parted in surprise, the sleeve fallen back from one white, rounded arm, the eyes honest, sincere, mysterious. She recognized him with a glance, and her lips closed as she remembered how and when they had met before. But there was no answering recollection within his eyes, only, admiration -nothing clung about this Naida to remind him of a neglected waif of the garrison. She read all this in his face, and the lines about her mouth changed quickly into a slightly quizzical smile, her eyes brightening.

"You should at least have knocked. sir," she ventured, sitting up on the grassy bank, the better to confront him, "before intruding thus unin-

He lifted his somewhat dingy scouting hat and bowed humbly.

"I perceived no door giving warning that I approached such presence, and the first shock of surprise was perhaps as great to me as to you. Yet, now that I have blundered thus far, I beseech that I be permitted to venture upon yet another step."

She sat looking at him, a trim, soldierly figure, his face young and pleasant to gaze upon, and her dark eyes sensibly softened.

"What step?" "To tarry for a moment beside the divinity of this wilderness."

She laughed with open frankness, her white teeth sparkling behind the red, parted lips.

"Perhaps you may, if you will first consent to be sensible," she said, with returning gravity; "and I reserve the right to turn you away whenever you begin to talk or act foolish. If you accept these conditions, you may sit down."

He seated himself upon the soft to introduce myself to a strangergrass ledge, retaining the hat in his hands. "You must be an odd sort of a girl," he commented, soberly, "not to welcome an honest expression of ad-

miration." "Oh, was that it? Then I duly bow my acknowledgment. I took your words for one of those silly compliments by which men believe they honor women. I am not a baby, nor am I seeking amusement."

He glanced curiously at her book stories." he said, smiling, "I expected to discover a treatise on philosophy."

"I read whatever I chance to get my hands on, here in Glencaid," she resome day discovering a rare gem hidden in the midst of the trash. I am yet young."

"You are indeed young," he said, quietly, "and with some of life's lessons still to learn. One is that frankness is not necessarily flippancy, nor honesty harshness. However, if you sion, in either philosophy, science, or literature, I will endeavor to feed your

mind." She uplifted her innocent eyes demurely to his face. "You are so kind. I am deeply interested just now in the Japanese conception of the transmigration of souls."

"How extremely fortunate! It chances to be my favorite theme, but my mental processes are peculiar, and you must permit me to work up toward it somewhat gradually. For instance, as a question leading that way, how, in the incarnation of this world, do you manage to exist in such a hole of a place?—that is, provided you really reside here."

Why, I consider this a most delightful nook."

"My reference was to Glencaid." Why, I live from within, not without. Mind and heart, not environment, make life, and my time is occupied most congenially. I am being faithfully nutured on the Presbyterian catechism, and also trained in the graces of earthly society. These alternate, thus preparing me for whatever may happen in this world or the next."

His face pictured bewilderment, but also a determination to persevere. "An interesting combination, I admit. But from your appearance this cannot always have been your home?"

"Oh, thank you. I believe not always; but I wonder at your being able to discern my superiority to these surroundings. And do you know your questioning is becoming quite personal? Does that yield me an equal privilege?

permitting her to assume the initiative, and rested lazily back upon the grass, his eyes intently studying her

must be a soldier. What is that figure | for if you once meet this Miss Spencer 7 on your hat for?" The number of my regiment, the

Seventh cavairy." Her glance was a bit disdainful as she coolly surveyed him from head to foot. "I should imagine that a strong." capable appearing fellow like you might do much better than that. There is so much work in the world worth doing, and so much better pay."

"What do you mean? Isn't a sollier's life a worthy one?"

of health flushing her cheeks, the lips | have to have soldiers, I suppose; but if I were a man I'd hate to waste all my life tramping around at \$16 a month."

He smothered what sounded like a rough ejaculation, gazing into her demure eyes as if he strongly suspected a joke hid in their depths. "Do-do you mistake me for an enlisted man?"

"Oh, I didn't know; you said you were a soldier, and that's what I always heard they got. I am so glad if they give you more. I was only going to say that I believed I could get you a good place in McCarthy's store if you wanted it. He pays \$65 and his clerk has just left."

Brant stared at her with open mouth, totally unable for the moment to decide whether or not that innocent, sympathetic face masked mischief. Before he succeeded in regaining confidence and speech, she had risen to her feet, holding back her skirt with one hand.

"Really, I must go," she announced calmly, drawing back toward the slight opening between the bushes. "No doubt you have done fully as well as you could, considering your position in life; but this has proved another disappointment. You have fallen, far, very far, below my ideal. Good-by."

