

me, enptain?"

back hall;

east

tentions

company."

sion?"

hand on yo' collar ?"

up and go with them. The members of

the family, discovering that something

had gone wrong, flocked about, and it

was easy to see that though they did

not understand why I was arrested.

they were all in sympathy with me.

tressed, «Mr. Stanforth attempted to

argue my case for me, of course to no

purpose. The negroes were all indig-

heard Lib delivering herself in the

"Wha' fo' dat mis'able osifer wid be

sleeves covered all ober wid dem gol'

snakes goin t' 'rest a fine south'n gem-

len like dat? Dat wha' yo' call free-

dom? Colored folks got mo' freedom

den dat. I heah mas'r talkin 'bout stutional libe'ty. Wha's de use o' stu-

tional libe'ty when de oder man got he

out to the gallery. Just as I started down the walk Ethel appeared, with

curious eyes, and I paused to take her

up and give her a parting kiss. I cast

a glance at Helen. There was lutense

interest in her face, but among so

many emotions I could not discover

which predominated. I went with the

soldiers down to the gate, where I

direction you are going. If your in-

would take me to Huntsville and exam-

ine into the charge against me. It ap-

pears that you are taking me into the

have no trouble. Yo' can enlist in my

Thank you. Do I look like a man

who would go begging for a commis-

"I beg yo'r pardon, sir." And he lift-

I had retained my coolness thus far.

but I confess I did not like the situa-

tion. As a southern man, used to

southern people, I felt a certain confi-

dence, yet if it were known that I was

a Union officer I would be put out of

the way without benefit of clergy.

Who was the man who had informed

against me? What did he know? The

more I thought about it the more in-

tense became my anxiety. Suddenly I

looked up and saw white tents. 1

knew at once by the looks of the camp

that it contained one or two companies

of cavalry. There was a railroad bridge

Flint river, and I judged that the cav-

country to dispose of me."

ed his hat apologetically.

were not murderous, you

I heard no more, for I was conducted

Stanforth seemed greatly dis-

While waiting for my horse I

## CHAPTER V. ABREST.

AVE you a man by the name of Branderstane stopping with you?" I beard the words spoken

at the front door in a pleasant voice, in which there was something languid. My heart began a vigorous thumping. sking out of the window. I saw a troop of Confederate cavalry at the gate and men darting in different directions. I knew that the house was being surrounded. Helen went out to the inquirer.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Branderstane?" she asked.

Helen must have suspected that I

was in danger. There was a slight pause, in which I fancied she was deberating what to do. "He is in a critical condition," she

said. "He was wounded recently. Is your business with him important?" 'Very important."

"Show the gentleman in, if ye please, Miss Stanforth." I called. knew there was nothing to be gained by attempting to put the man off. must appear unconcerned.

She led the way to where I was. A young man in the uniform of a Confed erate captain entered. He was a hand some fellow, with an Indolent, self in dulgent air, and evidently a gentleman. He was extremely deferential to Helen, carrying his hat in his hand and bearing himself as if it pained him to thus trespass upon the household. "Are you John Branderstane, sir?"

"At your service. And you?" "Captain Beaumont, --th Geowgia"

cavalry, sir." "What can I do for you, captain ?" "I must trouble you to get up and

come with me." "On what authority?"

'My own, sir. It has been reported to me that a southern man working in the Yankee interest is here, and I have come to take him."

"Don't you think that an arbitrary way to treat a citizen of Tennessee, captain?"

Not when he has Yankee affiliations." "By what right do you accuse me of

Yankee affiliations? "You were watched all the time you

were at Huntsville, sir. There was no evidence against you, and you were allowed to leave the city, but after you had got away a man came forward who claimed to have seen you in one of the Yankee camps at Nashville." "Indeed? Did he explain his own

presence there ?" This was a home thrust. The cap-

tain hesitated. "It seems to me, captain," I added, following up my advantage, "that you are hasty in acting on such informa-

Helen spoke up: "My father was at Nashville soon after the surrender. Would you arrest him?"

information comes pretty near by, crossing what I knew to be straight. I reckon you'll have to come

wound in the arm, Miss Jack." said the quadroon girl. "Who is he? What is he? Is he going to die?" She fired the words as if they were bullets. "Jaqueline," put in the elderly lady

called Miss Finkley, "don't ask so many questions at once." Then she went up stairs, remarking that she would bring her smelling salts. "I don't think I'm going to die just

yet." I said, smilling encouragingly at the young girl whose interest I had exeited. "I received a wound a few days ngo and have had very bad luck with Anything that hits me never fails to strike the tender spot."

