

Then the banjoist without played a now for a pummation. the mats was Spanish dance. Jaqueline's body be has necessed me is in league with gan to vibrate; but, though allve in every limb, she did not dance. There out of the way. Now, if you'll permit was something tantalizing in a promised treat that was not realized. "Dance!" cried the captain, an ex-

pectant look in his handsome eyes. "Shall 1?"

"Do, please," I put in.

As a bird that has been soaring slowly in its expected course, Jaqueline passed from comparative rest to motion. In another moment she was moving about the hall with improvised steps, as though dancing was, to use a parodoxical expression, her normal condition of rest. She floated, drooped. rose, rested, keeping time with her head, her arms, her whole body. For awhile I was so delighted that I forgot all except the dance, and when 1 be



She began to dance lightly about the hall. thought myself to look at the captain It was easy to see that the thrall Jaqueline had been weaving about him was complete.

"Jaqueline!" Miss Pinkley had entered the hall and stood looking at her severely. Jaqueline stopped as suddenly as if she had been moved by electricity and

the current had been turned off. "I'm astonished at yo'," said the lady. "Yo've made the acquaintance of these gentlemen only this afternoon, and here yo' are dancing befo' them as if yo' were a soubrette in a theater."

"My dear madam," I interposed, "you have no idea of the pleasure she has given us. She would be a grand sucress on any stage." "Do yo' think so?" queried Jaqueline

triumphantly. "I'd love to dance on the stage." "Jaquellue!" again cried Miss Pink-

ley. "What's the barm, auntie? I'm not on the stage."

"Yes, but you want to be. To think of a Rutland on the stage! Yo' pa would be mawtified to death."

She passed up stairs, and Jaqueline way. Suddenly it struck her that she but Missy Jack." "How about you colored people?" "What dat, sab?" "Do you like Miss Jaqueline?" "Like Missy Jack! Reckon de culled people do like Missy Jack. Culled people lub Missy Jack like de angel ob"-"Isn't she just a bit hot tempered?" "Reckon Missy Jack is hot tempered

Missy Jack, she got de hottest sah. temper in de whole souf. Missy Jack, others who are interested in getting me she "Hold on; explain why you all love me to go to bed without a guard I'll Miss Jack when she has a hot temper

suppose?"

give you my word of honor not to and speaks to you sharply." leave this house till after the watch has "Laws a-massy, she don' mean nufbeen resumed tomorrow. fen. Missy Jack, she scol' wid de fire-"Now, captain," put in Jaqueline bebrand in de eve, but she won't let no-

fore the officer could reply. "let the poo body else scol'. Yo' ought to see dat man go to bed." gal when Mars'r Bingham-Mars'r Bing-"Fo' yo' sake?" he asked, looking at ham, he de oberseer-Mars'r Bingham whip de niggers. One day Mars'r Bing-

her with an expression half admiring. half comical.

"Fo' my sake, fo' yo' sake, fo' everybody's sake.

She went up in front of him and, putting her little oval face within a few inclus of his, brought her snapping eyes to bear on him and stood waiting for his decision

"Well, I reckon I must let yo' have ye' way. Ye're too pretty to qua'el with

per, 'cept Missy Jack-ain't nobody got She clapped her hands. "I knew it! temper lak Missy Jack In"-Loveliest man I ever met! Too sweet for anything!"

The captain smiled that pleasant, inmighty fine people?" dolent smile of his, looking at me at the same time, as much as to say, Ginger." 'What a dellelously odd creature! while Jaqueline disappeared as sudshould have called for more such peodenty as an actress who had finished ple as the Rutlands and somewhat disher part. Ginger came in with a deappointed, I fancied, at not being able canter and glasses, which he placed on 10 the table. The captain sat down before the wine and invited me to join behind him and locked it.

"Miss Rutland is celtainly a dainty little thing," he said as he took the stopper from the decanter and filled our glasses. "She certainly is,"

"Most charming creature I ever saw."

"What a soubrette she would make!" "Ravishing! Fill yo' glass, sir. Ravishing. Do yo' know, I never saw mo' graceful dancing on the stage?"

"Nor L" "And what a sweet little volce!" "The notes of a bird."

