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 the 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 at party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrle, 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 proves to be the store Sheridan, who starts to reach 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 unmasked. Edith Brennan, recognizing Wayne, says she will save him.

#### CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

"Colonel Curran is certainly to be congratulated upon having found so charming a guide, madam, and I can assure you I shall most gladly do my part toward the success of the expedition. The Major was expected back before this, I believe?"

"He left word that if he had not returned by twelve I was to wait for him no longer, as he should go directly to his quarters. I find the life of a soldier to be extremely uncertain."

"We are our country's servants. madam," he replied proudly, and then taking out a pad of blanks from his pocket, turned to me.

"May I ask your full name and rank. Colonel?"

"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery."

He wrote it down rapidly, tore off the paper, and handed it to me. "That will take you safely through

our inner guard lines," he said gravely, "that being as far as my jurisdiction extends. Good-night, Colonel; good-night, Mrs. Brennan."

We bowed ceremoniously, and the next moment Mrs. Brennan and I were out upon the steps, breathing the cool night air. I glanced curiously at her face as the gleam of light fell upon it-how calm and reserved she ippeared, and yet her eyes were aglow with intense excitement. At the feot of the steps she glanced up at the dark, projecting roof far above

"Do you suppose he can possibly be up there yet?" she asked, in a tone low as to be inaudible to the ears of the sentry.

"Who? Bungay?" I questioned in surprise, for my thoughts were elsewhere. "Oh, he was like a cat, and there are trees at the rear. Probably he is safe long ago, or else a prisoner once more."

Beyond the gleam of the uncovered windows all was wrapped in complete darkness, save that here and there we could distinguish the dull red glare of camp-fires where the company cooks zere yet at work, or some sentry post had been established. We turned sharply to the left, and proceeded down a comparatively smooth road, which seemed to me to possess a rock basis, it felt : ) hard. From the position of the stars I judged our course to be eastward, but the night was sufficiently obscured to shroud all objects more than a few yards distant. Except for the varied camp noises on either side of us the evening was oppressively still, and the air had the late chill of high altitudes. Mrs. Brannan pressed more closely to me as we passed beyond the narrow of light, and unconsciously we fell into step together

A few hundred yards farther a fire burned redly against a pile of logs. The forms of several men lay out stretched beside it, while a sentry paced back and forth, in and out of the range of light. We were almost upon him before he noted our approach, and in his haste he swung his musket down from his shoulder until the point of its bayonet nearly touched my breast.

"Halt!" he cried sternly, peering at us in evident surprise. "Halt! this

road is closed." "Valley Forge," whispered the girl, and I noticed how white her face appeared in the flaming of the fire.

"The word is all right, Miss," returned the fellow, stoutly, yet with-out lowering his obstructing gun. "But we cannot pass any one out on the countersign alone. If you was going the other way it would answer.'

"But we are returning from the officers' ball," she urged anxiously, "and are on our way to Major Brennan's quarters. We have passes."

As she drew the paper from out her glove one of the men at the fire the narrow road toward us. He was smooth of face and boylsh looking, but wore corporal's stripes.

What is it, Mapes?" he asked

sharply.
Without waiting an answer he took "The hell you are! Curran had a full gray beard a month ago." e paper she held out and scanned a capidly.

"This is all right," he said, handing it back, and lifting his cap in salute "You may pass, madam. You must pardon us, but the orders are exceedingly strict to-night. Have you a pass also, Colonel?" I handed it to him, and after a single glance it was returned

"Pass them, guard," he said curt ly, standing aside. Beyond the radiance of the fire she

broke the silence. "I shall only be able to go with you so far as the summit of the hill yonder, for our quarters are just to the night, and I could furnish no excuse for being found beyond that point, she said. "Do you know enough of the country to make the lines of your army?

"If this is the Kendallville pike we are on," I answered, "I have a pretty clear conception of what lies ahead, but I should be very glad to know where am to look for the outer picket."

"There is one post at the ford over the White Briar," she replied. "I chance to know this because Major Brennan selected the station, and remarked that the stream was so high and rapid as to be impassable at any other point for miles. But I regret this is as far as my information extends."

I started to say something-what I hardly know-whe., almost without sound of warning, a little squad of horsemen swept over the brow of the hill in our front, their forms darkly outlined against the starlit sky, and rode down toward us at a sharp trot. had barely time to swing my companion out of the track when they clattered by, their heads bent low to the wind, and seemingly oblivious to all save the movements of their leader.

