

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important measage 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 dark-ness 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 escaps. One of the harses 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 swner of the hut. Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claim go to be Red Lowrie, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal efficer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the atreets of Wayne as a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who proves the secret message. Wayne bylieves the secret message. Wayne bylieves the health strenman 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-goom, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss dinor and barely escapes being unmasked, Edith Brennan recognizing Wayne, any she will save him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bedding Edith adleu, 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 verwhelmed.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

Field Hospital, Sixta Corps.

My head ached so abominably when I first opened my eyes that I was compelled to close them again merely realizing dimly that I looked up at something white above me, which appeared to sway as though blown rently by the wind. My groping hand, the only one I appeared able to move, told me I was lying about me, and that my head rested a camp-cot, with soft sheets upon a pillow. Then I passed once into unconsciousness, but this time it was asleep.

When I once more awakened the throbbing pain had largely left my hot temples, and I saw that the swaying white canopy composed the roof of a large tent, upon which the golden sunlight now lay in checkered masses, telling mo the canvas had een erected among trees. A faint moan caused me to move my head slightly on the gratefully soft pillow, and I could perceive a long row of similar to the one I exactly occupied, each apparently filled, stretching away toward an opening that looked forth into the open air. A man was moving slowly down the parrow aisle toward me, stopping here and there to bend over some cufferer with medicine or a cheery word. He wore a short white jacket, and was without a cap, his head of beavy red hair a most conspicuous deavored to speak, but for the moment my throat refused response to the ef-

The blue eyes in the freckled, boy-Ish face danced good-humoredly, and he laid a big red hand gently upon

fort. Then I managed to ask feebly:

"Field hospital, Sixth Corps," he said, with a strong Hibernian ac-"An' how de ye loike it, John-

"Better than some others I've seen." I managed to articulate faintly. "Who

"Divil a wan of us knows." he admitted frankly, "but your-fellows did the retratin'.'

It was an old, old story to all of us by that time, and I closed my eyes arily, content to ask no more.

I have no way of knowing how long I rested there motionless although awake, my eyes closed to keep out the painful glare, my sad thoughts busied with memory of those men whom I had seen reel and fall upon that stricken field we had battled so vainly to save. Once I wondered, with sudstart of fear, if I had lost a limb, if I was to be crippled for life, the ene thing I dreaded above all else. Feeling feebly beneath my bed-cloth ing I tested, as best I could, each ab. All were apparently intact, although my left arm seemed useless and devoid of feeling, broken no doubt, and I heaved a sigh of genuine Then I became partially aroused to my surroundings by a oice speaking from the cot next

"You lazy Irish marine!" it cried lantly, "that beef stew was to have been given me an hour ago."

"Sure, sor," was the soothing reply,
"It wasn't to be given yer honor till two o'clock."

"Well, it's all of three now."

"Wan-thirty, on me sowl, sor." Tast first voice sounded oddly familiar, and I turned my face that way, but was unable to perceive the

"is that Lieutenant Caton?" I asked "Most assuredly it is," quickly.

'And who are you?" "Captain Wayne of the Confederate

"Oh, Nayne? Glad you spoke, but atremely sorry to have you

Not seriously, I think. No limbs

# MY LADY OF THE NORTH The Love Story of A GRAY JACKET

Author of WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING 6 ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHURT. WILLIAMSON ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL ZONDON

lazy Irish scamp would only give me balf enough to eat. By the way, Wayne, of course I never got the straight of it, for there are half-adozen stories about the affair flying around, and those most interested will not talk, but one of your special friends, and to my notion a most charming young woman, will be in here to see me sometime this after noon. She will be delighted to meet you again, I'm sure."