By this time I had made up my mind that it would be impossible to get the captain on any other subject than Jaqueline, and he talked of her the rest of the evening-indeed, till he had finished the decanter. I could not but be amused at the transition Jaqueline had wrought in his treatment of me. It occurred to me to test his good nature still further.

"Captain." I remarked, "I'm caught away from home with a thin pocketbook. Could you let me have a hundred dollars till I can get to where there is a bank?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure. No trouble at all." And, pulling out a thick roll of Confederate bills, he tossed them over to me.

"Captain," I said, pushing back the bills, "I don't need money. I only wanted to see if it were possible for a man to order another out to be shot in the afternoon and do him a favor in the evening."

"My dear sir," he replied, "permit began again to rattle on in her singular me to apologize for my hasty action. 1 give yo' the word of a Geowgia gentleman that had not that delightful creature interposed 1 should now deeply regret the execution of my order." "You mean my execution."

in de sour, sah. When Missy Jack go that he will not easily shake off. She to de planters' balls an de city balls in may find a hiding place for me or an Huntsville, she take all de young men avenue which will eventually lead to away from de udder young ladies an safety. I was so pleased with the probmake 'em all mad 'nuff to eat her up." abilities I conjured up that I got up and walked back and forth, rubbing "She is Colonel Rutland's daughter, I my hands with satisfaction. "Yes, sah. Missy Jack de apple ob

ham, he whip me. I yelled lak a killed

nigger. Missy Jack, she run out wid

her bair a-flyin an her eyes a-shinin, an

she tak' de whip out o' Mars'r Bing-

ham's han', an-golly Moses, how she

"He couldn't do nuffen. Ef he tech

"No, sah. Ain't dat 'nuff-all dem

"Quite enough. Now you may go,

Ginger departed with a frown that

Missy Jack, Cunnel Rutland shoot him.

Cunnel Rutland, he got de biggest tem-

lay it on dat oberseer!"

"Did he take it kindly?"

"Any more Rutlands?"

thing must be done."

the ground.

But my pledge.

tion of a pledge?

break my pledge.

I sat down in a chair and buried my face in my hands. is a singular man, and no one can tell

what whim may seize him next. To-

It is questionable if those moral

heroes who prefer death to dishonor

would choose the former if the alterna-

tive were presented as it was to me.

Death in the form it awaited me cer-

identity was sure to come out. If for-

escape!"

Fool, stupid human fool! The courts Cunnel Rutland's eye, sah. Cunnel fate had in store for me were nothing Rutland don' care nuffen 'bout nobody as my foresight had painted.

I heard the tramp of horses' hoofs coming through the gateway. Going to a front window and looking out, I saw two figures on horseback. It was too for me to distinguish them. Though one was very small, the other seemed to be a woman, for I could see her garments fluttering. They came

cantering down the roadway to the gallery and must have dismounted, for soon I heard a knocking. Leaving the chamber, I went through the hall on tiptoe and stood at the head of the great staircase, listening. There were volces below, but I could not tell whose they were. I walted some time for more information, but those who were talking went into another part of the house, and I was obliged to return to my room unsatisfied. I sat down again and renewed my musings - musings

that were not of the pleasantest. I had not sat long when two men passed under the window. They were talking in a low tone. The voice of one was that of a white man, the other that of a negro. The negro said something that was inaudibie. Then the white man asked:

"Which wing?" "Dar." Is not that Jaycox's volce? It is,

There is no mistaking that barsh growl. What can it mean? Ab. I see It all! He expects that I will clude this easy going captain, and he will spread a net for the bird before it flies. Fortunate! If I had descended by the tree, I should have dropped into his embrace.

