

SWEET REVENGE

By
Captain F. A. MITCHEL,
Author of "Chittanoga," "Chickamauga," Etc.

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Since the entry of the two girls into the camp I had suffered one terror after another in quick succession, and now it struck me that in case Jack succeeded in fascinating this lawless group some of them, fired with a desire of possession, would break through all restraint. I had been wondering what two defenseless girls should dare to do among them, and now I was stupefied that Jack should dance before them and that Helen should permit her to do so. But who shall measure the strength of woman's weakness? Mother Nature had taught Jack and Helen their power, and they went about their work with not a tittle of the fright that possessed me.

Meanwhile Jacqueline had drifted into the dance and was whirling, bending, floating, every muscle alive with its especial motion. At times she would lull, pause herself for a moment, then, like a fitful wind, start again with renewed fervor. At no time could there be discovered aught but delicate refinement in her movements, and now it was her purpose to attract without exciting her spectators. Stimulated by frequent bursts of applause and by the rapt attention of the men surrounding her, she found her main incentive in a far deeper, nobler motive, feeling, as she did, the critical situation, the dread responsibility, for a human life resting upon her.

What a singular scene! The ring of ugly faces momentarily softened by the sight of grace and beauty; the captain, his sharp face turning with the dancer and following her wherever she went; Pete Halliday, standing with folded arms, lowering from under the broad brim of his sombrero, grinding his quid; Ginger's black face gleaming with pride at furnishing the music for his young mistress, inspiring her with his own inspired melody; Little Buck, standing between two hank guerrillas in "butternut," staring at his cousin and forgetful of her danger in his interest in her work; Helen Stanforth, standing apart, her strong face wearing the expression of a general who watches a cavalry charge intended to turn a position on which hangs the fate of the day.

The guerrillas, not one of whom would hesitate to slit a throat at the slightest prospect of gain, were watching the little soubrette not only with admiration, but with respect. Once during her performance one of the men applauded with a ribald remark. He was standing by the captain, who stretched his arm, brought it down with a backward stroke and sent the man sprawling. Jacqueline saw the act and the approving looks of the outlaws, who were in no mood to have their sport interrupted. The color left her cheeks, but she kept right on, and the episode passed without further consequences.

At a moment when the attention of the men had become riveted upon the dancer Helen, who had been gradually working her way from the group toward me, came and sat down on the log behind Ginger, where she was particularly screened by him. Watching her opportunity, she deftly took a revolver from her pocket and concealed it in the folds of her dress. With her eyes fixed upon the group about Jack, she waited for a burst of applause, and when it came, reaching back, she dropped the weapon behind the log at my feet; then, rising, rejoined the circle. I pushed the revolver under the log with the toe of my boot, then kicked dust and leaves over it. This accomplished, I breathed the most comfortable sigh of relief I have ever drawn in my life. The whole situation seemed changed by that little dust covered combination of bits of metal. Stopping, I slipped it into the leg of my boot and felt that half the battle was won.

At that moment the setting sun came out from behind a cloud and shot lanes of light through the trees, covering the group—the beautiful and the ugly, the good and the bad, the refined and the vulgar—with gilded splendor. I saw but Jacqueline. The usual trifleness of her disposition, her natural expression of careless indifference, had given place to a serious intensity denoting a great purpose. Poising herself between two movements, the gilding rays shone on her forehead. Then darting on her toes to another part of the ring, a quick succession of lights and shadows passed over her brow, a glittering diadem of sun flashes. Truly God is a wonderful artist, since he can touch even a dance with celestial purity.

Helen Stanforth turned to me. Pulling her sunbonnet forward so as to conceal her face from the others, though they were too intent on Jacqueline to notice her, she moved her lips, and though so sound came I knew she intended the word:

"Go!"

Near me was a tree, not far from that another, underbrush, bushes—just the cover through which to make a retreat. I could easily get down behind the log, crawl into the thicket and away. Now for the first time the purpose of dear Jacqueline was fully apparent.

