

They looked into each other's eyes | blunt, red point of his tongue and held it over the paper pad in readiness. Lilovingly, confidingly, and in that brief communion both Lound fresh strength i za's pretty head was flung backward in Suddenly Liza drew her friend's soft | graceful defiance. round checks within kissing range and pressed her lips fervently to each in Martin." succession.

"My dear, my dear, what should I do without you? The rest are all so confused, so helpless. Just so many dear children to be cared for." "Listen, Liza!"

The rapid thud of iron shod feet upon the grassy yard below, the merry, careless willistling of a rollicking roulade, the unwonted sound of men's voices in laughter. Sans Souci had al- behind a clump of crape myrtles to parmost forgotten the sound. How cruelly ley. The women on the gallery, mojarring it sounded now. The laughter | tionless as graven images, watched them of an enemy is not contagious. Its insolent security set every nerve in Liza's overwrought system a-quiver. They must know that their men were not there to strike awe into their souls. What next?

"Liza, you are not going to faint Your lips are as white as the walls. Please don't faint, Liza."

Mamie laid violent hands upon her angrily.

"I am not going to faint, Mamie. Let me alone. There is too much to think of. What have you done with Annabel?"

"Given her a dose of valerian. She said her head ached, and I wanted her to sleep through it. Let us go down stairs.'

"Yes, let us go down stairs. Where is Adrien?"

"Uncle Dolbear took him to the woods with him, thank goodness." Without other preamble than a brief

military salute, with two fingers upon the visor of his cap, the sergeant in | to give you the chance. command of the squad halted before the white faced group upon the gallery of Sans Souci.

"Am sorry to intrude, ladies, but we are acting under orders. This house must be searched. Men, inside!"

"Men, inside! Sir!"

mad to have them pestered." Thus Seth to himself, pacing slowly breaks? and softly up and down the vine curtained gallery, a lonely, bewildered senthe moments might bring forth, acceptthe very jaws of death.

Two huge tubbed oleanders flanked the front steps on either side. The soft, slow patter of the rain upon their thick leaves made him nervous. It lessened his chances of hearing approaching footsteps and tended to further confuse his bewildered senses.

At one moment the pattering sounded like the faroff clatter of innumerable hoofs, then again it fell with the sharp distinctness of clinking spurs on nearby heels, while over the shadowy groups of the dark shrubs the night wind swept its colian harp with restless fingers.

When unstinted physical labor has filled the day, sleep makes imperative demands on a man, let him be never so nervously excited otherwise, and Seth had to keep in constant motion to ward off drowsiness. He would never forgive himself if those predicted torch bearers should accomplish their wicked ends while he slept.

"D-n 'em, they may shoot me fur t. but I'll get in one or two licks fust." His footfall was noiseless, nothing between him and the damp gallery floor but the stout woolen socks knitted by

his mother's dexterous fingers. The wooden sabots he had laboriously achieved for outdoor wear were too painfully audible for such a delicate mission as that night was devoted to. This sentinel duty had not been discussed with the women. They had all retired early after that nerve trying day, and he hoped they were all sleeping off the recollection of its trials. Seth was affectionately minded to spare them every unnecessary pang, and if they knew he was "footing it" out there in the chill darkness some of them would "fret over it."

There was no suggestion of the hero in Seth Martin's personality at the best. Heroes do not slouch through the obscure byways of the world on shambling feet and with down dropped head. Pride of record lifts their heads above the earthworm's trail. But Seth had no record to be proud of.

Destiny had assigned him this position as keeper of the home. It had not been his choice. He should never be able to quite forget what he suffered when all of the "men folks" had turned their faces from Sans Souci, leaving together."

induce you to let me stay here till day

"Not by a jugful. Our major is a martinet. When he gives an order, we tinel, not knowing in the least what obey it, we don't question it. Our orders are to fetch one Seth D. Martin to ing duty for his password and ready to his headquarters, out in the courthouse follow his commander, conscience, into at Sessumsport, and if you are inclined to go peaceably it will be better for you

and the women folks-for everybody concerned. If your beast is turned out, you'll have to double up with one of the boys."