He sprang instantly erect, his cheeks flushed. "Please don't go without a further word. We seem predestined to misunderstand. I am even willing to confess myself a fool in the hope of some time being able to convince you otherwise. You have not even told me that you live here; nor do I know your name."

She shook her head positively, repressed merriment darkening her eyes and wrinkling the corners of her mouth. "It would be highly improper we Presbyterians never do that."

"But do vou feel no curiosity as to who I may be?"

"Why, not in the least; the thought is ridiculous. How very conceited you must be to imagine such a thing!

He was not a man easily daunted, nor did he recall any previous embarrassment in the presence of a young woman. But now he confronted sowething utterly unique; those quiet eyes seemed to look straight through "And yet you condescend to read love | him. His voice faltered sadly, yet succeeded in asking: "Are we, then, never to meet again? Am I to understand this to be your wish?"

She laughed. "Really, sir, I am not torted. "just as I converse with who- aware that I have the slightest desire ever comes along. I am hopeful of in the matter, I have given it no thought, but I presume the possibility of our meeting again depends largely upon yourself, and the sort of society you keep. Surely you cannot expect that I would seek such an opportu-

He bowed humbly. "You mistake my purpose. I merely meant to ask will offer me a topic worthy the occa- if there was not some possibility of our again coming together socially-in the presence of mutual friends."

"Oh, I scarcely think so; I do not remember ever having met any soldiers at the social functions here-excepting officers. We are extremely exclusive in Glencaid," she dropped him a mocking courtesy, "and I have always moved in the most exclusive

Piqued by her tantalizing manner. he asked, "What particular social functions are about to occur that may possibly open a passage into your guarded presence?'

She seemed immersed in thought, her face turned partially aside. "Unfortunately, I have not my list of engagements here," and she glanced about at him shyly. "I can recall only one at present, and I am not even certain-that is, I do not promise-to attend that. However, I may do so. The Miners' Bachelor club gives a reception and ball to-morrow evening in honor of the new schoolmistress."

"What is her name?" with responsive eagerness. She hesitated, as if doubtful of the

strict propriety of mentioning it to a stranger.

"Miss Phoebe Spencer," she said, her eyes cast demurely down.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in open triumph; "and have I, then, at last made fair capture of your secret? You are Miss Phoebe Spencer."

She drew back still farther within the recesses of the bushes, at his single victorious step forward.

"I? Why certainly not. I am mere-He bowed, perhaps relieved at thus ly Miss Spencer's 'star' pupil, so you may easily judge something of what her superior attainments must necessarily be. But I am really going now. and I sincerely trust you will be able "I suppose from your clothes you to secure a ticket for to-morrow night; you will never yield another single thought to me, Mr.-Mr.-" her eyes dancing with laughter-"First Lieut. Donald Brant."

CHAPTER XIII.

Silent Murphy. Brant sprang forward, all doubt regarding this young woman instantly dissipated by those final words of mismusement and his pride was stung.

But pursuit proved useless. Like phantom she had slipped away amid the underbrush, leaving him to flounder blindly in the labyrinth. His incautious foot slipped along the steep edge of the shelving bank, and he went down, half stumbling, half sliding, until he came to a sudden pause on the brink of the little stream. The chase was ended, and he sat up, confused for the moment, and half questioning the evidence of his own eyes.

A small tent, dirty and patched, stood with its back against the slope



'It's-None of-Your Damn-Business. I'm-Not Under-Your Orders."

of earth down which he had plunged. Its flap flung aside revealed within a pile of disarranged blankets, together with some scattered articles of wearing apparel, while just before the opening, his back pressed against the supporting pole, an inverted pipe between his yellow, irregular teeth, sat a hideous looking man. He was a withered, dried-up fellow, whose age was not to be guessed, having a skin as yellow as parchment, drawn in tight to the bones like that of a mummy, his eyes deep sunken like wells, and his head totally devoid of hair, although about his lean throat there was a copious fringe of iron-gray beard, untrimmed and scraggy. Down the entire side of one cheek ran a livid scar, while his nose was turned

He sat staring at the newcomer. unwinking, his facial expression devoid of interest, but his fingers opening and closing in apparent nervousness. Twice his lips opened, but nothing except a peculiar gurgle sound issued from the throat, and Brant, who by this time had attained his feet and his self-possession, ventured to address him.

"Nice quiet spot for a camp," he remarked, pleasantly, "but a bad place for a tumble."