How could I leave those friends who had risked so much, accomplished so much, for me? I stood still and Helen looked an order for me

to go.

"Not without the others," I whispered.

Sitting down on the log so as to be nearer to me, she replied in a low voice:

"We will leave here when you are safely away. She will dance on to keep them from knowing you have gone. We have planned it so."

"They will know you connived at my escape and murder you."

"Why should they? Go to once, or I shall consider you an ingrate."

She looked so anxious, they had all made such a noble effort in my behalf, that I could not find it in my heart to disappoint them.

I slipped behind the tree, dropped to the ground and wriggled like a snake through the underbrush; then, rising, darted away.

A dozen yards—fifty—a hundred. The music of Ginger's banjo dies as suddenly as the clang of a bell on a passing engine. Will one minute or five pass before I am missed? A distant burst of applause—God bless the dear little dancer! Before me is an open space, then a dense clump of trees. If I can reach that thicket I can make a quick digression, and this may throw my pursuers off my track.

A confusion of yells, a bullet whistling by my ear, I reach the wood and push on through it, not daring to lose distance by digression with an enemy close behind me. My feet becoming entangled in a vine, I stumble and fall. A weight comes down on me, crushing the breath out of me. It is all over.

Panting, bleeding, white as a ghost, I am led back to the guerrilla camp.

"Shoot him!"

"Give me a rope often that pack mule!"

"The him on a crutler or send him down the mountain!"

A babel of brutal suggestions came from the different members of the band, sounding to me, stunned as I was, like final random shots at the slaughter of a "forlorn hope." Amid the clamor I saw but one sight—Helen and Jack locked in each other's arms, paralyzed with terror.

"Stand back, men!" cried the captain, pushing his way toward me.

"Stand back!" roared Halliday. "He belongs to me an Tom Jaycox! We tuk him!"

The captain's authority, thus supported, saved me from immediate death.

It was midnight. Every member of the band was asleep save the man who was deputed to guard me. He was sitting on a piece of firewood, so placed that he could watch me across the flame. I lay on my back looking up at the stars and featherlike clouds that now and again floated across the great blue dome, the only motion apparent save the tree tops bending under an occasional breeze. The fire flickered, the guard nodded, and an owl in the distance gave an occasional hoot.

I heard something stir in the underbrush. Glancing aside, I saw a small light disk over a bush. It was the face of Little Buck.

Now, in the name of all the gods, will those devoted friends never give over thinking their lives in these useless attempts? What is to happen now? I scowled an order to the boy to go away, but he paid no attention to it. Something came sliding along the ground and lodged against me. The guard heard it, started, cast a quick glance at me, then about him, but seeing nothing, relapsed into his former quietude. I felt for what had struck me and clasped a jackknife.

Meanwhile Buck disappeared, but soon appearing again in his place, held up a carbine. He had doubtless stolen it from one of the men who slept on the edge of the circle about the fire. Again he disappeared, and I watched eagerly for his return. The guard was still awake, though nodding, but had been more watchful he would not likely have discovered Buck, for the underbrush, both where the boy appeared to me and where it skirted the sleeping guerrillas, was so thick that in passing around the camp he was comparatively safe from observation. Besides for most of the distance Buck traversed in his gun foray the guard's back was toward him.

I watch the point where Buck's head appeared, expecting to see it again, but in its stead presently see two white points. Straining my eyes, I discern the whites of two eyes, then a black face.

It is Ginger. A white line appears directly below the eyes, and he is showing his teeth in a smile. He raises his arm and, behold, another gun! Again a white line of teeth, and he puts the weapon down. Five, 10, 15 minutes elapse. Ginger holds his ground. Has he gone to sleep? No. Another five minutes, and he holds up another gun. Ah, I see. Little Buck, with catlike tread, is gathering in the arms. That's well. He is far better fitted for such delicate work than a stiff old negro.