"I would like to leave a note, then, for my mother."

"Perhaps it would be best to go quietly," he argued mentally. Indeed there was no room for choice in the matter. "I won't keep you waitin long. I'll just step into the library and scratch off line.'

"You won't try to skip?" "Skip?"

"Vamoose the ranch?" "You mean dodge you?" "That's about the size of it."

"Seth Martin ain't got much to be proud of, gentlemen," said Seth, lifting his stooping form with an angry gesture, "but he ain't never yet caught himself tryin to dodge anything or any man."

"Good for Seth Martin. All the same, Corporal Greenleaf, step inside with Freshy while he writes that note to his ma."

There was something in the light, scoffing voice that stung Seth into silence. He turned away from the men and walked quickly toward the library, closely followed by Corporal Greenleaf. On the library table he knew he would find one of the soft, tallowy candles his mother and the madam were so inordinately proud of, stuck in one of the tall silver candlesticks that had belonged to generations of Strongs. It always stood ready for night emergencies. Seth lighted it, and with a sense of desecration resting heavily upon him seated himself at the governor's writing table to write a comforting note to his mother.

Corporal Greenleaf took possession of the big leather armchair that was rarely ever occupied, now that the governor was gone, and, laying his heavy cap across his knees, gave himself up to contemplation of the splendid appointments of the room.

Seth's pen scratching rapidly across the sheet of paper was the only audible sound.

"It ain't a' easy letter to write." he said, lifting his head to smile apologetically at the corporal. "You see, I don't want to scare them any more than they contain the account of February's him and old Dolbear "to keep things can be helped. I've told her I've been blizzard. Every time Wilkins begins

waving his hand toward Seth with an air of not considering the game worth the candle.

"You can go, corporal, and put a guard before the door. I am not to be interrupted."

Then Major Martin of the Fifth made a step toward the trembling, bewildered prisoner standing alone, where he and Corporal Greenleaf had stood together a moment before. The Federal officer extended his hand. The rebel prisoner did not notice it.

"Brother Seth, we meet again, strangely."

The sound of the old familiar voice, rich, mellow, unchanged, completed Seth's downfall.

He covered his pallid face with his work hardened hands. His tall, gaunt form quivered with the shock of recognition. ·

"Strong! Strong Martin! Oh, my God, boy, that I should live to see you wearing that uniform !" And tears trickled down his weather

stained cheeks.



