Higher, higher, we mounted, farther from the dark plain below, upon which here and there shone a lonely light; nearer to the patches of fleece in the beavens and the stars looking down from above. Then came a faint light in the sky and a gray tinge over the country below. Woods, streams, fields, uses, barns, grew out of the darkness. The light broadened; there were gilded clouds in the east; the sun cast its first beams over the heights and upon the landscape below. We had reached the apper level; we were on the plateau.

Espying a log house ahead, the men consulted and determined to try for some breakfast. They took the gag out of my mouth, and as soon as I was free to speak, anxious to be at once put beyond suffering and the terrible suspense of an impending murder, 1 cried: "You dogs! You cowards! You're

going to kill me! Why do you delay?" They looked at each other knowingly and grinned-a borrible, soulless grin. "Do ye reckon yer goin ter git ter heaven without payin fo' th' damage ye done?" snarled Jaycox, with an ugly light in his eye.

"Ah, that's your game!" "We know you uns ter be as well fixed fo' property as any young man in Tennessee. An we're goin ter hev a slice too. But yer needn't reckon thet's goin ter save ye. Yer got ter shell out, an then"— His look told the rest.

"Give me one shot with my back against a tree, and I'll fight two such cowards as you.'

'Shet up!" snapped Jaycox, showing his teeth within a foot of my face and with a glance like that of an angry bulldog Then, riding up to the entrance of the hut, he shouted:

"Hello thar!" An old woman came to the door with an Iron spoon in her hand.

"Waal, what's wanted?" "Hain't got nothin but pone."

"Got any coffee?" "Coffee? D'y' reckon Abe Lincoln's goin ter let us hev coffee away up in these mountings when they hain't got none down in th' towns? I got a yarb 'll do purty waal, though.'

My captors dismounted, breakfasted, then arranged for a short nap, one watching while the other slept. Jaycox first sprawled himself on the ground and was asleep in a twinkling. while his comrade sat staring at me with his gun ready cocked. I knew that if I made the slightest movement with a view to escape he would shoot me. Occasionally he looked impatiently at a handsome gold watch, doubtless taken in spoil, as if anxious for the expiration of his hour of duty. Toward the last he nodded. I was near some low bushes and began to roll toward them. He awoke with a start and quick as a flash brought his gun to his

"Yo' hound!" Jaycox opened his eyes and, seeing a murderous look in his companion's face and a gun right over his foot pointed at me, kicked the weapon upward, discharging it, thus doubtless for the time

saving my life.

This finished the first watch, and s turn, admonishing me that if I tried the experiment again be would tie me up by the thumbs. I dreaded this torture and gave him no cause to enforce it. Besides, he kept awake during his entire watch.

The men having secured the needed rest, we broke our bivouac, Jaycox ed the horses, and his companion kept me covered with his gun while I mounted. As I put my foot in the stirrup I happened to glance aside and saw two horsemen approaching. In a ent I recognized Buck Stanforth and Ginger. How they came to be there was a mystery. I only knew they were there and rejoiced. At seeing me Buck was about to give a shout when he bethought himself that such eding might be fatal and regained his composure just as his presence was discovered. Ginger showed no signs of recognition whatever. I shot a quick glance at Jaycox to see if ne recognized the negro. To my relief, he did not appear to know either Buck

"Say, yo' men," called Buck, "can we get somepin to eat hyar?"
"Ef thar's any vittels left," said Jaycon. "What yo' uns doin out this time

"Oh." said Buck-I trembled lest his wits should desert him at a critical moment—"I'm takin this nigger to his aster. He's sold."

"Yer a peart up ter d'liver a nigger." Reckon be don't mind goin with yer." Buck and Ginger dismounted as we Buck and Ginger dismounted as we departed. I was obliged to part with them without being able to utter a word or make a sign. Still, their presence gave me hope. Hope! What could a simple negro and a boy do to rescue me from two stalwart brutes who were watching me like cats?

