A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE GRANDALL PARRISH LUSTRATIONS GROUD RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Cenfederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staunton artillery is sent as a spy to his malive county on the Green Briar by General Jackson Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jem Taylor. They ride together to a house beyond Hot Springs. In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Noteen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspicious, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to the U. S. cavairy uniform he has with him, and rides away in the night, running hato a detachment of Federal cavairy, to whom he identifies himself as Lieutenant Staymond, Third U. S. cavairy, by means of papers with which he has been provided. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body and follows Taylor's trail. Fox and Wyatt believe Taylor to be old Ned Cowan. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's apparently deserted home. Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of

CHAPTER VI.

The Mistress of the House.

I stood with ear pressed against the panel, fingers gripping the butt of my revolver. An ordinary latch held the door closed, and I pressed this, opening the barrier slightly. The movement made not the slightest noise, and cave me a glimpse within.

In front of a small grate fire, her back toward me, snuggled comfortably down in the depths of an easy chair, est a woman reading. I could see little of her because of the high back of the chair rising between us-only a mass of dark brown hair, a smooth, rounded cheek, and the small white hand resting on the chair arm. I knew vaguely her waist was white, her skirt gray, and I saw the glimmer of a pearlhandled pistol lying on a closed chest at her side. Still she was only a woman, a mere girl apparently, whom I had no cause to fear. The sudden reaction caused me to smile with re-Mef, and to return my revolver silent-By to the belt. Her eyes remained on the page of the book. I think I would have withdrawn without a word, but, at that instant, a draft from the open door flickered her light, and she glanced about seeking the cause. I eaught the startled expression in her eyes as she first perceived my shadow; the book fell to the floor, her hand gripping the pistol, even as she arose hastily to her feet. The light was

"Who are you? Why are you here?" she asked tersely, a tremor in the voice, but no shrinking in those eyes that looked straight at me.

on her face, and I knew her to be

Noreen Harwood.

I moved forward from out of the shadow into the radius of light. It only a step, but the girl recoiled slightly, the pearl-handled pistol rising instantly to a level with my eyes.

"Stand where you are!" she ordered. "What are you doing, creeping about

this house in the dark?" "Not in the dark exactly," I answered, seeking to relieve the strain, and holding my hat in one hand, as I bowed gravely, "for my lamp is on

the stairs." I marked the quick change of expression in her eyes as they swept over me. There was no evidence of recognition; scarcely more than a faint acknowledgment that my appearance was not entirely unfavorable. Yet surely that alone was all I could hope for. Except for that one chance encounter on the road we had never met since we were children, and she would not likely associate the son of Judge Wyatt with the man now confronting ber, attired in the wet and muddy uniform of a Federal lieutenant. Indeed a was better she should not; and a feeling of relief swept over me as I realized her failure to connect me with the past. No memory of my features found expression in her face, as her eyes fell from mine to the clothes I

"You are Union? an officer of-of cavalry? I-can scarcely comprehend why you should be here." Her attitude no longer threatening, the gleaming pistol lowered. "There are Federal troops at Lewisburg, but-but I do not recall your face."

"My being here is wholly an accident," I explained quietly, "I supposed the house deserted, and sought entrance to get away from the storm. There was a broken window-

"Yes," she interrupted, her eyes again on mine questioningly. "I found that when I came; someone had broken in.

"Robbery, no doubt."

"I am not sure as to that. I have found nothing of any value missing bleed we left nothing here to attract vandals," She hesitated, as though cobtful of the propriety of further exchanation to a stranger. "I-I belong re," she added simply. "This is my

"fes; I supposed as much; you are Miss Noreen Harwood?"

Her blue eyes widened, her hand grasping more tightly the back of the either he, or one of his men, broke in

"Yes," she admitted. "You knew my father?"

"Slightly: enough to be aware of the wistence of his daughter, and that this was his plantation."

the garrison at Charleston?

explanation will make the situation clear, and I trust may serve to win your confidence. I do not have the appearance of a villain, do 17"

portance

her eyes thoughtful.

Cowan by accident."

with no legal right."

laughed pleasantly.

terested in our affairs."

from his land?"

men?"

one."

"It was a feud then?"

"I think he once told me they were

left in charge of a banker at Charles-

ton-an old friend. It would be too

him in the field. You see I do not

know very much about his affaire,"

she explained. "I was away at school

only met briefly since. My father did

not talk freely of his personal matters

even to me. I learned of his feud with

"On one side at least. My father

was shot at, and several of our out-

houses burned. The trouble arose

over the title to property. Cowan,'

she explained, "was a squatter on land

which had belonged to our family ever

since my grandfather first settled here.

