

HUSBAND WAS A LAWYER.



The Tombstone Man—What kind of a monument do you wish put over your husband?  
Mrs. Weeds—You can carve any figure, I suppose?  
The Tombstone Man—Oh! yes, ma'am.  
Mrs. Weeds—Then make the statue of limitations. I've often heard my husband mention that.

ECZEMA DISFIGURED BABY

"Our little boy Gilbert was troubled with eczema when but a few weeks old. His little face was covered with sores even to back of his ears. The poor little fellow suffered very much. The sores began as pimples, his little face was disfigured very much. We hardly knew what he looked like. The face looked like raw meat. We tied little bags of cloth over his hands to prevent him from scratching. He was very restless at night, his little face itched.  
We consulted two doctors at Chicago, where we resided at that time. After trying all the medicine of the two doctors without any result, we read of the Cuticura Remedies, and at once bought Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Following the directions carefully and promptly we saw the result, and after four weeks, the dear child's face was as fine and clean as any little baby's face. Every one who saw Gilbert after using the Cuticura Remedies was surprised. He has a head of hair which is a pride for any boy of his age, three years. We can only recommend the Cuticura Remedies to everybody." (Signed) Mrs. H. Albrecht, Fox 883, West Point, Neb., Oct. 26, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 14, Boston.

**Not Uncommon Fallacy.**  
"Why do you insist on investing your money away from your home town?"  
"Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "I've got a good deal of local pride, I have, and I regard the people in this here township as being so smart that none of 'em is goin' to let any real bargains git away from him."

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Such a Difference.**  
Usher—Are you afraid of the groom?  
Madam—Oh, my, no! I'm the bride's mother.—Judge.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

**In the Sanctum.**  
"I want a good feature story."  
"Then why not take this debate? It is full of 'ayes' and 'noes.'"

The easiest thing we do is to convince ourselves that we are overworked—but the family is skeptical!

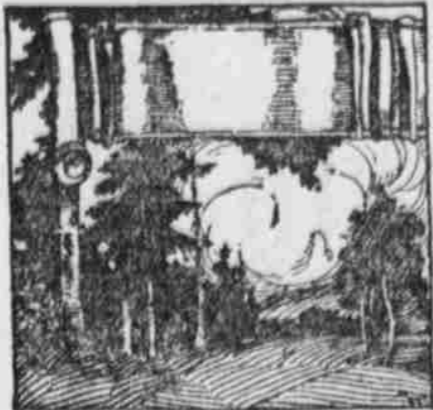
Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder So cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.  
Don't try to understand a woman and you will succeed.

**SICK? TIRED? WEAK?**

If this describes your condition, then you are, indeed in bad shape and in need of help. Just get a bottle of **HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters** today and see how quickly your health will improve. It restores the appetite, perfects digestion and tones the entire system.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 51-1911.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. The two, after a wild ride, get within the lines of the enemy. In the darkness, Wayne is taken for a Federal officer who came to keep an appointment, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape but fails. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark, a huge monster attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"The great ugly brute!" she exclaimed, looking at the form in the centre of the floor.  
"He was certainly heavy enough to have been a bear," I replied, clenching my teeth in pain, "and sufficiently savage."  
I viewed her now for the first time clearly, and the memory will remain with me till I die. How distinctly that entire picture stands forth with the mist of all these years between! The low-ceiled room, devoid of all furniture save of the rudest and most primitive kind; the bare logs forming the walls, unrelieved in their rough ugliness, except as here and there sundry unshapely garments dangled from wooden pegs; the rough deal table, with a few cheap dishes piled upon one end of it; the dead dog lying across the earthen floor; and over all the leap of ruddy flame as the newly kindled fire gathered way, leaving weird shadows here and there, yet steadily forcing them back, and flooding the whole interior with a cheerily glow.

She had flung aside the blue and yellow cloak which, during the long hours of our night ride had so completely shrouded her, and stood before me dressed in some soft clinging stuff of a delicate brown color, so cut and fashioned as to most become her rounded, graceful form.