The sunken eves expressed nothing. but the throat gurgled again painfully and finally the parted lips dropped a detached word or two. "Blamepretty girl-that."

The lieutenant wondered how much of their conversation this old mummy had overheard, but he hesitated to question him. One inquiry, however, sprang to his surprised lips. "Do you know her?"

"Damn sight-better-than any one around here-know her-real name." Brant stared incredulously. "Do you mean to insinuate that that young woman is living in this community under an assumed one? Why, she is scarcely more than a child! What do you mean, man?"

The soldier's hat still rested on the grass where it had fallen, its military insignia hidden

"I guess-I know-what I-know," the fellow muttered. "What's-your -regiment?

"Seventh cavalry." The man stiffened up as if an electric shock had swept through his limp frame. "The hell!-and-did-she-

call you-Brant?" The young officer's face exhibited his disgust. Beyond doubt that sequestered nook was a favorite lounging spot for the girl, and this disreputable creature had been watching her for some sinister purpose.

"So you have been eavesdropping, have you?" said Brant, gravely. "And now you want to try a turn at defaming a woman? Well, you have come to a poor market for the sale of such goods. I am half inclined to throw you bodily into the creek. I believe you are nothing but a common liar. but I'll give you one chance-you say

you know her real name. What is it?" The eyes of the mummy had become spiteful. "It's-none of-your damnbusiness. I'm-not under-your or-

ders." "Under my orders! Of course not; but what do you mean by that? Who and what are you?"

The fellow stood up, slightly humpbacked but broad of shoulder, his arms long, his legs short and somewhat bowed, his chin protruding impudently, and Brant noticed an oddly shaped black scar, as if burned there by powder, on the back of his right

"Who-am I?" he said, angrily. "I'm -Silent-Murphy." An expression of bewilderment

swept across the lieutenant's face. "Silent Murphy! Do you claim to be Custer's scout?"

The fellow nodded. "Heard-of me -maybe?"

Brant stood staring at him, his mind

occupied with vague garrison rumors

connected with this odd personality.

The name had long been a familiar one, and he had often had the man pictured out before him. There could remain no reasonable doubt of his identity, but what was he doing there? "Yes, I've heard of you,"-and his crisp tone instinctively became that chievous mockery. She had been play- of terse military command,-"although ing with him as unconcernedly as if | we have never met, for I have been

assignment to the regiment. I have a troop in camp below." he pointed down the stream, "and am in command here."

The scout nodded carelessly. "Why did you not come down there

and report your presence in this neighborhood to me?" Murphy grinned unpleasantly, "Rath-

er be-alone-no report-been over-Black Range-telegraphed-walt orders. "Do you mean you are in direct com-

munication with headquarters, with The man answered, with a wide sweep of his long arm toward the

northwest. "Goin' to-be hell-out there-damn soon." "How? Are things developing into

a truly serious affair-a real campaign? -is makin'-fer the-bad lands," and take care of her. he laughed noiselessly, his nervous

fingers gesticulating. "-guess that-

means-business." Brant hesitated. Should he attempt ity of endeavoring to extract informa- take his place. tion from Murphy, and he experienced a degree of shame at thus seeking to penetrate her secret. He glanced about, seeking some way of recrossing the stream.

he said tersely, "we can probably sup in western Nebraska. ply you at the camp. How do you manage to get across here?"

Murphy, walking stiffly, led the way down the steep slope, and silently pointed out a log bridging the narrow officer picked his steps across, but girl. made no responsive motion when the other waved his hand from the opposite shore, his sallow face looking grim and unpleasant. The young officer marched down

the road, his mind busied with the peculiar happenings of the morning, and that prospect for early active service hinted at in the brief utterances of the old scout. Brant was a thorough soldier, born into the service and deeply enamored of its dangers; yet beyond this he remained a man, a young man, swayed by those emotions Mrs. Hagberg died Thursday morning. all else appertaining to life.

His had been a lonely life since leaving West Point and joining his regiment-a life passed largely among rough men and upon the desolate plains. For months at a time he had known nothing of refinement, nor enjoyed social intercourse with the opdawned; certainly something new sale by F. G. Fricke & Co. something inspiring, had now come to awaken an interest unfelt before, and leave him idly dreaming of shadowed eyes and flushed, rounded cheeks.