We had title from Virginia, but the

tract granted had never been properly

surveyed. My father had it done, and

discovered that Ned Cowan and two of

his sons occupied a part of our land

Her eyes uplifted to my face, and

then fell again, one hand opening and

closing on the back of the chair. She

"I hardly know why I am telling you

all this family history," she continued

almost in apology. "It is as if I talked

to an old friend who was naturally in-

"Perhaps the manner of our meeting

accounts for it," I ventured. "But

truly I am more deeply interested than

you imagine. It may prove of mutual

advantage for me to know the facts.

Did Major Harwood try to force them

"Oh, no," hastily, "my father had no

such thought. He tried to help them

to purchase the property at a very

small price, and on long time. His

intention was to aid them, but he

found himself unable to convince either

father or sons of his real purpose. They

either could not, or would not, under-

stand. Do you realize the reckless,

lawless nature of these mountain

"Yes, to some extent; they trust no

"That was the whole trouble. Seem-

ingly they possessed but one idea-

that if my father was killed they could

remain where they were indefinitely.

Their single instinct was to fight it out

with rifles. They refused to either

There was silence, as though she

had finished. She had seated herself

on the wide arm of the chair, still fac-

ing me, and I could hear the rain beat-

ing hard against the side of the house.

Suddenly she looked up into my face.

"How odd that I should talk to you

so freely," she exclaimed. "Why I do

I could not be certain that the ex-

pression of her eyes changed, for they

suddenly looked away from me, and

hardening of tone apparent, "on re-

cruiting service from the Army of the

Potomac?" She drew a quick breath.

"I-I think I have heard the name be-

fore. Would you mind if I did ask to

"Not in the least," I answered, not

wholly surprised that she should have

heard of the other, and confident the

papers I bore would be properly exe-

cuted. "I prefer that you have no

"I have become quite a soldier of

"Whom I shall only be delighted to

serve in any manner possible," I re-

plied gallantly, relieved that she was

"Oh, I think the service is more

likely to be mine. You confessed you

broke in here seeking after food and a

fire. Down below we may find both.

and it will be my pleasure thus to

serve a Federal officer. You have a

She led the way like a mistress in

her own home, and I followed. There

was a force of character about the girl

not to be ignored. She chose to treat

less welcome, a position I was not re-

luctant to accept. I held the lamp as

we went down the stairs together, the

rays of light pressing aside the cur-

CHAPTER VII.

Parson Nichols.

gestion of assistance. The fire in the

grate burst into blaze, and her hands

"With no servants left, and the

She drew up a chair opposite to

where I sat, supporting her chin in

her hands. The light between us illu-

house unoccupied for months," she ex-

were busily rearranging the table.

feast, as I have only just eaten."

She put aside laughingly my sug-

'Raymond, you say!" the slightest

not even know your name."

"Charles H. Raymond."

she stood again upon her feet.

see your orders?"

doubt as to my identity."

so easily convinced.

lamp without?"

"On the stairs?"

tain of darkness.

purchase or leave."

htm?

"No, or I should not remain parleying with you," she responded gravely. "The war has taught even the women of this section the lesson of self-protection. I am not at all afraid, or I should not be here alone."

"It surprises me, however, that Major Harwood should consent to your remaining-"

"He has not consented," she interrupted. "I am supposed to be safely lodged with friends in Lewisburg, but rode out here this afternoon to see the condition of our property. Word came to me that the house had been entered. The servants have all gone, and we were obliged to leave it unoccupied. I was delayed, seeking to discover what damage the vandals had done, and then suddenly the storm broke, and I thought it better to remain until morning."

She laughed, as though amused at her own frankness of speech.

"There, I have told you all my story, without even waiting to hear yours. "Tis a woman's way, if her impulse be sufficiently strong."

"You mean faith in the other party?" "Of course; one cannot be conventional in wartimes, and there is no one here to properly introduce us, even if that formality was desired. So I must accept you on trust."

"My uniform alone should be sufficient guarantee."

She laughed; her eyes sparkling. "Well, hardly. I imagine you fail to

comprehend its really disreputable condition. But-well, you-you look like an officer and a gentleman."

"For which compliment I sincerely thank you. However, Miss Harwood, my story can be quickly told. I am a



The Book Fell to the Floor, Her Hand Gripping the Pistol.

lieutenant, Third United States cavalry-see, the numeral is on my hatattached to Heitzelman's command, now at Fairfax Court House. I have recently been detailed to the recruiting service, and ordered to this section.

I found it strangely difficult, fronting her calm look of insistence, to go on. But there was no way of escape. Beyond doubt the sympathy of this girl was with the cause of the North, and if I were to confess myself Tom-Wyatt, and a Confederate spy, all hope of the success of my mission would be immediately ended. Besides I lacked the will to forfeit her esteem-to permit her confidence in me to become

changed into suspicion. "Then I will go on," I said more slowly, endeavoring better to arrange my story. "I picked up a guide at Fayette, but the officer in command there could spare no escort. The man who went with me must have been a traitor, for he guided me south into the Green Briar mountains. Last night at dusk we rode into a camp of guer-

rillas " "Who commanded them? Did you

"A gray-headed, seamed-faced mountaineer, they called Cowan." She emitted a quick breath, between closely pressed lips.

