CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF RED



Copyright, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

I heerd tell about ye at the trial, but | den movement of the hull told all we supposed ye ter be an older man."

"I am twenty-six." "Ye don't look even thet. Ay, they're ready for ye now. Fall in there-all of yer. Step along, yer d-d rebel scum."

I stared aft at the poop deck. There along the low rail, probably all passenlee rail.

There were four in the little party, one of them a negress. Another was clearly enough a colonial proprietor, a heavily built man of middle age, purple faced. I passed these by with a glance, my attention concentrating upon the other two-a middle-aged man and a young woman standing side by side. The former was a dashing looking blade, of not more than forty, attired in blue slashed coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and bedecked at collar and cuffs with a profusion of lace. A saffron colored waistcoat failed to conceal his richly beruffled shirt, and the hilt of a rapier was rather prominently displayed. Such dandles were frequently enough seen, but it was this man's face which made marked contrast with his gay attire. He was dark and hook-nosed, apparently of foreign birth, with black mustache tightly clipped, so as to reveal the thin firmness of his lips, and the lines of a scar across his chin. Altogether there was an audacity to his face, a daring, convincing me he was no mere lady's knight but one to whom us out to his companion, apparently joking over our appearance, in an endeavor to amuse. Seemingly she gave small heed to his words, for although her eyes followed where he pointed they never once lighted with a smile, piece. nor did I see her answer his sallies. She was scarcely more than a girl, dressed very simply in some clinging dark stuff, with a loose gray cloak draping her shoulders and a small, neat bonnet of straw perched upon a mass of coiled hair. The face beneath was sweetly piquant, with dark eyes

CHAPTER I. -1-

R. P.

Sent Into Servitude. Knowing this to be a narrative of message of sympathy and kindness

Foreword.

Anson Carlyle, aged twenty-

three, the ninth in descent from

Capt. Geoffry Carlyle of Glas-

gow, Scotland, was among the

herolo Canadian dead at Vimy

ridge. Unmarried, and the last

of his line, what few treasures

he possessed fell into alien

hands. Among these was a

manuscript, apparently written

in the year 1687, and which,

through nine generations, had

been carefully preserved, yet

never made public. The paper

was yellowed and discolored by

years; occasionally a page was

missing, and the writing itself

had become almost indecipher-

able. Much indeed had to be

traced by use of a microscope.

The writer was evidently a man

of some education, and clear

thought, but exceeding diffuse,

in accordance with the style of

his time, and possessing small

conception of literary form. It

editing this manuscript for mod-

ern readers I have therefore

been compelled to practically re-

write it entirely, retaining mere-

ly the essential facts, with an

occasional descriptive passage,

although I have conscientiously

followed the original develop-

ment of the tale. In this recon-

struction much quaintness of lan-

guage as well as appeal to prob-

ability, may have been lost, and

for this my only excuse is the

necessity of thus making the

story readable. I have no doubt

as to its essential truth, nor do

I question the purpose which

dominated this rover of the sea

In his effort to record the adven-

tures of his younger life. As a

picture of those days of blood

and courage, as well as a story

of love and devotion, I deem it

worthy preservation, regretting

only the impossibility of now

presenting it in print exactly as

written by Geoffry Carlyle.

were under way. CHAPTER II.

The Prison Ship.

The greater portion of that voyage of 53 days I would blot entirely from were a number of persons gathered memory if possible. I cannot hope to describe it in any detail-the foul gers. Then my eyes encountered a smells, the discomfort, the ceaseless strange group foregathered beside the horror of food, the close companionship of men turned into mere animals by suffering and distress, the wearl-

some days, the black, sleepless nights, the poisonous air, and the brutality of guards. I can never forget these things, for they have scarred my soul. The hatch above remained open, but carefully guarded night and day, while we were permitted on deck for air and exercise only in squads of ten, two hours out of every twenty-four. This alone served to break the dread monotony of the voyage. From our exercise on deck we generally returned below drenched to the skin, but glad to even pay that price for two hours of fresh air, and an opportunity to gaze about at sea and sky. We were herded well forward, a rope dividing us from the main deck, which space the passengers aft used as a promenade. There were only three women aboard, a fat dowager, the young lady I had noticed at embarkation, and her colored maid. I gained but one glimpse even at that distance I could perceive of the young lady in the first two weeks at sea, and then only as we were being ordered down to our quarters for the night. Just as I was approaching the hatch to descend our fighting was a trade. He was pointing eyes met fairly, and I instantly knew she saw and recognized me. For a single second our glances clung, as though some mysterious influence held us to each other-then the angry guard struck me with the stock of his

> "What er ye standin' thar fer?" he demanded savagely. "Go on downlively now."