"Sheridan!" I whispered, for even in that dimness I had not failed to recognize the short, erect figure which rode in front.

The woman shuddered, and drew closer within my protecting shadow. Then out of the darkness there burst a solitary rider, his horse limping as if crippled, and would have ridden us down, had I not flung up one hand and grasped his bridle-rein.

"Great Scott! what have we here?" he cried roughly, peering down at us. "By all the gods, a woman!" The hand upon my arm clutched me desperately, and my own heart seemed to choke back every utterance. The voice was Brennan's.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The Reputation of a Woman.

Like a flash occurred to me the only possible means by which we might escape open discovery-an instant disclosure of my supposed rank, coupled with indignant protest. Already, lieving me merely some private soldier straying out of bounds with a woman of the camp as comprnion, he had thrown himself from the saddle to investigate. Whatever was to be done must be accomplished quickly, or it would prove all too late. To think was to act. Stepping instantly in front of the shrinking girl and facing him, said sternly:

"I do not know who you may chance to be, sir, nor greatly care, yet your words and actions imply an insult to this lady which I am little disposed to overlook. For your information per



"Halt! This Road Is Closed."

mit me to state, I am Colonel Curran, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, and am not accustomed to being halted on the road by every drunken fool who sports a uniform.

He stopped short in complete surprise, staring at me through the darkness, and I doubted not was perfectly able to distinguish the glint of buttons and gleam of braid.

"Your pardon, sir," he ejaculated at last. "I mistook you for some run-away soldier. But I failed to catch your words; how did you name your-

"Colonel Curran, of Major-General Halleck's staff."

He took a step forward, and before I could recover from the first numbing that she fell forward upon one knee, bore his unconscious form over the tives he doesn't 'ike.-Chicago News

"Damn it!" he cried, tugging viciously at a revolver in his belt, "I know that face! You are the measly Johnny Reb I brought in day before yesterday."

There came a quick flutter of drapery at my side, and she, pressing me firmly backward, far d him without a

The man's extended arm dropped to his side as though pierced by a bullet, and he took one step backward, shrinking as if his startled eyes beheld a ghost.
"Edith?" he cried, as though doubt-

ing his own vision, and the ring of agony in his voice was almost piteous. "Edith! My God! You here, at midnight, alone with this man?"

However the words, the tone, the gesture may have stung her, her face remained proudly calm, her voice cold and clear.

"I certainly am, Major Brennan." she answered, her eyes never once leaving his face. "And may I ask what reason you can have to object?

"Reason?" His voice had grown hoarse with passion and surprise. "My God, how can you ask? can you even face me? Why do you not sink down in shame? Alone here,"-he looked about him into the darkness-'at such an hour, in company with a Rebel, a sneaking, cowardly spy, already condemned to be shot. By Heaven! he shall never live

He flung up his revolver barrel to prove the truth of his threat, but she between us, and stepped directly shielded me with her form.

shock of surprise was peering intently His revolver was yet in his right into my face. before he could raise or fire it I had grasned the steel barrel firmly, and the hammer came down noiselssly upon the flesh of my thumb. The next instant we were locked close together in flerce struggle for the mastery. He was the heavier, stronger man; I the younger and quicker. From the first every effort on both sides was put forth solely to gain command of the weapon-his to fire, mine to prevent, for I knew well at the sound of the discharge there would come a rush of blue-coats to his rescue. My first fierce onset had put him on the defensive, but as we tugged and strained his superiority in weight began to tell, and slowly he bore me backward. untill all the weight of my body rested upon my right leg. Then there oc-curred to me like a flash a wrestler's trick taught me years before by an old negro on my father's plantation. Instantly I appeared to yield to the force against which I contended with simulated weakness, sinking lower and lower, until, I doubt not, Brennan felt convinced I must go over backward. But as I thus sank, my left foot found steady support farther back, while my free hand sank slowly down his straining body until my groping fingers grasped firmly the broad belt about his waist. I yielded yet another inch, until he leaned so far over me as to be out of all balance, and then, with sudden straightening of my left leg, at the same time forcing my head beneath his chest in leverage, with one tremendous effort I flung him, head under, crashing down upon the hard road. Trembling "Put down your pistol," she ordered like a reed from the exertion, I stood

coldly. "I assure you my reputation there looking down upon the dark



"Put Down Your Pistol," She Ordered Coldly.

is in no immediate danger unless you | form lying huddled at my feet. He shoot me, and your bullet shall certainly find my heart before it ever reaches Captain Wayne."

