SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergt. Craig an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. They get within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in whe dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Jed Bungay, who starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ball-room beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being unmaskprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being unmask-Minor and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan, recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bidding Edith adieu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Bungay; they reach the Lee camp and are sent with reinforcements to join Early. In the battle of Shenandoah the regiment is battle of Shenandoah the regiment is overwhelmed, and Wayne, while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan. Wayne and Bungay are sent on a scouting detail, and arriving at the Minor place, Wayne meets Miss Minor and Mrs. Bungay, and later Edith appears.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.-Continued.

"I say, Cap," he said, jerking the words out to the mule's hard trot, and grasping his saddle pommel desperately. "I sorter reckon as how ther'll be some fun back thar afore long 'less all signs fail."

Why?" I stared at him, now thoroughly aroused to the thought that he had important news to communi-

"Wal," he explained slowly, "whin ye wint off, I sorter tuk a notion ter look 'bout a bit. Used ter be an ol' stompin' ground o' mine. So Dutchy an' me clumb thet big hill back o' whar we halted, and' by gum, down thar in ther gully on t' other side thar's a durned big camp o' fellers."

I reined up short, and with uplifted hand signalled the men behind to

halt. "Why didn't you tell me this before?" I questioned sternly. "How many were there? and what did they look like?"

He scratched the back of his head thoughtfully, and answered with careful deliberation. "Durn it, I didn't jine ye till after y'd started, an' reckon as how it took me all o' tew mile ter git this yere blame muel up ter whar I cud talk. Thar's quite a smart bunch, but they had some pickets out, an' l cudn't git close 'nough ter tell zackly. Dutchy thought thar wus nigh onter two hundred o' 'em, but I jist don't know. They wusn't dressed like sojers o' either army, an' I reckon they're out o' ther hills."

I glanced at my little handful of men, scarcely knowing what decision it might be wise to make. Undoubtedly they would fight if occasion arose, but the odds were terribly heavy; besides, if Brennan came, andhis party got away that same evening, as was planned for them to do. then it might not be necessary for us to strike a blow. I was certainly in no mood to expose my small command merely to save the empty house from destruction.

"Ebers," I said, turning toward the Sergeant, who sat his horse with expressionless face, "you were with the guide when he discovered this camp. How many do you think it contained? and who were they?"

"Vel, dere vos more as two gompanies, Captain, und dere vos some horses, but dey vos dressed-vot you calls it?-all ober not ner same."

"Not in uniform?" "Dot vos it."

"Have any of the rest of you seen anything that looked suspicious?" I asked, glancing around into the dif-

"Maybe I did," answered one of the troopers named Earl. "As we rode up the first hill after leaving the house my horse picked up a stone, and I had back. He had repulsed three attacks to stop and get it out. I reckon I tell behind a quarter of a mile or more, and just as I started I looked back, and a party of ten or twelve fellows was just riding in through them big rode regular like, and all of them wore caps. It was so far off I couldn't | I started. God knows bow I hated to tell the color of their clothes, but leave them, but it hau to be done. them caps made me think they was How many have you?" Feds."

"Thank you, my man; it would have been better if you had reported that he cried joyfully, grasping me again black night northward, while my little to me at once," I said "However, I fervently by the hand. "You are not understand the situation much better one to hesitate over the color of a now. Sergeant, we will go into camp uniform at such a time as this. Only, here. Post pickets in both directions. Wayne," and he hesitated an instant, but put your most careful men on "it is right I should tell you that Brenthat hill yonder. Let them report nan is there, and in command",

closed down about us it proved to be an exceedingly black one, although the skies were clear. Sleep was an impossibility for me, as my mind was

in constant turmoil. Ebers was lying next me upon the grass, solemnly puffing at his huge pipe, and I held my watch to the glow in its bowl in order to see the time. It was nearly midnight.

"Those fellows ought to be at it before this," I said to him, "if they intend to accomplish anything tonight."

"I vill see dot der guard is all right, an' den vill get some sleep, for I am pretty moch done op already."