All day we moved northward, the sen riding close beside me, now and gain turning their ugly faces toward the with a grin of satisfaction or a towi when I did or said anything to said saything to say the saything to say the saything to say the cowl when I did or said mything to liaplease them, often bending close to me, sickening me with their rank to macco smelling breaths or the worse ador of their unwashed bodies. We met no one. The only comfort I de-fred was from the natural objects of

free, sat on a log, looking at us curi ously as we passed; a budding wild rose brushed my boot; it was like the kiss of a loving companion; even the twittering birds seemed to be offering sympathy

Toward evening, as the sun stood just above the horizon, a dull red ball, a shadow resting on the lower land-



corered with his men while I mounted

scape, one of my captors gave a whoop, It was answered by a man ahead, and h a moment a dozen more started from about a campfire.

"Got him?" yelled the foremost of

"Yo' bet!" With a cheer every man sprang for

his gun. "Hold on, thar!" roared Jaycox with his buil's voice, "Don't yer be fo'get-tin we're goin ter be paid fo' our losses fust.'

A man by no means as repulsive as the rest, slenderly built, with a weak mouth, long, black bair and a beard through which shone a tinge of color on his check, stepped to the front as with authority, and it was soon evdent that he was in command. He inquired about certain of the gang who were lurking about Huntsville. Jay-

cox mentioned the name Ike, though I could not hear what he said, whereupon the captain turned and glauced at I inferred that Ike was the man who had tried to kill me and whom I had killed for his pains. Then the captain and Jaycox went into a thicket near by, evidently for consultation, and were followed by the others, while I remained behind, still sitting on my horse and watched by Pete, who stood on the ground, a great, gaunt figure, one hand holding the bridle rein of his horse as he nipped the grass, the other grasping a cocked revolver. He was looking at me from under his faded sombrero, his eyes peering into mine malignantly, his jaws grinding on his quid, the juice of which soiled the corners of his mouth. I could not endure to look at him and turned toward the landscape below. The sun had set. It was the beginning of night. Was it not the beginning for me of the eternal

CHAPTER IX.

T was plain to me that I was in the hands of that terrible wartime scourge of the south, the guerrilla. This band had been made up in east Tennessee and had moved out of their original stamping ground to get away from their old homes and find a better field for pillage. From the Cumberland plateau they could swoop down toward Nashville, Murfreesboro, McMinnville, Shelbyville, Fayette or Huntsville and, if chased, could easily take to the mountains, where it was difficult to follow them. On one of their forays Tom Jayeox and Pete Halliday had got wind of my whereabouts and, with several of the gang, including the man I had shot, had gone down to look after me. The country in and about Huntsville was too civilized for open assassination, and Jaycox, after the failure of the attempt on my life, had procured my arrest as a spy. Then fol-lowed the plan to kidnap me and force me into a payment of money before the

final revenge. We bivouncked where we had met the band on the plateau, under the trees that waved above us, their sprouting leaves lighted up by our campfire. I lay awake the greater part of the night, watching for an opportunity to escape, but one sentry after another was placed over me, and morning came without my having made the

At sunrise we moved northward, as on the day before, my captors still keeping a strict watch over me. During the day Jaycox pushed on in advance. Why I did not know, but surmised that his going had something to

do with the plan to plunder me.

The mountains seemed deserted.

Not a human being did we see save two women and a negro, all on horse back, traveling in the same direction as ourselves. I caught several glimpses of them, though always at a distance, and wondered how it was that "poor white trash." to which class they an-

endance of a slave.
When we halted for the night, which we did about 5 o'clock in the afternoon the captain came up to me and told me they were going to take me to a point near my old home, Knoxville, where I would be required to sign a check for a large amount, all they could squeeze out of me, but if there were not sufficient funds to my credit In the bank I must execute papers that would enable him to convert property into money. If I would do as he wished, be would set me free. This I knew to be a He. The gang would find a pretext to murder me whether I signed the document or not

He left me sitting on the ground, tenning against a log, contemplating the horrors of my situation. If I did not pay my ransom, I should be murdered; if I paid it, I should be murdered. It was Hobson's choice. I made up my mind that I would attempt to escape, get shot and thus end a situation that was inflicting on me a mental torture far greater than any physical pain mortal ever endured.

