

"You shall go with us," said Laura to

Mark, "This is fortunate. In our company you will be far safer than trying to make your way alone.

It occurred to Mark that since he was being hunsed as a half starved creature to the disguess of a negro girl he would be less liable to suspicion as a welldressed man travelling with a party of southern ladies than in any other charneter. At any rate he took this view of it, and when Mrs. Fain announced her intention to go be offered to escort the said, almost in a whisper. She could party to the Union lines.

The offer was accepted, and prepara tions were made to leave the next morning. Mrs. Fain wrote a note to the officer in command at Chattanooga (to send with the letter she had received from her husband for his perusal) asking for a pass for herself, her daughter and two servents. Mark took the missives and went out to find Daniel, who had just returned from Chattanooga,

"Well, Dameir", "I be a dar."

"What did you learn?" "I hearn elsery one talken bout sojers goen to 'de norf, and dev sayd day was goen to Knoxville. Dey was marchen 'n marchen uil de same way. I follered 'n dev brung up at de depot, 'n I sor one train after anudder go out full o' sojers maide and hangen on to de platfo'm and on de roofs."

"How many trains did you see goom?" "Bout forty hundred."

"Daniel," said Mark, smiling at the figures, "you're smart as a whip. But you'll have to go right back to Chattamooga, and take this note to the commanding officer with this letter from your sick master to show him. The noteis a request for a pass for the party to the Union lines. Keep your wits about you, and if he is an easy going sort of a man, you might try to get him to put in three servants instead of two. At any rate try to ring me in if you can. Do you understand?"

"Reckon I do, sah." "Can you read?"

"A leetle. Missie Laura learned me," "Well, read the pass he may give you and ask him to fix it so that it will include me as a servant. But you must use your judgment."

Daniel drove again to Chattanooga. Mark waited anxiously for his return. Indeed so impatient was he that he thought the negro had been gone twice as long as he had when he saw him drive into the yard. He at once went out to the barn to meet him.

"Any luck?" he asked anxiously, "I got de pass for misses and de res but I didn't get what yo' wanted. I got a paper hyar. Mebbe it'll do." Mark took the paper. It was a pass

for Thomas Green and wife from Chattanooga to the Union lines. "How did you get this," asked Mark.

gurprised. "I hab to wait while folks was getten passes. De officer go out to de udder room fur a moment. Dis was layen on

"Well," said Mark, "it's not exactly what I want, but ingenuity will have to help me through. You're a trump,

Daniel." In the morning when all was ready for the departure two vehicles were brought around to the door, the one, a two horse carriage, the other Laura's phaeton, drawn by her pony. Mrs. Fain entered the former with Alice, Daniel being in the driver's seat. Laura and

Mark got into the phaeton. Mark took the lead, designing to make for Battle Creek. The distance was not twenty miles, and he knew that they could make it in a few hours. It was a bold game he was playing, but the proximity of the balter was wearing on him, and he desired to get rid of suspense. Besides his presence, connected with his critical situation, was wearing on Laura. He therefore felt an exhilarating pleasure when they drove out of the gate and trotted along the pike

westward. Hope cheered him. All went well during the first ten or twelve miles, when Mark received a piece of information which seriously interfered with his plan. Meeting a courier riding toward Chattanooga, who looked as if he might be the bearer of some important news, Mark bailed him and asked if he had anything from the front.

"The Yankees air getten no'th right smart," the man replied. "Reckon th'

air left Battle Creek." Mark argued that if this were true there would be confusion on that route, and it would be better to take another. They were not far from the road leading from the Chattanooga pike north to Anderson, on which the Slacks lived. Mark concluded to take this road as far as Anderson, and then strike west with a view to reaching McMinnville on the other side of the mountains. Mrs. Fain left all to Professor Rhett, in whom she had perfect confidence, and on coming to the road in question Mark led the

party northward.

The change of route was unfortunate, inasmuch as it would add another day Fain esidence had been delayed by the preparations till rearly noon. McMinnville was a considerable distance over the mountains, and Mark knew they could not reach it that night. He remembered that they would soon pass the Slacks', and it occurred to him that it would be a capital place to pass the night giving them a good day of twelve hours light on the morrow to pursue their journey. His disappointment at the delay was compensated for by the thought that he would likely learn something of Souri and Jakey, of whom he had heard nothing since he left them

an the Chattanooga

MATE tint amount to his plan. She was distressed at the delay. Something handle reide seemed to tell her that it would bring trouble. But Mark's reasoning was unanswerable, and there seemed nothing else to do. If they must spend a night anywhere it would better be among those upon whom Mark could rely.

