

(Continued from Page 1.)

A Staunch Rebel.

all her high-bred Southern manner returning, began to reprove Emily.

"Don't tell me I was rude, mother. He deserved all he got and more. I only wish the whole division had 'Wheeler's Cavalry' behind them. What cowards to rob and ill-treat defenseless women. Did he hurt you, mother?"

"Oh, didn't I crack the skull of that drunken idiot?"

And she suddenly fell back into the rocking chair and laughed heartily; one peal after another, until the tears ran down her cheeks, and even her stately mother had to join in her merriment.

Late that afternoon she went out to the barn-yard and whistled once, twice, and listened. Again once, twice, and listened. Then came the gentle thud of a pony's hoofs and the little animal ran up and put his nose against the girl's soft, pink cheek.

"Pigeon," she said. "Will you take me over to the 'den of wolves?' I'm going to see if I can't bring back Bossy, and Spot, and Myra, and maybe the horses."

The pony whinnied softly and the girl vaulted upon her back.

"I have no saddle, 'ma chere,' but they left your bridle out, so we'll go and see what we can do."

Arriving at the camp, she was shown at once to the officers' quarters and to the General's tent. Leading Pigeon by the bridle, she stepped up in front of the stern looking old man and said: "I suppose you are in command? I am Emily Buchanan, and have come to ask that you have your men return the horses and cows they took from us today."

Such a picture it was! The brave girl, every inch a lady, in her calico; her brown hair, breeze-tossed, curling in ringlets about her face; the pink deepening in her cheeks, her breath quick from exercise and excitement, standing before the group of officers, asking the return of her own—and expecting it!

Before the General could reply Captain Logan stepped up and saluted.

"Well, Logan," said the superior officer.

"I just wish to say that this young lady hasn't told half that our men have done. She and her mother have been robbed and ill-treated and some of my men are in punishment for it."

No doubt the Captain was thinking of the list of atrocities the girl had flung at him that morning!

The General rose, and bowing low to Emily, kissed her hand, which so startled her that she snatched it away and wiped it on her handkerchief.

"Was that, too, an insult?" asked the stern old man.

"I accept nothing but my due from Yankees," she replied, "although I am almost tempted to believe that there are gentlemen among them."

Smiles were exchanged among the officers as the General said: "I think you'll be convinced of that some day." Captain Logan, please see that this young lady has her property restored. Put an extra guard around the house and report all disorder to me."

Leading Pigeon, she walked by the Captain's side to the corral and called, co-Bossy, co-wench, co-Myra, co-Spot, the cows running to her as she called.

Then whistling once, twice, she waited, and the horses ran up whinnying joyfully.

"Can you find our saddle?" she asked, and the Captain soon brought them.

"Now," she said, "you'll have to help me take them home." Which he did, she riding in front, the cows following up the rear, riding one horse and leading two.

It was sunset when they started, and as she looked at the new uniform and bright buttons, she wished

so much for new grey ones to supply her loved ones far away.

As they passed the downtrodden wheatfield, when the soldiers had been on dress parade, her heart hardened, but the sweet notes of the band floated through the balmy spring air, and she unconsciously melted. Turning, she called back, "Close the gate as soon as you get inside."

A word from her in that tone was sufficient to send the blood tingling to his finger tips, and his "Certainly" was rather hastily spoken. To himself he was thinking, "How I would love to run my hand over those straying curls! Could anything be more distractingly pretty than that softly rounded neck and dainty ear?"

After the stock had been safely housed and fed she gave him her hand, saying solemnly, "Captain Logan, I owe you an apology for the manner in which I spoke this morning and I don't think mother has yet recovered from the shock my speech gave her. I exonerate you from all blame and only wish you were not a despised Yankee."

"I accept your offer of protection and shall notify you when I need your aid. I'm so sorry to give you all this trouble."

How his face burned as her hand lay in his! Why did he have such an idiotic desire to crush and then kiss it? But he answered calmly, "It is a pleasure to be of service to you, Miss Buchanan," and lifting his cap marched steadily back to camp.

The next few weeks were trying ones to Emily. The presence of the bluecoats angered her and kept her usually sunny temper in a constant turmoil.

She tried to dislike Captain Logan without any reason, except that he was always in time and place to do for her that which she most needed.

It was he who called up the slaves and persuaded them to stay on with their former owners for the present. He also saw that their work was continued, and laughingly told her that "we, two, would make excellent farmers."

One day as Emily was returning from a visit to Bob she saw a crowd of soldiers in the orchard almost in her path. "I wonder if it is a snake," she thought, but a shot rang out and a blue-coat almost ran over her, and leaping the fence disappeared in the woods. She ran into the midst of the men and bent down over the fallen one. It was the Irishman Riley, and there was a hole in the side of his uniform, out of which the blood was slowly trickling.

Falling upon her knees, she tore off her apron, and tearing it into strips, made a pad. This she pressed tightly to the wound, then putting a long strip across his body she gave the men orders. "Some of you raise him until I fasten the bandage. One of you run to the stable, get a horse and bring Dr. Hayes."

She unfastened the old-fashioned brooch at her throat and with it pinned the bandage in place. "Not a very neat job," she said, "but maybe it will do." Lift him very gently and take him to the house, front room to the right.

In another hour the Irishman was resting quietly in the "white bed" of the "company room" and the physician was talking to Captain Logan in the hall.

"Quite a serious wound, but not necessarily fatal, though it will go pretty hard with him if fever sets in. Give Emily full charge of him, she's a famous little nurse."

"But Doctor," began the officer, "this very man grossly insulted Miss Buchanan and her mother—"

"That's all right," was the response, "he is a suffering human being and Emily has forgotten all else. That's the stuff she's made of. You don't know Emily!"