Casting my eyes inadvertently toward the road, I saw two women passing northward and in another moment recognized them as those I had a good on the march. To my surprise, one of them turned and rode toward us. The other besitated, started on, turned and followed her companion. I noticed something familiar about their figures. The coarse texture of their lackets and gowns and their unbecoming sunbonnets were out of keeping with their graceful carriage. "If these women knew," I thought, "that they were entering a guerrilla camp, they would be stricken with terror." When they reached a point a dozen yards distant, they paused, the one in advance calling in a barsh voice;

"Can you uns tell us how fa' 'tis t'

Then beneath the homely check bonnet, through the olive darkening of her complexion under the cheap calleo. I recognized Helen Stanforth. Her beautiful companion was none other than my fascinating little friend who had saved me from the impetuous wrath of Captain Beaumont-Jaqueline Rutland.

Had a pair of angels come down from beaven and lit on my shoulders I could not have been more astonished. I rubbed my eyes, thinking that my vision deceived me, but when I looked again there was Helen sitting on her horse, chatting with the guerrillas as If they were ordinary persons, making commonplace remarks in excellent dialect, with which a long residence near the mountains had made her familiar. Jaqueline remained a short distance behind her. For awhile I feared that Jaqueline would betray them both, for I could see that she was trembling. But presently all terror seemed to leave ber. She rode up beside Helen and began to chaff the men, at once attracting the attention of the whole band.

"Yo're a likely gal," said one of them. "Git down offen that critter and stay

"Couldn't think of it." "Oh, yes, yo' kin." And he walked up and took held of her bridle rein. "Yo' Jim Canfield," cried the cap-

tain, "let that gyrl alone!" The captain advanced and invited the two visitors to alight, promising that they should be respected. Jaqueline gave him a grateful look as he helped her off her horse with far more gallantry than might have been expected from the leader of this gang of rufflans. Indeed there was something in his bearing to make me suspect that this bandit captain-Ringold they called him, though I suspect the name was



Contemplating the horrors of my situa

of some good southern family who had disgraced himself with his peers and become a lender of those who were, like himself, devoid of principle, but in other ways his inferiors. Jaqueline must have divined as much, for no sooner was she on terra firma than she slipped her arm through his and clung to him confidingly. Pete Halliday, who seemed to be the next member of the band in importance after the captain. awkwardly attempted to gain some mark of her favor, but Jaqueline, with woman's quick intuition, knew that if any one was to be relied on it was Ringold and declined attention from any

"Who ar' yo'? Whar did yo' come from? What yo' doin hyar?' she asked in her usual quick way. "Hain't yo' goin t' join our boys an fight fo' the bonny blue flag?"

The captain looked a bit uncomforta-ble, and as she had asked several questions to which a reply would be in or der he replied to none.

"Can't yo' sing the 'Bonny Blue Flag' fo' 'em, Jack?" asked Helen. "Reckon yo'd like to hear her," she added to the group. "She's right smart at singin."
"Reckon," said Jack. "D'yo' want to

The men were too stupid or, rather.

They stood and gaped. Jack, who l could enally see under her enforced gayety was badly frightened, made a desperate effort and began to sing, but volce was so thin and trembling that I thought every moment she would break down. However, when she came to the last stanza she had regained

song pretty well. She had scarcely finished when we heard a picking of banjo strings. I looked up and saw a boy and a negro advancing toward us. I was not long in recognizing Buck and Ginger, the latter thromming the instrument as he

something of confidence and ended the

"Whar's a house fo' t' git supper?" "Dunno Hnut yer own supper," re-

plied one of the men. "Hain't you ums got nothin thar t' "Reckon, but we hain't goin ter

Bock started toward the camp, and Ginger followed him. "I'm a takin this nigger t' Sparty.

He's sold." "Hain't yo' got that nigger offen yo' hands yit?" called Pete Hailiday. Buck looked at the speaker in assumed surprise, "Waal, now, you uns mus' be the men we met yistid'y. Hain't yo' got yo' man offen yo' hands

A grin passed over the faces of the

"Don't yo' mind 'bout that man," replied Pete Halliday, "er yo'll git inter trouble.