At last they drove up at the Slacks' gate. Mark handed the reins to Laura drove on. Laura Fain leaned back on and jumped from the phacton impatient- the cushions in silence. ly. Not seeing any one in the front of the house he proceeded to the rear. The first person be met was Jakey. He took the boy up and hugged him,

"Are you goad to see your big brother, Jakevi

"Air th' corn ripe?"

Souri came out of the house, her big eyes glistening and her expressive face radiant with pleasure and excitement. She had heard nothing of Mark since he left her in prison. Mark seized her by both lands. "You use air safe. I knowed it," she

hardly speak for joy.

"For the present, Sourt, thanks to

Mark asked no questions then. He knew that they were safe and at home, and he hastened to inform them and the father and meaner who came out to welcome him that be was with a party who was unaware of his true character, which they must not belray, and desired permission to stay to the house over night. Then he had them around to the gate. Daniel had no an while cample up, and the two vehicles were halted in the road.

"We will spend the night with these good people," said Mark, "They are quite willing, and will make us as comfortable as possible,"

The party alighted and the horses were driven to the barn. Mrs. Fain and her laughter were given the room in which Mark had changed his clothes when he went through to the south, and Mark was assigned a bivouac on the gallery, or inthe barn, or any other place he might se-

An apology for a meal was carried in to Mrs. Fain and Laura, which they left untasted, preferring a luncheon they had brought with them in a basket. After upper Laura came out and begged Mark o bring Scuri and Jakey to speak to her. she smoothed Jakev's tumbled hair out of his eyes and asked him if he remembered her. Jakey was about to reply in his usual fashion when he checked himself, and for the first time since Mark had known him answered directly, Souri stood eying Laura from the corpers of her black eyes with a mingled expression of admiration and antagonism. Laura spoke to her kindly, but got only monosyllables in reply.

Mark passed the evening with the Slack family listening to a recital of Souri's and Jakey's experience after he had left them in the jail at Chattanooga. and he gave them an account of his own dventures.

After all were asleep that night Mark took Farmer Slack out into the yard, where they could converse unbeard, and leveloped a plan he had conceived for Souri and Jakey.

"It is due to your son and daughter," ne said, "that I am here at this moment, indeed that I am alive. I belong to a wealthy family and am wealthy myself. It only requires means to make a splen-lid woman of the girl and a fine man of the boy, for means will produce education, and education is the open door to a

de desk'n I tuk in ap and brung hit desirable career. I am going to leave with your letter to my father in Oldo which will contain an order for a snfil cient amount of money to insure both Jakey and Souri an education. Take or send them werth, present the letter, and von will find everything provided for you. Souri may not consent at once, but doubtless she will in time. Now I must have pen and paper."

"You uns is a good un, stranger, Y treat us f'ar. Hadn't you better send the letter when v' git no th?"

"No. I must write it tonight. I am by no means safe; my neck is still in a halter.

The man led the way to his bedroom. where the old woman was sleeping. There he produced writing materials. and Mark wrote an order which, whether he lived or not, insured the future of his two friends, his preservers among the "poor white trash" of Tennessee.

The night was passed with snatches of sleep by all the party. In the morning after the pork and corn bread meal o the country, the travelers again go into the carriages. While they were standing before the gate prior to de parture Mark saw Souri out by the wellhouse. He went there to bid her good

"Souri," he said, "I wish there was some way in which I could show you the gratitude I feel toward you. When I think of my fate, had you not appeared in the nick of time to save me by your wit and daring and sacrifice, I feel that I would like to make some corresponding sacrifice for you."

"Laws, I didn't do nothen. Besides" -she leaned over the well and looked down into its depths-"you uns and me is too differ. You uns is a geatleman,

and I air poor white trash." There was an inexpressible melan-

choly in her tone. "Souri," Mark went on, "I have made an arrangement with your father to make a lady of you. I can't make such a sacrifice for you as you have made for me: that is impossible; but I can do this if you will act with me and consent to the plan. I shall be off in a moment, and before I go I want you to promise to the journey. The departure from the me that you will consent. I am still in danger, and you must grant me this as

> perhaps a last favor." The girl burst into tears.

"Promise." "I don't keer what I do."

"Do you promise?"

"Yas, I promise." With a pressure of the hand he turned away, and staiking to the gate got into the carriage beside Laura. Daniel and Mrs. Fain had started. Mark followed. and had gone but a short distance when he heard Jakey calling to him. He pulled in the pony and waited for the boy to come up. Jakey was holding something out to him, which, as he drew

"Souri sens it ter y"." "Tell her that I'll never part with it."