He arose ponderously to his feet. and stretched out his short arms in a his pudgy figure outlined against the sound of a furious struggle on hilltop to the south—a shout, blows, a volley trouble.

"What is it, Sands?" I questioned breathlessly, as I came suddenly upon the little group.

"A fellar on hossback," was the answer. "He come up on us like a streak out o' thet black hollor, an' he'd a sure got away of Mason hedn't and I turned to the dark, expectant clubbed him with his gun. I've got ring about me-"this is no ordinary the cuss safe collared now."

striving in vain to see something of does not volunteer for the service. him through the darkness. "Where Seven Federal soldiers and four womwere you riding?"

and took one hasty step toward me. is you?" he cried excitedly.

"Caton?" I exclaimed, as surprised rescue?" as himself. "Caton? What is it? What is wrong. Are you from the Minor house? Has it been attacked?"

"Yes," he answered, panting yet from his exertion and excitement, "We were to start North with the ladies at nine o'clock, but the house

whatever color of cloth we wear those | situation pefore us. My own knowl- | 1 could make out but little of him as outlaws are our common enemies, to be hunted down like wild beats. I one; death would be preferable a men have you?"

"Seven fit for duty." "Will you ride forward, or go back with us?"

"We must send word"-and the gallant fellow's voice shook-"but God knows, Wayne, I want to go back. If we both live I am to marry Cella Minor."

"I understand," I said gravely. "Ebers, who is your best rider?" "It vos dot funny leetle vellow Glen, Captain."

"Glen, come here." The trooper, a mere boy, with eyes, but wiry and tough as steel, leader." pushed his way through the group and

faced me. "Glen," I said, "your Sergeant tells me you are the best rider in the troop. I am going to intrust you with the most important duty of all. The lives of every one of us and of four belp-"I dink so too," he answered slowiy. less women depend entirely upon your riding. You take two horses, kill both if necessary, but stop for nothing until your duty is done. You are to carry a note from me, and another from this gentleman, who is an officer prodigious yawn. As he stood there, in the Federal army, and deliver them both to the commandant of the first sky, there was borne to our ear the military post you find. Insist upon reaching him in person. It makes no difference which army the post beof cursing, then silence. An instant longs to, for this is a matter of hulater we were both running through | manity. The Federal outpost at Mcthe darkness toward the scene of Millan is the nearest to us; make for there. You understand?"

> The boy saluted gravely, all mischief gone from his face.

> "I do, sir," he said. "But I'd a darn sight rather stay here and fight."

"You will be back in plenty of time to take a hand, my lad. Now, men"duty of your enlistment, and I wish "Who are you?" I asked sternly, no one to accompany me tonight who en, three of them Virginians, are at-I had scarcely spoken when our tacked at the house we have just left means. Will you go with me to their not too late."

uneasily at one another.

"Bungay," I said, "I feel sure you will go, for your wife is there." "Mariar?"

"Yes; Miss Minor told me this after-



"Is It Possible This Is You?" He Cried Excitedly.

was surrounded as soon as it became | noon, but I had forgotten to mention dark. Those devils supposed it to be it." unguarded, and advanced without precautions. We fired and drove them and came down with a whoop. when I left at eleven, but three of our citedly. "Ye bet I'll go." men were already hit."

"You were after aid?" "I was striving to reach our adride. One was killed trying it before yaw."

I chose my course at once. This unget inside along with your fellows, ny Rebs kin fight, sir." doubtedly must have been Brennan's we might hold the house until reinforcements came."

"Thank God! I knew you would!"

promptly any signs of fire to the "I know it, but those women must southeast, or any sound of guns." be saved nevertheless." I answered We completed all our cooking be firmly, my mind settled. This is no ward through the gloom I gleaned stood squarely in the middle of the tionately to its population, than is

The little man sprang into the air "The bloody devils!" he cried ex-

"Come, Sergeant, speak up; what do you men say?"