"Why don't you lle down? Cynthia, go get pillows. Cynthia, the quadroon girl, was en-

By this time several men who had gaged at that moment trying to drive followed the officer pushed their way into the room. I received no reply to away the children and did not at once my question, but was ordered to get obey.

"Cynthia, go get pillows!" repeated Miss Jaqueline, stamping her foot. It occurred to me that this young girl possessed an unbridled disposition. Cynthia, who was doubtless used to her mistress' way of speaking, went for the pillows, and when they arrived

Miss Jack made me lie down, whether I would or not, and covered me with a shawl, sprinkling me all the while with such a warm shower of devotion that, despite her irate order to her maid, she quite won my heart. Looking out through the hall door, I

saw a fat man bestride a lean horse, with saddlebags, wiping the perspira tion from his face and riding up to the gallery. He dismounted and entered, putting for breath, and proved to be a country doctor. Putting on a grave face, he examined my wound critically and made great ado at dressing and bandaging it, then delivered the usual admonition. He departed, leaving me lying on the sofa, Miss Jack beside me. ministering to wants that were not wanted, devising schemes to meet requirements that were not required. Suddenly the two guards attracted her attention. They had been in the hall ever since my arrival, but had not un-

til this moment excited her antago found my horse, and, mounting, a cavnism alryman on each side of me, rode away "What are you doing here?" Though her words were spoken sharply, her

with the troop. We proceeded up the pike for a short voice was soft and musical. distance, then, crossing the railroad "On guard," replied one of the men. track, struck a road which bent to the "This isn't your house. Go away from here." "Captain," I said, "I don't like the

"Hain't got no orders." "I give you orders." Fire was be ginning to dart from her eyes. I interfered. "They are only doing

their duty? "They have no right in this house."

"But if you drive them out they will "I am on my way to join my squadtake me with them." ron near Brownsborough, sir, where "Will they?" Her manner changed yo' will have an opportunity to face 'Never mind," she said to the guard. vo'r acenser. If yo' are innocent, yo'll "Please don't leave us. I wouldn't have



or the south could scarcely be imagined, and the moment I saw him, knowing of his enmity for me, I gave myself up for lost.

There he is," said Captain Beaumont. "I reckoned so," replied the other.

"He's yo' man." "Who is he?" asked Miss Jack quick-

15. "A reperade from the south, an abo lition hound, one o' our east Tennessee dogs. What he's doin hyar I dunno, but I reckon he's on some errant fo the Yankee gineral at Murfreesboro." Suddenly all the careless, indolent deneanor of the captain deserted him With true southern impulse, without stopping to investigate the charge, he was fired by the story that he held in his hands one who, though a southerner, was hunting information for the detexted Yunkees.

"Guard!" he called The two men approached.

"Take him away, and see that ... doesn't get back here. I don't ever want to see him ugain."

I was stunned. I knew well what this order meant. I had heard it given in case of outlaws and knew that it was the form in which orders were given to take men out and shoot them, Many a guerrilla received his sentence

in those words, "Captain," I cried, "if you shoot me, you will commit a murder! That man" -pointing to the brute beside him-"is he real murderer, 1 know him well. I saw him shooting down women and children, I saw him"- I stopped There was an incredulous short. on the captain's face. I knew that my necusor had his confidence. I realized that dealals and counter accusations were expected from one in my position and would have no weight.