My anxiety was now more lutense than ever. The cords were surely drawing about me.

impress me with the magnitude of "Nonsense!" I said to myself. "I'm the family temper. I closed the door losing my bead. True, I'm in a tight place, but tight places are interesting. "John Branderstane," I said, looking Men who possess great presence of at the dim reflection of my body in one mind are best fitted to escape great of the great mirrors, "had it not been dangers. When the cards run high, for that little girl down stairs your the coolest wins. I propose to defeat being would now be no more real than all these converging enemies by keepthat image. Never have you had so ing my head. I shall go to bed and get close a call, and you'll never have ana good sleep. Then on the morrow 1 other so close without it being the last. shall be in shape for the fight." But you've no time to waste. Your

My resolution, together with the fasituation will be more critical with the tigue of an eventful day, brought slumrising sun than it is this minute. Someber sooner than might have been expected. But I soon awoke and, feeling I went to a window. It was at the alarmed, was wide awake. I sat up in end of the building. My room was on bed. I could look out of the window second story of the house, at no into the tree which had invited me to great height from the ground. I turned descend by its branches. I thought I saw a dark object that did not belong from the window to another facing the rear. They were all open, for the there. The leaves were not far enough weather was warm and sultry. At this advanced to concent nor young enough second window was something which to fully reveal any object hidden there. attracted my attention at once-a tree The night was one of the darkest, growing so near that I could easily yet there was a little light-starlightstep into its branches and descend to and no moon.

"Imaginary terrors," I muttered. "Go "Thank heaven, here is an avenue of to sleep.

I lay down, drew the sheet up, tucked it in at the back of my neck and obeyed the command I had given myself by passing back into slumber.

I dreamed that I was standing under a great glass receiver and a man was working a pump to exhaust the air. tainly looked very ugly. If I kept my At every stroke I felt less able to word and remained till morning, my breathe till at last I was suffocating. 1 awoke and was conscious of some tune enabled me to conceal it, if the one studing a cloth into my mouth. 1 captain permitted me to go my way, 1 tried to cry out, but could make no was sure to fall into the hands of my sound. Two men stood beside me, one chemies. By leaving in the night I gagging me, while the other began to could give both the slip and by morn- tie my hands. This done, they carried ing be far away or so disguised that I me, impotently writhing, to the win should not be recognized if found. I dow.

might possibly reach the Union lines. "Bring them clothes, Pete," said

know his name, but memory brought DOES me a pleture of that same face lighted by shotgans flashing in the night. YOUI Our breakneck speed lasted till we had put some ulles between us and the HEAD plantation; then we slackened our pace and walked our panting borses till they ACHI had partly recovered their wind, then struck a trot. It was immaterial to me at what gait we moved. I thought only Will Cure any Kind o of my approaching end. Surely it could

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not be far distant. Why did it not Muney refunded if ipt of print come at once? A pistol ball, a clubanything is enough to take a life. Then TWENTY I shuddered as the thought struck me NORMAN I that I was to be kept for a more lingering death. For sale by H. We were passing between a range of

hills on our left and the Cumberland plateau ou our right when Jaycox drew rein, and we all came to a halt. was a sound of horses' hoofs behind. coming at a brisk canter, but no sooner had we stopped than the sounds ceased. Both the men listened, until all was si-

lent, then Jaycox started on. "All right, Pete," he said. "Whoever is hus either stopped or left the rond."

"Some un goin home late, I reckon." We proceeded on our way, but had gone searcely a quarter of a mile when we again heard the hoof beats in our Again we pulled up and listened. rent. "By gosh, Tom," said Pete, "thet beats me!"

"Shet up!" Both listened, walting to hear the sounds renewed, but as they were not we started on. For the second time the hoof bents recommenced and this time a little henrer.

"We must git outen this," said Jaycox. "Let's take ter the hills here in-11111111 stend o' funder on."

Turning to the right, we passed through timber, heginning a gradual nscent of the plateau. Jaycox rode altend, holding my bridle rein, while Pete followed, revolver in hand.

Who were on the road 1 knew no. more than my abductors, but as a drowning man will catch at a straw I cast about for some method of letting them know of our digression. Bending low in the saddle, I peered through the gloom, watching for something with which to produce sound, for my gag prevented my shouting, and a shout would have brought punishment. Coming upon a flat rock, by a pressure of the knees I guided my horse over it. but it was too firmly imbedded to be moved. Soon after I encountered another right on the edge of the trail. Digging my heels into my horse's iluaks and foreing my body out of equilibrium. I forced him to prance. A vigorous, pull on my bridle rein by Jaycox saved him from going over the incline, carrying me with him. But I had accomplished my purpose. I heard the stone go crashing down the moun

tain "You infernal dog," cried the man in the rear, "of yer do thet ag'in I'll run