"'N I got the squirrel gun," said the "All right, Jakey. Keep it to remem-

ber me by." Mark grasped the boy's hand and then

THOMAS GREEN AND WIFE,

CHAPTER XIX.



Do you take me to be your husband?" Mark designed driving to Anderson, some twelve miles from the Slacks' house, whence he knew there was a road leading up in the mountains through a place called Altament, some twenty miles farther, to McMinnville. He was informed by people he met on the road that Altamont had been recently occunied in force by the Union troops. With luck they wight reach the Union lines, which would doubtless extend several miles from Altamont, that afternoon.

"Within six hours," said Mark, "I shall either be safe among Union soldiers or on my way back to Chatranoogac

Laura shuddered, but said nothing. Mark found a very different condition of affairs at Anderson from what he had found along the road. The Confederates had some cavalry force there and more at Dunlap, ave miles north. On the read he heard that General Bragg was at Dunlap, but with no troops save cavalry.

"I see it all," said the spy to himself. "The wily fox is confronting our forces with a handful of cavalry, while the two divisions of Cheatham and Withera are marching north behind him, and the main force has gone to Knoxville by rail on a line still farther east. No wonder our generals are puzzled and watching a line from Battle creek to Cumberland gap. If the Lord will only let me get through to carry this information. I'll never ask to live to go on another such expedition."

The party were stopped near Anderson by a picket. Mrs. Fain produced her pass and stated that the two behind were in her company. The officer took no especial care in reading it, and when Mark and Laura came up they got safely through without question.

Mark was now anxious about the picket which must be passed in a few minutes on the road leading west from Anderson. Mrs. Fain was still ahead and he hoped that all would go as well as at the picket just passed. Not a word was spoker between him and

Laura; both dreaded getting out of Anderson, but once past the next picket they would breathe easier.

When they reached it Mrs. Fain had been passed through and gone on. The officer in command, however, had read the pass excefully. He had not noticed any mention of Mark in it.

"Where's your pass?" he asked. "Didn't the lady ahead s'row it to you?" asked Mark.

"Her pass didn't include you."

"Didn't it?" Mark feigued surprise.

"Oh, I forgot; mine and my wife's is separate," and be drew out the pass of

Thomas Green and wife." Meanwhile Laura had turned white as a cloth. The officer read the pass, and would doubtless have let them go had

he not noticed Laura's agitation. "You'll have to go back to headquar ters and get Major Taliaferro's order on

that. He commands at Anderson." Mark remoustrated. He argued that he would become separated from Mrs. Fain; he urged his wife's desire to reach her sick father. All in vain. He was told that the headquarters were only half a mile down the road and he would

lose but little time. He made a virtue

of necessity and drove back with apparent good nature. When he reached the house that was pointed out to him as headquarters, he left Laura in the phaeton and went inside. The commanding officer had gone to Dunlap, five miles away, to pay his respects to General Bragg, and would

not be back for an hour or two. Mark resolved to report his absence to the officer of the picket post, in the hope that he would not be compelled to wait. He drove to the picket and used his tongue persuasively, but to no purpose, The more anxious he seemed the more

resolved grew the captain. There seemed to be nothing to do but return and await the arrival of the commanding officer. Mark reluctantly turned the horse's head and drove back to headquarters. Laura's heart sank

It was sunset when Major Taliaferro, a pleasant looking man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, rode up to the door, and turning his horse over to an orderly entered the office.

"Major Taliaferro?" asked Mark.

"At your service, sir." "Major, I have been detained by the officer at the picket, who wants your name on my pass. My wife's mother has gone on, and her daughter is very anxious to join her. It is extremely unfortunate for us to get so far separated from Mrs. Fain.

"Fain, of the Fains of Chattanooga?"

"The same." "I have heard of the family, but have never had the pleasure of meeting any member of it. One of my friends is en-

gaged to hiss l'ain. I have just parted from him at Dunlap."

Mark and Laura cast a quick glance

part of Laura. "We are fortunate in falling into your

hands," said Mark, and I beg you will not delay us a moment." And Mark word could I place you where you were

he read the pass carefully. He was peared in her life; who had won her thinking of what his friend Fitz flugh sympathy; who had compelled her adhad told him of the Fains. He was miration; who had absorbed her whole under the impression that there was but one daughter.

