## A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE GRANDALL PARRISH LUSTRATIONS GROUP C.D. PHODES

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SYNOPSIS. -12-

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar. He meets a mountaineer mamed Jem Taylor. At a house beyond Met Springs they meet Major Harwood. Taylor murders Harwood and escapes. Wyatt changas to U. S. uniform, escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's home, where he finds Noreen Harwood. He introduces himself as Lieutenant Raymond. Parson Nichols comes to the house and Wyatt forces him to confess that he has been sent in advance of Anse Cowan, who proposes to marry Noreen at puce, and so quiet title to the land in dispute between the Cowans and Moreet.'s dead father. Anse Cowan and alis gang arrive. Wyatt tells Noreen who he is. They force the preacher to silence. Unable to escape while the gang is on the first floor and around the house, wyatt proposes to marry Noreen and protect her from Cowan's gang is driven off by Federal troops, one of whose officers is the real Lieutenant Raymond. Wyatt is trapped, though Noreen attempts to defend him. Wyatt is taken to Lewisburg for trial as a spy. The camp commandant and Captain Fox visit Wyatt in his cell in the courthouse basement. He refuses clemency in return for information, and uses his baphood's knowledge of the building to prepare a way of escape.

## CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"How is it, Wyatt?" Fox asked, as I failed to speak. "Should Miss Harwood be informed of the lieutenant's

"By no means, captain. I doubt if she really trusted the fellow even when she made him a messenger."

"So do I, for later she went herself." "To Colonel Pickney?"

"Yes, an hour ago, after Raymond returned with his report. I was at the hotel, and saw her slip out the side door. Colonel Pickney has headquarters in the big stone house opposite the courtyard, and I had the curiosity to watch. She was inside nearly half an hour, and returned by way of the side street. Then she sent for

"She told you the result of her interview?"

"It was not even mentioned, but I knew she had met with no success. She seemed distressed, but was anxious that you should know at once the seriousness of your position, and the only hope of escape offered you."

My heart was beating flercely at this direct evidence of her interest in my affairs. She had even humbled herself to beg for me a chance; perhaps, to Colonel Pickney she had even confessed the truth in hope of changing his decision. But the effort had proved useless; he had named terms. which she evidently considered unwor-

thy.
"What hope?" I asked coldly. "You mean the terms offered me before?" bowed gravely, but without speaking

"And did Miss Harwood request you to urge my acceptance?"

"By no means. Her purpose was to acquaint you with the conditions, to relieve your suspense, and permit you to realize her friendliness. I was to tell you this frankly, but not to urge any decision upon you."

beg you to express to her my appre-



Fox Grasped My Hand Firmly Both His Own.

ciation of her kind loyalty. My life is of small account in this struggle, and tts preservation would be no excuse for treachery."

Fox grasped my hand firmly in both of his own.

"I am glad of your decision, Wyatt," he said earnestly. "I had no doubt of what it would be; nor do I think he had. Is there anything I can do? Any comfort I can add?"

"Only one; I would ask of Miss Harwood a single favor. It is that she write my mother the conditions of my death-a woman can do that best."

"I can promise you it shall be done. I sincerely wish, Wyatt, we had met under pleasanter circumstances. This is a sad ending to what might have en a lasting friendship; I confess I have learned to like you, my boy."

liness. "And," in spite of every effort at control my voice faltered, "you will tell Miss Harwood how much her message of kindness meant to me."

"I certainly will, my lad-is that all? It may not be possible for me to come again."

"There is nothing else; Jackson will learn the truth through other sources-good-by, and may God guard you."

"Good-by." Our hands clung, our eyes met, and then he turned away, without venturing to glance back; the door closed behind him, and I stood staring at it through blurred vision. I was still standing there motionless when the iron barrier opened a few inches, and the hand of a soldier pushed a tin containing food along the floor,

"Here's your supper, Johnny," growled a voice indistinctly, "an' I guess you won't be bothered any more tonight."

I sat on the box, and choked down what food I could, endeavoring to drive away the feeling of depression in which Fox had left me. I needed now strength and courage to front the one chance left.

CHAPTER XVII.

The One Path of Escape.

There was absolutely nothing for me to do but wait, but it was hard to judge time. The noise of the camp without was some guide, but, as the evening lengthened, a band began playing overhead, and I could hear the sound of feet on the floor above. Evidently a dance was in progress in the big courtroom, and for the moment my heart seemed to stop beating in a sudden fear that my plan of escape for that night was blocked.

It was the big fireplace opening into this room through which I had hoped to emerge, but I could never accomplish such hope amidst those dancers. And they might keep up their dancing to so late an hour as to give me no opportunity before dawn to find a place in which to elude search. Yet the noise was in my favor, if I could only be assured the chimney was wide enough above to permit of my finally reaching the roof. Once there would discover a way down. The grim incongruity of that merry party above, dancing and laughing in the bright light, and of myself in that black cell below, waiting the certainty of death the next morning, served to steel my resolve.