"I know her well enough," but the Captain shut his teeth in time to

stifle the rest of it—"to love her better than my life."

Emily's patient grew restless toward night and by morning was delirious. He imagined himself at home and talked constantly of his mother and Mike, and insisted upon calling Emily Maggie.

"Niver moind Maggie, darlint, it's the lasht dhrink I'll be after takin', for it has brought me sore trouble in more cases than wan."

When he began to improve, Dr. Hayes told Emily that she must go out into the fresh air every day, for her cheeks were getting thin and pale.

So often she slipped out and paid a visit to "Bob" or walked "down the road a piece," and sometimes, about twilight she would sit on the wide front steps and listen to the sweet music of the band in the distance. Then she would sigh deeply and think, "all this for the Yankees and our boys in grey could run them out of the country with half their equipment!"

Staunch little rebel! She could not, or would not know the fighting qualities of Uncle Sam's men in blue!

Where were her loved ones, she would wonder. It was months since she had heard from them. Perhaps they were now looking down upon her and their bodies lying on some distant battlefield.

Then she would shed bitter tears and wonder why the cruel war had to be and why the South hadn't sold every "nigger" to the North instead. "For they are not worth fighting for," she would add, "except Mammy, and she ought to have been white."

* * * * *

At last the time came for the hated men to move. Lee had surrendered, the South was defeated and the Northern men were going home to be mustered out.

Things began to be lively in camp. The band played brighter music and everybody seemed glad, except Captain Logan. He and Emily were walking slowly back to the house from a short trip down the "big road."

Suddenly he said, "I know you will be delighted to see us leave, Miss Buchanan—may I say Miss Emily? You have always hated 'Yankees,' so and your acquaintance with them hasn't been a very pleasant one, I'll admit."

She could afford to be generous now, for hadn't they received a letter that day from their loved ones, stating that they were on the way home? And wasn't the whole world brighter in consequence?

So she said, demurely, "I think my opinion of some 'Yankees' is very much altered and I hope their opinion of 'Rebs' is altered in proportion."

Passionate utterance surged quickly to his lips. His heart thumped so that he was sure she could hear it. His head swam, but he clenched his hands. What had he to offer her now, and how would she receive his wooing?

Quietly he spoke: "I guess Riley is one who has the highest opinion of Southern women. It is useless to tell you that I have also, for you have known it all along." "And now I must say, 'Good-bye,' for we are to move by sunrise, and there is much to be done in order to make an early start." Then, abruptly—"but I hope to come back after I've settled my future plans."

"Oh, then, I'll tell you a secret," she cried impulsively, thinking of Bob and the hoard of silver.

"Perhaps I'll be able to tell you one also," he said, gently, and pressing her hand gently, walked quickly away.

Emily went slowly up the walk, a smile on her lips and a light in her eyes; but her thoughts were far away, where Lee's cavalymen were coming

Southward in groups, in pairs and one by one.

* * * * *

Summer had passed. The woods around the spring were bright with burning reds, warm yellows and light browns. Bob and his helpmeet, with their saucy offspring were scampering merrily through the fallen leaves, frisking and playing in their journeys to and from their tree-home, for wasn't there lots of room for winter hoards with the store of silver gone?

Emily had not paid them as long a visit as usual that morning, but maybe she was busy; and the squirrels were very busy, also, so it didn't matter.

As she passed through the orchard only a few winter apples at the tops of the trees remained to tell the story of a fine crop year.

"Who can that be riding such a nice horse," she wondered. "I'll run to the house and be ready to receive him."

There wasn't a slave left on the place except "Mammy," so Emily was accustomed to answering knocks, and she had barely gotten in the hall when the knocker sounded.

"Why, Captain Logan," she said, brightly, "what a surprise! Come right in," leading the way to the "company room."

As he followed, wonderingly, she went on happily. "I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Marshall, of Lee's Cavalry he hasn't fully recovered from his wound, but it doing nicely, and we hope he will soon walk as well as ever."

Her eyes were sparkling as he had never seen them and her face waned a rosy red as she met the devoted look of the invalid.

"Captain Logan," said her husband, "I shall always honor and respect you for your kindness to my little girl while we were away. She has told me all about it and appreciates it as much as I do."

"I didn't think I should live to even see her, much less to marry her on my supposed death bed." I wanted to get her promise to marry me before I left with the troop, but she fought me off and wouldn't listen, telling me we were both too young, just as though there could ever be any one but Emily for me. But she promised me she would hear it all when I came home;—"And I did," she interrupted, "and when he had said only half of it I finished it for him by throwing myself at his head."

Both of them in their all-absorbing happiness were perfectly unconscious of the stab they had given. Little did they think, with thoughts only for each other, that Captain Logan would have gladly exchanged places with the wounded 'Reb,' even had he been on his real death bed, for one moment's full possession of her.

As he rose to go Emily said, with true Southern hospitality, "Won't you stay to dinner with us? I think I can scare up enough for all of us; and if you have indigestion it will be due to quality of cooking, and not quantity, as I'm not thoroughly 'broken in' kitchen harness."

But the Captain refused, saying he had business further South and only stopped for a few minutes, and mounting his horse rode rapidly away; his secret untold.

Fine picnic hams only 10 cents per pound.—W. R. Dorsett.

Certainly, control of the Pacific is as vital to us as to Great Britain or Japan or Germany or France. But while the British Government is acting on the advice of its sea captains formulated only a few months ago, Congress has ignored the advice of Admiral Dewey and General Miles, submitted six years ago, as to the fortification of Manila.—Chicago Inter Ocean.