CHAPTER VII.

A Disciple of Sir Walter

Even as I gazed upon her, my admiration deeper than my pain, the arch expression of her face changed; there came a sudden rush of pity, of anxiety into those clear, challenging eyes, and with one quick step she drew nearer and bent above me.  
"Oh, Captain Wayne," she cried, her warm, womanly heart conquering all prejudice, "you are badly hurt and bleeding. Why did you not tell me? Please let me aid you."  
"I fear I must," I replied grimly. "I would gladly spare you, for indeed I do not believe my injury sufficiently serious to cause alarm, but I find I have only one arm I can use at present. The brute got his teeth into the other."

"Oh, believe me, I can do it." She spoke bravely, a sturdy ring of confidence in the voice, although at the thought her face paled. "I have been in the hospitals at Baltimore, and taken care of wounded soldiers. If there was only some water here!"  
She glanced about, dreading the possibility of having to go forth into the night alone in search of a spring or well.  
"I think you will find a pail on the bench yonder," I said, for from where I leaned against the wall I could see out into the shed. "It was doubtless left for the dog to drink from."  
She came back with it, tearing down a cloth from off a peg in the wall as she passed, and then, "carrying a resolute air of authority, knelt beside me, and with rapid fingers, flung back my jacket, unfastening the rough army shirt, and laid bare, so far as was possible, the lacerated shoulder.  
"Forgive me," she said anxiously, "but I fear I can never dress it in this way. We must remove your jacket and cut away the sleeve of your shirt."

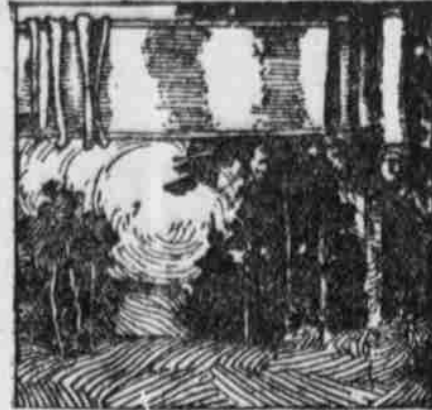
At last the disagreeable task was accomplished, the wounded shoulder completely bared. Her face was deathly white now, and she shielded her eyes with her hand.  
"Oh, what a horrible wound!" she exclaimed, almost sobbing. "How that great brute must have hurt you!"  
"The wound is not so serious as it appears," I replied reassuringly, and glad myself to feel that I spoke the truth, "but I confess the pain is intense, and makes me feel somewhat faint. It was not so much the mere bite of the dog, but unfortunately he got his teeth into an old wound and tore it open."

"An old wound?"  
"Yes; I received a Minie ball there at Gettysburg, and although the bullet was extracted, the wound never properly healed."  
She performed her disagreeable task with all the tenderness of a sympathetic woman, and as she worked swiftly and deftly, made no attempt to conceal the tear: clinging to her long lashes. Skillfully the deep, jagged gash was bathed out, and then as carefully bound up with the softest cloths she could find at hand. The relief was great, and I felt, as I moved the shoulder, that saving

feminine society, I felt in this instance a definite barrier between us, which prevented my feeling at ease. Now and then as we sat opposite each other, eating amid a silence most unpleasant, I would catch her eyes glancing across at me, but they were lowered instantly whenever I ventured to meet them. Finally I broke the stillness with a commonplace remark: "I presume your people will be greatly worried by this time over your mysterious disappearance."  
A flush swept her throat and cheeks, but she did not lift her eyes from the plate. "Yes," she answered slowly, "Frank is doubtless searching for me long before this."  
"Frank?" I asked, feeling glad of this opportunity to learn more of her relationships. "You forget, possibly, that your friends are strange to me. You refer to the gentleman who expected to meet you on the road?"  
"To Major Brennan, yes."  
"There was nothing about the tone of her reply that invited me to press the inquiry further. One thing, however, was reasonably certain,—the man she called "Frank" could not be her father. I longed to ask if he was a brother, but the restraint of her whole manner repelled the suggestion.