I saw her clasping fingers convulsively grip the rail, and, even at that distance, marked a sudden flame of color in her cheeks. That was all her message to me, yet quite enough. Aland rounded cheeks flushed with though we had never spoken, although health. She stood, both hands clasping our names were yet unknown, I was the rail, watching us intently. I no criminal to her mind, no unrecogsomehow felt as though her eyes were nized prisoner beneath contempt, but upon me, and within their depths, even a human being in whom she already at that distance, I seemed to read a felt a personal interest, and to whom extended thought and sym pathy. I continued entirely ignorant of the identity of the young woman. She remained in my memory, in my thoughts nameless, a dream rather than a reality. I did learn that the gay gallant was a wealthy Spaniard, supposedly of high birth, by name Sanchez, and at one time in the naval service, and likewise ascertained that the rotund planter was a certain Roger Fairfax of Saint Mary's in Maryland, homeward bound after a successful sale of his tobacco crop in London. It was during his visit to the great city that he had met Sanchez, and his praise of the colonies had induced the latter to essay a voyage in his company to America. But strange enough no one so much as mentioned the girl in connection with either man.



To Make Sewing Silk Run Evenly. | goes into the bag. A great amount of When the silk thread on the ma- time and patience is saved by this chine runs off the spool too fast, and simple device, for one can see at a causes it to tighten around the spin- glance just what the bag contains. dle, cut a piece of blotting paper or An Embroidery Hint. thick cloth, make a hole in the cen-When making the round holes for ter and slip on the spindle before the

eyelet embroidery put a piece of soap spool, and you will have no more trouunder the fabric, and allow the stiletto to pierce through it. When the

stiletto is withdrawn it will, being An excellent way to cut and point soapy, impart a slight stiffness to the blas bands is in the following manmaterial, which facilitates the making

ner: With a ruler and something, of very even, perfect embroidery, which will mark the cloth-chalk for Strew natural flowers on the cloth dark colors and a hard pencil for to be embroidered, remove them one light are good if not used too heavily at a dime, drawing their outlines, to -mark the bands on the material. be filled with silks, in natural colors Then carefully join the two ends of

A Hair Ribbon Idea.

actly meet, only have the first line There are some little girls who still on one end meet the second on the cling to the hair ribbon,-usually beother, thus forming a spiral. Stitch tween the ages of eight and twelve, after the bob and before they think it and thread put a few secure stitches time to put up their hair. And these each side of the marks to stay the same little girls like dashing things in stitching. With sharp scissors begin hair ribbon, especially for dress-up at the place where the first band ex- time. What about embroldering them, tends beyond the second, and cut then? Lovely things can be done with round and round, following the chalk hair ribbons. On dainty white, blue line, until the whole is cut into one and pink backgrounds pretty sprays of silken flowers will be appropriate for

party sets, hair-ribbons and sashes to wear over the light wash frock of batiste or net. On darker ribbons brightpaper, then baste to the material that er and more conventional motifs will be in order. Maybe the little girl will the braid, sewing through both paper like to do this embroidering herself, and material, until the design has been If the ends of the ribbon are shaped, preferably rounded, they may be buttonholed or blanket-stitched and would ing it off. The paper is a protection not have to be trimmed off as the usual ribbon continually ravels out.

Good Neckwear Season.

Both manufacturers and buyers are agreed that the sale of women's neckmillar coronation braid. It may be wear this season will be great. At whipped along any edge where but- present plaitings and rufflings are tonholing is commonly used. This is having an unusually large sale, and a the average love letter. good season on these lines is assured. The sample lines have been enlarged.

binations and novelty effects. Such



A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy, The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and blad-

der troubles. A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Rilmer's Swamp-

Root. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this

great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bioghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper .-- Adv.

Talk of Resourcefulness!

He was discussing Australian resourcefulness, and told how an Australian and his dog were lost in the bush. They were starving. The man loved his dog too well to think of killing him for food, not wishing to survive his faithful companion.

At last he had a brilliant idea which would serve to keep them both allve. He kindled a fire, cut off the dog's tall, cooked it, ate the meat, and gave the bone to the dog.

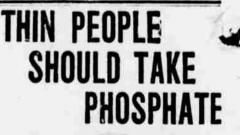
Quite Unlike.

