# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

### VOL. XXXVII.

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PROLOGUE. Just fifty years ago the grean stvil war, which arrayed north lly. against south, brother against brother and father against son,

was the all absorbing real life tragedy of the time. This ronance, written by a soldier who is the son of a great general, gives the son and the grandson

of the hangman's noose ever be south divided in her allegiance between love and duty; a mere

ing actors in "Chattanooga."

T was the twentieth of August eighteen hundred and sixty-two Corinth had been evacuated mor-than two months before. The an-my of the Ohio had moved east my of the Ohio had moved east ward into northern Alabama. The president and eminent Union generals were anxious as to east Tennessee where, it was rumored, the Confeder ates were preparing for some new

move. High in the Cumberland mountains soldier in the blue and yellow uniform of a private of cavalry sat on his horse looking down on the valleys of the Sequatchis and the Tennessee." A carbine was slung over his shoulder a Colt's revolver was at his hip. He was long and lithe and graceful. About was long and lithe and graceful. About him was an air of refinement seldon found under a priväte's uniform ex-cept during that war which called our men from all classes, both in the sporth and in the south. His hair war light, his blue eye was restless and denoted fis possessor to be a man of great mental and physical activity. As the soldier gazed down upon the expansive view different expression fifted across his face. At one moment there was a serious look, such as met

difted across his face. At one moment there was a serious look, such as mer wear on the eve of battle; at another s shrinking expression; then a dreamj one. He saw territory that lay beyond the Union lines. He wondered what warlike scenes were hidden down there within the biending of rocks and river and undulations, lying caim and sweet before him that summer afternoon Were clusters of white tents there Were brigndes, divisions, army corps marching?

tant creaking of caissons and gun car riages. But he knew this could not be if they were there, they were too fai to be heard. The sounds never became mountains. Then a scene he had passed through the previous evening came up before

him. He stood in the presence of a genera of division—the finest specimen of physic of the specimen of the

A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

#### BY F A MITCHEL.

The general wrote the pass and banding it to Private Malone, "Go, and God bless you!" he said. He took his emissary's hand and pressed it heart-

ly. As the words, "Go, and God bless you!" rang again in memory the soldier touched the flanks of his horse lightly with his great brass spurs and began to descend the mountain. An hour later he entered the little fown of Jasper. Riding up to the tav-ern he reined in his borse and let him frink at the rough wooden trough in front. A number of country people were sitting on the veranda, and every one fixed his eyes on the soldier, who sat on his horse looking about him with as much apparent indifference as if he were within the Union lines.

of today an absorbing view of the perils faced by sire and grandsire of half a century ago. A northern spy penetrating the southern lines with the shadow if he were within the Union lines. When the animal had drunk his fill fore him; a fair daughter of the his rider cast the reins to a negro and dismounted, Then, detaching his car-bine from where he had hooked it to his saddle, he took it in his hand and boy with wits sharpened by the vicissitudes of war; a slip of a tramped into the house to the jingle of his spurs.

girl, ignorant, but brave, loyal and self sacrificing ; a chivalrous soldier in gray who fought and loved in vain\_these are the lead-

CHAPTER I. NO MAN'S LAND.

a wooden bench took a brist wie bench and a tobacco pouch out of his pocket and began to smoke. The total "The

Ind began to smoke. Jasper was "no man's land." The people living there and thereabout were hearly all Confederate sympathizers, but had learned to look for Union or Confederate troops with an equal chance of either. From the moment of the soldier's arrival they had dis-cussed his coming in whispers. Sol-diers of either side ustally came in numbers. It was seldom that a single trapper had the hardthood to enter the town of Jasper alone, especially one wearing the blue. Presently an 'old man dressed in "butternut" got up from his sent among the loungers and approached the stranger for the pur-pose of reconnoiter:

pose of reconnoiter: "Reckon y' come from Decherd Yank?" "Thereabout." "You uns got many sojers thar?" "Where?" "At Sparty." "No." "Murfreesboro?" "I don't know." "Reckon thar's a powerful sight at McMinnville?" "A division perhaps." "Thet's an all fired pert rifle o'

"Thet's an all fired pert rifid o' yourn. Wouldn't mind letten me han die it, would y'?" Mark cocked the piece, took off the cap and handed it to his interrogator. He still had his revolver, while the man had a weapon which could not be fired without a percussion cap. "Waal, now, thet's quar." The man looked from the rifle to the maldice not knowing which to admire

marching? Now he thought he could hear a dis real. The young man's fancies were always broken by the actual rustle of the leaves or some sound from the furred or feathered inhabitants of the