"I like not to fight mit der Yanvance pickets at McMillan. It seemed | kees," he admitted candidly, "but der gates onto the front lawn. But them | the only possible chance, and none of | vomens, py Chiminy, dot vos anoder | fellows was soldiers for sure; they the men would volunteer to make the ting. I vill go, Captain; mein Gott, over two hundred, remember, and

"We're with you, sir," spoke voice after voice gravely around the dark circle, and then Sands added: "We'll "Only twenty; but if we could once | show them thar Yanks how the John-

> Ten minutes later Glen, bearing his two messages to the Blue and Gray, was speedingly recklessly through the squad was' moving cautiously back over the road we had so lately trav-

> > CHAPTER XXIX.

A Mission for Beelzebub.

edge of the environments of the Minor house helped me greatly to appreciate have seen specimens of their fiendish the difficulties to be surmounted. He cruelty that make my blood run cold had succeeded in his escape by dodgto remember. The very thought of ing among the negro cabins where the those who are now exposed falling attacking line appeared weakest, but into such hands is enough to craze expressed the conviction that even this slight gap would be securely thousand times. How many fighting closed long before we reached there.

"Have they sufficient men, then, to cover thoroughly all four sides?" I

"To the best of my judgment, there must be fully two hundred and fifty in the gang, and apparently they operate under strict military discipline. It is a revelation to me, Wayne, of the growing power of these desperate fellows. I knew they were becoming numerous and bold, but this surpasses anything I could imagine. More, they are being constantly recruited by new arrivals. A party of at least a dozen came in while I was hiding behind the ye?" freckled face and great honest gray stables. I heard them asking for the

"What did they call him?"

"Lory, or Laurie, or something like that. They claimed to be deserters from Lee's army, but two or three of them wore our uniforms."

"It's Red Lowrie," I said gravely, more impressed than ever with the seriousness of the situation. "I heard of him two years ago-he killed a man in the Sixth North Carolina, and took to the hills. Since then he has developed into quite a leader for such scum and has proven himself a merciless monster. You have no suggestion to offer as to how we had better attempt to get in?"

He shook his head despondingly. "What station does Brennan de-

fend?" I asked. "The front of the house; the main point of attack has been there."

We could distinguish the sound of firing by this time, and its continuous volume convinced me that Caton's estimate of the number engaged was not greatly overdrawn. As we topped the summit of the hill a great burst of red fire leaped suddenly high into the sky.

"Great God, Wayne! we are too late!" he cried widly. "Those devils have fired the house."

With fiercely throbbing heart I gazed down at the flames far below in the black valley.

"No," I said with eager relief. "It is prisoner thrust Sands roughly aside by a large party of bushwhacking the stable which is ablaze. See, the guerillas, the offscourings of hell. light falls full upon the white side "My God, Wayne! Is it possible this Every one of you knows what that of the house. Thank Heaven, we are

As I sat my horse there, gazing No one seemed anxious to be first down upon that scene of black rapine, to speak. I could see them look aside unwilling to venture into its midst until I could formulate some definite plan of action, fully a dozen wild schemes thronged into my brain, only to be cast aside, one after another, as thoroughly impracticable.

"We shall have to make a dash for it, and trust in God," said Caton, guessing at my dilemma.

"No," I answered firmly, "there would be no possibility of success in such a course. Those fellows are old hands, and have pickets out. See, Caton, that is certainly a picket-fire yonder where the road dips. Every man of us would be shot down before we penetrated those guard lines and attained the house. We have got to reach their inner line some way through strategy, and even then must risk being fired upon by our own people before we get within cover."

Even as I was speaking I evolved a plan of action—desperate it certainly was, yet nothing better occurred to me, and time was golden.

"Ebers," I said, "didn't I see an extra jacket strapped back of your sad-

"It is no good," he protested vehemently. "It vos for der rain come." "All right; hand it over to the Lieuenant here. Caton, throw that uniform coat of yours into the ditch and don honest gray for once. Sands, come here. Take your knife and cut away every symbol of rank on my jacket; tear it off, any way you can.' In another moment these necessary

changes had been accomplished. "Now," I ordered, "pile your sabers there with mine beside the road; then hobble your horses, all but the mule;

shall want him." "Does we go der rest of der vay on foot?" questioned the Sergeant, anx-

iously. "Certainly; and I desire you to remember one important thing: let me do the talking, but if any of you are asked questions, we are deserters from