a kulfe atwixt ver shoulders!" "Ef he does it ng'in, yer needn't trouble yerself ter stick him. The fall 'ud

finish him." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

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YOUNG'S	Train 542 (Sunday) leaves Duffols 4.10 p.m. Falls Creek 4.17, Reynoldsville 4.20, Brookville 5.00, Red Bank 6.20, Fittslang 9.30 p.m. Trains marked * run daily : & daily, except Sunday: † flag station, where signals must be
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nishes, Lead and Oil Colors 1 in all shades. And also an	Wushington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor e
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We are in a position to save	 Ington F.S. p. m. Vestinated partor and passenger conches, Burdalo co Philas plin and Washington. E.G. p. m. Traito 5. daily, for Hav- risburg and intermediate stations ar- riviourg and intermediate stations, ar- riviourg at Philadelphia 152 A. M. New York, 7.51 a. m.; Baltimore, 2.30 a. n.; Washington 4.55 A. M. Pullman Sleeping care from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia ussengers can prepare to the state of the state of the state of the state Philadelphia ussengers can prepare to the state of the state of the state of the state of the state Philadelphia ussengers can prepare to the state of the state Philadelphia ussengers can prepare to the state of the state of
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anted Ginger's banjo, and, calling Cynthia, she sent her for it. Then, after testing the strings, she began to play and sing. The music was light, but sweet, being composed chiefly of those unique negro melodies born under the slave system as delicate plants sometimes spring up among poisonous weeds.

Without warning she put the banjo down and began to talk again, skipping from one subject to another, astonishing us by her confidences, sometimes asking questions, but seldom waiting for an answer. Presently I spoke of my stay with the Stanforths. "The Stanforths!" she cried. "Do

you know 'em?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"Ought to; they're my cousins. Did you see Minerva?"

"No. Who's Minerva?"

"Her real name is Helen. We called her Minerva at school. I went to school with her two years. She's older than I, though."

"I have met Miss Helen Stanforth." "If you refer to the young lady we met today." the captain remarked, "she's a very beautiful and high bred woman, much like our Geowgia beau-

"She knows everything." said Jaqueline; "theology, geology, biology, psy-chology. Any more of 'em?" "That's quite enough," I admitted. "Did you see Buck?"

"Oh, yes. Buck and I became quite friendly."

"Friendly! Buck was born to be hanged."

"What makes you think that?" "Most flery, pestiferous little imp yo' ever saw! Doesn't stop at anything."

"Mere flashes of a strong nature. When he grows up, he'll control it and be all the stronger for it."

"Think so? If he was black and I owned him, I'd have him whipped

every day." A colored woman came in and told the captain that Miss Pinkley presentthe captain that Miss Pinkley present-ed her.compliments, and a room was ready for him whenever he chose to occupy it. She also informed him that I could have a room. "Captain," I said, "I have no reason to get away from you. Indeed, I wouldn't leave your guardianship just

"Yo' very good health, sir, and that of the little lady."

The decanter was empty. Ginger, the major domo, appeared, assisted the captain up stairs to one of the main chambers in the center of the bouse, then conducted me through a ball to a wing and ushered me into the apartment intended for me.

> CHAPTER VIL. MIDNIGHT.

THAT faded splendor! All the furniture was mahogany-the bed, a huge four poster, canopled; the bureau high and with brass handles to its drawers; the chairs straight backed; from the center of the ceiling hung a chandelier of glass pendants. All this antique magnificence was lighted by

the single tailow dip which also glistened upon the honest face of Ginger. "I hope yo' berry comfolem, sah." said Ginger, setting down the candle and turning to depart.

"No doubt of it. Wait a bit. I want you to tell me to whom this plantation

belongs." "Cunnel Butland, sah." "Been in this family long?" "A t'ousand years, sah."

"What?" "Don't know nothin "sout countin. 'Spec' it's been in de fam'ly mighty long time. Cunnel Rutland, he mighty

fine gen'l'man, sah; Cunnel Rutland, he own ten hundred t'ousand acres"-"How many?" "De biggest plantation in all Alaba-

ma, sah. Cunnel Rutland be de big-

"Wait a bit, Ginger. Who is Miss Pinkley?"

