goods. The conditions water, is a set of the solid John Sulite with or befor e March Li, 1992, Four Hundred Doi-lars (\$900.0) in movies housed the solid John Vasiekovick, by the solid John Sulite, then above enrolled property to be the property of the solid John Sulite with or with out process of law. In witness the parties have horemuto set their bands and scals at their veita, Pa, this second day of August, Four-Mark States. Joins Vastekovick, The Marken Ling States with or with and heid by the solid John Sulite with or with out process of law. In witness the parties have horemuto set their bands and scals at their order, Pa, this second day of August, Four-bark Bardelling Process. Joins Vastekovick, CONDENSED TIME TABLE "Mr. Stanforth," I said, "your daugh-IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1901. ter is right. No man should remain un-Allegheny } Butler Traigsville. West Mosgrove Echo Signed in my presence. J. M. LEIS, Justice of the Peace. AT YOUNG'S PLANING MILL You will find tochester SASH, DOORS. FRAMES AND FINISHof all kinds. ROUGH - AND - DRESSED LUMBER. HIGH GRADE VARNISHES. LEAD AND OIL COLORS in all shades. And also an over-stock of Nails which I will sell CHEAP. J. V. YOUNG, Prop. Punxsutawney I Dayton. Echo West Mosgrove. Craigsville. Butler. Allegbeny | Pittaburg } Want Your **Clothing to Fit ?** Then you ought to go to J. C. Froehlich, 75 78 MERCHANT TAILOR. My line of samples are well worth anyone's time to call and inspect. Remember All Work is Guaranteed. Cleaning, Repairing and Alter-

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NEVEO. Are you a Union or a Confederate sym-Mr. Stanforth warmly, "It may be sometimes necessary to withhold confidence, but never to lie, sir. Keep your secret: I shall not trouble you for It. I am mercly a citizen and take no part in the national dispute."

CHAPTER II.

HESE kind people with whom I was lodged persisted in con-

But suppose they knew me-that I dered for me with haste unusual to was a renegade, a traitor to the south. the negro they scrambled to see which There was no name harsh enough among Confederates for those of their one would bring it. Only the girl who

felt as if I were a snake charming a "Don't be afraid of me," I said. "I won't hurt you." "You killed him." She pointed like an accusing angel to the opposite side of the road, where I had left the body of my would be assassin. Her volce was soft, but her eyes were big with

she called to him:

"Mount quickly and ride for the doc tor! Tell him a man has been shot, an artery cut, and a life is in danger." I had a dim image of the boy tearing down the road, and, tottering into the



"Is he dead?" she asked

se, I sat down on a sofa in the II brary. I must have fainted, for sudly, without being conscious of their ng, I found myself in the midst of an excited throng. An old lady stood beside me with a basin, from which she was sprinkling my face. A white baired old gentleman with pink cheeks, a towel in one hand, a decanter in the other, was bending over me. A boy of 12 with a toy gun was staring at me. blie the girl who had brought me here looked on with far more interest than I had yet seen in her impassive Beyond all was a dark back-and of house servants. My coat had removed, and a negro had a tight on a hit of wood twisted in a lkerchief tied around my arm just ve the wound. A long, thin man runty suit of black came burrying runty suit of black came hurrying tith a leather case in his band and, uping out his instruments, began work of picking up a partly sever-runy. He first took out a piece of cost sloove, which had retarded the exchange and doubtiess exvel my

own people who were not with them, and all who were not with them were ngninst them, and doubtless these new found friends were all Confederate sympathizers. The bushwhacker could tell no tales. I was thankful for that, for he had known me well. The thought of him took me back to that night of horrors. I was again at the head of those Tennessee Unionisty endeavoring to lead them to a haven of safety. We were near the Cumberland gap. One more day and we should be at Camp Dick Robinson, where we should find Federal troops. Then the attack. By the flashing of guns I could see their faces, and here and there recognize a neighbor-men beside whom I had lived for years, and whom civil war had converted into fiends. One by one 1 saw my friends shot down. There was one dearer to me than all besides. Through the darkness, guided by the finshes and the sound of my voice, she darted to me, and found refuge in my arms.

Then came an unaccountable sinking.

ics one feels that behind every leaf and

flower lurks invisible fever. Suddenly

the shots rang out; then came my reply

to the girl standing beside me looking

at the dead bushwhacker; then my

entry into the house, and now I was

lying on a comfortable lounge an ob-

ject of tender solicitude on the part of

people who, from being strangers, had

suddenly become very dear friends.