"Did I understand that you have nursed in the Federal hospitals at Baltimore?" I questioned, more to continue the conversation than from any deep interest.  
"Merely as a volunteer, and when the regular nurses were especially busy. Major Brennan was stationed there for some time when I first

**MY LADY OF THE NORTH**  
The Love Story of a Gray Jacket  
by RANDALL PARRISH  
Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON  
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the soreness it would probably not greatly bother me.  
"Now you must lie back and rest," she said commandingly, as I attempted to thank her.  
"As your nurse I command absolute quiet," I striving to speak gaily. "See, the daylight is already here, and I mean to discover if this lone cabin contains anything which human beings can eat; I confess that I am nearly famished."

"A most excellent symptom, and I imagine your quest will not be wholly vain. To my eye that greatly resembles a slab of bacon hanging beside the chimney."  
"It indeed is," she exclaimed, "and I feel as a shipwrecked seaman must on first beholding land."  
However my naturally energetic spirit revolted at inactivity, for the time being my faintness precluded any thought of doing other than obeying her orders, and I lay there silent, propped up against the logs, my eager eyes following her rapid, graceful movements with a constantly increasing interest. As she worked, the reflection of the red flames became mingled with the gray dawn, until the bare and cheerless interior grew more and more visible. Her search was far from unsuccessful, while her resourcefulness astonished me, old campaigner as I was; for it was scarcely more than full daylight before she had me at the table, and I was doing full justice to such coarse food as the larder furnished.

The eating helped me greatly; but for some time so busy were we that neither of us spoke. On my own part I experienced a strange hesitancy in addressing her upon terms of equality. Ordinarily not easily embarrassed in

visited him, and I felt it my duty as a loyal woman to aid the poor fellows."  
I remained silent, striving vainly to frame some innocent question which should solve for me the problem of who and what she was. Suddenly she spoke softly:  
"Captain Wayne, I feel I owe you an apology for my unwarranted and unladylike conduct last night. I am very sure now that you are a gentleman, and will appreciate how bitterly I was tried, how deeply I have ever since regretted it."

It hurt her pride to say even this much, as I could tell by her downcast eyes and heaving bosom, and I hastened to relieve her embarrassment.  
"You have nothing whatever to ask forgiveness for," I said earnestly. "Rather such a request should come from me. I only trust, Miss Brennan, that you will excuse my part in this extremely unfortunate affair."  
She sat looking down upon her plate, her fingers nervously crumbling a bit of corn bread.  
"You do not even know who I am," she said slowly. "I am not Miss, but Mrs. Brennan."

I felt as if a dash of cold water had been suddenly thrown in my face.  
"Indeed?" I stammered, scarcely knowing what I said. "You appear so young a girl that I never once thought of you as being a married woman."  
"I was married very early; indeed, before I was seventeen. My husband—"

What she was about to add I could not conjecture, for a quick change in the expression of her face startled me. "What is it?" I questioned, half rising to my feet, and glancing over my

Walter knew what he was writin' 'bout. Stop that blame you'll, you Roderick, or I'll take t'other end of this gun ter ye."  
He rejobbed his efforts for peace, finally driving the rebellious beasts back into one corner, where they sat upon their haunches and eyed us wistfully.

"Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, unmatched for courage, breath, and speed," he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his face with the back of one hand and staring at us, "specially the breath."  
He was a fierce-looking little fellow, scarcely more than a half-grown boy in size, with round, red face full of strange wrinkles, and head as oddly peak-shaped as I ever looked upon. It went up exactly like the apex of a pear, while the upper portion was utterly bald. He formed a most remarkable contrast to the tall, rawboned, angular female who loomed up like a small mountain just behind him.