"Missy Pinkley, she mighty fine lady, sah. Miss Pinkley, she"-"What relation is she to Colonel Rut-

"Missy Pinkley, she war Missy Rut-

land's sistah, sah. Missy Pinkley,

"Where is Mrs. Rutland?" "Missy Rutland, she's daid." "Who is Miss Ja 'Missy Jack, abe's de fuet young lady

I had never before broken a pledge. of the men. "He'll give us away withbut I had never before seen certain out 'em." death staring me in the face. In the

It's Tom Jaycox! I'm lost! ordinary affairs of life, I reasoned, one The man called Pete snatched my

should have a high standard, but in a clothes and threw them out on the matter of life or death- Besides, who ground below. Then the two began ever heard of one carrying information the work of getting me through the in war stopping at a lie or the violawindow, Jaycox, who had the strength of an ox, seized my wrists, while the

Placing my foot on the sill, I was reaching for a branch of the tree withman behind pushed. They got me out into the limbs of the tree, where, if I out when I suddenly stepped back into continued to struggle, I was in danger, the room, sat down in a chair and bound hand and foot as 1 was, of buried my face in my hands. A vision pounding the earth below. I made a of Ethel Stanforth, sweet, gentle, innovirtue of necessity and permitted them cent, stood before me. As a flash of to lower me. Once on the ground they lightning will clear a murky atmoshustled me to a clump of trees back of phere, my human reasoning vanished the house, where I was unbound and, before a divine intuition. I could not covered by the muzzles of two revolvers, forced to put on my clothes. Then Then I fell to thinking. How diffi-

they rebound my wrists and ran me behind the barn, where three horses cult it is, after all, to look into the future! Who knows but some new outstood ready saddled. Jaycox took me let may occur tomorrow? This captain in his steel arms and tossed me on to

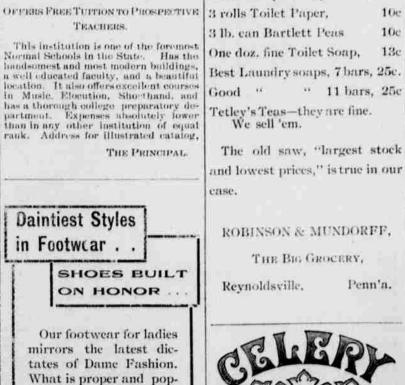
> ene of them with as much ease as if I had been a bag of meal. The two men mounted the other horses, and we started off, circling around back of the negro huts and under trees to a side gate opening on the pike. Once away from the grounds, we set off at a gal-

Kidnaped! Now I may save myself any further worry. The inevitable is before me. Before daylight I shall be a dead man.

CHAPTER VIII. ON THE PLATEAU.

N, on we sped, under starlight, over stony plke, steel shod hoofs striking fire on flinty stones, snake fences writhing, trees dancing in a semicircle about those beyond. We dashed over wooden bridges; we splashed through shallow streams; we dipped into hollows and tilted over crests, while now and again some startled bird stretched its wings and went whirring into the forest.

On my right rode Tom Jaycox, holding my bridle rein, his ugly face turned always toward me. Every crime moldday he ordered me out to be shot; to-morrow he may send me away from my enemies with an escort to protect ms. Then there is little Jaqueline. She has slipped a nocee about his negh ed feature-his cold, steel eye, his knitword, "Vengeance!" On the other side galloped a man, long, lean, hungry, grinding uneasily on a quid. I did not



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 1< p.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. For time tables and additional information consult ticket agents. J. B. HUTCHINSON Gen Manager The old saw, "largest stock J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt Bank OF REYNOLDSVILLE. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus. \$15,000. C. Mitchell, President; Penn'a. Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.; John H. Kaucher, Cashier. Directors: C. Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher. Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of merchants, professional men-farmers, nuchanics, miners, lumbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the business of all persons. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent, Provide State State State States First National Bank building, Nolan blog Fire Proof Vault. A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. A Notice is hereby given that letters of ministration on the estate of Alexander Dick-gy (ate of the Township of McCaimont, Con-ty of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania us-conset, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and these its within claims or demands will make known the same without deiny. August 20, 1991. August 20, 1991.

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