TER XVI WATMEN AT LAST.

e miles to Lumberton erron was old, to the rell advanced when h

red form of the deputy

If man, how goes it with Runt exclaimed, heartily, is quid of tobacco from one other. "How is Miss Liza ngh, sheriff. We are in

old negro's heart was light e all his race, he regarded is being a man of great he felt sure that help was

you'd be. What's the

ny is lost, and Marse Max

ce you say? Bad enough! them children. Ain't there look after them?" but me, sir, and they've the upper hand of me. u would help us." don't think I can. Where

swamp about a mile from

place." wild fools. How'd Miss get lost ?"

n't know, sir. We missed lay. Marse Max thinks the we got her." What does he think

cats want with her? She's ie mud, sumers most like-

hink it's the Lowries. They ed bow that they seem to tles it. It's the second and dropped about. Miss woman that wore them." I they've got her, Miss Liza 't pint many more pistols at foe."

you help us, sheriff?" . he dickens! What did they Jump square into the fire want somebody to keep a getting burnt! I tell you, the standin' army'd be no giment of tin soldiers. We all we can, and we might at home playin' the planny. we can't tell who is again y varmints and who ain't. of our big people are in th 'em, as thick as three in

d like to go see the boy, but t be healthy for him nor me, This talk may cost you and than me want to pay. But at I can. You can't get a go into them swamps."

it stepped over to the little spoke to a man who had thing them. The man went it up severel parcels, which to the negro. But Mr. disappeared.

to better when, late in the Emerson reached the he was weak and his fever ite gone, man shook his head. is to be regular remittent," m measuring out the feathquinine powders, while Maty paper to fold them in.

and and the slife ! . Then he bent close to Maty

lony and the Twins

ind walkspercu: "I'm afraid it's no good, but yo an try. Whatever happens, don lishearten Max wkhen you com

Maty's ardor was considerably coo d by this.

In spite of his short legs, Maty was pretty good walker,

He went on without adventure of any kind until he was crossing the road where they had left the wagon. Here he was startled by a heavy hand

But the smile faded and the deputy

sheriff looked worn and haggered. "They've come mighty night gettin'

me this time, all on account of Miss Liza Jane," he said, stepping out into

the road. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hunt," Maty exclaimed quickly. "Oh, it don't matter. My head ain't worth a frost-bitten persimmon,

no how. I was looking for the child. He threw up his hands as a sharp

report rang through the air. "Oh, Mr. Hunt! You are shot!"

Maty cried, rushing to him. "It's them. I'm a gorner this time.

Tell Lucy and the-kids." He fell with his face in the dust.

bent over his friend. "Be good to-"

"We will, if we live," the boy prom-

ised solemnly. Maty's eyes were full of great blinding tears.

The officer could not speak, but, liftgallberry bushes at the side of the

road. Maty's eyes followed. He saw a dark hideous face, and a revolver pointed at his own head. And then the pistol was knocked, away and the boy heard a volley of knew that they had something to do blood-curdling oaths uttered in a gruff with his iliness.

voice and ending with the command: "Fool, stop!" And a tall form appeared in the

road beside the prostrate body. Instinctively the dying officer's hand clutched at his pistol, but his fingers

stiffened on the handle. Maty turned to the stranger and looked squarely into the terrible face.

"Now, as fast as you want them knocked over, let them be seen with you. If you value your life, go back where you came from."

Maty stooped to pick up his gun, but the robber quickly forestalled him, tell Maty? He decided to keep it to and, bending his knee, deliberately broke the gun across it and tossed the pieces carelessly away.

The man whose wicked face Maty had first seen, now came out and, the barrel of his heavy old gun and _ The chief had not come. Many of composed herself to sleep. eded in a leisurely way to rob it crept out into the night and went over

faty's standpoint. He lo he two streams ut the view was broken there by clumps of treas. He trace them, and also a third am that, springing from the upper, ned the lower and ran contant

rited Wyckoll

W701 12 For awhite Max looked at the three streams, sluggish and dirty and thick with swamp plant, with only the lazy sort of interest that a prisoner might take in his surroundings. He noticed that an island something like his own was cut off by them, only the water

was deeper and the land higher. And then the hot blood flew to his to see the terrible face of a robber, his ears deafened. The three streams but incread his eyes rested on the formed a triangle with a waving the

dered what it meant.