"That fellow Beatem is a sponge." "Don't libel a useful article. You couldn't get anything back from Beatem by squeezing him."-Boston Evening Transcript.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers, 5c.

The deadly parallel is too much for

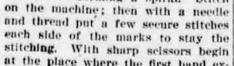
Platonic love is a sort of prologue to the real thing.



Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Viger and Nerve Force.

1

<text><text><text><text> Judging from the countless preparations



the cloth so that the chalk lines ex-

Cutting Blas Bands.

piece all perfectly joined. An Economical Way to Braid.

A simple and economical way to braid is to trace the design on tissue is to be braided. Proceed to sew on all covered with the braid, after which remove the paper by carefully tearto delicate material while braiding. although it works equally as well on dark material.

An excellent substitute for buttonholing is found in the use of the fasuggested for garments made of inexpensive material for general use.

One Way to Save Time.

and are offered in many color com-Here is a sensible method of tagging the contents of a plecebag. On colors as rose, navy, brown, green and the outside of the bag fasten the larg- ten colors are combined together, and est procurable safety pin. Attach sam- with white are shown in many attracples to this pin of every remnant that i tive combinations.

unusual adventure, and one which may The one lasting impression her face never even be read until long after I left on my memory was that of innohave departed from this world, when cent girlhood, dignified by a womanly it will be difficult to convince readers that such times as are herein depicted could ever have been reality, I shall endeavor to narrate each incident in the simplest manner possible. My only purpose is truth, and my only witness history. Yet, even now lately as this all happened, it is more like the recollections of a dream, dimly remembered at awakening, and, perchance, might remain so, but for the scars upon my body, and the constant memory of a woman's face. These alone combine to bring back in vividness those days that were-days of youth and daring, of desperate, lawless war, of wide ocean peril, and the outstretched hands of love. So that here, where I am writing it all down, here amid quietness and peace, and forgetful of the past, I wander again along a deserted shore, and sail among those isles of a southern sea, the home for many a century of crime and unspeakable cruelty. I will recall the truth, and can do no more.

It was still early morning when we were brought out under heavy guard and marched somberly forth through the opened gates of the jail. Ahead we could perceive a forest of masts. and what seemed like a vast crowd of waiting people. That we had been sentenced to exile, to prolonged servitude in some foreign land, was all that any of us knew.

The guards prodded the crowd savagely with the butts of their musketoons, thus making scant room for us to shuffle through, out upon the far end of the wharf, where we were finally halted abreast of a lumping brig, apparently nearly ready for sea. There were more than forty of us. I gained glimpse of the hooker's name-Romping Betsy of Plymouth. A moment later a sailor passed along the edge of the dock and instantly a whisper passed swiftly from man to man. "It's Virginia, mate; we're bound for Virginia."

The eyes of a prisoner met mine. "Virginia, hey?" he grunted. "Ye're a sallorman, ain't ye, mate? Well, then, whar is this yere Virginia?"

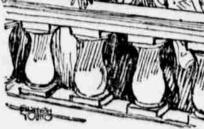
"That's all right, mates," I returned cheerly. "We'll fall into the hands of Englishmen out there. In America, where all the tobacco comes from. I've been there twice-and to a land beyond they call Maryland. "Tis a country not so unlike England."

"Yer better stow that, my man," captain of the guard, "or it may be in the small bundle I bore. Almost

tenderness.

What were those two to each other? I could not guess, for they seemed from two utterly different worlds. Not





What Were Those Two to Each Other?

brother and sister surely; and not lovers. The last was unthinkable. Instinctively I disliked the man, aware of an instant antagonism, realizing that he was evil; while his companion came to me as revealment of all that was true and worthy, in a degree I had never known before. From the instant I looked upon these two I felt convinced that, through some strange vagary of fate, we were destined to know more of each other; that our life lines were ordained to touch and become entangled, somewhere in that mystery of the western world to which I had been condemned.

Then the guards came to me, and, with my limbs freed of fetters, I was passed down the steep ladder into the semidarkness between decks, where we were to be confined. It proved a dismal, crowded hole in which we were quartered like so many cattle, the only ventilation and light furnished by the open hatch above. The ticket given growled someone above me, and I me called by number for a certain looked up into the stern eyes of the berth, and I found this, throwing with-

the 'cat' for ye. So ye've been ter immediately there was a sound of the Virginia plantation, hey ye? Then tramping feet on the deck above, and rows trouble is that he wants to loam ye must be Master Carlyle, I take it. the creaking of blocks. Then a sud- some of it to everyone he meets.

CHAPTER III.