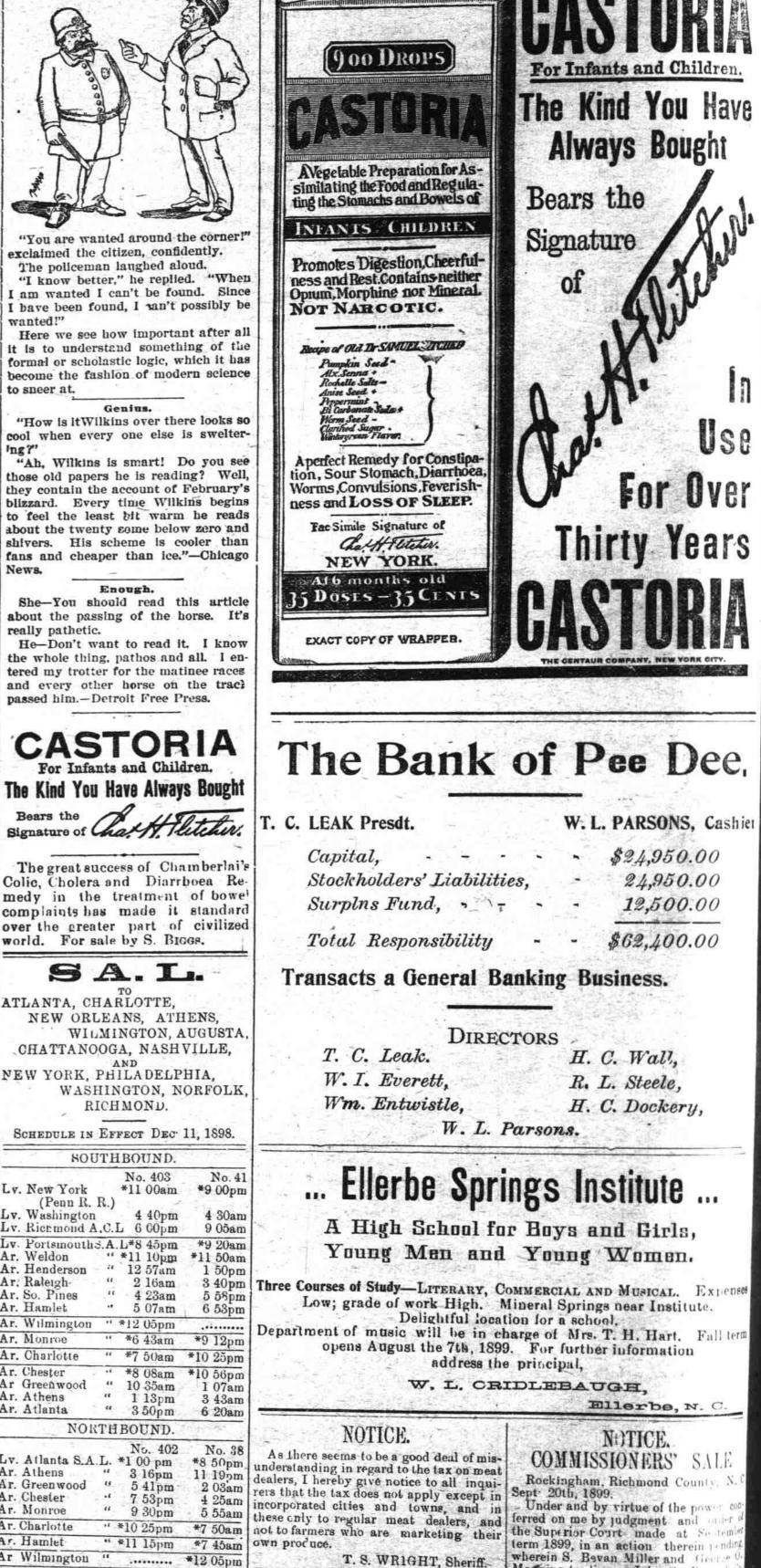
exclaimed the citizen, confidently. The policeman laughed aloud. "I know better," he replied. "When I am wanted I can't be found. Since I have been found, I van't possibly be wanted!"

Here we see how important after all it is to understand something of the formal or scholastic logic, which it has become the fashion of modern science to sneer at.

Genius. "How is it Wilkins over there looks so cool when every one else is swelter-Ing?"

"Ah, Wilkins is smart! Do you see those old papers he is reading? Well, rested, but I can't just exactly tell her to feel the least bit warm he reads



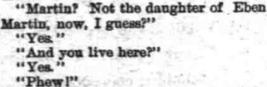


Manning trading as John S. Record to

are the plaintiffs and U. V. Smith and

wife, Emily Smith, are defendants.

expose for sale, at the Court H



Then something incomprehensible happened. The sergeant executed a prolonged whistle, a surprised sort of whistle, and withdrew with his squad in breathless suspense.

"My name is Martin. Eliza Jane

"If they take you prisoner, Liza, they will have to take me, too," said Mamie in a throttled whisper.

"Take her prisoner! I'd like to see the best man among 'em as much as lay the weight of his little finger on her,' said Becky in battle voice.