"One of my friends?" I questioned incredulously, yet instantly thinking ing of Edith Brennan. "A young wo-

"Sure; at least she has confessed enough to me regarding that night's work to make me strongly suspicious that Captain Wayne, of the Confederate Army, and Colonel Curran, late of Major-General Halleck's staff, are one and the same person. A mighty neat trick, by Jove, and it would have done you good to see Sheridan's face when they told him. But about the young lady-she claims great friendship with the gallant Colonel of light artillery and her description of his appearance at the ball is assuredly a masterpiece of romantic fiction. Come, Captain, surely you are not the kind of man to forget a pretty face like that? I can assure you, you made a deep impression. There are time when I am almost jealous of you."

"But," I protested, my heart beating rapidly, "I met several that evening, and you have mentioned no

name. "Well, to me it chances there is but one worthy of mention," he said earnestly, "and that one is Celia

"Miss Minor!" I felt a strange sense of disappointment. "Does she come

alone? "Most certainly; do you suppose she vould expose me in my present weak state to the l'ascinations of any one

"Oh, so the wind lies in that quar ter, does it, old fellow? I congratu-

late you, I'm sure." My recollection of Miss Minor was certainly a most pleasant one, and I recalled to memory the attractive picture of her glossy black hair and ilashing brown eyes, yet I felt exceedingly small interest in again meeting her. Indeed I was asleep when she finally entered, and it was the sound of Caton's voice that aroused me and made me conscious of the presence of others.

"I shall share these grapes with my cot-mate over yonder," he said laughingly. "By the way, Celia, his voice sounded s'rangely familiar to me a short time ago. Just glance over there and see if he is any one you know.

I heard the soft rustle of skirts. and, without a smile, looked up into her dark eyes. There was a sudden start of pleased surprise.

"Why," she exclaimed eagerly, "it is Colonel Curran! Edith, dear, here is the Rebel who pretended to be Myrtle Curran's brother."

How the hot blood leaped within my veins at mention of that name; but swept across the narrow aisle, and was standing beside me. Wife, or what, there was that within her eyes which told me a wondrous story. For the instant, in her surprise and agitation, she forgot herself, and lost that marvellous self-restraint which had held us so far apart.

"Captain Wayne!" she cried, and her loved hands fell instartly upon my own, where it rested without the coverlet. "You here, and wounded?" I smiled up at her, feeling now that

my injuries were indeed trivial. "Somewhat weakened by loss of blood, Mrs. Brennan, but not dangerously hurt." Then I could not forbear asking softly. "Is it possible can feel regret over injuries inflicted upcn a Rebel?"

Her cheeks flamed, and the audacious words served to recall her to our surroundings.

"Even although I love my country and sincerely hope for the downfall of "! do not delight in suffering. Were you in that terrible cavalry charge? They tell me scarcely a mar among them survived."

"I rode with my regiment."

"I knew it was your regiment—the name was upon every lip, and even our own men unite in declaring it a magnificent sacrifice, a most gallant deed. You must know I thought instantly of 70u when I was told it was the act of the -th Virginia."

There were tears in my eyes, I know, as I listened to her, and my heart warmed at this frank confession of her remembrance

"I am glad you cared sufficiently for me," I said gravely, "to hold me ir your thought at such a time. Our command merely performed the work given it, but the necessity has cost us dearly. You are yet at General

Sheridan's headquarters?" "Only temporarily, and simply be-cause there has been no opportunity to get away, the movements of the army have been so hurried and uncertain. Since the hattle hiss Minor desired to remain until assured

covery. He was most severely wounded, and of course I could not well leave her here alone. Indeed I am her guest, as we depart tomor row for her home, to remain indefinitely."

"But Miss Minor is, I understand, a native of this State?"

"Her home is in the foot-hills of the Dlue Ridge, along the valley of the Cowskin,-a most delightful old Southern mansion. I passed the summer there when a mere girl, previous to the war."

"But will it prove safe for you

"Oh, indeed, yes; everybody says so. It is entirely out of the track of both armies, and has completely escaped despoliation. But you, Captain Wayne; surely you have already risked enough?"

"There is much suffering upon both sides, but surely even you would not wish me to be other than true to what I look upon as a duty?"

"No; I-I think I-I respect you the more.'