I could hear nothing of the guard in the corridor, although I listened intently, my ear against the iron door, during a lull in that babel overhead. It was hardly likely another inspection would be made, at least not until the sentries were again relieved, probably at midnight. To my judgment this would allow me nearly three hours in which to make my effort-and surely half that time should prove sufficient. The band burst into harmony again-"And I thank you, Captain Fox, and a polka. I remember—and I tore free the loosened support. It made an ugly bit of iron, well adapted for the purpose I had in mind. Not only could it be utilized as a lever, but it was no mean weapon for use in emergency.

It must have required fifteen or twenty minutes to break the iron sheathing edge loose so as to insert the point of my wedge. The bar, once inserted, furnished the necessary lev erage, forcing the iron to yield about the rivet heads. I waited between the dances, recruiting strained muscles, and listening anxiously for any alarming sound in the corridor, only to spring again feverishly to the work the moment the band resumed play

The barrier yielded inch by inch, until I forced fully half the iron curtain backward, jamming it against the wall, and thus revealed the black opening into the chimney. The opening which I had uncovered was sufficiently large to permit the squeezing through of my body, and, once within the chimney, I found ample space in which to explore.

I could see nothing, and was compelled to rely entirely upon the sense of touch. Iron bars had been left on one side the chimney, forming an irregular ladder. My groping hands located these, and by their aid I began to climb slowly upward. At the level of the first story I came upon a projection of rock, possibly six or eight inches wide, on which I found secure foothold, and was thus able to regain breath and strength for a renewal of the struggle. I was crouched opposite the oldtime fireplace, and the band, playing noisily, was within a very few feet of where I hid. However, not a gleam of light was visible, and it was some time before I located the opening which had been left for a stove pipe. Even then I could feel no pipe, but, as I extended my arm, a finger burst through the paper which had been pasted across the entrance, and a glow of radiance illumined the black

walls about me. I waited, motionless, holding my breath in fear that some eye might have witnessed the tearing of the paper; but there was no cessation of noise, no evidence of discovery. As-salled by a temptation to view the

up, and, clinging to the edge of the hole, brought my eyes to a level with the rent in the paper. The vista was not a wide one and I dare not enlarge space, yet I saw sufficient to yield me full knowledge of the party and its occasion. The floor was crowded, the men almost without exception in Federal uniform.

The couples whirled past, circling the room. I watched the faces ea-gerly, but they were all strange. No doubt some of those young wome had known as girls, but they had grown out of my recollection. None among the officers present, so far as could tell, had I ever come in contact with-ah! yes! there was Whitlock sitting disconsolately alone below the judge's bench. I clung to my perch determining to assure myself, but my eyes encountered no other familiar countenance. Of course Noreen would not attend, but there must be some special cause to account for Raymond's absence. He was the sort to whom such an occasion as this would naturally appeal.

Satisfied by my scrutiny, I explored the opposite wall in vain for any similar opening. As I remembered there were offices there, where in days of peace the county officers held sway, and the floor above was an unfurnished attic, extending the full length of the building, having a low, unceiled In the old days it had been roof. used for storage purposes, and there was a narrow stairway leading down into the sheriff's office. Ay! and there was a contrivance there once in which they used to burn waste papers. I remembered a certain house cleaning in which I assisted, and was assigned to the job of stirring the papers frequently with an iron poker. I thought it fun, and the chimney funnel was a big one. Possibly it was there still, but could I succeed in getting up that far? The light shining through the broken paper permitted a faint glimpse of my immediate surroundings, yet revealed little to encourage me. The chimney was barely large enough to admit the upward passage of my body. and was a black mystery. However, the irregularity of the stones promised finger and foot hold. It offered a chance, a hope-and I could ask no

I was climbing before the music ceased, clinging desperately to every slight projection, and bracing myself against the walls. Progress was slow, and occasionally painful; the contracted space gave me a feeling of sufocation, and I dislodged enough soot so I was compelled to struggle constantly to refrain from coughing. My only relief was to bind a handkerchief across mouth and nostrils.

While the music remained silent, I rested, fearful lest my struggles would be overheard, taking such meager comfort as I could. The first blare of the horns started me off once more, careless in the midst of so much noise as to whether I rattled the loosened plaster, or even dislodged an illsecured stone. But at the best the passage was made by inches, and 1 took more than one desperate chance of slipping; twice I clung breathless as the music ceased, but the second time I felt convinced I had attained to the level of the upper floor.