Jugurline, though she could not have understood the captain's order, from my words and from my stricken appearance, realized the situation. She stood paralyzed, but only for a moment. While the guards were advancing toward me she stole up to the captain and slipped her arm through his. When he looked down at her, she was gazing up into his face with the perfection of coquetry. I watched the effect cagerly. His first expression was one of surprise; then all severity died away. An amused look followed, mingled with admiration, and at last he broke into a pleasant smile.

CHAPTER VI.

AN AMATEUR SOUBSETTE. HAVE seen men disarmed in vari-

ous ways, by argument, fear, force, but never have I seen one so quickly vanquished as he who was about to rush me off to excention. His intended act was most unwarranted, and had he been induced to refrain by logical arguments 1 should not have been surprised. But Jaqueline knew nothing of logic or the merits of the

case. She used no plea; she conquered by a look. "What a queer man!"

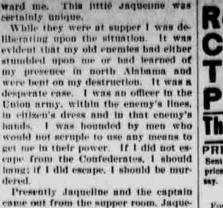
"Who-17' The captain's smile broadened.

want to take him away fo'? Don't vo' know he's wounded, and we just got him fixed up?"

"You don't mean it!" He spoke as deferentially as if the information were really a surprise to him.

What a grumpy thing you must be! Suppose I'd say I wanted never to see you again?"

All this was not to the liking of the captain's companion. "Well, captain." he put in. "what yo' goin ter do?



line in advance, the captain's eyes fixed on the pretty figure before him. Jaque line was very graceful, very dainty, Her every motion was charming. She was so light on her feet that she seemal scarcely to touch the ground. Though she walked, she danced, while her eyes danced with her body, her lips wearing a perpetual smile. Once she took two or three steps, turning half around-a more suspicion of a dance, a delicious, tantalizing bit, like a sip of rare wine "I'd like to meet vo' in a ballroom."

remarked the captain languidly. "Why so? "Yo' would dance beautifully. Yo'd

make a charming partner." "I can sing."

"Can you?"

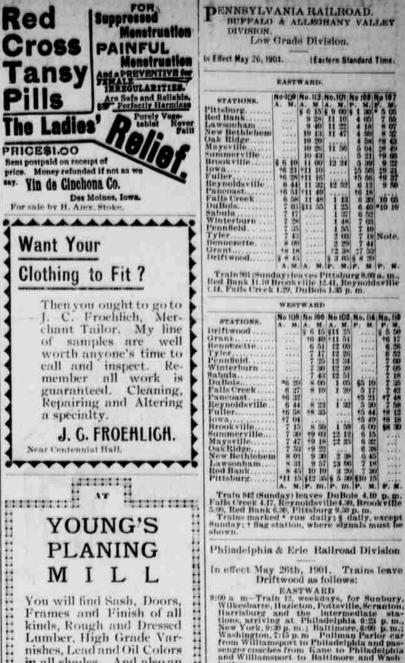
"Yes, and play. One day I was playing Ginger's banjo behind the barn. Papa called. 'Yo' Ginger, stop that infernal twanging!" Wasn't it funny?" She laughed. The captain laughed. I laughed. There was something very entching about the little minx that nelther of us could resist.

She drew an armchair close beside the sofa on which I was lying and insisted on the captain seating bimself in it. He demurred, but Miss Jack would have it so, and the man who half an hour before had ordered me out to be shot was sitting by me as though we were excellent friends. Jaqueline seated herself in a rocker directly in view of both myself and the captain and, rocking vigorously all the while, chatted like a magpie. The captain settled himself within his comfortable sent, asked permission to smoke and, finding that he had but one cigar, insisted on my smoking it. Of course I refused, but he was too innately well bred to smoke it himself. without another for me. Miss Jack solved the problem by standing before him with a lighted match till he was

poised on one side, her eyes sparkling as though forgetful of everything save

she exclaimed, and she hummed the words in a sweet though by no mea strong voice. As she went on she sa rather than hummed, becoming m and more animated, keeping time patting her fost on the floor. I glan at the captain. He was looking at h admiringly, the charm enhanced hearing a war song dear to every C federate soldier given with so mu spirif by such an attractive creature Suddenly the music stopped.

line of the captain. "I do; I love it "I like it when warbled by such tractive lips," replied the officer.