"Mr. Green," he said, looking up from | was doomed. the pass, "hadn't you better stay here over night? The road is mountainous kis neck. and infested by gurerillas. It is positively dangerous to travel."

Fain think of ar not joining her on the roadr'

"It is dangerous for her as well as you. I'll send a messenger after her and advise her stopping at some farmhouse: I'll do better than that. I'll send a corporal and half a dozen men to insure her safety till morning.

There was something in the man's tone, polite as it was, that indicated to Mark that he was held for further information.

"As you please, major,"

"And I shall insist upon your accepting my hospitality. One connected in any way with my friend Fitz Hugh must not want for any comfort I can supply.

The house occupied by Major Taliaferro belonged to a family who had gladly given up a portion of it for the safety insured by the presence of a commanding officer. The major was given a room down stairs for an office, and a bedroom up stairs. When it was decided that Mark and Laura should remain he gave Mrs. Green, as he called her, the use of the latter for the purpose of

arranging her toilet before supper. When Laura was up stairs Mark was looking out of the window of the major's office. He saw the men ride off to overtake Mrs. Fain. To his consternation another cavalryman, with a letter in his belt, mounted his horse and dashed

down the road. Laura camedown at that moment, and

Mark said to her anxiously. "I am detained on suspicion. I shall be taken back to Chattanooga," and he pointed to the courier.

The color left Laura's cheeks. They had got so near to safety, and now, after so many dangers, the end was at hand. She could scarcely sustain herself as she tottered into the room occupied as the office.

This is the letter the courier bore northward. It was addressed on the envelope to Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh. near Dunlap:

ANDERSON, Aug. 29, 1862. My Dear Cameron A man purporting to be Thomas Green, with his wife, formerly a Miss Fain, of Chattanooga, is here, desiring a pass to the Union lines. There is something suspicious about the man. The couple are sep-arated from the wife's mother, and the father arated from the wife's mother, and the father lies very ill at Nashville. I dislike to detain them, and I do not regard it safe to pass them. Can you help me out of the difficulty? Yours very truly, WALLACE TALLAFERNO.

Major Taliaferro soon joined Mark and Laura in his office, and offering his arm to Laura led the way to the supper room. His treatment of both was most deferential, but it failed to deceive either that they were prisoners.

There was a strength of nerve in Mark that would use break while there was hope. He coulted with the host or jailer, whichever he might be called, with ease, and at times with gayety. Not so Laura. The situation was too frightful for her to endure without some manifestation of anxiety. She are nothing. She didnot hear what was said to her, and her eyes plainly showed the troubled spirit within. Mark made no reference to her condition till after supper. Then, when all three went out on to the veranda, he

said to her: "Come, let us take a stroll. You have been traveling all day, and this delay troubles you. A walk in the air will re-

vive you." Mark assumed with such apparent carelessness that he was free to walk about where he liked that Taliaferro had not the will to stop him. Besides he had no heart to interfere with the pleasure of a woman whom he was pretending to treat as a guest. The couple walked leisurely down the road, Mark looking at the sunset tints with well assumed indifference, occasionally pointing to some object by the way or in the distance, calling Laura's attention to it at the same time. He knew the major's gaze was fixed upon him, and he was doing all this for a purpose.

The road led straight from the house a short distance and then entered a wood. As soon as they were concealed behind the trees Mark stopped suddenly and turned to Laura:

"My God, this is terrible!" "You are lost!" said Laura faintly. She could scarcely speak the words.

"I? Yes, I. But you-what have I led you into? Why was it not over on that morning when it was intended? Then you would not be implicated; now your good name is"---

"No one will trouble me," she gasped. But you-they will drag you"-"You have protected me-a spy. Not

only that-that is nothing in comparison with having passed as my wife. There is a blight." "I can bear it."

"There is but one way out of this disgrace. You must be married before we return to that house. And to whom?"his voice changed from a rapid, excited tone to deepest gloom-"to one who must die-die on the scaffold. At any rate you will be free. You will be a widow," Laura stood, the very impersonation of despair.

"All I can do to atone for this," Mark went on rapidly, "and it is nothing-is to make you my wife, since I have passed you as such. Laura, will you marry me?" She looked at him earnestly. Her

eyes were big with deep emotion. There was a look in them that he could not understand.

"Then I can do nothing for you."

"I will marry only the man who loves me, and whom I love."

"Oh, Laura," be said, "if your heart at each other-a glance of terror on the were only mips, then it would be different. I love you so well, I worship you with such fervor that I would go back to that dreadful jail without a

handed him the pass.