The little pantomime begins to take shape in my mind and bring anticipations of more than a fight for my own life. If I can escape Buck and

ground and listened to her cant, her songs, her stories, their fire lighted faces standing out of the gloom in grim contrast with her refined beauty. The captain, with his superior breeding, served as a link between her and his men, keeping them in check and stimulating their admiration by his own. If Jack flung a word between her stories and for a moment he was quick to suggest new ones, and occasionally both were relieved by Little Buck, who would throw in some quaint remark typical of that peculiar creature, the American boy.

So long as the songs and stories lasted there was nothing to precipitate trouble, but the entertainment could not go on all night, and I began to dread the moment when the girls should attempt to take their departure. Presently Helen in a firm voice said:

"Come, it's time for us to go."

Shouts of "No!" "A dance!" "A song!" greeted the proposition, and the guerrillas began to form in groups to resist an exit. Helen, selecting the noisiest knot of men, drew a revolver from her pocket and, cocking it, moved toward them with her eyes fixed upon them, calm and steady. Whether it was that they were cowed by the weapon or admired this evidence of woman's pluck, they opened a way. The captain, seizing the opportunity, quickly took Jack by the hand and led her after her cousin. Once beyond the ring, he assisted the girls to mount, then, mounting himself, the three rode away, followed by a cheer. As for me, I breathed one long sigh of relief.

"Well, Ginger," said Buck, "reckon we uns air goin to git to Sparty to-morrow we'll have to travel all night."

"Is the nigger takin' yo' to Sparty or air yo' takin' the nigger?" asked one of the men.

"Dat ain't gwine to mak' no differ," said Ginger. "Mars Buck an I don't never had no trouble. Mars Buck, he's my mars' till I gits to de new one."

Buck led his horse to the log and mounted, giving me a significant look, as much as to say, "I won't desert you," then rode away, followed by Ginger, with the remark:

"Goodby, yo' fellers. Much 'bliged for the good time."

The restraint of the girls' presence being no longer felt, the men's behavior changed in a twinkling. The captain's absence left Pete Halliday, the worst man in the gang, free to foment trouble, and he began to do so by sneering at his chief for being brought, as he expressed it, under petticoat government. There appeared to be two factions in the band—the one headed by Halliday or Jaycox and the other by Captain Ringold. Halliday set about instigating the guerrillas, or, rather, his adherents, to go after Helen and Jack and bring them back for another dance. To make matters worse, one of the men found some applejack, and it was not long before the gang were half drunk. Meanwhile the captain returned and received a hearty cursing from Halliday and his adherents. Several of them started to bring back the girls, but Ringold drew upon them and threatened to shoot them unless they returned. They staggered back, grumbling, and the captain adroitly proposed another pull at the applejack. This diverted them, and after finishing the liquor one after another sank into a drunken slumber.

It was midnight. Every member of the band was asleep save the man who was deputed to guard me. He was sitting on a piece of firewood, so placed that he could watch me across the flame. I lay on my back looking up at the stars and featherlike clouds that now and again floated across the great blue dome, the only motion apparent save the tree tops bending under an occasional breeze. The fire flickered, the guard nodded, and an owl in the distance gave an occasional hoot.

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CHAPTER XII.
A DAYLIGHT ATTACK.

DESPITE the thickness of the surrounding underbrush, I made quick progress. Jumping clean over bushes, darting around trees and under low limbs, after running some 200 yards from the

guerrilla camp I came to a comparatively open space. Seeing a figure standing within it and surmising it to be one of my friends, I was about to call when a woman's voice cried "Halt!" I knew that I was covered by a weapon and stopped short.

"Are you?"

"Yes, and you?"

"Helen. This way."

She darted away like a deer. I soon overtook her, and together we ran perhaps half a mile, when she began to climb an ascent leading to the base of an overhanging cliff. I saw through the gloom a large and a small figure climbing just ahead of us and knew

they were Ginger and Buck. Helen led the way up to a recess in the cliff, and I saw at once a position that we could hold against a dozen men so long as we had food and ammunition.