He was in this mood when he over took the Rev. Howard Wynkoop and marked the thoughtful look upon his

"I called at your camp," explained Wynkoop, after the first words of as I learned you were here in command, but only to discover your ab sence. The sergeant, however, was very courteous, and assured me there would be no difficulty in arranging a religious service for the men, unless doubt I may rely on your coopera ing the pleasant climate of the Pacific

"Most certainly," was the cordia response, "and I shall also permit those desiring to attend your regular rived Monday night for a visit with his Sunday services so long as we are sta | relatives, the Buck, Klepser and Cross tioned here. How is your work pros pering?"

"There is much to encourage me day. but spiritual progress is slow, and there are times when my faith falters and I feel unworthy of the service in which I am engaged."

must present a difficult field for the place in a few days. awakening of any religious sentiment," confessed Brant sympathetical ly. "I have often wondered how you consented to bury your talents in such

lieve that every minister should de soil. vote a portion of his life to the doing of such a work as this. It is both a religious and a patriotic duty, and

there is a rare joy connected with it." "Yet it was surely not joy I saw pic tured within your face when we met; you were certainly troubled over some their home being at Winnebago, Neb.

Wynkoop glanced up quickly, a slight flush rising in his pale cheeks "Perplexing questions which must be decided off-hand are constantly aris ing. And just now I scarcely know applications for church membership."

Brant laughed. "I hardly consider myself a competent adviser in matters of church policy," he admitted, "yet 1 have always been informed that all so desiring are to be made welcome in religious fellowship."

"Theoretically, yes." And the minister stopped still in the road, facing his companion. "But this special case not leading lives above reproach. So sale by F. G. Fricke & Co far as I know, they have never even attended church service until last Sunday, and I have some reason to suspect an ulterior motive. I am anxious to put nothing in the way of any honestly seeking soul, yet I confess that in these cases I hesitate."

"But your elders? Do not they share the responsibility of passing upon

such applications?" The flush on Mr. Wynkoop's cheeks deepened, and his eyes fell. "Ordimarily, yes; but in this case I fear

# The County Exchanges

mems of General Interest Selected from the Columns of Contemporaries

### Louisville

From the Courier. Mabel, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Hennings, is reported as

local Woodmen lodge secured a trained there through California. "Every buck-in the-Sioux nation nurse, Miss Jennings, of Lincoln to

leave Monday for Fremont where he going and coming. Good service that. to learn more about the young girl? will take a course in pharmacy. Miss

Tuesday. After shaking hands with daughter in Kansas before they return his old friends here he took the after- home. noon train for Weeping Wate. He was "If you require any new equipment," accompanied by his father who resides

Chas, Gaebel and Wm. Wendt were at Omaha Tuesday. Bill went up to buy a baby buggy for his new baby. He says the local dealers do not carry anystream. He stood watching while the thing in stock quite nice enough for his

Last Friday C. G. Mayfield fell from a load of logs, lighting on his head. One rib was broken and he was bruised up in general. He has been confined to his room ever since, but hopes to be out again soon.

Mrs. G. H. Wood was called by telegramSunday to the bedside of her sis- finding out where they were in error. ter, Mrs. Hagberg, at Nanvoo, Ill. She They remained most of the day. took an automobile to Plattsmouth and from there to Nauvoo by the first train. which when at full tide sweep aside She leaves a husband and two small children.

#### Bad Stomach Trouble Cured.

Having been sick for the past two years with a bad stomach stomach trouble, a friend gave me a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. posite sex. Yet, beneath his mask of They did me so much good that I bought impassibility, the heart continued to a bottle of them and have used twelve dren, never be afraid to buy Chamberbeat with fierce desire, biding the time bottles in all. Today I am well of a lain's Cough Remedy. There is no danwhen it should enjoy its own sweet bad stomach trouble. - Mrs. John Lowe, Ber from it and relief is sure to follow. way. Perhaps that hour had already Cooper, Maine. These tablets are for It is intended especially for coughs,

## Union

From the Ledger. G. P. Barton left Tuesday morning for Burlington Junction, Mo., to take prevent the attack. Whooping cough treatments at the mineral springs sani-

Dan Lynn has been laid up for phygreeting had been exchanged, "as soon sical repairs several days, having a severe attack of stomach and liver trouble, but is reported to be improv-

Miss Luella Taylor arrived home last week from Los Angeles, Cal., where sudden orders should arrive. No she has been the last three years enjoy-

> John S. Buck of Colfax, Wash., arfamilies, northwest of town. He was a welcome caller at this office Wednes-

Mrs. J. W. Kain of near Murray was visiting here Wednesday. She informed us that they had secured a good "A mining camp is so intensely ma farm at Walthill, and are preparing to terial seven days of the week that it move their household goods to that