Frames and Finish of kinds, Rough and Dress Lumber, High Grade Va nishes, Lead and Oil Cold in all shades. And also overstock of Nails whi I will sell cheap.

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P. H.

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J. V. YOUNG, Prop 

## BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1901. NORTH ROUND.

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- 1	In effect May 26th, 1901. Tra Driftwood as follows:
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Sunbury.

12:46 p. m. Train s, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 17:29 p. m. New York 10:25 p. m. Baitimore 7:20 p. m. Washington Fills p. m. Vestiluided parford cars and passenger coaches, Boffalo to Philadelphia, 19:27 phila and Washington.
12:29 m. Train 6. daily, for Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:25 A. M. Yew York, 7:18 a. m.; Reitimore, 2:20 a. m.; Washington 4:66 A. M. Pullman Sheeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia, 7:27 A. M.; Washington, 4:66 A. M. Pullman Sheeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia, 7:27 A. M.; New York, 9:27 A. M. Washington, 5:20 a. M.; Washington, 5:20 a. M.; Washington, 5:20 a. M.; Washington, 5:20 a. M.; Washington, 7:21 A. M.; New York, 9:21 A. M. Washington, 5:20 a. M.; Washington, 5:20 a

Emportum. 4:36 a.m.-Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridg-way, and week days for Dublois, Clemant and principal intermediate stations. 9:44 a.m.-Train 3, daily for Erie and inter-mediate points.

mediate port. 3:48 p. m.-Train 15, daily for the second Emportum 5:48 p. m.-Train 61, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

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SCHOOL.

"Queerest man I ever saw. What do

"Don't want ever to see him again?

"You'd break my heart."

Goin ter let him lay thar ter be cod-

forced to yield.

Then from without came the jingle of a banjo. Jaqueline caught the sound and stood listening, her head

the music. "That's 'The Bonny Blue Flag!'

"Don't you like music?" asked Jaq

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL

"His wound is liable to open," said Helen, "and if it should there might be a fatal result."

She spoke with apparent indifference, but she could not help betraying some interest. The officer looked up at her with a pair of soft brown eyes inquiringly. I saw at once that he suspected a tender relationship between us, but he was too well bred to tread upon so elicate a matter.

"He can remain where he is until he is better," he said, bowing to Helen, "if you will give me your word-the word of a southern lady-that he shall not



Are you John Branderstane, sir? eave your house till we call for him." Helen cast an inquiring look at me to now if she should give the pledge. 1 aw that a glance would enable me to a where I was and, if I chose, the departure of the troop, leave ouse, with Helen to bear the reility of my going. sense, man!" I said, rising. "Do

processe, man." I said, rising. "Do mppose I'm going to permit a wo-to stand between you and me? me a gentleman, if you are taking on yourself to arrest whom you a and I'm enough of a gentle-net to avail myself of your prof-arrange of escape. If I must go, where do you intend to take

I had forgotten my unlucky wound and was intent on the camp when, passing under overhanging branches, a stiff bough scraped my arm. and I felt at once that it had been injured. 1 told the captain of my fears, and we

alry was guarding this bridge.

halted to make an examination. Taking off my coat, there, as I expected, was a stain of fresh blood on my shirt sleeve. "You needn't trouble yourself to mur-

der me." I remarked. "That wound is a better enemy than all my others to- like to let it go, but she took it without gether.

The captain cast glances about him for a house. He had no intention of murdering me or being a party indi-rectly to my death. While he was making a survey of the surrounding country I was twisting my handkerchief above the wound. "Can you get to that plantation?" h

asked. I looked up and saw a large manor

house about half a mile distant, with its flanking rows of negro huts. laugh.

"I can try it." We mounted and rode on and in a few minutes passed into the gateway battle? What's it like?" between imposing stone posts, proceed ing by a winding way to the house. was glad to dismount and get inside the spacious hall out of the sun. There I sat down on an old fashioned haircloth mahogany sofa.

