Chaped MS A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATIONS & C.D. PHODES

A.C. MECLURG &CO.

CHAPTER XXVII-Continued.

They were upon us, jammed in the narrow doorways, each man fighting for life. I used gun and revolver in the red mist before me were black shapes, hateful faces. Twice I lost foot and fell, but was up again, fronting them I stepped on dead bodies. elipped in pools of blood; failing men caused me to stagger; a slug of lead tore burning through my shoulder; a glancing knife blade ripped my forearm. I had no time, no room, in which to reload; my hands gripped the hot carbine barrel, and I swung the stock

Inch by inch they won through the over the dead, clambering across overincreasing tide. We were all together now-Harwood, Wharton-the sole the best we could. There was a moment's pause, the merest instant in which to breathe, and my eyes met Harwood's. He was naked to the cut over one eye, the stock of his carbine shattered.

"Ah, gunner of Staunton," he called out cheerily, although his voice you if you wanted a good time to jine the cavalry."

"Forward, men. forward!" It was Fox's voice, although I saw nothing of ing that the movement had been obhim. "Once more, and it's over with-

"Now, lads, meet them!" burst out Harwood "About me, Third Kentucky -here they come!"

They drove us in so as to encircle us, yet the jumble of benches served as some protection to our rear. Perhaps the fact that there were Yankees between us and the pulpit prevented firing for we met hand to hand in a death grapple. I have seen battles. yet nothing like that; it was as though beasts of the jungle fought; men struggled with naked hands, struck death blows, fired into each other's faces, trampled over writhing bodies, cursling, or yelling defiance as they fell. We scarcely knew friend from foe, blue from gray. I cannot even tell what occurred to myself in those breathless moments. I know I fought madly, blindly-again and again sweeping a space clear with my weapon; hands gripped my throat mv pressure of bodies, hurled me sidewise, caught me in a vise; I tripped over a dead man, staggered to my feet again. I got footing on the pulpit platform, and held it for an instant, my gun-barrel crashing into the mass of faces below. Wharton joined me. a bull mad with rage; I saw him rend the pulpit stand from the floor and hurl it with all his strength into the ruck. Then twenty hands gripped him. hauling him down, a clubbed musket descended, and the sergeant pitched forward like a log of wood. There was a shot, the blow of a rifle barrel, and I went down, the very breath of life seemingly knocked out of me.

I fell on the platform, back of where the pulpit desk had stood, and a body lay across me. If I lost consciousness It was for no more than an instant, vet my whole body felt numbed and useless. I could scarcely move my fingers to unclasp them from the gun barrel, and every breath I drew was in pain. Still I realized all that happened, distinguished voices, and the shuffling of feet on the puncheon floor. I heard Fox shouting orders, as the mad hubbub ceased

"That's enough! That's enough, men! It's all over with. Here, sergeant, round up those prisoners; God knows there are few enough of the poor devils left. Guard those able to walk outside. Now, Herzog, carry the wounded over here. What? Why. of course, you idiot, we are not savagesthose fellows fought like men, and are to be treated decently. No distinction. Does anybody know?"

"Shot, sir; he's here in this pile

"See if the fellow is alive. Who is

his lieutenant?" "l am, sir; my name's Kelly." "Well get your damn crew of scoun-

drels out of here, what's left of them. Do you hear! This is soldier work. and I want you fellows outside." "You used us all right when thar

wus fightin' ter do-"

"That's enough, Kelly. I didn't use him with your complaints. I know

voice answered from the vestibule, but he went outside. I think he was touched a little in one arm"

"Pity is wasn't in the mouth; has

anyone seen a woman?" No one answered.

"No! That's strange! Here Green, take a couple of men, and feel your way along the walls; Jasper make a light of some kind—who wants me? Colonel Moran? Tell him I am the only officer present, and I can't leave. By God! The place is a shambles!"

The searching party was to the right of me, against the black shadow of the wall. This was my chance, my one and only chance to slip away unobserved. In five minutes more the door; we could kill, but not stop them. searching party would find me there, and they hurled us back, stumbling and bear me along with the others. I turned benches, but unable to stem the the body lying across my legs, and groped about in the dark until my fingers encountered the ring embedded handful left, and we made a fight of it, in the floor. The light of the sputtering torch still left the pulpit platform in shadow; Fox was at the other end of the church, his sharp voice rasping out orders. I got to my knees, and waist, batless, blood dripping from a lifted the trap barely far enough to squeeze through. There was a gleam of light below; sufficient to reveal the dark outline of the steps leading down. Some eye might distinguish the glimcracked with dryness. "Didn't I tell mer, yet I thrust my body through the narrow opening noiselessly, and lowered the cover to the floor level.