Then that sudden dash of Confederate cavalry. I felt the figure I held quiver and slip through my arms. I moaned and kissed the white lips; then, like lightning, the wild beast jumped within me. I looked up to see who had done this last, this crowning atrocity. A Confederate officer sat on his horse staring at me, in his hand a smoking pistol. A sudden collapse, and I knew that I was hit. This is all I remembered of the massacre.

How I gloated in my revenge! The tomes of men who had committed those murders were burning, and I had applied the torch. Their barns, graineverything they possessed-passed away in black spark spangled clouds, which shot upward as if to carry vengeance to the very heavens. These men had made my life a waste; I had made theirs a bell.

There was one I had not yet punished, one whose punishment I longed for more than all the rest-the Confederate officer with the smoking pistol. I sought for him without success. Then I tried to forget him, but whenever I remembered that beloved figure flee-ing to me for protection, that tremor, that sinking away before the blight of death, I would start again on my long

leath, I would start again on my long sunt. I joined the army, thinking that

had brought me there came and went as though I was an ordinary person with an ordinary wound, to be treated in an ordinary manner.

All this attention and sympathy vexed me beyond measure. What right had I to accept it-1, a Tennesseean, in arms against the south, in search of a Confederate enemy? Yes, and morewas I not the bearer of information that would enable the hated Yankee to swoop down on this fair region and reclaim it for the Union? The least suspicion of my true character would turn the devotion lavished upon me to con tempt. My very life would be in danger. Pooh! What cared I for my life. except that I dreaded to go to my long home detested by those who had suc-cored me. Besides, the information 1 possessed-information of vital importance to the Union cause-must be carried northward.

A crisis caupe soon enough. It was evening, and i was reclining on my sofa looking out upon the beautiful hills lying to the eastward. The girl with the cool head and impassive face was standing by a table rearranging books and bottles and what not which had been in use during the day. Suddenly the door opened, and my host entered. I saw at once by his expression that something had occurred to put him on his guard, or perhaps he had been thinking, wondering what kind of person he was harboring. At any rate, he came up and, drawing a chair be side me, began to talk. It was plain that he wished to ask me questions. but he was too kind, too generous to one in my condition, too hospitable, to ask them directly.

"The doctor tells me, Mr."- he be-"Upon my word, you have been with us three days, sir, and we don't know even your name." "Branderstane, John Branderstane. am equally ignorant to whom I am in-debted for all this attention." "Our name is Stanforth, sir. This is

my daughter Helen, Mr. Brander-Helen inclined her head slightly, and I raised mine far enough from the pil-lows to do the same.

roof of one who has him without revealing his identity when it is called for. May I ask you to order my horse?" I started up. I was too preoccupied

to notice the stand beside me covered with books, with which I had vainly tried to alleviate my confinement, and struck my arm at the very spot where I had been wounded. A shiver passed over the father; the

daughter gave an involuntary start. My cost, which had been thrown loosely over my shoulder, had become disarranged, exposing the arm, upou which every eye was turned. Both Mr. Stanforth and Helen bent forward in tently. We were congratulating ourselves that no damage had been done when on the white shirt sleeve appeared a spot of bright red blood. "Jackson, run! The doctor! Quick! Tell him the wound has opened!"

I sank back on the sofa. Mr. Stan forth began running about wildly; Mrs. Stanforth entered in wonder; the servants flocked in with open eyes and mouths.

"Papa, your handkerchief." Helen Stanforth spoke the words as coolly as if she had been an experienced surgeon. With her father's handker chief she improvised a tourniquet, and the bleeding stopped at once. "Now, see here," said the doctor when he had arrived and repaired the damage, "you've had a close call, sir. Perhaps you'll pay some attention here-after to what I tell you, sir." "Next time, doctor," I said feebly, "let me go. My life is of little moment to me. As I spoke Helen, who had gone out

of the room for something, returned. "Ah, Miss Stanforth," said the doctor, "I will leave the patient in your care. You seem to be always on hand when he needs you and to know exactly what to do. Let the others keep away."

"I will relieve you, doctor." she said quietly.

The doctor gathered up his belongings and left the room, leaving Helen standing looking at me with a certain curious earnestness that I could not interpret. As she had been the indirect cause of my mishap, I unturally expected she would refer to it, perhaps express some regret. She was think-ing of an entirely different matter.

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