She had found her office as guard of the smokehouse a sinecure. Evidently friend's shoulder and shook her almost the "locusts of Egypt" were not anhungered. Things were decidedly more interesting in the front, tantalizing glimpses of which she could catch through the vista of the long hall, in consequence of which the group on the gallery had long since been increased by her generous bulk. She turned wistfully upon Liza.

"Honey, maybe he might have told us something about your pa and the boys. Would you mind my askin 'em, sorter polite, you know, when they step back?" "I shouldn't mind it in the least,

mimmie. But see, they are not going

A short, sharp word of command from

The men were mounting their horses.

the sergeant and the great white wings of the front gate swung open to give passage to the squad, which galloped away from Sans Souci in the same clat-

face clouded irritably at this distressed female chorps. "Am really sorry, ladies, but our or-

ders are to search the house."

"Search-this-house! Search-what -house? Search-it-for-what?"

Mrs. Strong, trembling with wrath at the sacrilege, but blushing with shame for the duplicity that made her plant her feet yet more firmly over the scars Dolbear's clumsy carpentry had left on the smooth planks of the gallery floor, repeated the words in a series of gasps. "Rebs and weapons."

"We are all rebels here," she waved her white hand comprehensively, "but as for weapons, I suppose that means"-

The lie would not come at her bidding. A flush of shame mounted slowly to the very roots of her soft, waving, white hair. Had she not punished Adrien severely in his childhood for the slightest deviation from truthfulness? "Anything, everything, from a pop-

gun up to a gatlin. I guess, now, you don't happen to be carryin a 82 pounder round in your pocket."

The facetia of their leader produced spasms of mirth in the squad. Mrs. Strong's pallid face grew yet a shade whiter.

Liza, glancing in hot wrath from the pain in that patrician face to the coolly insolent ones of the men on the sward beneath them, stepped to the front at this jancture, and with flashing eyes took the lead.

" if you are looking for rebel soldiers, you will not find one nearer than the family graveyard. He has received his discharge from the great commander," reverently lifting her small right hand heavenward. "If you are looking for guns and-and things, you are wasting your time. We certainly have not left them where you could find them. If you are here for purposes of plunder, we have nothing to say. You are our superiors."

With infinite scorn in her clear, young voice she went on:

"If you will walk up stairs, you will find a sick woman asleep in her room. She is a very careless young person. Doubtless you will find several pieces of loose jewelry on her dressing table. If you will walk out of that back door,



Withdrew with his squad behind a clump of crape myrtle to partey.

you will find a determined old woman, standing guard over a smokehouse that contains nearly two whole hogs. She is my mother. If you go into the kitchen, you will find a faithful, loyal old slave, night and stick a torch to us all while trying to extract acceptable coffee on

ste it had o Mrs. Martin gazed after them with puckered brows. "Well, I never! Is the fight! With all his might he had that all?'

" 'The vandals' have come and gone, mimmie," said Liza, laughing hysterically.

"The locusts of Egypt have swarmed and unswarmed, Mrs. Martin," said Mamie, drawing a long breath audibly. But Becky shook her head dolorously.

"You girls can laugh and thank the good Lawd that you are here to laugh, but we ain't done with 'em yet. We'll hear from them rogues again before long, you mark my words. I wisht to goodness I'd had my senses 'bout me enough to have asked 'em who the major of the Fifth is."

Mrs. Strong sat wearily down on one of the gallery chairs, now that her trailing robes were no longer in demand over the ragged planks. She locked her hands and laid them upon her lap. It was only by the rigid interlacing of her fingers that she could control the agitation she was heartily ashamed of.

"I am inclined to agree with your mother, Eliza. This is merely a preface. How extremely low toned their remarks were. I imagine that to be the case with the entire Federal army. There was

nothing pelished about those men. I am absurdly unstrung by their appearance. Mary, my dear, might I trouble you for a glass of water? How extremely agitating it all was. How long, oh, God, how long?"