He could not recollect why a triangle should interest him. He could not think. He tried to force his mind, but it slipped away to a dark place, and he could not find it. He closed his eyes and sounds of distant music tormented him. He could not get away from the sound. When they saw that he was much

worse they let the hammock down and took him into the house. Uncle Emerson covered the boy's burning head with cooling leaves, and he and Maty walted.

"It is his brain; the fever's gone to it," the old nurse said. So they Maty forgot his own danger and watched him day and night, and at

last Max was better again, but he was too weak to speak or move and as nervous as a sick woman. For days Was. he could not even think of the hammock without being made worse. But

at last he began to wonder what connection the hammock could have with were several men whom Tony had not his body.

They hung the blanket low at first, From there he saw the streams and he terribly.

scraped on the door in Colonel Zack- sire was to escape.

ery's bed room. the hidden treasure? And ought he flushed with drink.

himself until he should be sure.

he could go about he secretly fastened to the solft cool mud and thank God a rusty bayonet that he had found, to for the awful winding sheet.

you kill the ored may lay us a gold a't know yet, where it hem hok on. Ha, ha," and An

inughed softly. "Lat the "It would be a good joke on Henry Berry if the kids sipped off with it." haughed the other Strong.

"There ain't many jokes on the ap'n, nor on the Swamp Angels, for the matter of that." Thomas Lowrie said with a chuckle. He was like

three streams seemed to be coiling like shining serpents about it. He won-dered what it meant

them.

If she could get back the robbers could take her again, or perhaps something worse might happen. .Besides, the boys might not be there now. Their plans were likely to be chang-

The conviction that one of the twins was dead grew upon her, and she sat

a particularly fine "haul." There ed on.

ing his hand, he pointed to a clump of his illness. His mind was as weak as seen before-white men, she thought into a cypress tree. At first she

The men who had been coming in and he lay in it for hours trying regularly had never done this, and the and limbs were torn and cut by the to recollect. Then he had it higher drunken carousal that grew as the thorns and briars, she had encounteruntil it was at last in its old place. night deepened frightened the child ed. The limbs had been obliged to

She had only one thought, and that was to get away. It seemed to her One day it all came to him, and that anything was preferable to this. There was a perceptible change in the again he crawled to Maty's hammock. Nothing had ever been so terrible be-At first he was afraid to look, but fore. It seemed to the child that she when he did there were the streams must die if those eyes should find her. that formed the triangle! It was like or the terrible voices speak to her. the one he had seen blotted on the Some instinct told her that her greatdesk, cut in the window glass, and est danger had come, and her one de-

Priscilla ha diorgotten her woman-Did it all mean anything? It seemed hood and was drinking with the men impossible that he, a boy, should have and laughing shrilly at their rude traced all this. Colud it be that, sick jokes. Her_face, old and withered and disabled, he had actually found was like a nightmare now that it was

Any wild beast in the swamp was gentler than these crazed creatures He improved rapidly now, and when Tony felt that she could slip down in-

turning the officer's body over, pro- when they were watching no longer he the less vicious of the men were ab-The very worst of the band

the could not cook then a greedily, not leavin a a next age for poor Bob White's

This was an excellent breakfast. She feit satisfied and strengthened when it was finished and hoping that she might be so lucky another time

raid with a chuckle. He was like the inight of so locky another time the chief, only smaller and less com-manding in appearance, and his face was not so cruelly handsome and was, as yet, only getting away. She was as yet, only getting away. She thought that after a while if she kept Tony watched the men as they slip-red like shadows into the swamp and wondered why she could not follow them and get away. She knew that finite than that.