"Hello!" It was Jack's cheery voice. "Goody! Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness?"

"I'm glad enough," I said as soon as I could get breath to speak, "but you women!"

"There was no time for words. We set about rolling a big stone into a gap between two others, and as soon as it was in position had a continuous breastwork. The guerrillas were calling to each other in the woods below, but they did not seem to know where we were. I picked up one of the guns Ginger had thrown down, Buck had one in his hands, Ginger kept one, and Helen seized the remaining one.

"Where do I come in?" chirped Jack. "Here," I handed her the revolver, in which there were five loaded chambers, and told her to hold on to it, as she would doubtless need it. We all took position behind our breastworks ready to repel an assault, at the same time seeing to the condition of our pieces. They were cavalry carbines, all loaded and capped ready for use.

"Where are your horses?" I asked. "Hacked down there," Helen replied, pointing westward, "in a thicket not far from the road."

"Have you anything to eat?"

She glanced at a parcel on the ground. "I got that in a cabin. There's some corn pone and pork."

"Hardly enough for one meal. Any water?"

"There's some water trickling between the rocks back there."

"That pone and pork means a chance, but it's a slim one."

Helen set her lips, Jack turned pale, Ginger showed no emotion whatever, while Buck remarked that he'd be "damned if he didn't plunk one of 'em, anyway." As for myself, I was against at the terrible fate that threatened those who had so nobly and so bravely risked all in my behalf.

"What brought you here?" I asked. "Impatiently, of Helen."

"When you were taken from our house I resolved to follow. Buck came in just as I started, and insisted on joining me. We traced you to Colonel Rutland's plantation."

"I see. It was you I heard coming in after I went up stairs."

"Ginger took the horses to the stable and was returning to the house when he saw two men climb a tree near your window and enter your room. We watched from a distance and saw them bring you out, but he could not tell whether they were taking you away by force or assisting you to escape. Coming into the house, he told us what had happened."

"Jack started to awaken Captain Beunton, but I stopped her. If you had been assisted to escape, this would be fatal. Besides, from what Jack had told me of the captain, I judged he would have his night's rest before starting in pursuit. I told Jack I would follow you myself, and she was willing to come with me. Ginger had seen you leave the plantation and knew the direction you had taken. We sent him and Buck ahead, and they soon came near enough to you to hear your horses' hoof beats, then waited for us to come up. Soon after we lost track of you, but hearing something come crashing down the mountain—"

"A stone."

"I followed the direction of the sound. In the early morning Buck and Ginger came upon you unexpectedly. As soon as you had gone they rejoined us, we shadowed you and yesterday afternoon laid a plan for your escape."

"A wild, impracticable scheme. One circumstance has led to another, each involving you more deeply. My God, what a load of obligation! We can't stay here. We'll starve. Buck, couldn't you slip out in the darkness and find help?"

"No, sirc; I'm not goin out o' hyar. I'm goin' stay an fight with the rest."

"But you may save all our lives."

"Why don't you go, Mr. Brandy-stone?"

"I? I must stay with your sister and cousin. Besides, I'm big and couldn't get through as easily as you."

"Well, I ain't a-goin to sneak away if I am little."

"Bucky," said Jack, "yo' needn't go. I'll go myself."

"Yo' don't do nuffin like dat, Missy shoot yo'!" What mars' say of I go back an tell 'em de apple ob he eye go down 'mong grillers fo' to git shot? I gwine, mars,'" he added to me.

But by this time there was more calling among the men below, a streak of light appeared in the east, and I did not dare let any one attempt to evade the enemy. Besides, I could now see by the lay of the land that it would be impossible.

Something must have given the guerrillas an inkling of our whereabouts, for as soon as it was light we could see them standing, looking up at our position. I told every one to lie low, hoping that some of the outlaws would climb up to investigate and we might pick them off. For more than an hour we remained concealed, only speaking in whispers; then we saw the knot of men below divide, three going to the west, three to the east, while three began to climb toward our fortress. One remained below, and as the light increased I saw it was the captain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sarcastic.