"You ain't no Yank."

ters and wears times." Mark smiled knowingly. "You think I'm one of Cold

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1911.

pike to Anderson."

on, I got a bead on y'." "Where's home?" "Well, what do you want with me?" "Tim one o' the Slacks. We're Union, re Slacks air. They're goen to drive is out soon. I reckon." "Union, ch? What are you-man, "Tother side o th' Sequatchie river." "How far is it to the river?" "Bout a mile from the creek we jeet

woman, boy or gal?" "T'm a gal." "The dickens! What are you stop

"Lordy! How'd I know y'? Y nought 'a' ben a bushwhacker. I war mought 'a' ben a bushwhncker. I war at the tavern whar y' tuk supper. The landlord's wife, she's my anut. I sor. y' come in and henrn y' talken to old Venables. They reckoned y' war Con-federate till y' paid in Yankee shin-plasters; then they reckoned y' mought be Yankee after all." Mark began to be interested. It was now evident to him that this person ensconced behind a snake fence, hold-ing him under cover of a gun, was a

ing him under cover of a gun, was

nd instead of an enemy. "Well?"

"I kem out hyar to tell y' 'bout it." "Then let me see you as well as hea you."

A figure with a gun climbed over th fence and advanced toward the soldier When it came near enough Mark say a girl who might be anywhere betwe sixteen and eighteen, for her sh only reached to the tops of her sho and her hair was cut square area skir ber neck. She came very near to him and spoke in a low tone:

"After y' left the tavern some on 'en lowed y' was Union, and some on 'em howed y' was Confederate; leasts ways, they wasn't sartin. Uncle, he's bad



"SOME ON BM 'LOWED T' WAS UNION. "Sociel on an 'Lowed y' was Union." secesh, and he 'lowed y' was Union and bound on some errant fur the Yan-kees. So he pursuaded several on 'em ter mount 'n follow y'. They was gitten ready, and I silpped out to the barn and tuk my pony, what I rode over on this afternoon, 'n Jakey's squir-rel gun (Jakey's my brother), what I allus carries when I ride round in these how war war times. 'n I makes these hyper war times, 'n I maker tracks cross country by a trail I allu goes to uncle's 'n comes bum agin while the meh alr comen by the road I jest rode Sally Maria among the trees thar and tied her and squatted behind the fence till y' come along and-Lordy

'What's the matter now?"

"Listen!" "Listen!" They were both quiet for a momen fibe girl's two big black eyes denotin her anxiety. They could distinctly hes the tread of horses coming on a bris

Without a word the girl seized Mark's bridle rein and led horse and rider of the road into the wood. At a short dis tance behind a rise in the ground she stopped. Mark was inclined to go or farther.

soldier, not knowing which to admire most—the mechanism of the former or the coolness of the latter. Then he handed it back. farther. "No, no," she said hurriedly. "My pony's right thar. If she ketches sight "Woh not?" "Yanks don't come down hyar all alone. Besides a Yankee sojer wouldn't ride a blooded rure like that a one Morgan's men rides them kind o' crit

a' drownded." "I've done some scouting before this,

the chest of drawers, took therefrom a cob pipe and some tobacco and began

bone, the intermitten and the remit-ten, and onct en awhile we git yaller jack when it comes up the Mississippi from Orleans."

"That's a good deal of fever," re-bled Mark; "but, to come down to business, I want to say a few words

"Much shaken among the sojer stranger?" she asked. "At the beginning of a fight there's a good deal," replied Mark, "but after they're once in they get on without much trouble." "And how far from the river to you out another mile. We live on a road ez runs from the Chattanoogy

"Don't mean that kind of shaken-"That's well. I want to reach the ager." pike."/ "Waal, y'll only hev ter go a couple "Oh, ague. No, I don't think there's much ague.

plied Mark;

-who are you?"

out ?"

much ague." "Fever?" "There's always more or less camp fever. It seems as if every man who campaigns in this country must have a dose of typhold to get acclimated." "Thar's a powerful lot o' fevers 'bout hyar. Thar's the typhold, the broken bong the intermittion and the remito' mile from our house t' git thar." "You seem to know all about this "Reckon I do. I was born hyar.

done a heap o' hunten in these hyar woods. I toted a gun all over 'em." "Tell me something about yourself. What's your name?" "Sourl." "Sourl what?"