The child's progress was necessarily paths through the swamp, and that a false step meant a horrible death. The swamp mud, black and bottom-lets, was ready to swallow up what-ever came in contact with it. Tony was not sure of the direction she had come, and there was little hope that without assistance she would ever find her way back to the boys. She doubted if trying to do that would be the best way to help them.

across the mud or water to the next. Sometimes she darted forward recklessly when some great snake colled beside her pathway. She walked for days beside impenetrable walls of vines, rattan and bramble, and many that she did not know. Great tangle

of these rose up in front of her and she walked for miles around them. Sometimes she fell, and often the

was dead grew upon ner, which one it for hours trying to feel which one it was. One night the bandits came and animal nature to be still and die, so they were unnusually exhuberant over | Tony ate what she cold find and press-

One night it rained and she climbed they were, and they were drinking. thought of crouching down under it, for the tree was tall and her hands grow high to keep out of the underbrush.

> The land was not so swampy here vegetation, and Tony hoped that she might be coming to a piece of timber or to a farm.

Even the nice old ladies who used to whisper solemnly of Tony's tom-boy propensities would have been glad now that she was able to climb the straight cypress tree!

She went up like a big grey squirrel and nestled down among the thick branches. Her clothes were much solled and torn, but she clung to her Quaker bonnet for she knew the discomforts of traveling without

anything on her head, and it was her opinion that a head covering commanded a certain degree of respect! She carefully hung the bonnet up, and

The rain fell slowly about her tree. Antumn was near enough 10

hing. After a while she opened it and found slices of bread and salt beef. She ats some, carefully saving

beef. She ate some, carefully saving the rest for a time of need. She was more afraid now that she knew that they were searching for her. It would be better she thought to go on as she had been going toward the high land. But it was not so near as she supposed. A week passed before she saw in front of her a proceed she saw in front of her a grooked rall fence. A high close fence made

to keep cattle out of the swamp. It might be, and was, most likely, far from any human abode, but men's hands had built it. It was nearer the world of men and women than she had been for a long time. So she hurried to the fence and leaned on it, crying foolishly and laughing aloud in her joy.

It bordered a low marshy road and farther on a stream crossed the road. The rough old rails were beautiful to her. They meant civilisation and protectiont

Her quick eyes caught sight of some moving object in the road. She crouched back among the bushes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THROTTLING A FOREIGN DEVIL.

Chinese Attempt to Hold Up a Locomotive Disastrous.

London Standard. All things considered, it is not surprising that the big railway scheme which China has on hand has been transferred from the control of the

hat gave the relief

ly on the af



borne. The H.

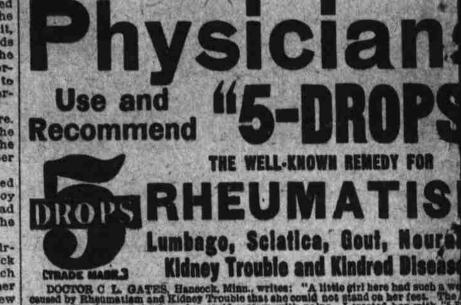
valve,

ned his hand and

ully torn up the line. T

tself and every man aboard i

109 East Broad, St.



DOCTOR C L. GATES, Hancock, Minn., writes: "A little girl here had such a mead by Rheumatian and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet." By put her down on the fleor she would acroam with pains. I treated her with it today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe "5-DROFS" for and today she runs around and today she runs around and use is in my practice." DR. S. D. BLAND. Brewton DR. S. D. BLAND. Brewton bago and Bheumatism in my shago and Bheumatism is my shage of the share of the y practice." BLAND. Brewton, Ga., writes: "I had been a sufferer for a numl Sheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that torks, and size consulted with a number of the best physicians, bu elist obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my pract of discore."

These who are suffering the terrible tortures and agony caused by Rhouman relief by the use of "S-Drops." It is the one remedy that will almost insta-

u ever? Oh!" bent nearer to the light. on riveted on the bit of pa-

hand. s it, Maty?"

ust listen. Of all queer acfax, are you awake?"

let me read this to you. It's wspaper, and it came round bundles. "The house was the ground with the three children in it. It is terrible late, and the grief-stricken have the sympathy of the unity. Two of-

paper is torn. Poor Max. Mr. Hunt is going to and Tony." say so? Tell me, Uncle

did he promise?" ised himself from his pine d, his eyes bright with fe-

asn't time for much talk him, and he said he'd do ld be done. He's a good have. He sent you some ad one thing and another, n sald.