"I reckon as how you uns hed quite a bit of a scrap afore ye laid that thar dog out, stranger," he said, a half-angry tone lurking in his deep voice. "The flect'st bound in all the North, an' I'm durned if I jist likes ther way you uns makes yerselves et hum in this yere cabin."  
"Shet up, Jed Bungay," cut in his better-half, sharply, and as she spoke she caught the little man unceremoniously by one arm, and thrusting him roughly to one side strode heavily forward until she paused in the centre of the room facing us with her arms akimbo.  
"Now I'd jist like ter know," she said savagely, "who you uns be, a breakin' into a house, and a killin' a dog, an' a eatin' up everything we uns got without so much as a sayin' 'yer leave' or nuthin'. I reckon as how you uns don't take this yere cabin fer no tavern?"

"Madam," I said with a low bow, "it is misfortune, not desire, which has caused us to trespass upon your hospitality. We will very gladly pay you liberally for any damage done. I am an officer in the Confederate service, and the breaking down of our horses compelled us to take refuge here in order that this lady might not be exposed to danger from roving gangs of guerrillas. The dog attacked us in the dark, and we killed him in order to save our lives."  
"The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay resounded up the rocky way," ejaculated Bungay with dancing eyes.  
"Dat yer potry, Jed Bungay! ye dew make me tired fe' suah." She turned back to us, and from her first words it was plainly evident she had been impressed with but one sentence of my labored explanation.

"Did you uns say as how ye'd pay fe' what ye et an' fer ther truck ye busted?" she asked doubtfully.  
"Certainly, mada'm, and I took some money from my pocket as evidence of good faith. "What would you consider due you?"  
The grim, set face relaxed slightly, while she permitted her husband to edge his way a little more into the foreground.  
"Wal, stranger, I sorter reckon as how 'bout four bits 'ill squar' things—dorgs is mighty durn cheap hereabout enyhow. Give me ther four bits, mister, an' I reckon as how it 'll be all right."

I glanced at Mrs. Brennan, and the amused twinkle in her eyes led me to say heartily, "We had not entirely completed our meal, but imagined we saw ghosts."  
"Ghosts!" He glanced around apprehensively.—"On Heaven and on thy lady call, and enter the enchanted hall!" Wus ther ghosts ye saw over thar?" And he pointed toward the wall opposite.  
I nodded.

"Then I sorter reckon as how Marlar and me wus them ghosts," he continued, grinning. "We sorter reckoned as how we wanted ter see who wus yere afore we come in. 'I'll listen til my fancy hears the clang of swords, the crash of spears.' These yere is tough times, stranger, in these parts, an' a man whut has ter perfect a lovely female hes got ter keep his eye skinned."  
Marla sniffed contemptuously.  
"Ye're no great shakes at a perfectin' o' me, Jed Bungay. Now you sit down thar an' begin ter fill up. I reckon as how ther Cap an' his gal will kinder jine with us fer manners."

She seated Jed with such extreme vigor that I looked for the chair to collapse beneath him as he came down, but the little man, not in the least daunted, picked up his knife and fork with a sigh of relief.  
"O woman! in our hours of ease uncertain, coy, and hard to please," he murmured. "Come, sit down, stranger; sit down an' share a soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." Not as I'm a sojer," he hastened to explain, "but ther's how it is in ther book. Say, old woman, kinder sker up some coffee fer we uns—leastwise whut us Confeds call coffee."

Without much difficulty I induced Mrs. Brennan to draw her chair once more to the table, and I sat down beside her.

"You are Confederate, then?" I asked, curious to know upon which side his sympathies were enlisted in the struggle.