I clasped her hand close within my

"Your words encourage me greatly." I said earnestly. "I have done so much to bring you trouble and sorrow that I have been fearful lest it had cost me what I value more highly than you

These words were unfortunate, and instantly brought back to her a memory which seemed a barrier between us. I read the change in her averted

tracted. I would be all right if that of Lieutenant Caton's permanent re- sibly even later when a number of rapid shots fired outside the aroused me, and I heard many voices shouting, mingled with the tread of horses' feet. The night-watch had already disappeared, and the startled inmates of the tent were in a state of intense confusion. As I lifted myself slightly, dazed by the sudden uproar and eager to learn its cause, the tent flap, which had been lowered to exclude the cold night air, was hastily jerked aside, and a man stepped within, casting one rapid glance about that dim interior. The flaring lamp overhead revealed to me a short heavy-set figure, clad in a gray uni-

> 'No one here need feel -larm," he said quietly. "We are not making war upon the wounded. Are there any Confederates present able to travel? A dozen eager voices answered him, and men began to crawl out of their cots onto the floor

"We can be burdened with no helpless or badly wounded men," he said sternly. "Only those able to ride. No. iny man, you are in too bad shape to travel. Very sorry, my boy, but it can't be done. Only your left arm, you say? Very well, move out in front there. No, lad, it would be the death of you, for we must ride fast and

He came to a pause a half-dozen cots away from me, and seemed about to retrace his steps. Dim as the light was, I felt convinced I had formerly seen that short figure and stern face with its closely cropped beard.

"Mosby," I called out, resolved to "That can never be, Captain risk his remembrance, "Colonel Mos-Wayne," she returned calmly, yet ris- by, isn" it possible to take me?"



"Captain Wayne!" She Cried.

ing even as she spoke. "You have I come into my life under circumstances so peculiar as to make me always your friend. Celia," and she turned toward the others, "is it not time we were going? I am very sure the doc tor said you were to remain with Lieutenant Caton but a brief time.'

"Why, Edith," retorted the other, gayly, "I have been ready for half an hour-haven't I. Arthur?-but you were so deeply engrossed with your Rebel I hadn't the heart to interrunt." I could see the quick color as it

mounted over Mrs. Brennan's throat. "Nonsense," she answered: "we have not been here that length of time."

"Did the Major emerge fror out the late entanglement unhurt?" It was Caton's voice that spoke.

"Much to his regret, I believe, he was not even under fire." The tone was cool and collected again. "I will say good-bye, Lieutenant; doubtless we shall see you at Mountain View so soon as you are able to take the jour-And, Captain Wayne, I trust I shall soon learn of your complete re

covery. My eyes followed them down the long aisle. At the entrance she clanced back, and I lifted my hand. Whether she marked the gesture do not know, for the next instant both ladies had disappeared without.

The night drew slowly down, and as it darkened, only e miserable amp shed its dim days throughout the great tent; nurses moved noislessly from cot to cot, and I learned some thing of the nature of my own in juries from the gruff old surgeon who dressed the wound in my chest and refastened the splints along my arm.
It must have been midnight, pos-

"Who are you?" he questioned sharply, turning in the direction of

"Wayne," I answered Wayne, of the -th Virginia." In an instant he was standing be-

side my cot, his eyes filled anxious interest. "Phil Wayne, of Charlottesville? You here? Not badly hurt, my boy?"

"Shot and bruised, Colonel, but I'd stand a good deal to get out of this." "And, by the Eternal, you shall; that is, if you can travel in a wagon. Here, Sims, Thomas; two of you carry this officer out. Take her clothes and all-easy now.

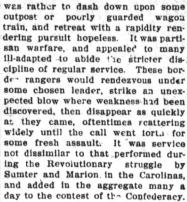
The fellows picked me up tenderly, and bore me slowly down the central aisle. Mosby walked beside us as far as the outer opening.