That was kind; Maty, give But about Tony-tell What did he think?" know, Marse Max. He

of course not. These detecmouthed as oysters. I about them. He listened " said Maty, whose nothin were obtained from al of detective stories d in sample copies of tionabl papers,

about it, Marse Max. I ich satisfaction out of news from him.

easier, now that he knows. Max asked. fever is not broken yet, and id spells till it is. It's

fever; I've had it many a constituted himself and he gathered barks, and made curious and vile sesting decoctions, only Max, but Maty and I, were forced to swallow. ce of prevention is a whole he has to sulp it down,' his face puckered into

much of the time in his among the pine leaves, Tiger played under-

Uncle Emerson hunted or any sign of Tony, none. done toward find-

Afer would not allow far alone, and the old tot be induced to accom-

a danger here, Maty, at her." Max said, when ad and begged to go

t his better judgment, or the boy to go se

of whatever he considered valuable. ing up at the taller man.

"No." Then turning to the boy. "Go!" he said, pointing to the

swamp, and Maty went. This was very different from the encounter Maty had planned when he used to talk about the Lowries. He looked back and saw the body of the

ed not go back. He was sure that the man who had gang, and he knew that the steady

with such unerring skill to the heart of the officer. "Maty hurried home. Uncle Emerson was on the lookout for him.

He listened with a grave face to the story the boy had to tell. "T've

"Maty, we are in evil case. been dreaming dreams, and seeing visions. We are in a bad fix. It don't matter for me. "I'm about done anyhow, and I can drop down among the cypress knees and be at rest; but you

all?' "They're after the money, and they are watching us till me find it. That's Rhoda Lowrie. But she had despairwhy they've taken 'Toney; they know ve will never leave her," Maty said.

'Don't let Max know that Mr. Hunt s killed. Oh, if we could only find Tony!" CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER TRIANGLE. Max was not satisfied with Maty's

account of his visit to Lumberton, but Hunt was not in town. That was all of escape, but none of them seemed the straw had fallen. that Maty could tell. He wanted to practicable. tell Max all, but in the evening when

the sick boy's fever went up he saw the wisdom of keeping any exciting "If it gets much higher, we can't

do anything with it," the anxious old she managed to keep well out of the boy's wild talk about triangles and get beyond hearing of their vile lanwaved lines.

The fever ran very high, but there could understand very little of it. were hours when there was none, and these began to lengthen in number. while the "hot stage" grew shorter. lated. These frightened her most Therefore, the remedies had a "chance to take hold," as Uncle Emerson said. left to the old woman's care, The old man was very proud of his success, and Max, swinging among the

fragrant pine boughs, felt hope and think life at Red Hill farm unbearable. energy alive in his heart again. He was very weak and all day he could do nothing but lie still looking these men into whose hands she had about him, for he was too troubled fallen!

about Tony to care for his books. There were places in the swamp where the pools of water were large

and these left open spots here and homes and families of these men there. There were, therefore, from the height at which the hammock ed. hun, long avenues and openings through which Max could look far into the swamps and woods beyond. It white relate the incident of Mr. Hunt's

amused him as he lay there day after | death. Her poor little heart seemed. day, to trace odd shapes in the groups to freeze as she listened. of foliage. These he learned to know, and every morning his eyes traveled tround.

the way he has 'em treated, anyhow, One day he thought he could trace There's something at the bottom of two streams of water that met over at it." ga of the higher woods and This she heard clearly, but the men began to speak all at once so that she A into one

sent. to the streams. He crossed and slowwere here and she was at their mercy. Want 'em Cap'n?" he asked, look- ly thrust the bayonet into the ground at every step, stopping to listen now went to sleep in a corner. and then, He thought the camp And then Tony decided to go!

might be watched but he saw nothing to alarm him. From the centre of the plot of

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALONE IN THE SWAMP.