"You know the man?" I asked. "Yes; old Ned Cowan; he lived over yonder, east of here in the foothills. He and-and my father had some trouble before the war. He—he is vindictive and dangerous." She stopped. her glance sweeping about the room. "I-I have some reason to suspect." she added, as if half doubting whether

she ought to speak the word, "that

here. "In search of something?" "A paper; yes-a deed. Of course mined her face, outlining it clearly I may be mistaken; only it is not to be against the gloom of the wall behind Then you must be connected with found. The desk in the library was It was a young face, almost girlish in rifled, and its contents scattered over a way, although there was a grave. "No. Miss Harwood; I belong to the the floor when I came. I put them strong look to the eyes, and womanly Army of the Potomac, and am here back in place, but found nothing of firmness about lips and chin. I had

father must have removed those of im | of And nere I tound her a woman-s woman of charm, of rare beauty even; Possibly he carried them with sweet and wholesome in lock, ber cheeks aglow with health, ber eyes She leaned her head on her hand, deep wells of mystery and promise.

Her father! I dare not tell her of his death, of his dastardly murder. It was strange she had not recognized me, yet probably the rea! truth was dangerous to carry them about with that she had never before observed me with any care or interest-considering me a mere boy to be laughed at and forgotten. I was only a stranger when the war broke out, and we have entering into her life for the first time.



Noted a Slight Trembling of Her Hands as She Held the Paper Open in Her Fingers.

This expression was in the eyes surveying me as 1 ate-quiet, earnest eyes, utterly devoid of suspicion.

"You are a very young man," she said simply. "Not seriously so," I answered,

rather inclined to resent the charge. 'I am twenty-four." "You look like a boy I used to know

only his eyes were darker, and he had long hair." "Indeed!" I caught my breath

quickly, yet held my eyes firm. "Someone living about here?"

"Yes; his name was Wyatt. I never knew him very well, only you recalled him to memory in some way. He and his mother went South when the war first broke out. Where was your home?"

"In Burlington, Vermont." "You are a regular soldier?"

"I was a junior at West Point last year; we were graduated ahead of

our class." Her eyes fell, the lashes outlined on her cheeks, her hands clasped on the

"Isn't that odd!" she said quietly. "Do you know Mme. Hactell's school for young ladies at Compton on the Hudson? That is where papa sent me, and I was at the senior hop at West Point a year ago last June. A half dozen of us girls went up; Fred Carlton of Charleston was in that class, and he invited me. You knew him, of

course?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOST REAL FRIEND OF MAN

Dog is a Comrade Whose Loyalty Never Wavers, Whose Devotion is Certain.

She took them, and I noted a slight Your dog is ready to go with you trembling of her hands as she held the anywhere, at any time, through anypaper open in her fingers, her eves thing, like Good Deeds in the old play. glancing swiftly down the written He is something more than a respect able family possession, a toy, a part of an exhibition; he is a comrade. late," she said, and handed the packwhose loyalty never wavers, whose age back to me. "And I cannot doubt devotion never obtrudes itself; who your credentials. I am very glad to responds to your mood without plummeet you. Lieutenant Raymond," and ing himself upon his tact and who neishe held out her hand cordially. "As ther commiserates nor flatters. I have admitted already, I am Noreen

After you have taken a few tramps together you understand each other perfectly, and there is no fear of either changing his mind unless you yourself prove fickle past belief.

And, when you are no longer friends with your dog, you are beyond saving.

—Countryside Magazine. Where Politeness Ends.

The Moors are the politest and most

genial people, taken as a whole, that are to be found anywhere, a writer in Travel reports in describing a visit to Fez. Politeness ends, however, it seems, in the vicinity of the mosque of Moulai Idris, founder and protector of Fez. The streets are barred off me as a guest, uninvited, but none the by poles, and Christians, Jews and even animals are forbidden to enter. "A few days before our arrival a Frenchman had been almost beaten to death for trespassing in this quarter." the traveler says. The tourist naturally made no attempt to take photographs in this section; elsewhere the polite natives did not object to his use of the camera-a western invention not usually welcomed in Mohammedan towns.

> Misled. "There goes Professor Dobbins, the famous ethnologist." "An interesting character, no

plained. "I shall have to give you sol doubt." dier fare, and, perhaps, not very much "Yes, indeed. Why he knows more of that. Pardon my not joining in the about the races than any other man in this country.'