"Truly, you must indeed love him." he sneered. So close to me was she standing looked up. She stood beside me.

this insult, yet her voice remained emotionless.

"Your uncalled-for words shame me, not my actions. In being here with Captain Wayne tonight I am merely paying a simple debt of honor -a double debt, indeed, considering that he was condemned to death by your lie, while you deceived me by another."

"Did he tell you that?"

"He did not. Like the true gentle man he has ever shown himself to be, he endeavored to disguise the facts, withhold from me all knowledge of your dastardly action. I know it by the infamous sentence pronounced against him and by your falsehood to

"Edith, you mistake," he urged anx tously. "I-I was told that he had been sent North."

She drew a deep breath, as though she could scarcely grasp the full audacity of his pretence to ignorance. "You appeared to be fully informed

but now as to his death sentence." "Yes, I heard of it while away, and intended telling you as soon as l reached our quarters."

I could feel the scorp of his miser able deception as it curled her lip and her figure seemed to straighten

between us. "Then," she said slowly, "you will doubtless agree that I have done no

more than was right, and will therefore permit him this chance of escape from so unmerited a fate; for you know as well as I do that he has been wrongly condemned."

He stepped forward with a haifsmothered oath, and rested one hand

heavily upon her shoulder.
"I rather guess not, madam." he said. "Damn him! I will hang him now higher than Haman, just to show Queen Esther that it can be done. Out

of the way, madam!"

Rendered desperate by her slight resistance and his own jealous hatred. he thrust the woman aside so rudely

rested motionless, and I bent over, placing my hand upon his heart, horrified at the mere thought that he might be dead. But the heart beat, and with a prayer of thankfulness I

claimed anxiously, "he is not-not seriously hurt?"

"I believe not," I answered soberly. "He is a heavy man, and fell hard, yet his heart beats strong. He must have cut his head upon a stone, however, for he is bleeding."

She knelt beside him, and I caught the whiteness of a handerchief within her hand.

"Believe me, Mrs. Brennan," I faltered lamely, "I regret this far more than I can tell. Nothing has ever occurred to me to give greater pain than the thought that I have brought you so much of sorrow and trouble. You will have faith in me?"

"Always, everywhere-whether it ever be our fate to meet again or not. But now you must go."

"Go? And leave you here alone? Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid?"she looked about her into the darkness: "Of what? Surely you do not mean of Frank-of Major Brennan? And as to my being alone, our quarters are within a scant hundred yards from here, and a single cry will bring me aid in plenty. Hush! what was that?"

It was the shuffling tread of many feet, the sturdy tramp of a body of infantry on the march.

she cried hurriedly. "If you would truly serve me, if you care at all for me, do not longer delay and be discovered here. It is the grand rounds. I beg of you, go!"

I grasped her outstretched hand, pressed my lips hotly upon it, and sped with noiseless footsteps down the black, deserted road.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Cavalry Outpost.

I lingered merely long enough to feel assured as to her safety, creeping closer until I heard her simple story of the Major's fall from his horse, and then watched through the night shadows while the little squad

crest of the low hill toward the quarters. Then I turned my face eastward and tramped resolutely on I was, first of all, a soldler, and nothing short of death or capture should prevent me reaching Lee with my message. Let what would happen, all

else could wait! The gleam of the stars fell upon the double row of buttons down breast of the coat I wore, and I stopped suddenly with an exlamation of disgust. Nothing could be gained by longer masquerade, and I felt inexpressible shame at being thus attired. Neither pass nor uniform would suffice to get me safe through those outer picket lines, and if I should fall in the attempt, or be again made prisoner, I vastly preferred meeting my fate clad in the faded gray of my own regiment. With odd sense of relief I hastily stripped off the gorgeous trappings, flung them in the ditch beside the road, and pressed on, feeling

like a new man. There was small need for caution here, and for more than an hour t tramped steadily along, never meeting a person or being startled by a suspicious sound. Then, as I rounded a low eminence I perceived before me the dark outlines of trees which marked the course of the White Briar, while directly in my front, and half obscured by thick leaves of the underbrush, blazed the red glare of a fire. I knew the stream well, its steep banks of percipitate rock, its rapid, swirling current which, I was well aware, I was not a sufficiently expert. swimmer to cross. Once upon the other bank I should be comparatively safe, but to pass that picket post and attain the ford was certain to require all the good fortune I could ever hope