Dorothy Fairfax.

We were not far from two hundred miles east of the Capes. I had been closely confined to my bunk for two days with illness, but now, somewhat stronger, had been ordered to deck by the surgeon. The last batch of prisoners, after their short hour of recreation, had been returned to the quarters below, but I was permitted to remain alone undisturbed.

I was still standing there absorbed when a voice, soft-spoken and feminine, broke the silence.

"May I speak with you?"

I turned instantly, so thoroughly surprised my voice faltered as I gazed into the upturned face of the questioner. She stood directly beside me, her head uncovered. Instantly my cap was off, and I was bowing courteously. "Most certainly," with a quick side glance toward the guard, "but I am a prisoner."

"Of course I know that," in smiling confidence. "Only you see I am rather a privileged character on board. Perhaps you may be punished if you talk with me-is that what you meant?"

"I am more than willing to assume the risk. I have made few friends forward, and am even bold enough to say that I have longed for a word with you ever since I first saw you aboard."

Captain Carlyle finds a friend but at the same time he finds that he has an enemy on board the Romping Betty. His enemy warns that he will get revenge, but why? Geoffry racks his brain in vain for the answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Generous.

The trouble with the fellow who bor-



Unless the June bride has her wed- small flowers. It fulfills our expectading procession pictured in her own tions by having qualnt ribbon streammind, down to the last detail, she is ers at the back. It is hard to take likely to have some anxious quarter- one's eyes away from it, but a lovely hours pondering the subject of her hat of tuscan braid and georgette at bridesmaids' millinery. Now is the the right is alluring. It has a long time to decide the matter, for June scarf of georgette that falls from will soon be here and those enterpris- the back and winds about the throat. ing and capable people who anticipate | Whatever flowerlike color the bride all millinery needs have launched mid- may choose for her maids will prove summer hats that almost sing the weda success in this hat. ding march. Four of them are pic-

A pure white hat of malines finishes one chapter in the story of hats for tured here. The bride can weigh their merits and select any one of bridesmaids. It has lace motifs apthem; there is no chance of making a plied against the crown and a sash of mistake, for these are all exquisite ex- while ribbon that serves as a scarf. amples of summery headwear suited The sash might be of malines and this model will interest the bride who is

to wear a hat instead of a vell at her The hat at the top of the group is wedding.

Julia Bottomby

Sweaters Are Elaborate.

Salesmen who have returned from

the west and Pacific coast with the

spring lines of woman's pure slik

thread sweaters say that the business

a millinery gem of purest ray serene and might be allotted to the maid of honor, because of its dignity, if there is to be any difference between her hat and that of the other maids. It has a wide brim and a soft crown and is made of crepe georgette with "curtain" edge of embroidered crepe. Lace might be used for the upper brim covering instead of this crepe. A big bow of wide and soft satin ribbon across the front finishes it. This summing up of the simple things that go to make up a picturesque model seems very inadequate as a description of It. But it is the delicate beauty of georgette and the sheen of satin ribbon that make the hat. It is exquisite in any of the fashionable colors. A scarf of malines is worn with it.

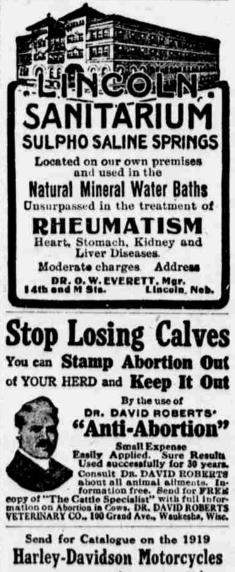
to the bridal cortege.

Just below at the left there is a little poke bonnet of leghorn straw, with a fan of wired lace across the back. No doubt the bride will change her mind several times if she must choose between this and other hats, for it is simply perfect as a bridesmaid's bonnet. It has a lattice work shield of rhinestones set in platinum, of narrow blue grosgrain ribbon ap- and the whole thing is especially plied to the crown and a wreath of dainty.

has increased at least 25 per cent. Buyers in every section were very much interested in the new offerings, especially those that retall at from \$25 to \$65 apiece. Owing to the number of new styles and colors shown, the buying this year was much heavier than in former seasons. Through the East and in the local trade the sales have shown a considerable increase.

Shield Watch

One of the pretty little wrist watches shown by a smart jeweler is in the form of a shield. That is to say, the watch face is set in a tiny





big bargai VICTOR H. ROOS The Cycle Man 2701-03-05 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb. argest Motorcycle House in the Middle West.

BICYCLES

we are