Hill's corps, tired of the war." "Mein Gott!" muttered the German, disconsolately. "I hope it vos not long off, Captain; I am no good on foot in

der dark, by Chiminy." "You had better manage to keep up tonight, unless you are seeking to commit suicide. Now, men, mark me carefully! Load your carbines. Are you all ready? Sergeant, see that each man has his gun properly charged and capped. You are to carry your arms as thoroughly concealed as possible; keep close to me always; obey my or-

when we strike, it must be both quick and hard." I mounted the mule, counted the dim figures in the darkness, and then gave the order to march. As we moved slowly down the hill I was

ders instantly, and to the letter. We

are but twenty men pitted against

aware that Caton walked upon one side of me, while Bungay plodded along upon the other; but my mind was so filled with the excitement of our adventure and all that depended upon its successful culmination, as scarcely to realize anything other than the part I must personally play. Good fortune and audacity alone could combine to win the game we were now en-

gaged upon. fore dark, and when the night finally time for personal quarreting, and from Caton all he knew regarding the road to the north of the picket-fire. polled in any other northern state.

the light shone, excepting that be wore a high coonskin cap and bore a long rifle.

"Stop right thar!" he called out hoarsely, upon hearing us. "Who are

you uns?" As he challenged, a dozen others sprang up from about the flame and, guns in hand, came toward us on A

"We uns are doggoned tired o' soldierin', an' a gittin' nuthin' fer it," I said in the slow Southern drawl, "an' wanter line yer gang, pervidin' thar's any show fer it."

"How many are ye?" asked one of the newcomers, striding forward be-

tween us and the sentry. "A right smart heap o' a bunch; bin a pickin' o' 'em up ever since we left Charlotte," I returned evasively "They be dandles ter fight, an' I reckon as bow ye kin use 'em, can't

"Maybe; who did ye want ter see?" "Wal, they sed as how a feller named Lowrie wus a runnin' this yere gang, an' if thet's ther way o' it, I reckon as how it's Lowrie we're after. Be you Lowrie?"

"Naw." The answer was so gruff and short, and the fellow hesitated so long in adding anything to it. I began to think

it was all off. "Wal," he consented to say at last, ungraciously, thar's a blame pile o'



"That Feller Thar is Captain Wayne, o' My Ol' Reg'ment."

ye kim in lately, an' I calcalate se got bout 'nough fer our business, but I reckon as how Red will use ye somewhar. Anyhow you uns kin come long with me an' find out, but ye'll diskiver him 'bout ther ornerest man jist now ever ye run up again. He's plum mad, Red is, fer sartain.".

He turned and strode off, without so much as giving us a backward glance, and, with a hearty congratulatory kick to the mule, I and my company followed him. A hundred yards further in we passed through the fringe of trees and emerged into an open space from whence we could see plainly the great white house still illumined by the flames which continued to consume the stables. Shots were fashing like fireflies out of the darkness on every side of us, the smell of barning powder scented the air, and I could distinguish the black forms of men lying prone on the grass in something resembling a skirmish line.

"Makin' a fight o' it, ain't they?" asked of our taciturn guide, as we picked our way carefully among the recumbent forms.

"Damn 'em, yes, a hell o' a fight,"

he admitted bitterly. Just beyond musket-shot from the house, and nearly opposite the front entrance, quite a group of men were standing beneath the black shadows of a grove of trees. In spite of the gleam from the fire I could make little of them, but as we approached from the to find out what was wrong. direction of the rear, one of them exclaimed suddenly:

"Who comes thar? What body o'

men is thet?" "It's 'nother party o' deserters, as wants ter jine us," said the guide,

sourly. "They's Johnnies from Lee's army." "Oh, they dew, dew they? Who's ther boss o' this yere crowd?"

I swung down from my seat on the mule's back, and stood facing him, as he advanced.

"We uns hain't got no boss," I answered, "but they sorter fell in ahind" o' me 'cause I wus astraddle o' this

muel. Be you named Lowrie?" "I reckon; I'm Red Lowrie," proud-"'Spect, maybe, ye've heerd tell o' me, an' if ye hev, ye know ye've got

ter step damn lively whin I howl. Whut wus ye in ther army?" "Corporal."