There was no cry, no sound indicatserved. I waited an instant, crouched breathlessly on the upper step, listening. My eyes surveyed those contracted surroundings curiously. The candle, a mere fragment, burned dimly in one corner, revealing what appeared to be the interior of a huge box, with a platform built half across it, its outer edge protected by a low rail. A small wheel ingeniously arranged to operate a lever, occupied one end of the platform, and directly across was an opening in the side wall next the floor, barely large enough for a man's body to squeeze into. Nothing else was visible; no evidence left of the two who had already passed that way.

I slipped down the steps, lowered my body silently to the damp floor. I entered the hole head first, dragging and pushing with hands and feet, eager to get quickly into the open. Almost before I realized the possibility, my head and shoulders emerged into the outer air and I hung suspended over hair, and I tore loose; fingers clutched a rock ledge, staring blindly down inat my legs, but I kicked free. I was to the unknown depths of a ravine. conscious of blows, of wounds; I The ledge itself was barely wide knew when Harwood fell, and was enough to afford foothold, yet I suctrampled under foot; I heard others ceeded in creeping out upon it, and scream; I saw the hated face of Anse then in standing upright. The shoul-Cowan in the ruck and leaped for der of the hill was sufficiently steep him, but whom my mad blow struck I and high to shut out all view of the could not tell. Some rush, some quick log walls of the church, while below was a black void, out from which arose the faint splashing of distant water. But the church itself must have been lit up by this time, for a reddish glow of light tipped the bank above, and bridged the dark ravine. The rock ledge extended to the right. a fairly smooth path, and I followed it cautiously, finding no other available passage. It led gradually downward until it seemed to merge into a beaten track, running directly south through a tangle of underbrush not far above the stream. The way was intensely black, yet not difficult to follow by the sense of touch, while the incessant roar of the nearby water blotted out all sound from above. Once I heard the crack of guns, but they sounded at a distance, and looking up, I could perceive the red reflection on the trees lining the bank far above. But for these I was plunged in a black solitude, through which I must grope my way, each step liable to plunge me into uncertain peril. A hundred yards, two hundred, and the trail swerved more to the right, and began to mount upward, zig-zagging among the trees Slowly, cautiously, my head arose above the crest, and the moon, just peering out from behind the edge of a cloud, gave me giimpse along the level plateau.

LI APTER XXVIII.

With Nature's Weapons.

To the right of where I lay was the outline of the church, the windows mind you. Let the dead lie where alight, several blazing torches, bobbing they are till daylight, but don't over- about within, revealing passing figlook a wounded man. Where's Cowan? ures, although the distance was too great to permit any sound of voices reaching my ears. The rear door. however, stood wide open, and a considerable body of men were grouped there. Straight across from me, a squad of horsemen were moving northward, and a single rider was spurring rapidly between them and the church. The grove of trees where I was to meet Nichols and Norcen was to the left. It was dark and silent, a shape spoke swiftly pointing with one hand. less shadow, and the forest growth but his voice was lowered so the words of the ravine extended far enough over the crest to hide my approach briefly explaining the plan, and giving you-Moran did; and you can go to Satisfied that so searching parties orders. Kelly added a gruff sentence, were near by, I advanced swiftly along and then the whole five tramped past how you treat prisoners, and would the edge of this fringe of trees, yet me, the neutenant leading the borse, hang the whole of you, if I had my taking every precaution. "Twas well and Kelly coming so close to where I way. Now get out, and don't answer | did, for suddenly the horseman lay I could have touched him with an me-those are your orders. Lieuten swerved and rode straight toward me. extended hand Scarcely venturing to the unsympathetic world. Bury them

called again:

"That you, lieutenant?" A single figure seemed to emerge from among the trees—a mere shadow. formless and silent.

"Yes; who are you?" "Kelly-Dean told me you were here; the damn fellow has got away, and the gurl with him."

"How do you know?" "We've looked over every dead body. the wounded and prisoners, and searched every inch of the church- no longer see the fellow. they're not thar, sir."

"By God! Where could they have gone! They were there; he was any- did I feel an overwhelming desire to how, for I heard his voice. Did you talk with any of those living?"

"There ain't many ter talk ter. The Reb leftenant is a goin' ter pull as this was the gift of God, and I was thro', I reckon, but he's hurt too bad only too eager to accept it. The wide ter talk. Enyhow Fox wouldn't give plain in front of us was deserted, the me no chance fer ter git nigh him. I cavairy troop having disappeared. The asked a sojer, a young feller, an' he glare of torches had disappeared from sed Wyatt an' the gurl wus both in within the church, which was now a wriggled out from under the weight of thar; he seed 'em together just afore mere shapeless shadow in the moonwe charged. But I'll be damned if they're thar now."