"Put him down there by the fire," ce ordered, "until I look over the rest of these chaps and divide the wheat from the chaff."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Night Ride of the Wounded.

It was a wild, rude scene without yet in its way typical of a little-understood chapter of Civil War. Moreover it was one with which I was not entirely unacquainted. Years of cavalry scouting, bearing me beyond the patrol lines of the two great armies. had frequently brought me into contact with those various independent, irregular forces which, co-operating with us, often rendered most efficient service by preying on the scattered Federal camps and piercing their lines ngagement in the open, their policy



Among these wild, rough riders between the lines no leauer was more favorably known of our army, nor more dreaded by the enemy, than Mosby. Daring to the point of recklessness, yet wary as a fox, counting opposing numbers nothing when weighed against the advantage of surprise, tireless in saddle, audactous in resource, quick to plan and equally quick to execute, he was always where least expected, and it was seldom he failed to win reward for those who rode at his back. Possessing regular rank in the Confederate Army, making report of his operations to the commander-in-chief, his peculiar talent as a partisan leader had won him what was practically an independent command. Knowing him as I did. I was not surprised that he should now have swept suddenly out of the black night upon the very verge of the pattle to drive his irritating sting into the hard-earned Federal vic-

An empty army wagon, the "U. S. yet conspicuous upon its canvas cover, had been overturned and fired in front of the hospital tent to give light to the raiders. Grouped about beneath the trees, and within the glow of the flames, was a picturesque squad of horsemen, hardy, tough-looking fellows the most of them, their clothing an odd mixture of uniforms, but ev ery man heavily armed and admirably equipped for service. Some remained mounted, lounging carelessly in their saddles, but far the larger number were on fcot, their bridle-reins wound about their wrists. All alike appeared alert and ready for any emergency. How many composed the party I was unable to judge with accuracy, as they constantly came and went from out the shadows beyond the circumference of the fire. As all sounds of firing had ceased, I concluded that the work planned had been already accomplished. Undoubtedly, surprised as they were, the small Federal force left to guard this point had been quickly overwhelmed and scattered.

The excitement attendant upon my release had left me for the time being utterly forgetful as to the pain of my wounds, so that weakness alone held me to the blanket upon which I had been left. The night was occidely chilly, yet I had scarcely begun to feel its discomfort, when a man strode forward from out of the nearer group and stood looking down upon me. He was a young fellow, wearing a gray artillery jacket, with high cavalry boots coming above the knees. I no ticed his firmly set jaw, and a pearlhandled revolver stuck carelessly in his belt, but observed no symbol of rank about him.

"Is this Captain Wayne?" he asked not unpleasantly.

I answered by an inclination of the head, and he turned at once toward the others.

"Cass, bring three men over here and carry this officer to the same wagon you did the others." he commanded briefly. "Fix him comfort ably, but be in a hurry about it."

They lifted me in the blanket, ont holding tightly at either corner, and bore me tenderly out into the night Once one of them tripped over a pro jecting root, and the sudden jar of his stumble shot a spasm of pain through me, which caused me to cry out ever through my clinched teeth.

"Pardon me, lads," I ashamed of the weakness, slipped out before I could help it." "Don't be after a mentionin' av it

yer honor," returned a rich brogue Sure an me feet got so mixed out that I wondher I didn't drap ye en toirely

"If ye had, Clency," said the mar named Cass, grimly, "I reckon as how the Colonel would have drapped you. At the foot of a narrow ravine, lead ing forth into the broader valley, we came to a covered army wagon, to which four mules had been already at tached. The canvas was drawn aside and I was lifted up and carefully de posited in the hay that thickly covered the bottom. It was so intensely dark within I could see nothing of my im mediate surroundings, but a low moan told me there must be at least one other wounded man present. Outside heard the tread of horses' hoofs, and then the sound of Mosby's voice.

"Jake," he said, "drive rapidly, bu with as much care as possible. Take the lower road after you cross the bridge, and you will meet with no pa trols. We will ride beside you for 6 couple of miles."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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