He glanced warily at my gray jacket, then his shrewd, shifty eyes wandered to the blue and yellow cavalry cloak lying on the floor.  
"Wal, I jist don't know, Cap," he said cautiously, continuing to eat as he talked, "as I'm much o' anything in this yere row. First ther durned gray-backs they come scroopin' up yere, an' run off all my horgs; then ther blame blue-bellies come 'teng an' cut down every lick o' my corn fodder, so that I'll be cussed if I ain't 'bout ready ter fight either side. Any-how I ain't did no fightin' yit worth talkin' 'bout, fer Marlar is powerful feared I'd get hurt."  
Marla regarded him scornfully.  
"Hiding out, I suppose?"  
"Wal, 't ain't very healthful fer us ter be stayin' et hum much o' ther time, long with that thar Fed Lowrie, an' Jim Hale, an' the rest o' ther cattle 'round yere."  
"Guerrillas pretty thick now in the mountains?"

"Wal, I dunno; I heerd as they wus doin' somethin' down by ther brick church, but thar's no great shakes of 'em jist 'round yere. I reckon as how they knows 'nough ter keep 'way from Jed Bungay—I'd pitch 'em 'far as ever peasant pitched a bar."  
"You he— no fear of them, then?"  
"Whut, me?" The little man sat bolt upright, and glared fiercely across the table as though he would resent an insult. "I jist tell yer Cap, I reckon thar ain't no guerrilla a golin' ter poke his nose 'round yere 'less he's a lookin' fer sudden death; thar's mighty few o' 'em ain't heerd o' Jed Bungay— whut in thunder's ther matter with yer gal?"

He stopped suddenly, and stared at her; but before I could turn about in my chair one of the great dogs began to growl savagely, and Marla sprang forward and cuffed the surly brute into rebellious silence.  
"It's hosses," she said harshly.  
"Likely as not it's Red's gang. Now, Jed Bungay, yere's two lovely females fer ye ter perfect."  
As I hastily sprang to my feet I caught a fleeting glimpse out of the partially opened door. Down the steep of the hill road there was slowly moving toward us on foot a small party of perhaps a dozen men, so variously clothed as to make it evident they were irregulars. Just ahead of them, but on horseback, two others wore even then turning into the narrow path that led to the house, attracted probably by the smoke which streamed from the chimney-top.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Bungay Defends Her Hearthstone.  
A hand pressing hard upon my arm brought back my scattered senses with a rush. It was Mrs. Brennan who stood there, her face whitened by anxiety, her eyes peering anxiously through the opening of the door.  
"Surely those men are not soldiers, Captain Wayne!" she exclaimed. "They wear uniforms of both armies."  
"No doubt they are guerrillas," I answered, drawing her back from where she might be seen in their approach. "We must find hiding if possible, or you shall never fall into such hands. Bungay!"  
I turned toward where the little giant had been sitting, but he was not to be seen. However, the sound of my voice aroused Marla to a full sense of our danger, nor was she a woman to hesitate in such emergency. With a single stride she crossed the narrow room, caught the white-faced hero by the collar of his shirt, dragged him ignominiously forth from beneath the table where he had sought refuge, shook him as she would shake a toy dog, until his teeth rattled, and then flung him out of the door leading into the back shed. It was done so expeditiously that I could only gasp.  
"Now inter ther hole with ye, 'ed Bungay—you an' yer dorgs," she panted furiously. "An' you uns feller him. I reckon I'm able ter handle trest lot out thar, even if it should be Fed Lowrie and his gals."

Catching firm hold of Mrs. Brennan's hand I sprang down the single step and closed the door tight behind us. Jed had scrambled to his feet, and rubbing himself vigorously with one hand, utilized the other to drag outward a rough cupboard, which appeared to be a portion of the house itself. As it swung open there was revealed behind it a fair-sized opening extending into the face of the hill. It was a most ingenious arrangement, doubtless finding frequent use in those troublesome times. Its presence partially explained how Jed had thus far escaped the conscription officer. Into this hole we entered one at a time, and when the heavy cupboard had been silently drawn back into place, found ourselves enveloped in such total darkness as to make any movement a dangerous operation. I felt the clasp of my companion's hand tighten, and knew that her whole form was trembling from intense excitement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"It's Hosses," She Said Harshly.