Raymond muttered something, smothered oath no doubt, and then

"Well, good God, man! They are both flesh and blood. If neither are crawled out to the edge of the line of there then they must have found a brush, and arose silently to my feet way of escape. We had every side of the church guarded so a mouse couldn't get through in this moonlight -I saw to that myself."

"There were no guards on the east" "Because there was no room to post any. The church walls are on the edge of the ravine; Cowan said there were none needed there."

"Wall," insisted the other, half angrily. "I didn't think so neither, no mor'n Anse did; but I reckon that's whar we made a mistake. Them two's skedaddled, an' thar warn't no chance fer 'em enywhar else. Thet's plain 'nough, ain't it? I don't know nuthin' bout what's thar, fur I never ain't been 'long thet edge, but if them two ever got out inter thet thar ravine they're thar yet, fer thar's no way leading out 'cept along ther trail yon-

"What trail? Where?" "Back thar, 'bout a hundred feet, I reckon-an ol' hog trail thet leads down ter the crick. Thar couldn't nobody cum up it without yer seein' 'em from here."

"And so you think they're down there yet?"

"Sure; 'less they got wings they couldn't a come up no other way." The lieutenant strode forward and grasped the rein of the horse. I could

"Then we've got them, all right," he asserted, a new confidence in his voice. "You know the way down, don't you.

his upturned face.

"Hell, yes; I hid out thar fer six weeks onct. They call it the Devil's glen, an' I reckon tain't a bad name neither.

"All right then; I've got three men here who'll go with you. That will



"We Meet Again." I Said Coldly.

be enough. I'll stay up here, so if the fellow slips by I'll nab him. Jonesall of you come here. Come, Kelly, there's a hundred dollars in this for you."

"By God! It's worth it, fer somebody's liable ter get shot." He rolled out of the saddle, but with evident reluctance. "I reckon I'll let one o' them sojers go ahead. Yer must want thet Reb powerful bad, leftenant?"

"I do," grimly, "dead or alive." did not reach me No doubt he was through the moonlight. I sank down breathe I watched their passage along "He was here a minute ago, sir," a into the brush, revolver in hand, and the edge of the bluff, until they halted anyone tries to dig them up.

waited. Once he stopped, and called at the point where I had come up the out something; then came on along trail. They remained grouped there the edge of the wood, walking his for a moment, talking earnestly; then horse slowly. The rider was not a sol- the shadow formed distintegrated, and dier, but beyond that fact, evidenced Rawmond and the horse alone reby lack of uniform. I could make no mained distinguishable. I knew the guess as to his identity, although I others had disappeared in the black believed him one of Cowan's guerrillas | ness of the ravine, and that they were A gun, poised and ready, forked out destined to search its depths in vain, beside his horse's neck, and be leaned for what little trail I might have left forward in the saddle, peering into in my crawl upward could never be the shadows. A few feet beyond me, deciphered in that darkness. I waited he suddenly reined in his horse, and motionless for what I believed to be ten minutes, anxious that the fellows get far enough down to be samly beyond earshot. At first I could bear them slipping and stumbling along the steep, stony path, but these sounds grew fainter and finally ceased. The lieutenant led the horse back a few yards, and fastened his rein securely to the limb of a tree; then took his own position within the brush shadow, where he could watch the head of the trail. From where I crouched I could I had no thought of going on and

> leaving him there on guard. Not only punish the man for his treachery and insolence, but I wished to gain possession of the horse, Such an opportunity light. My vision did not extend to the road in front, but there were sounds indicating that the Federal forces were either going into camp, or preparing to resume their march. Satisfied that my own way was clear, I To reach Raymond I would have to pass where the horse was tied, and to approach on hands and knees would be liable to frighten the animal. Trust ing that the lieutenant's whole atten tion would be devoted to the trail, and that he would anticipate no approach from behind, I walked straight forward and laid hand on the horse's head. He smelt of me curiously, but made no noise, and, looking across his back. I could dimly perceive the man a few paces beyond. He stood erect. his back towards me, perfectly motionless. his entire consciousness concentrated on his guard. I stole forward step by step, noiselessly. I was actually with in reach of him before some sense told him of my near presence, and he wheeled about only to find a leveled revolver staring him in the eyes.

> "We meet again," I said coldly, "and it seems to be my luck to hold the cards."

"You! Good God! I thought-" "I know what you thought, for I was within ten feet of you when you talked to Kelly. Put up your hands, Ray mond! Yes, of course, but don't attempt any play-I only need an excuse to hurt you."