"Yes, I'm pretty well fixed," remarked the western millionaire. "I began life a bare-foot boy and—"

"Of course, but is that unusual out your way?"

"Well, yes, I'm rather an exception."

"Well, well! I know it's quite common in the west for one to die with his boots on, but I didn't know you folks were born that way too."—Philadelphia Press.

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N. Hanau, SUMMER BARGAIN SALE.

I Want to Clear Out all Summer Goods.

Dimities, 8 and 10 cents, 5 cents.
Dimities, 12½ cents, 8 cents.
Dimities, 15 cents, 10 cents.
Challies, 4 cents.
Organdies, 25 cents, 15 cents.
Indigo Blue Prints, 4 cents.
50 cent Ladies' Shirt Waist, 25 cents.
75 cent Ladies' Shirt Waist, 50 cents.
\$1.00 Ladies' Shirt Waists, 75 cents.
\$1.25 Ladies' Shirt Waists, 95 cents.
\$1.75 Ladies' Shirt Waists, \$1.00.
50 cent Ladies' Corsets, 40 cents.

Men's Summer Underwear.

25 cent goods for 19 cents.
50 cent Men's Balbriggan Shirts, 42½ cts.
50 cent Men's Balbriggan Drawers, 42½ cts.

Clothing—Greatest Bargains You Ever Bought.

Fine Clay Worsted Suits, \$8 and \$10, for \$5.00 and \$6.25. Fine Clay Worsted, \$10 and \$12, for \$8.25. Best Clay Worsted, \$12 to \$15, for \$9.50. Child's Suit, 75 cts; other houses would ask you \$1.50 for same goods.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RT. CONDENSED TIME TABLE IN EFFECT SEPT. 1, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME	NORTH BOUND				
	4	6	8	11	2
Pittsburg	Leave	9:00	11:00	1:00	3:00
Albany	Arrive	9:10	11:20	1:10	3:10
Butler	Arrive	9:15	11:25	1:15	3:15
Getzville	Arrive	9:20	11:30	1:20	3:20
West Montrose	Arrive	9:25	11:35	1:25	3:25
Echo	Arrive	9:30	11:40	1:30	3:30
Dayton	Arrive	9:35	11:45	1:35	3:35
Punxsutawney	Arrive	9:40	11:50	1:40	3:40
Punxsutawney	Leave	9:45	11:55	1:45	3:45
Big Run	Leave	9:50	12:00	1:50	3:50
Newton	Leave	9:55	12:05	1:55	3:55
DuBois	Leave	10:00	12:10	2:00	4:00
Falls Creek	Leave	10:05	12:15	2:05	4:05
Punxsutawney	Leave	10:10	12:20	2:10	4:10
Brookwayville	Leave	10:15	12:25	2:15	4:15
Ridgway	Leave	10:20	12:30	2:20	4:20
Johnstown	Leave	10:25	12:35	2:25	4:25
Johnstown	Arrive	10:30	12:40	2:30	4:30
West Montrose	Arrive	10:35	12:45	2:35	4:35
Newton	Arrive	10:40	12:50	2:40	4:40
Bradford	Arrive	10:45	12:55	2:45	4:45
Buffalo	Arrive	10:50	1:00	2:50	4:50
Rochester	Arrive	10:55	1:05	2:55	4:55
Butler	Arrive	11:00	1:10	3:00	5:00
Pittsburg	Arrive	11:05	1:15	3:05	5:05

Additional train leaves Butler for Punxsutawney 7:45 A. M. daily, except Sundays.

SOUTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME	SOUTH BOUND					
	11	9	3	5	7	
Rochester	Leave	11:00	9:00	3:00	5:00	7:00
Butler	Leave	11:05	9:05	3:05	5:05	7:05
Bradford	Leave	11:10	9:10	3:10	5:10	7:10
Newton	Leave					