She was too young to realize

There were times when she was ter-

ribly frightened by the rough man-

ners of the bandits who often gathered

How mild and gentlemanly Uncle

One night as she listened to the rob-

"The Cap'n kept me from turning

the Poindexter kid over. It's curious

bers talking, she heard George Apple-

dark-eyed Indian girl.

in the cabin.

clothes. Then, crawling up to the window, she looked up at the quiet ground he walked out to the points, looking always for the forked tree. saw a slim white bay that had once stars. Was there really a great powbeen forked about three feet from the er up there-a something that could deputy sheriff in the dust, but he dar- ground, but one limb had been torn help? Was God there? She waited its melancholy hoot. away in a storm so that it now seema moment and her pale lips moved si-

ed to be only a projection. This lently. Somehow her heart grew spoken to him was the leader of the must have been the tree in which stronger, and she sprang lightly to the of the night. Her ears had grown Uncle Emerson caught his arm when ground. hand of the chief had sent the bullet he fell after burying the box. A feeling of relief came to her. She

Lifting his gun once more he thrust was in Gods almighty hands now. it down and it struck something solid. and away from the power of those Again, and the bayonet would go no men. She felt as a frightened little farther! His heart stood still. The child does when it finds its mother's stars swam wildly about him, his knees arms. If death came it could not gave way and he sank to the earth.

was already dead to all who cared for her. Out in the swamp she would be happened there she could endure.

If Tony could have known that Max Quickly she darted away, she knew and Maty were safe and that they not in what direction, only that it was knew of her safety, she would not not the way the men always came. have been utterly miserable with Atter the horrors of the bandits' cabin, the oaths and curses and vile laughed from the first of winning Rhodar ter, and the dread of being sean or to help her. In vain her lips drooped spoken to by the orgies, the peace

pathetically. In vain she sighed. and quiet of the cool, dark swamp Rhoda's big eyes seemed not even was heavenly. to notice any change. Tony's little For a long way she could hear now arts were not sufficient to move the and then the sounds from the cabin, but at last she was too far for the sounds to reach her.

danger of her position-too young for hope to die in her heart. She believed that something would happen, but felt smitch, dry pine straw under her to having the girl found." he had no cause to suspect deception. she understood that she could expect feet, and sank down to rest, feeling Maty had been gone long enough, but nothing from Rhoda. She amused about till her hand touched the rough somehow Max felt troubled. Mr. herself by planning wonderful ways bark of the swamp pine from which

> I was like the touch of an old friend. She crawled up to it and laid her head against it. They might find her to-morrow, but to-night she was safe. safe!

None of them ever spoke to her and The swamp was alive with a hundred voices, but these were creatures nurse said, as they listened to the way, but it was impossible for her to that God had made and they were like He had made them. They were under guage. There was one blessing; she His guidance and command. If harm came to her by them it must be all Sometimes she heard awful rob-

right. beries planned, and terrible stories re-This was an exceedingly comfortable and fortunate state of mind for when Rhoda was gone and she was Tony, seeing there was nothing better than the swamp for her. She Tony could hardly realizze that she was the same little girl who used to

At any rate little helpless Tony's gaston seemed when compared with sleep was sweet and sound all through the summer night, and she awoke to

find cheerful sunshine sifting down up+ She felt thankful that she had not on her through the slender pine needbeen taken to Scuffletown, for she les. knew instinctively that life in the she She was awfully hungry, and began at once, like the other woodfolk to would have been uispeakably wreach-

look about for something to eat. The ewamp was delightful, of course, but a well spread breakfast table had its

charms. She had been for several weeks in the robber's cabin, so that the berry crop was a thing of the past. She still.

found a few berries nicely dried on the ground. They were . delicious After a while she found some wild grapes and ate them, though they vere not ripe,

She was afraid she might be going straight back to the robbers' cab and therefore she went forward slow-y. But when night came and she saw nothing of the hated place, she felt

chill breath to be felt on a night like The old woman crept away at last and this, but Tony on her perch was warm and dry, and not troubled as an older It person wold have been with thoughts was not freedom that she sought, it of the coming winter and the hunger and cold it must 1 ring to the unprowas only to get away. Slowly she slipped from her bed and drew on her | tected.