But despair was never for long my comrade, and I had learned how determination opens doors to the courageous-it is ever he who tries that enters in. It took me ten minutes, possibly, creeping much of the way like a wild animal over the rocks, but at the end of that time I had attained a position well within the dense thicket, and could observe clearly the ground before me and some of the obstacles to be overcome.

As I supposed, it was a cavalry outpost; I could distinguish the crossed sabers on the caps of the men, although it was some time before I was able to determine positively where their horses were picketed. There must have been all of twenty in the party, and I could distinguish the lieutenant in command, a middle-aged man with light-colored chin beard, seated by himself against the wall of a small shanty of logs, a pipe in his mouth and an open book upon his knee. His men were gathered close about the blazing fire, for the night air was decidedly chill as it swept down the valley; a number sleeping, a few at cards, while a little group, sitting with their backs toward me, yet almost within reach of my hand, were idly smoking and discussing the floating rumors of the camp. I managed to make out dimly the figure of a man on horseback beyond the range of flame, and apparently upon the very bank of stream, when some words spoken by an old gray-beared sergeant interested

"Bob." he said to the soldier lounging next him, "whut wus it thet staff officer sed ter ther leftenant? I didn't

just git ther straight of it." The man, a debonair youg fellow, stroked his little black mustaches re-

flectively. 'Ther cove sed as how Cole's division wud be along here afore day-

light, an' thet our fellers wud likely be sent out ahead of 'em. "Whar be they a goin'?"

"The leftenant asked him an' the cove sed as it wus a gineral advance to meet ol' Hancock at Minersville." "Thet's good 'nough, lads," chimed

in the sergeant, slapping his knee. "It means a dance down the valley after Early, I'm a guessin' we'll have a bang-up ol' fight 'fore three days "Pervidin' allers that ther Johnnies

don't skedaddle fust," commented another, tartly. "Whut in thunder is ther matter with them hosses?" he asked suddenly, rising and peering over into the bushes beyond the hut, where a noise of squealing and kick-

"Oh, the bay filly is probably over the rope agin," returned the ser-geant, lazily: "Sit down, Sims, an' be easy; you're not on hoss guard ternight.

"I know thet," growled the soldier. doubtfully, "but thet thar kid is no good, an' I don't want my hoss all banged up just as we're goin' on campaign. "Tain't no sorter way ter hitch 'em anyhow, to a picket rope; ruins more hosses than ther Rebs dew."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Standard of Colors. The call for international standards

of all kinds is becoming every day more insistent with the progressive unification of the industries of the world. The latest demand of this kind is for an international standard of colors.

Chemists, manufacturers of dye stuffs and pigments, and many others would benefit by such a standard. It is suggested that when once the desired color scheme has been decided upon, the best method of perpetuating the standards, and rendering them available for comparison everywhere, would be by means of colored glasses with which a tintometer could be con-A tentative instrument of this kind, based on an arbitrary color scheme, has been made. - Youth's Companion.

An Exception: The Foundling. Every mother's son of us has rela-

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N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chat-tanooga, Tenn., for Special Instruc-tions, and 64-page book, "Home Treat-ment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

SURE NOT.



Editor-That expression is too hack

neyed. Reporter-What expression? Editor (reading copy)-"The jury acted as a body.'

Reporter-Gee whiz! You surely don't expect a jury to act as a brain.

Works Either Way. Tatterdon Torn-Wot drove you to drink, T'irsty?

Thirsty Thingumbob-Me love for a woman. Tatterdon Torn-Did she turn you

Deep-Sea Version. Tommy Cod-What is it they call a pessimist, pa? Pa Cod-A pessimist, my son, is a

down, or marry you?

fish who thinks there is a hook in every worm!-Puck.

Numerical Logic. "What makes you think Jones is on his feet again in the factory?' 'I noticed he had so many hands

After meeting a nice young man for the first time a girl remains awake half the night wondering if she made

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