He glared at me savagely, yet his hands went up, although I could see him glance backward over one shoul der into the darkness of the ravine (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEARTY EATERS ARE THESE

Commissariat Department of the British Army Will Have to Move to Keep Up With Them.

From close observation of the habits of the young Maori men in training in Auckland (New Zealand) for active service, it appears that the modern Maori has inherited, almost unim paired, the genius for practical foraging which was one of the vital qualifications of his forefathers in the strenuous struggle for existence. They have scoured the country in the neighborhood of the camp and won eels by the score from places where the white man never dreamed there was any edi ble wealth at all.

The ability of the sturdy Maori recruits to assimilate comestibles is a constant source of wonder to his pale brethren.

The camp rations are admittedly generous and sufficient in their way but the canteen is a pleasure resort. and is patronized as such. Supper is an institution, not a meal. Here is one warrior's effort at 8:30 p. m.: Two bottles of raspberry, a tin of sardines and a big lobster. This is a typical instance, and yet everyone is up, merry and bright, for physical drill at half past six in the morning.

High School of Commerce.

In 1914 the city of Worcester, Mass. an Important business center, established a high school of commerce. When the school opened in September, 1914, 1,235 pupils were enrolled. and in February, 1915, 48 per cent of all the pupils entering the high schools of the city elected the high school of commerce. The present enrollment of this school is nearly 1,-

It is the policy of the school to offer courses of studies holding a mutual ground between the purely cultural and the strictly vocational, and tn these courses are English, Latin. French, German and Spanish. There are, of course, several sciences, and Three other figures joined them; there are commercial history, civics they were on foot, but I could see the and commercial geography, to the latguns in their bands, and the gleam of ter two years being devoted. There buttons in the moonlight. Raymond are also included stenography, bookkeeping, typewriting, banking, commercial law, accounting and penmanship. A course under consideration is on salesmanship, and it is hoped soon to introduce the teaching of advertising and window dressing.

> World Is Unsympathetic. Don't parade your troubles before as a dog does old bones, and growl if

How to avoid Operations

These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.



Marinette, Wis.—"I went to the doctor and he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again." -Mrs. Fred Behnke, Marinette, Wis.

Detroit, Mich.—"When I first took Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down
with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me and today I am able to do all my work and I am well."

—Mrs. Thos. Dwyer, 989 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Bellevue, Pa.- "I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am picking up in weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."—Miss IRENE FROELICHER, 1923 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Not a Serious Matter.

Finn, the comedian, once stumbled over a lot of woodenware in front of a store, whereupon the shopkeeper

"You came near 'kicking the bucket' this time, mister."

"Oh, no," said Finn, quite complacently. "I only turned a little pale."

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff-Real

Surprise for You. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this-moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil

doubled the beauty of your hair. Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

and in just a few moments you have

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair-fine and downy at first-yes-but really new hair-growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

Too Cheap.

Charmion-Shall I dissolve another pearl in the chalice for your break-

Cleopatra-No; pearls are too inexpensive and commonplace. Boil me an egg.

It's easy to see through people who are always making spectacles of them-

Compliments Exchanged. A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pigpen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he, How's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"-Harper's.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Its Nature.

"I make a point of looking up fam-"That's a very shady business."

Practically any outdoor game that a child plays in the streets of New York is a violation of the law.

It's easier to inherit trouble than coin of the realm.

Constipation Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetagently on the liver. Stop after tress-cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

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A New Remedy for Kidney, Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles

Dr. Eberle and Dr. Braithwaite as | during many years of experimentation the nature of disease can thus be obtained. If backache, scalding urine or or you suspect kidney or bladder toms. You will receive free medical

well as Dr. Simon-all distinguished has discovered a new remedy which Authors-agree that whatever may be is thirty-seven times more powerful the disease, the urine seldom fails in than lithia in removing uric acid from furnishing us with a clue to the princi- the system. If you are suffering from bles upon which it is to be treated, backache or the pains of rheumatism, and accurate knowledge concerning go to your best druggist and ask for a 50 cent box of "Anuric" put up by Doctor Pierce, or send 10c for a large frequent urination bother or distress trial pck'g. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Preyou, or if uric acid in the blood has scription for weak women and Dr. caused rheumatism, gout or sciatica Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or you suspect kidney or bladder for the blood have been favorably trouble just write Dr. Pierce at the known for the past forty years and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.; send more. They are standard remedies a sample of urine and describe symp- to-day-as well as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and advice after Dr. Pierce's chemist has bowels. You can have a sample of any examined the urine—this will be care one of these remedies by writing Dr. fully done without charge, and you Pierce, and sending 10c for trial pack-will be under no obligation. Dr. Pierce age.