"Whar does the nigger b'long?" asked the captain. "I'm takin him ter Sparty."

"Yo' don't keep him under close watch," said Pete. "Oh, he bain't no runaway nigger, He's got me in charge's much's I got him. He's b'longed to the fambly since befo' I was borned."

By this time the travelers had reached the camp. Buck's intelligent face contrasting with the stupid look which the negro was assuming

The man who cooked for the band ens busying himself preparing supper. With one necord the two girls took hold to him. He at once dropped his implements and gave way, while all stood gapling at the unusual sight of two women who, unasked, were cooking a ment for them. Helen occupied herself over the fire and managed an iron skillet, the only cooking utensil n camp, as dexterously as a chef. Jack took the tin dishes that composed the kit and "set the table," an act hitherto unknown at guerrilla meals. Then, when supper was ready, they insisted upon waiting on the men. No one objected to this save the enptain, who by his protest a second time indicated that be had seen better days and knew something of deference to we

The ment ended, the girls insisted on washing the dishes. When there was no more work to do, Jack sang out: "Clar the way, you uns, an I'll give yo' a dance!"

CHAPTER X. A DANCE FOR A LIFE. 11E proposition was received with shouts of approval. "Yo' don't mean yo' kin dance?" "Reckon."

dance!" "Yo' nigger, tune that banjo! "T's lucky fo' yo' yo' got 't, strings an all, er we'd 'a' made strings outen yer hide." The camp was on a circular piece of hard ground so cut off from the sun by surrounding trees and bushes that no grass grew. The few scattered sprouts were soon cleared away. Ginger sat down on the log which lay near by,

wanged his banjo, tightening or

"Good gal! Cl'ar the way to' a

loosening a string, and then gave a preliminary flourish. Jaqueline took off her sunbonnet, threw it a few feet away and stepped on to the clearing. There were mingled fear and defiance in her face that set my heart to fluttering. Though I did lot know she was carrying out a precancerted plan, somehow it get into my kend that she was about to dance for my liberty-in other words, for my life. The thought maddened me. An impulse seized me to throw off the mask and defy the whole band. Helen, seeing the desperate resolve expressed in my face,

ly commanding, that recalled me to a sense of my belplessness.

Jaqueline began sailing about, keeping time to Ginger's music, moving hither and thither with uncertain steps, as a bird will flit back and forth before darting away in its flight, or as a musician will sweep his tingers over a harp before beginning his melody. Gradually the music grew quicker, and Jack, gathering confidence, forgot everything but the dance.

gave me a look, partly imploring, part-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EASTERN TIME.	4	6	8	14	2
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er 4:30 P. M. daily, except Sundays.

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Train 942 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 4.10 p. m. Falls Creek 4.17, Reynoldsville 4.30, Brookville 4.30, Brookvill

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In effect May 26th, 1901. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

Brittwood as follows:

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100 a m-Train II, weekdays, for Sunbury,
Wilkesbarre, Hazieton, Pottsville, Scranton,
Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m.,
New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 4:60 p. m.;
Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pallman Parlor car
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4:07 p. m.—Train 6. daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. M.; New York, 7:13 a. m.; Baltimore, 2:30 a. m.; Washington 4:06 a. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. M.

11:00 p. m.—Train 4. daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. M.; New York, 9:23 a. M. on week days and 19:38 a. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 7:15 a. M.; Washington, 8:30 a. M. Pullman sleepers from Erie, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington, Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington, Passenger coaches and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York, 9:33 a. m. weekdays, 10:33 a. m., Sanday; Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

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3:38 a. m.—Train 7. daily for Buffalo via Emporiom.

4:38 a. m.—Train 7. daily for Buffalo via Emporiom. Emporium.
4:38 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridg-way, and week days for DuBols, Clermont and principal intermediate stations. 9:44 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and Inter-mediate points. 3:48 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Buffalo via Emporium. Emporium. 5:45 p. m.--Train 61, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations. a. m. WEEKDAYS.

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a. m.