A number of white and negro children, who were playing together as contentedly as if the pickaninnies were not the property of their fair skinned playmates, stood gaping at me. A slim man with a determined mouth, at the corners of which were marks of tobacco juice-he turned out to be an overseer-an equally thin elderly woman, whom I had heard addressed as Miss Pinkley, and a quadroon girl made up the group. I was sitting with my head resting against the sofa back, weak and despondent. Suddenly down the great winding staircase came a young girl with a shapely petite figure, pretty oval face and an olive com-dexion, from which two almond shaped eyes flashed at me and the group about me with the quintessence of na-tonishment. Running her words to-gether in a way peculiar to herself, she

at's the matter?"



She leveled it first at one man, then at the

ornamental, one on one side of the door, the other on the other side, like statues, men at arms in castle halls." The men looked at each other foolishly and grinned. The girl went up to

one of them and asked him to let her examine his carbine. He did not quite

saying "by your leave." "What a funny gun! How short! How many times can you fire it off? I wonder if I could shoot with it!" She brought it up to her shoulder

and, after pointing it to the wall, leveled it first at one man, then at the other. They both looked a triffe nervous, but said nothing. Then she made

a motion to cock it when the muzzle was covering one of the men, and he protested. She burst into a merry

"What a brave man! Can't stand being pointed at by a girl! Ever in a

The soldier made no reply, but reach ed for his carbine and seemed very much relieved when she suffered him to take it. There was no more play, for at that moment we heard the sound of

horses' hoofs, and, looking out through the hall doorway, I saw two men riding up to the house. The one was Captain Beaumont, the other Tom Jaycox, the bitterest of all my Tennessee enemies and upon whom I had visited most summary punishment for the part he had taken in the massacre. In another minute they had dismounted and ascended the steps of the gallery, then came rapidly through the hall. Cap

tain Beaumont's appearance denoted that there was something on his mind of great moment. His companion lumbered along beside him with the appearance of one looking for something or some one of peculiar interest to him. He was a short, thickset man in corduroy trousers, a double breasted vest, open, no coat and a broad brim-med straw bat, the hue of which indi-

cated that it had served for several summers. His nove had been broken, and he had lost an eye. A coarse, stub-by, brown and gray beard grew on his chin. An uglier specimen of the poor

"Yo' hush!" eried Jaqueline, with suddenly flashing eyes. The man start ed back. Possibly he was unused to such quick transitions. "Yo' can't take him away till his arm gets well. S'pose he bleeds to death? You'd have blood on yo' hands. Just think of that!" Considering that they had intended

dled by the fambly?"

to take me out and shoot me, the warning was, to say the least, amusing Every one burst into a laugh. Indeed, eould hardly refrain from joining in it myself, notwithstanding my critical situation.

"You certainly don't want to commit a gross blunder, captain," I remarked. 'You can at least give me some sort of trial."

"Reckon I can refer the matter to headquarters," he replied, fixing his eyes on Jaqueline.

It was a delicate scale that balanced life and death in wartime and often required only a feather's weight to turn it. It had been turned for the time and turned effectually. The guards were ordered back, and the captain countered away with my accuser, who expostulated as they passed out of the house on to the gallery. Pulling a eigar out of his pocket. Captain Beau mont sat down in a rocking chair and began to smoke as tranquilly as if noth ing had happened. listening composedly to the ruffian who was trying to ge him to shoot me. But Beaumont was now as difficult to move, as imper turbable, as he had been before trate. and Jaycox at last went away disappointed. He gave me a malignant glance before going, which said plainly. "I'll fix you yet."

The captain continued sitting where he was, his head resting on the back of the rocker, looking dreamily up at the waving branches of a large tree set against the blue sky. Supper was ready, and Jaqueline, taking a rose. went out and, lixing it in a buttonhole of his cont, led him into the dining room. Before passing out of sight she turned and gave me a meaning glance. accompanied by a wry face at her com-As the captain's back was panion. turned it was safe for me to indulge in a amile. Indeed, I fear I could bardly have refrained had his face been to-