Slack. "Ob. yes! You're one of the Slacks, you told me. Isn't Souri a singular name for a girl?"

"Waal, dad, he kem from Miss Bo thet's what he named me," "Have you a mother?" to you people. You're sure you're Union?" "Sarten," said the old man. "Got a young un in Jim Brown's company of east Tennesseeans," said the old woman. "I hearn th' all had the measles in th' spring. Henery hed it." "Yas.' "Brothers and sisters?" "Henery and Jakey." "How old are they?"

"Henery, he's 'bout twenty-two. He's In Jim Brown's company o' east Ter "Yes, that regiment was nearly all down at one time. Now, I'm going on "What? Union cavalry?" a very dangerous mission. May I rely

"You mean regiment, not company I know Brown well. How old is your other brother?" "Jakey, be's thirteen."

"At home?" "Yas."

"Yas."

"That" "What are you going to do with me when you get me to your home?" "Take y' to the barn. I reckon." "Why not to the house. Aren't your folks all right I thought you said they were Union." "Oh, they're all Union, But mebh they mought suspect at the tavera (seein' I'm gone 'thout sayen goodby and knowen I'm Union) thet I've put

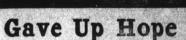
"Souri." said Mark meditatively, "do you know that since I met you I have been thinking that you're nobody's

The girl laughed, or rather chuckled. She enjoyed the compliment and was too unsophisticated to pretend that she did not. They soon struck a dirt road leading

pointing at the same time. He turned his horse's head as she directed, but soon lowering his eyes to the water began to go down stream again.

"Look at me." she called: "don't lool "Look at me," she called; "don't look at the water. Its runnen makes it beem sif y' war goen straight when yer goen crooked. That's a ledge o' rocks below thar and deep water beyond." Mark fixed his eyes on his guide, and turning his horse's head toward her urged her forward. She picked her way slowly, as if conscious of danger, and at last coming to the brink stepped quickly out of the water and shock herself.

Mark, asked of Souri. "I ain't," she said, coloring. "Whar?"



NO. 27

"I suffered five years, with awful pains, due to woman-ly troubles," writes Mrs. M. D. McPherson, from Chad-bourn, N. C. "They grew worse, till I would often faint. could not walk at all, and I had an awful hurting in my side; also a headache and a backache.

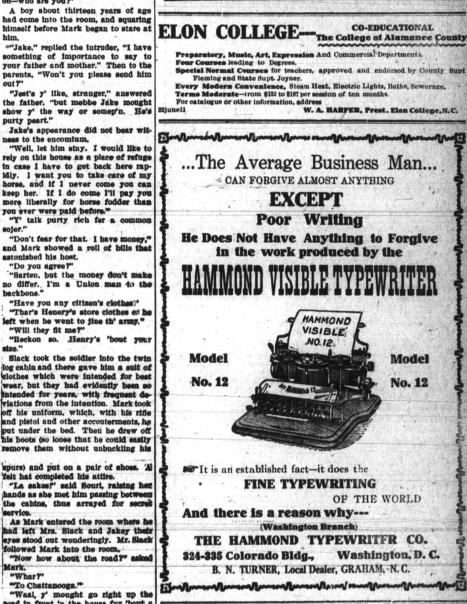
I gave up and thought I would die, but my husband urged me to try Cardui, so, I began, and the first bottle helped me. By the time the third bottle was used, I could do all my work. All the people around here said I would die, but Cardui relieved me."



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"Weal, y' mought go right up the read in front 'n the house fur 'bout a mile. Then y'll come ter a road leaden sort o' southeast like. Et y' go down this ar road it'll take y' ter th' Chattanoogy pike. Jakey, you mought go along 'n show 'm th' way." "Do you know the road your father speaks of, leading to the Chattanooga

They soon struck a dirt road leading directly south, which they followed till they came to the Sequatchie river, striking a ford at the same time. Souri-led the way into the ford, Mark fol-lowing. Her pony was used to such crossings, this one in particular, while Mark's horse preferred to feel his way blowly; consequently Souri reached the opposite bank 'before Mark had got half way over. It was now night, but it was clear, and a half moon cast its faint light upon the land and the river. Mark suddenly looked up from the water and saw Souri on the bank watching him. Had he been near enough he would have seen anxiety depicted on every feature of her face. "Keep up the stream!" she called, pointing at the same time. sojer.' "Do you agree?" "Sarten, but the money don't make no differ. I'm a Union man to the backbone."