Hundreds of fire files darted in and out, and an owl as lonely and grey as Tony herself, floated noiselessly into its r sting place near her and set up

But after a while Tony heard t sound that did not belong to the voices keen with much listening, and almost as soon as the creatures that belonged to the wood she heard a new sound The owl left off its hooting and was quite still. Tony held her breath.

And yet the sound was only a human footstep! It came on cautiously make much difference to anyone; she until the tree was reached. Once she would not have heard so faint a sound at all. Now it caused her heart to beat alone with God and nature, and what so that she feared it might be heard by whoever was below. How thankful the was that she had climed the The sound ceased, and then for tree. the first time in days she heard the sound of a human voice. It was strange that the voice, should be speaking of her. But she knew that it must be so. It was a gruff voice

and the words words were: "That little fool is fuck in the mud somewheres long ago. There's not the least doubt of it. She'd never find her way back to the kids anyhow. For my part I believe it all comes It was very dark and she could not from Rhoda's confounded tender choose her way, but after a while she heart. She wheddled the Cap'n in-

> Tony knew the voice. It was Andrew Strong's.

"That's about the size of it. Who'd think the Cap'n could be wheddled by

woman? I'll settle the youngone's hash if ever I lay hands on her, in short meter, too, and without linein'!" This the child knew was one of the

brutal Oxendines. The old woman at the cabin told Tony that they were the worst of the band. The blood of three races flowed in their veins, and old Priscilla declared that it was a bad mixture.

"I'm surprised at tair," Andrew Strong said. "It don't fit with the Cap'n's work at all. In

the first place I never took much stock in the Zackery gold. Henry Berry Las gone wild over it. It's my opinion went to sleep almost happy, and the that if he gets it--" Andrew Strong stars, and may be the holy angels, caught himself quickly. "That he'll do what? Skip? That's

a bad bee to put in a bandit's bonnet." laughed Oxendine coarsely.

"I did not say that. It was your-

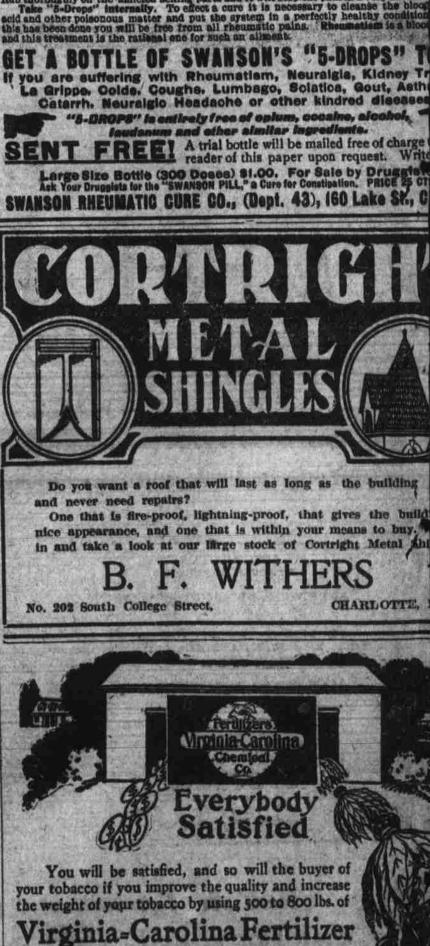
self. Repeat it at your peril!" It seemed to Tony that she could e the flash of those black eyes as had so often seen in the cabin.

"I shall do as I please about it. Tell it or not, as I like," said Oxendine, insolently. Instantly there was a sharp report.

gleam of light, and the sound of a heavy body falling. And then all was

The owl ficated away and the fire flies darted in and out. Tony thought she heard a sort of moaning, gurgling sound, but that was all. The rain dripped drearly. What had happen-ed there under her tree?

She was too tired to keep awal so at last she slept. In the morning she looked down and her head reel-



per acre, ten days before planting. These fertilizers give an early start to the plant, which very soon rows large enough to withstand the ravages of insects. Soils that under ordinary conditions would make a yield of poor, papery tobacco, lacking in gummy or oily matters, will produce a very high type of tobacco by liberally using these fertilizers.

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