"Fancy that! And he doesn't look as if he had ever been on a track in

And He Knew.

Mrs. Bacon-I see it is said as a rule, where earthquakes are most frequent they are most severe.

Mr. Bacon-I have noticed the same saly on recruiting service. A word of value among those that remained. My i seen so little of her in the days gone thing about curtain lectures, my dear.

INTERNATIONAL

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 3

ELIJAH IN NABOTH'S VINEYARD

LESSON TEXT-I Kings 21:11-20. GOLDEN TEXT-Be sure your sin wilf and you out.-Num. 32:23.

Ahab disobeyed God and failed to follow up his victory over Ben-Hadad (ch. 20:31-34). Thereupon one of the prophets resorted to a plan whereby Ahab was rebuked and also received a message that sent him "to his house heavy and displeased" (v. 43). All of this needs to be borne in mind when we study Ahab's course of action related in this lesson. Learn by heart the tenth commandment; also Luke 12:15.

I. The Schemes of Men, vv. 11-16 Ahab had been king for twenty years (B. C. 906?). Jezreel was his summer capital, about twenty miles northwest of Samaria. The chief actors in this tragedy were Naboth, a well-to-do citi zen; Ahab, a petulant monarch to whom Naboth refuses to sell his vine yard; Jezebel, the Lady Macbeth of Ahab's court; elders and nobles of Jezreel, willing tools in the transaction; false witnesses, executioner, and Elijah, the servant of God, who confronted the monarch in his newly gained possession. Ahab was constantly in conflict with the purposes of God and with his Word. Naboth had no right to sell his vineyard (see Numbers 36:7; Lev. 25:23; also Ezek. 46:16) and sturdly stood out for his God-given rights. These land laws were rigid, but at the same time wise and beneficial. Instead of yielding to God's law Ahab sulks like a petted child (v. 4) and thus again runs counter to God's Word (see tenth commandment). At this juncture Jezebel, his wife, appeals to his pride and power as the king (v. 7), and offers to procure the coveted possession. The methods of mankind whereby vast possessions are accumulated do not always bear investigation; murder and rapine, broken hearts and shortened lives, weakened bodies and stunted children can largely be traced to the sin or covetousness, against which we all need to be on guard (Luke 12:15; Eph. 5:5). The first sinner was covetous (Gen. 3:6), so also were the chosen people of God (Josh. 7:21), and it was this that caused the first dissension among Christian believers (Acts 5:1-3). Jezebel most graciously gave Ahab that which belonged to others; how free we all can be with the property of others! She also

of religion (8-13). II. The Sentence of God, vv. 17-20. The dead Naboth was happier than his neighbors of Jezreel, the king and queen or any of the other evil participants. Ahab began by breaking the first commandment (I Kings 16:31; Deut. 5:7) and thus laid the groundwork of the whole train of evil for which he and his household and his reign are famous. The elders readily obeyed the word of Jezebel and Ahab profited thereby, but now he was to hear the Word of God and it was not to be so welcome. Recently we saw Elliah set aside, following his flight from Jezebel, but he is not entirely beyond use and God now gave him a new commission, one more task in connection with his old opponent. There is nothing indicating cowardice in Elijah's bold challenge of Ahab and there is also a suggestion of a guilty e science in Ahab's exclamation,

"Has ou found me, O mine enemy" (v 20)? And had "gone down to the vineyard of "aboth" (v. 16) to enjoy the pleasure of possessing his ill-gotten treasure only to hear again his word of doom (ch. 20:42; 21-19). It was a poor exchange Ahab made (Mark 8:37), a throne and his life in exchange for the carrying out of his own will and the possession of a vineyard. In that exact spot where Naboth had been foully stoned the dogs would lick up the blood of the king. As is usually the case, the guilty sinner called the righteous servant of God his "enemy," yet had Ahab obeyed the Word of Jehovah as so frequently spoken by Elijah he would have discovered him to be his true and best friend, not his enemy. Ahab's sin had found him out (Golden Text, Num. 32:23).

III. The Summary. Covetousness is not the mere desire for things we do not possess, but a deep longing which is willing to do wrong, to injure others, to profit by the evil deeds of others in order to come into possession. Covetousness seeks to gain at the expense of higher and better things; it is the extreme opposite of the spirit of him who "gave all."

The greatest danger of our land and the chief source of sin is covetousness. The source and fountain of covetousness is selfishness. Hence the one and only cure is in a changed heart. one consecrated to God and devoted to the service of others.

Love God, obey his Word, strive with all our ransomed powers to build up and advance his kingdom and covetousness will vanish as mist befor the summer sun.

Covetousness is insatiable, it is never satisfied. It is like the drug habit, it grows by, leaps and bounds.

It is idolatry, effectually shutting us out of the kingdom.

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