A tear trembled upon each transparent lid.

CHAPTER XIX.

Following upon a clouded sunset had come one of those sudden changes in the weather common to that climate and season, and night set in in such chilly fashion that Seth cast about his threadbare wardrobe in an impatient and hopeless search for something that might serve as a substitute for a topcoat.

He "was bound to see that thing out if he had to set the night through in his shirt sleeves on that windy gallery.' The Scriptural apportionment of seven women to one man came very near of achievement at Sans Souci in those days, and Seth felt a sense of responsibility for their physical welfare that was not confined to the careful herding of their diminishing flocks or the raising of acceptable food crops.

That "a lot of impudent Yankee cusses" should have visited Sans Souci and let their "rough tongues" loose on the madam and sissy was an indignity that stirred him to hot but impotent wrath. He had so expressed himself with ineffectual remorse when the story of the morning had been told him, variously and excitedly.

"I don't know as I could a-done anything if I'd b'en here, but seems like there oughter b'en a man bout to a-saved you all some.'

"We ain't through with 'em yet, sonny. You'll have a chance at 'em,' said his mother, with pathetic pride in the courage of the Martins. "It wouldn't surprise me one particle if

How much easier to have gone into been "keeping things together." Dolbear was his only counselor. It would never do to fret the women with such wearisome details. For them always the ready ingenuity, the patient smile, the encouraging note, struck from his own despairing soul with such determined elasticity as to carry comfort in on, however, it's safe to tell her that spite of its false ring.

Nothing heroic in all that. Nothing even remotely suggestive of heroism in for that." the tall, stooping form, the peering, anxions blue eyes, the work worn aspect of the man who waited and watched through the rain drenched twilight of the night that darkened into the blackness of a midnight fraught with unfriendly possibilities. Waited and ever indited: watched, pacing cautionsly to and fro, backward and forward, with muffled tread. until-no-ves-

Unmistakably the clicking sound of an iron latch lifted and dropped. Unmistakably measured heavy footfalls, you needed all the sleep you could git after not stealthy, like his own, simply deliberate, and Seth, standing still behind the green curtains of the madeira out what small game they've bagged. The felvines, saw three men advancing up the jasmine bordered walk.

A formidable array it looked to the ill clad, shoeless, unarmed watcher on veranda, their belted jackets the weighted with formidable holsters, their visored caps gleaming dully from out the gloom. The squad balted abruptly at the foot

of the steps to reconnoiter the barred and darkened front of the governor's mansion.

"They must go to roost with the chickens in these diggin's," said the leader of the little band. "What o'clock was it when we left town, corp?" "Nigh on to 'leven," the corporal

answered with a yawn, "and we've been a good hour on the road." "Right you are. Such cussed bad

roads I never seen. My orders was to fetch the feller without botherin the ladies, but how in the devil are we to manage it?"

"Old Blackie said he was in the turnip patch this morning."

'It's likely we'll find him there now. Hoein turnips is such fascinatin work a chap never lets up on it once he gets

at it.' The feebleness of the suggestion and the infinite scorn of its rejection produced a ripple of subdued laughter. With a display of finesse scarcely to be expected of him Seth advanced boldly under cover of this amicable diversion. Heroically resolved that if it rested with him the women inside should not be "pestered," he descended the short flight of stairs in his unshod noiseless-

ness, looming darkly before the gaze of the squad with unheralded abruptness. "Maybe I'm the feller you are look-

in for, gents," he said in his slow, gentle drawl. "Maybe you are if your name happens to be Seth D. Martin.'

"That's my name." "Then maybe you wouldn't mind ridin out to Sessumsport with us tonight." "Tonight?"