"That's Henery's store clothes at he left when he went to jine th' army." "Will they fit me?" "Reckon so. Henry's 'bout your dze."

size." Slack took the soldier into the twin log cabin and there gave him a suit of clothes which were intended for best wear, but they had evidently been so intended for years, with frequent deintended for years, with frequent deviations from the intention. Mark took off his uniform, which, with his rifle and pistol and other accouterments, he put under the bed. Then he drew off his boots (so loose that he could easily

emove them without unbuckling hi spurs) and put on a pair of shoes. 'Al feit hat completed his attire. "La sakes" said Souri, raising her hands as he mot him passing between the cabins, thus arrayed for secred

ervice. As Mark entered the room where he had left Mrs. Slack and Jakey their eyes stood out wonderingly. Mr. Slack "Now how about the road?" asked "What makes you tremble so?" b

"To Chattanooga." "Is that a dangerous ford?" "Ef y'd a-tumbled offen the ledge y'd

wed Mark into the roo

keep her. If I do come I'll pay you more liberally for horse fodder than you ever were paid before." "Y' talk purty rich fer a comm "Don't fear for that. I have money," and Mark showed a roll of bills that astonished his host.

"Have you any citizen's clothes?

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Union improved and not general and the second secon

commander to find out what is goin on at Chattanooga. Our reconsolte ing parties, have thus far brought y nothing except that there is no enem, very near. We are liable to be finkle and get of four each finkle to be finkle and cut off from east Tennessee. Se here?" He furned to a map sprea out on a pine table. "Here is Chatt nooga; here the Sequatchie valley; uj here to the north is Knoxville, belo

by General Kirby Smith for the Con federates. Here is Cumberland gap If the enemy is concentrating at Chat tanouga, he may not only hold if gainst a greatly superior force, but an march right along here<sup>2</sup>—he trace he route with his finger—"form ancture with General Smith at Know

ville, and into Kentucky. Lot ville, and into Kentucky. Louisvill and Cincinnati will be in danger. For rest and Morgan are hammering a our communications; we get reports o immense forces of the enemy at Knox ville; everything points to this or som similar plan of campaign on the par of the Confederates. If so, they miss be concentrating at Chatianoga as a noint of rendesvours." int of res

point of reneral paused; then icoans, The general paused; then icoans, soldier in the eye said impressively; "You are the only man to whom ean't order you, as you know, beyons our lines, except in uniform. Go a far as you days as a soldier; I leav far as you days as a soldier; I leav ndervous." ral paused; then looking th

uirs?" "I will, general." "Very well. The fate of this arm the success of the Union arms in ' west, pethaps the prolongation of war, depend upon you." "The young man bowed, but said n

"You will need a pass to get heyond ur pickets." The general drew a camp hair beside a pine table and took up pen. "How will you have it write Private Mark Malo

e will do as w lines at will."

san's men, do you?" "Reckon yer one o' ourn anyway." And the man walked away well sat isfied with his penetration. The soldier got up, went into the tay ern and paid for his supper with one of the postal shinplasters used at the time in lieu of silver; then he came

out and called for his horse. While waiting he stood leaning against a pos of the gallery, maintaining the same easy confidence that had characterized

easy confidence that had characterized him since his artival. Fresently a ne-gro came around from the barn, lead-ing the slender legged mare, and the soldier, asuntering up to her lesurely, stroked her neck; then mounting, with ut once looking at his observers, he

de away. But Private Malone's confidence was I assumed. He did not start on the

road he designed to follow; he trotts off up the valley, intending later out up the valley, intending later to find a path or a crossroad which would take him southward to the Chattanooga plks. He suspected that the group he was leaving would not suffer him to ride that night in safety, and he did not care to let them know his true outs.

When he was riding in the open he

When he was riding in the open he felt comparatively confident, but upon entiging a thicket he would uneadly reach down and put his hand upon his ride. He knew the bushwhacker of the period, and fancied that a rife or 's shotgun lurked behind every tree. The twilight was nearly faded. Mark find gone about three miles from the tavern when, nearing a fork in the tood, he heard: "Halt there"

"Halt, thar!"