E. L. Daniel and family arrived home Thursday evening of last week from a a month's visit at their former home at Marion, Va. They had a most delight-The other smiled, but with a trace ful time, but are willing to admit that of sadness in his eyes. "I firmly be they are glad to be back on Nebraska

Frank Hughson called yesterday and announced with pride that he is grandpa, a son being born yesterday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Dillard, who have been visiting at the Hughson home

John McCarroll and Dick Conrad had read about Sann Gifford's "type lice" discovered and came into this office Tuesday to investigate with the usual results, Frank Finkle and Gabe Austin what action to take regarding certain kindly assisting in the demonstration free of charge.

National Pure Food and Drug Law.

ley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds o'clock Sunday afternoon. Interment and lung troubles is not affected by the in Belmont cemetery. Deceased was National Pure Food and Drug law as it sixty years of age, well known in the contains no opiates or other harmful vicinity of Alvo, where she resided for presents certain peculiarities. The drugs, and we recommend it as a safe a great many years. applicants, as I learn from others, are remedy for children and adults. For

#### Nehawka

(From the Register.)

ing strength, and is much better. Keep your ear on the northward.

the stork visited the home of William Co., druggists. Ketch last Sunday and left a girl of the usual weight.

was down on a visit to his uncle Geo. Hansen, who has been quite ill. Dr. Pollard reports him very much better.

Miss Florence Todd left on the midnight train Saturday for Kansas City where she joined Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Mrs. Walker is still very low. The Sheldon and she will go with them from

D. D. Adams went to Omaha on the midnight train Monday via Union. In Otto Peterson has resigned his posi- order to have 8 hours in which to do tion at Frater's drug store and will business, he had to waste twelve hours

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Shrader left on Instinctively he appreciated the futil- Buckley, a graduate pharmacist, will Wednesday morning for Alma, in Harlan county, where they will visit with Wm. Chandler came in from Oregon their son Ben. They expect to visit their

> The barber shop again swapped owners. If the rest of Nehawka real estate changed hands as, often as this piece of property does, the real estate men would'be in clover. Geo. Hugle is the present owner, and we understand has leased it to Andy Countz, who will manage the business and employ the barber in the future.

> Newell & Atwood, the quarrymen from Plattsmouth came in on the Friday morning passenger on a tour of investigation. They had been trying the experiment of stripping their rock by powder as Olaf Lundberg does in the quarry here and made a failure. And their trip was for the purpose of

> Word was received at this place on Wednesday that John Trumble, who used to live south of town, near Geo. Harshman, jr., and who moved from here to Jewell county, Kansas, had one of his hands amputated. He has been suffering from blood poison caused by a bared-wire scratch.

#### Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Remedy for Children.

In buying a cough remedy for chilcolds, croup and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but, when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will is not dangerous when this remedy is given as directed. It contains no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

#### Elmwood

From the Leader-Echo. Two more cases of smallpox are re-

ported at Wabash. A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs.

Rung, Saturday. Dean Hulfish was out in his invalid chair Tuesday afternoon, the first time in five months that he has been out of

Geo. Dunkle's were released from quarantine for scarlet fever Tuesday. B. L. Clement went out and fumigated the house Tuesday morning.

Dr. I. L. Munger, chairman of the committee on holding a fair this winter, requests us to announce that the Elmwood Park Association will hold their second annual fair Feb. 20, 21 and 22 in Langhorst's opera house. Get ready for a big time.

Mrs. Minnie Stark was taken to Lincoln Tuesday to try treatments at the Everett sanatarium. Those accompanying her were Mr. Stark, Joseph Mullin, Dr. Munger, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Deles-Dernier and Mrs. L. F. Langhorst,

One day last week Joe Holderness was pilling up some baled hay in the barn. The bale he was standing on toppled over, causing him to fall, striking his side on the manger, putting a couple of his ribs on the bum and confining him to the house for several

Mrs. Martin Wolf died Thursday of last week at her home in Kearney. The remains were shipped to Alvo Sat-Special Announcement Regarding the turday and taken to the home of her brother-in-law, I. N. Wolf, the funeral We are pleased to announce that Fo- was held from the M. E. church at 2

#### How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and Mrs. Wm. Tucker is gradually gain- bowels and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit The wedding bells will soon ring. Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse sub-Dr. Walker informed the editor that stitutes. For sale by F. G. Fricke &

> For Sale-On monthly payments of \$8 to \$10. For particulars call the of-