"Just so." "Are you actin under orders to fetch

what the major of the Fifth wants of me. Do you happen to know now?" The simple earnestness of this rustic won upon his more sophistocated guard News. strangely. Corporal Greenleaf uncrossed and recrossed his military legs with

you all this by word er mouth, but I thought

rifying ahead of me, so you mustn't be cun

home by 12 o'clock, please tell Dolbear to be

sho' and hoe out the rest of them turnips.

had laid off to do it myself fust thing this

mornin, but these gents is so pressin in their

invitation I'm 'bleeged to go with 'em. P. S.-The above is a joke. With love to size

note fluttering in her trembling hand,

Mrs. Martin burst into the room occu-

pied jointly by Liza and Mamie Colyer,

who were both startled into intense,

"Liza, oh, Liza, wake up, honey, and

wide awakeness by her wailing cry.

Pallid, breathless, terrified, with this

Your attached son.

to break."

house?"

cattle."

resignedly :

"Seth!"

side in a second.

onlies' one I had left."

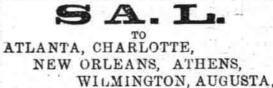
S. D. MARTIN.

deliberation, toyed meditatively with the rowel of his huge spurs and answerreally pathetic. ed confusedly: "Blessed if I do. I reckyou're in no danger of being roasted

tered my trotter for the matinee races alive or passed through the sausage and every other horse on the track grinder; not fat 'nough on your bones passed him.-Detroit Free Press. "Thank you," said Seth, courteously



The great success of Chamberlai's yestyday's scare. I don't see as anybody's got Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remuch ag'inst me. I wisht they had more, but I reckon they'll turn me loose when they find medy in the treatment of bowel complaints has made it standard ler that's watchin me while I'm writin this don't seem to think that's anything very turover the greater part of civilized world. For sale by S. BIGGS. gerin up anything dreadful. If I ain't back



CHATTANOOGA, NASHVILLE, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,

RICHMOND.

*12 08am

. ...

2 10am

3 28am

*9 00am

11 18am

12 50pm

One-Horse Wagon for Sale.

give me some comfort. My heart's like SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC 11, 1898. Liza, barefoot, rosy from slumber,

bright eyed and disheveled, was by her No. 403 Lv. New York *11 00am "What is it, mimmie? The smoke-(Penn R. R.) Ly. Washington 4 40pm "Smokehouse! Oh, my Lord, no! It's Lv. Ricemond A.C.L 6 60pm your brother, your brother Seth. The Lv. PortsmouthS.A.L*8 45pm Ar. Weldon " *11 10pm 12 57am Ar. Henderson "He's done took, honey. They've Ar. Raleigh-2 16am 'rested him. The Yankees is got him ... Ar. So. Pines 4 23am out at Sessumsport this ve'y minute, .. Ar. Hamlet 5 07am and how do I know what they're doin Ar. Wilmington " *12 05pm to him? And, oh, my Lawd, I just bet anything it was them red stripes down Ar. Monroe *6 43am the side of his poor legs. He said them Ar. Charlotte *7 50am stripes made him look like a major gen-Ar. Chester *8 08am eral, and I reckon them fools thought Ar Greenwood 10 35am he was. Poor boy! And him never hav-Ar. Athens 1 13pm ing a chance to shoot anything but beef ** Ar. Atlanta 3 50pm NORTHBOUND. She wiped her fast flowing tears on the cuff of her gown sleeve and sighed No. 402 Lv. Atlanta S.A.L. *1 00 pm "You needn't say a word, Liza. It Ar. Athens 3 16pm was them red stripes. But when women Ar. Greenwood 5 41pm ... 7 53pm Ar. Chester

has to cut their men folk's breeches Ar. Monroe out'n old shawls it ain't always easy to Ar. Charlotte tell where the stripes is goin to hit. Oh, my Lawd! Now, girls, you know it Ar. Hamlet ain't," and they mingled their tears to-Ar Wilmington gether while casting about for words of Ar. So. Pines comfort. Ar. Raleigh At the same moment out at Sessums-Ar. Henderson port Seth was being ushered into the Ar. Weldon