Instinctively his hand went to the sandle of his revolver, for the sound was near enough to indicate that a pla-tol rather than a rife might be needed. "Air you uns the sojer as tuk supper at the tavern at Jasper" asked a roles, singularly soft for a bushwhack-

"Well, suppose I am?" "I know y' from yer voice." "How's that?" asked the sold

"Kind o' deep and sme nonght as waal ont un

neigh and betray them. The two stood looking at each other while the sounds grew louder, dreading every moment that either one of their horses might give the signal that would lead to the scovery. There were evidently not stan half a dozen of the horseme on the road, altogether too many for one man, even if well armed, to meet.

The men rode up to the fork of the road, where they reined in their hornes for a parley. It was a question doubt-less which road the Yankee soldier had taken. Presently they divided, one party taking the left hand road to Tracy City, the other the road leading an the suffer

ap the valley. As soon as they were gone Mark took the girl's hand and gave it a grate-

ful pressure: "God bless you, my girl; you've saved me from capture or being shot in the back-shot, I expect." The girl shuddered. She-knew well snough the fate be would have met if

als pp is pursuers had overtaken him. They rould have come upon him warily and bot him from behind a tree. When the sounds from the retreating men had died away in the distan said:

"lea

CHAPTER IL A CHANGE OF UNIFORM

The solider followed her, leading his horse, till they came upon her own pony tied to as ap-ling. Mark offered to help her mount, but she was not used to such civility, and leading her horse to the runk of a fallen tree mounted by

Crossing the road, the two entered a wood on the other side. The girl kept a straight course till she came to a breek, which she forded below and hear a log that had been felled across it to be used for a footbridge. On the farther side she struck an old road, hbadoned, at least for wheels. Mark rode up alongside of her, She was a wild looking thing, with hardly a trace of civilization about her except her calleo dress and cowhide shoes. "Where are you taking me to?" asked Mark. "Hum." sing the road, the two entered

"Hum."

from other matters that she might not but I see now that I haven't learn cross a current till today. Next time I'll look out for something on shore to teer by."

Another ten minutes brought then home. Sourl led the way to a rickety barn, where both horses were stabled. She left Mark in the barn while she went into the house to inform the in mates of his present

Presently she came out. "Dad 'lows y' mought come in fur s spell 'thout much resk. They won't know o' y'r bein byar yet awhile. eastaways thar's no hurry. But day reckons y' mought sleep in the barn with one eye open."

"I shall not sleep anywhere tonight. I must go on. But I'll go in with you for awhile." A man met them at the door with

A man met them at the door with white, shocky hair and a stubble beard. He looked sixty, though he was ten or fifteen years younger. He walked as if he were following the plow. His trou-sers were drawn nearly up to his arm-pits, a double breasted waistcoat served in lieu of a cost.

"Them blue clothes looks kinder peart to we uns down hyar es ain't seen nothen but gray," said the man. "I 'lowed when you uns went up ter Chattanoogy last June and fired them big guns at the town y' was goen to hold onto these hyar parts."

"Perhaps it was a mistake," said Mark, "but I never criticise the acts of my superiors." "Come inter th' house."

The dwelling was composed of two square log houses, some ten feet spart under one roof, with a floor between

under one roof, with a floor between the two. The man led Mark into one of these parts or houses. The articles is if that struck the soldier's eye wave a very high bedstead, heightened fur-ther by a feather bed; a chest of drawers, and a clock on the mantle that ticked loud enough to be heard out in the bare. There were some pieces of rag carpet on the floor, two or three hard seated chairs and a rockes. "What y' got fur supper?" the old man asked as his wife entered. "I don't want any supper," maid the

"I don't want any supper," said the soldier. "I only ate an hour or two ago."

The woman, who was bent down brough some nervous disease, went to

pike?" asked Mark of the boy.

"Does I know, Souri?" "None o' them sidesways talken Jake. Answer straight," said Mr. Slac severely. "Reckon I does. I knows all th'

ds 'bout hyar." Mark looked at the boy and the a few moments without speaking. He was a stupid looking child, but Mark thought that if he could get him to go

with him it might avert suspic "Jakey," he asked. "how would you like to go with me on-a trip?" "How would I like to shoot squir "don't yer go 'n sleep out nights 'n gli

reis T "You Jake! Didn't 'I tell y' t' an "You, Jaket Dign't'l tel y't a pwer straight?" from the father. "Yas, i'd like to go." "I're a mind to take you. if you father will let you go." said Man molitaties

meditatively. "Many fevers "bout Chattanoogy? asked the mother, taking the pipe out of her mouth and casting an anxious glance at her son. "What y' goen ter do with him?" asked Siack.