With the next burst of melody from below, now somewhat mellowed by distance and the intervening walls, I made another attempt to ascend, but had scarcely attained more than foot or two when my right hand plunged into a wide opening. Clinging as best I could to a precarious footcame in contact with a tin covering, which fell rather noisily to the floor. I paused, startled at the sound, but no gleam of light came through the opening, and I instantly realized that the attic was unoccupied. The rattle of the tin would, in all probability, create no alarm because of the din be-

I knew now exactly where I was, the only immediate problem being my ability to squeeze through that narrow space. The old-time burner had evidently been removed. I wriggled my way in head first. My kneed were doubled up in the chimney, and my feet found solid purchase against the stones. I felt as though the very skin was being peeled off me, but shot forward, my head and shoulders emerging into the open. Heavens! what a relief! I drew a long breath, dangling over the floor, unable to reach any support; then kicked and struggled until I fell out headlong, and ay too exhausted even to move.

It was so still I could plinly hear the swift beating of my heart, and so dark that not an object was discernible. The music below had ceased, and, as I was now on the opposite side of the building, the sound of conversation and movement did not reach me. For a long moment I lay there endeavoring to recall the surround ings, but I dare not waste much time in such idleness. The night was slip ping away, and every instant gained was to my advantage. There was no safety until I was out of this building. ached from head to foot, my clothes must be in rags, and, no doubt, I was as black as a negro from chimney soot. Yet my heart beat high with hope, and the spirit of adventure gripped me.

The stairs were somewhat to the ight, unprotected by even a handrail. crept toward them across the rough board floor, fearing a fall, and finally located the opening. Nothing indi-cated that the room below was occupied, and I slipped down as silently as possible, although the steps creaked under my weight. Once in the sheriff's room, some recollection of its form and furnishing recurred to mind. My memory served by the dim reflec-tion of a campfire without, which ren-dered objects faintly visible, I could

scene, I found foothold a little higher distinguish the desk and a few round ed-back wooden chairs pushed against the wall. There was a door to the left, standing ajar, leading into a wash com, and I ventured within, feeling about to assure myself if there had been any water left. I found a bucket nearly full, and two bars of soap, and unable to resist the luxury, I stripped off my ragged uniform coat, and be gan vigorous scrubbing. How thor ough a job I made of it I cannot tell. but the soap lathered freely, and I certainly did my best, using up an entire roller towel in the final effort to attain cleanliness.

There was a cost and hat hanging on the books, neither article of the highest respectability I judged from feeling them, but more to my purpos than the rags I had cast aside, and I donned the two gladly, finding them no bad fit. The hat was looped up with a star. Feeling quite myself again in these new habiliments, and



For a Long Time I Lay There.

conscious of a clean face, I stole across the sheriff's deserted office, seeking the door into the corridor. I found it, but it was locked. Failing to force this, I tried the windows, only to discover them securely barred. All these offices were connected together, that of the county clerk adjoining the sheriff's, and possibly I might find a door unlocked somewhere; at least none of the other windows would be ignored.

I listened at the door leading into the clerk's room, but heard no sound. There was no lock on the door, and it opened silently to the pressure of my hand. A flood of light swept into my eyes, and I stood blinking blindly, too surprised and startled to draw instantly back. There were two men in the room, one bending over a desk, the other leaning back against the wall directly facing me. The latter was Lieutenant Raymond

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chinese "Altar of Heaven."

No altar on earth vies in marble majesty with the Altar of Heaven-Tien T'an-in the south of the Chinese city of Peking, which Emperor Yung-le of the Ming dynasty reared in A. D. 1420 with its triple balustrades, stairs. and platforms of pure white marble carved miraculously, its great circle covering a wide area in the midst of a vast enclosure. Standing alone, deserted under the blue Chinese sky, it to worship and serve him none "would is a dream of majesty and beauty. As the great setting of a scene of ritual pomp that calls for thousands and thousands of robed celebrants, with music, incense, sacrifice, it is transcendently imposing and impressing There the emperor knelt once a year and worshiped "the only being in the universe he could look up to"-Shangti-the emperor of the world above whose court was in the sky and the spear tips of whose soldiers were the stars.

New Rural Schooling. The old district school is rapidly disappearing, and modern and attractive schoolhouses, thoroughly equipped with proper apparatus, are springing up everywhere. A new type of teacher will shortly supersede the average rural schoolmistress of the past. She will be country-born and bred, with both a high and a normal school education, and she will be lover of country life. Her aim will be to better existing conditions in the country, coupled with a strong desire to save these boys and girls for the farm. A teacher governed by those motives, and possessing a strong per sonality, will accomplish much in this direction.-Margaret Woodward The Countryside Magazine.

Something to Do. Senator Lodge was talking in Wash ngton about a dull summer resort. "I know a man," he said, "who tool a cottage there last summer to please

his wife. "This cottage,' the agent said imressively, during the signing of the lease, 'is just a stone's throw from the station. "'Good,' said the man. 'That will

give us something to do on the long summer evenings. 'Yes?' said the agent with a puz-

zled smile. 'Yes? How so?' "'It will give us something to do. said, on summer evenings, the man explained. 'We can sit on the front porch and throw stones at the train!"