"Certainly not." And the major took up a pen to write his indorsement. First

"This man, who had so suddenly apbeing into his daring, chivalrons, rechless nature-this man loved her, and he

With a cry she threw her arms around

"Laura, sweetheart," said Mark, caressing her, "we have but little time, "By no means. What would Mrs. We know not whom we shall have to face. My true character must soon be known. Will you give yourself to one who will doubtless tomorrow be claimed

> Pale as ashes she put her hand over his month that he might not speak the word "do ith

"Will you? Speak!"

"Yes, now, quick; what can we do?" "Marry ourselves."

He grasped her hand. There was a ring upon it—a plain gold band. He took it off, and putting it on her finger again said:

"I. Mark"-

"Is it really Mark?" "Yes, I am Mark Maynard, I, Mark, take you, Laura, to be my wife. Do you take me to be your husband?"

"Then we are man and wife in the right of God"-

"And for man we care not." "Man and wife under the law. We

are really married." Scarcely was this hurried ceremony over when a cavalryman came riding leisurely from the direction of headquarters. He had been sent by Major Paliaferro-who, as soon as Mark was ont of sight, became anxious with regard to him -with instructions to keep

him in sight without appearing to do so, There was nothing left for them to do out return to the house. As they walked

Mark whispered: "I feel again all the confidence I have ever felt. I must live to make you happy, Be ready for anything that may happen, my darling, my wife. I shall doubtless play some bold game; I don't know what, but it will be hold. If I leave you suddenly, meet me (should I succeed in my attempt) within the Union lines.

If not, we will meet-in heaven." These few words were all that Mark had time to say to his newly married wife. For scarcely had they turned to go back when they met the major. He was uneasy lest Mark should depart without leave. He accompanied them back to the house.

> CHAPTER XX. PLIGHT.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, Major Taliaferro and his guests were sitting in his office room chatting. A clatter of horses' hoofs was heard at the front of the house and some one dismounted. In another moment there was a tramp of cavairy boots in the hall; at turned to the open door-and there stood Captain Cameron Fitz Hugh.

For a moment he regarded Mark and Laura sternly; then advancing a few

steps he bowed low to Laura. "Captain," said the major rising, "I suppose it is useless to deny to this lady and gentleman that I deemed it my duty to make sure of their identity before al lowing them to pass. The family to which they claim to belong is known to you; therefore I sent to you for information. I see you have answered my inquiry in person. If you wouch for them I shall be happy to pass them in the morning, and shall apologize for their detention at the same time-my excuse being the cause we serve."

All eyes were fixed on Fitz Hugh, Mark's and Laura's with ill concealed auxiety.

"This was Miss Fain," said Fitz Hugh. She would not be traveling as any man's wife unless she were married to him. If you detain them, you must do so on your own responsibility."

Both Mark and Laura drew a sigh of relief. "I have no desire to detain them, said Taliaferro, "after what you have said, but it is altogether too late for them to proceed tonight. The only amends I can make for discommoding them is to make them comfortable.



"If you had not been my vival I would love you as a brother,"

The pain that would otherwise have attended this scene was alleviated in Laura's heart by the delight she felt at a prospect of safety for her husband. eyes she passed out of the room and went up stairs.

"Captain," said Mark, "may I beg a cigar? I usually smoke at this time of

"Here are cigars, gentleman," said Taliaferro, producing a box.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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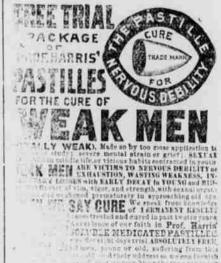
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able Talbe.

It is one of the gastronomical maxims, and rather a true one, that "digestion is the business of the stomach, and indigestion that of the doctors." And we have no hesitation in saying that the 'business of the doctors would not be half so thrifty, if the business of the stomach were not upset by the fryingpans of but cooks. We live in hopes however. The world is progressing and progress means that it will sooner or later, find out and do away with the misery and doctor's bill that lie hidden under the cover of a frying-pan Cookery is claiming its place among the great scienses, and no publication has done more, if as much, to establish its claims as Table Talk. The magazine will deserve the past success it has achieved, and it certainly has our best wishes for the future-A sentiment which ought to find an echo in the tens of thousands of homes that have been cheered and She gave her former affianced a look of benefited by its treatings. The gratitude. Then she glanced at Mark March number is now ready. for instructions. Seeing no hint in his Published by the Table Talk Publishing Co. 1113 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. \$130 a year single copies

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