"I only want him for a companion-to divert suspicion-and-well, I can't tell exactly what-for an emergency, perhaps." perhaps." "What's a 'mergency '" asked Jakey. "Well, if I should learn something of importance I might want to send you back with the news, or if I should be raught in a-in a"-"Tree, like a coon, with a gum or 6 forg below," supplied Jakey. "That's it exactly. I might want to nd word about that." send word about that." "I'm afeard he's too little ter be of my use that a way," said his father. "'Oh, Jakey can't go. He's got ter stay right hyar 'n do hoen," chimed his mother.

mother. "What do you say. Jakey? Do you want to go?" asked Mark. "Would I"--"Tou, Jake!" sgain shouted his

father. "Course I want ter go." "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will let him go I'll bring him or send him back safely and leave a twenty

dollar greenback here with you for him on his return. "Souri! Souri!" called Slack. Souri came in so quickly as to argue Souri came in so quickly as to argue that she had not been out of hearing could not clearly express her mean-ing, and her voice was getting husky. "Goodby, my little girl," said Mark, of all that had passed. "Snack fur these two uns," said her going up to her and taking her hand.

Souri departed, and presently re-"I have a notion that if it is ne to the Union cause for my life to saved again you will be on hand turned with a bundle contain eatables. "Now, Jakey," said his father as

"'N, Jakey," called his moth

"Never yer mind, maw. I ain't got

ter git no ager." They passed out of the clearing, and vere about entering the wood

which the road took them when they heard a step behind them. Turning,

"How long d' y' 'low y' mought h gone down thar?" she asked. Mark looked into her face, and sh

"Why do you want to know, Souri?" "Waal, maw, she'll worrit 'bout

"I can't tell you." "How fur y' goen?" "To Chattanooga. Perhaps farther but not likely."

"What'll th' do t' y' ef they ketch y'?" "They'll probably lift me off my feel with a hemp cord."

"They won't, will they? Don't talk that a-way." She looked at him with her black

"I guess I can get through all right," aid Mark reassuringly. "I've fone I

Defore." The girl stood for a few momenta-in resolute. This she drew a red all handkerchief from her besom and handed it to Mark. It was the only

"What is that for, Souri?" as

"Waal, ef I don't see y' no me mought keep et ter-ter- Mebin

Mark, affected in spite of him

there was Souri.

wered her eyes.

res and shivered.

bit of fin

Jakey.'

save it. Then the girl went back to the house they all stood at the front gate bei and the travelers went on their way. "Jakey," asked Mark, "can your sisthe departure of the two travelers, "re member yer a Unioner 'n treat the stranger far." ter read writing?" "Reckon not."

"Oh. I ain' no slouch, 'f I am little," replied the boy, with a shrug and a secowi, indicating that he regarded the injunction entirely uncalled for. "Can you?" "Can I sing like a bird?"

"Do you mean that you can or you can't?

"I can't."

"Well, your sister is a good girl, and a smart girl, and a courageous girl. She has saved me once, and if I get into trouble I would rather have her nto trouble I would rather have ner near by than a sergreant and ten men." "Reckon she giv' y' th' hanshleuf ter send instead o' writen." Mark looked down into the stupid face of the boy beside him. He began These of the boy beside min. He began to think that the child's stupidity was pot flattering to himself, inasmuch as Jakey had penetrated further than he had into Souri's design, and her diffi-dence as to confessing her ignorance. "I hope there'll be no necessity for that, Jakey. But we must arrange what we shall ness for in Diric Norm what we shall pass for in Dixie. Nov do you know what you are?" "I'm y'r little brother." "Exactly. And what are we gol

Chattanooga for? What shall we

Chattanooga torr what have not a "Geen ter buy caliker fur maw re Souri, 'n galluses fur paw, 'n terbacker fur you uns, 'n a squirrel gun fur me." When he came to the squirrel gun his little eyes glistened under the rim

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of his hat. "By George!" exclaimed Mark aughing, "You ought to be 'Old Parks nughing. "You cupit to be 'old Pap's chief scout instead of me." "'S thet what y' all?" "I am just now." "Golly!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]