The flames of the burning bara eaped suddenly upward, as if fed by some fresh combustion, and flung a brighter glare over the rough faces clustered about us. I saw Red Lowrie plainly enough now, as he peered eagerly forward to scan my face, heavy-set, coarse-featured man, with prominent nose, and thick, matted red beard. He wore a wide-brimmed soft army hat, under which his eyes shone maliciously, and he grasped a long rifle in one big, hairy hand. As I gazed at him curiously, some one hastily pushed a way through the group at his back, and the next instant a tall figure stood at his side. I recognized the newcomer at a single glance, and for the moment my heart fairly choked me—it was Craig.

"Lowrie," he said, pointing straight at me, "thar's somethin' wrong yere That feller thar is Captain Wayne, o my ol' reg'ment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rhode Island's Small Vote. Rhode Island, says the Providence As we picked our way slowly for A tall heavily beared mountaineer Journal, casts a smaller vote, propor

The Hold-Up Was Not in the Air, but Just Out of It.

## ACCIDENT TO ENGINE

foung Bird-Man Has Thrilling Experience With Highwaymen When a Mishap to His Machine Compels Him to Land on Long Island.

Hempstead, L. I.-Harry Bingham Broun, the young Englishman who has been making practice flights near this city, called Sheriff C. F. Demott of Nassau county on the telephone early the other morning with a thrilling tale of a hold-up, if not in the air, just out of it, in which he had been relieved of \$200. When the sheriff had recovered from his surprise over the idea of a man going up in the air at 4 a. m. with \$200 in his pockets he ordered his automobile and set out to chase the robbers.

Young Broun was in training for a race, and it had been his practice to go aloft in his machine every day at the crack of dawn, wind conditions permitting. At 3:50 o'clock, on the day of the hold-up, he left the tent which serves him for a hangar in the East Meadow, about five miles east of Hempstead, where he was quartered. He took the air nicely, but had not mounted higher than 100 feet before his engine began to miss, and

he decided to alight. "I was over another meadow, about a mile and a half from the hangar, and I came down all right"-this was Broun's story-"near a fence. I scrambled through and was walking along the Fulton street road, to get my mechanic, when I noticed an automobile standing a few yards away. I didn't think anything of it and walked on toward it.

"It was a shabby old gray car without a top, and there were two men in it who looked like chauffeurs-taxicab chauffeurs, I should say, because



"Throw Up Your Hands,"

they wore no livery, don't you know, and were not smartly dressed. I fancied that these chaps had probably seen me come down and were waiting

"But just as I came abreast of their car, out they jumped, one from each side, and stopped me. One of them had a pistol, and he pointed it straight at my head."

At this stage of the story somebody suggested that it was on Hempstead Heath, not on Hempstead plains, that enterprising highwaymen used to stop stage coaches with a similar rude gesture. The British airman was not to be diverted by this reminiscence. He went on:

"The fellow with the pistol said: Throw up your hands and come across, or I'll blow you higher than ever you flew!"

"I saw they had me, so I put up my hands, and the other chap went through my pockets and found the money. Then they walked backwards to the car, still keeping me covered with the pistol, and got in and drove off as fast as they could. I ran along the road to a farm house, where I knew there was a telephone, and

called the sheriff!" The sheriff has not yet caught the motor car bandits. He said he didn't think this hold-up was prearranged. Perhaps the men in the car saw the mishap to the airman by chance and decided on the spur of the moment to hold him up. Perhaps, also there was another explanation-but, anyhow, motor car bandits had not got to be the regular thing about Hempstead yet awhile.

Some Hall! New York .- George Browns, Watchague, Staten island, says lumps of hall that fell on the roof of his house weighed as much as six ounces, and that one piece was as big as a base

Finally Drowns, Laurel, Md.-A mad cat was the quarry in a cross-country chase of a posse armed with guns, lassoes and pitchforks. Thirty shots failed to kill the animal which finally drowned in a river.