I have made up my mind to one thing. When I get ready to be saved I do not intend to let the job to a boy preacher. Ruck Kilby.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 12

JEHOVAH YEARNS OVER ISRAEL

LESSON TEXT—Hosea 11:1-11.
GOLDEN TEXT—I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.—
Hosea 11:4.

A contemporary of Isaiah and Amos, Hosea continued to prophesy after the first captivity of the northern kingdom. His style is abrupt and figurative. Israel is Jehovah's adulterous wife, repudiated, but finally to be purified and restored. This lesson is a part of the second section of the book (4:1-13:8), which is a description of the sinful people.

I. "The Perverse Child," vv. 1-7. The "remnant" (ch. 6:1-3) had cried out for relief. (See Isa. 1:9; Rom. 2:5). Jehovah's reply (begins 6:4) is a severe arraignment of Israel's backsliding as contrasted with his grace. To understand this lesson read the entire book repeatedly. In verse 1 of the lesson Jehovah recalls to the nation the days of its childhood. Because of his great love (Deut. 7:7) he called them out of Egypt, the land of bondage, into Canaan, the land of blessing and liberty. Yet Israel sensed not its duty nor its obligation of gratitude. We are living under a greater obligation because of the greater redemption God has provided for us in the person of his Son. God here calls el "my son" (Ex. 4:22); we have the right to call ourselves sons (John 1:12; I. John 3:1-2). Matthew's gospel applies these words to him who alone was fully and in the true sense God's son. Jesus is the summary of the whole nation in that he alone fully realized God's purpose in Israel (Matt. 2:15).

As contrasted with what a son is or should be verse 2 gives a picture of Israel's wandering. The whole history of the nation is one of going after false gods. (I. Sam: 8:7-9 and many other references.) In those childhood days (v. 3) Jehovah taught them how to walk, and healed their hurts. they knew not"-God, as a tender Father, had watched over, taught, guided and healed (Ex. 19:14; Isa. 46:3; 63:9). Even so, in this present age God is a God of mercy and long suffering (Rom. 2:4), yet the mass of men "know not" what God is doing for them. In verse 4 the child has grown older and as mothers often tether a child lest it run away, so Jehovah endeavors to draw Israel to him with "cords of love." His cord of love now is the mighty power of Calvary (John 12:32). Jehovah not only drew but even sought to entice. for he "laid meat unto them"—Jesus will deliver us, for he bore our yoke (Matt. 11:28-30) and is for us the Bread of Life (John 6:35, 58). Love does not mean that the backslider shall be free from punishment. "Because they refused to return the sword shall abide" (v. 5-6 and Heb.

12:6). Even so God did not permit them to go back to Egyptian bondage (v. 5). Israel was " bent to backsliding." In spite of the constant call exalt him.

II. The Pleading Parent, vv. 8-12.

None can fathom the depths of the cry, "How shall I give thee up. How shall I deliver thee" (v. 8). Israel would persist and still Jehovah pleads that perchance they would heed his cry (Jer. 9:7; Lam. 3:33). Admah and Zeboim were irretrievably overthrown with Sodom and Gomorrah (Deut. 29:33), shall Israel likewise perish? No! (v. 9) for "I am God, not God does not, like man, change his covenants are not "scraps of paper," his love is everlasting (Nu. 23:19). It is not God but man who is responsible for his destruction. The "Holy One in the midst of thee" is there to save, not as an avenger. God has not come into our midst in wrath -God's passionate desire is to save not to destroy. His purposes are those of love and redemption and as with Israel of old, so in this age, he will carry out these purposes in spite of our backsliding (Rom. 11:28-29). Verses 10 and 11 are prophetic of the ultimate repentance and restoration of Israel—judgment shall pass upon their foes (Joel 3:16) and those of the dispersiou (see parallel Isa. 11:11-16) shall gather, as "doves to their windows," and be once more "in their houses," i. e., set up as a nation in their God-given land. Ephraim (v. 12) sought to rule without or by casting off Jehovah (I. Cor. 4:8).

In Judah was the legal priesthood and the legitimate king, but the apos tasy of Israel was more culpable be cause of the example of Judah which he had set at nought.

111. Promised Deliverance. most striking way Hosea flashes note of hope and love through the cloud of gloom which hung ever the nation as it drew closer to its doom because the people refused to repent Amos delivered his warning and re

turned to Judah. Hosea was a part of the nation which emphasizes such verses of his prophecy as the following: 6:1, 4:6 11:4, 11:6, 6:4, 6:6, 2:15 and 10:12

which sound the message of hope like bulletins from the battle's front. Verse 9 is the final summary for Israel and for us as well.

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The Curate-Ged forbid!-London

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