

Mark looked at the boy and thought a few moments without speaking. He was a stupid looking child, but Mark thought that if he could get him to go with bim it might avert suspicion. Were he brighter he might be of use perhaps. At any rate, he would doubtless serve some purpose.

"Jakey," he asked, "how would you like to go with me on-a trip?"

"How would I like to shoot squirrels?" "You, Jake! Didn't I tell y' t' anower straight?" from the father.

"Yas, I'd like ter go." "I've a mind to take you, if your father will let you go," said Mark medi-

'Many fevers 'bont Chattenoogy?" asked the mother, taking the pipe out of Hitle eyes girstened under the rim of his her mouth and casting an anxious glance hat. at her son.

"What y' goen ter do with him?" asked Slack.

"I only want him for a companionto divert suspicion-and-well, I can't tell exactly what-for an emergency. perhaps."

"What's a 'mergency?" asked Jakey. "Well, if I should learn something of importance I might want to send you back with the news, or if I should be caught in a-in a"-

"Tree, like a coon, with a gun or a dorg below," supplied Jakey.

"That's it exactly. I might want to send word about that." "I'm afeard he's too little ter be of any

use that a-way," said his father. "Oh, Jakey can't go. He's got ter stay right hyar 'n do hoen," chimed his

"What do you say, Jakey? Do you want to go?" asked Mark. "Would I"-

"You, Jake!" again shouted his father. "Course I want ter go."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will let him go I'll bring him or send him back safely and leave a twenty dollar greenback here with you for him on his return."

"Souri! Souri!" called Slack. Souri came in so quickly as to argue

that she had not been out of hearing of all that had passed. "Snack fur these two uns," said her

Souri departed, and presently returned with a bundle containing cold eatables.

"Now, Jakey," said his father as they parture of the two travelers, "remember yer a Unioner 'n treat the stranger

"Oh, I ain' no slouch, 'f I am little," replied the boy, with a shrug and a scowl, indicating that he regarded the injunction entirely uncalled for

"'N, Jakey," called his mother, "don't yer go 'n sleep out nights 'n git th ager.

"Never yer mind, maw. I ain't goen

ter git no ager."

The two started off up the road. The air was pleasant, and it was not too warm for tramping. They passed out of the clearing, and were about entering the wood into which the road took them when they heard a step behind them Turning, there was Souri.

"How long d' y' 'low y' mought be gone down that?" she asked. Mark looked into her face, and she

"Why do you want to know, Sourif" "Waal, maw, she'll worrit bout

Jakey."

"I can't tell you." "How fur y' goen?"

lowered her eyes.

"To Chattanooga, Perhaps farther but not likely.'

"What'll th' do t' y' ef they ketch y" "They'll probably lift me off my feet

with a hemp cord. "They won't, will they? Don't talk that a-way."

She looked at him with her black eyes and shivered.

"I guess I can get through all right," said Mark reassuringly. "I've done it before.

The girl stood for a few moments irresolute. Then she drew a red silk handkerchief from her bosom and handed it to Mark. It was the only bit of finery she possessed.

"What is that for, Souri?" asked Mark. affected in spite of himself.

"Waal, ef I don't see y' no more, y mought keep et ter-ter- Mebbe ef y git inter trouble y' mought find a chance ter send it ter me-Jakey mought tote it-'n I'll go down 'n-'n"- She turned away. It was evident she could not clearly express her meaning, and her voice was getting husky.

"Goodby, my little girl," said Mark, going up to her and taking her hand. "I have a notion that if it is necessary to the Union cause for my life to be saved again you will be on hand to save it." Then the girl went back to the house,

and the travelers went on their way.

"Jakey," asked Mark, "can your sis-

ter read writing? "Reckon not."

"Can you?"

"Can I sing like a bird?"

"Do you mean that you can or you "I can't."

"Well, your sister is a good girl, and a smart girl, and a courageous girl. She has saved me once, and if I get into trouble I would rather have her near by than a sergeant and ten men." "Reckon she giv y' th' hanshicuf ter

send instead o' writen."

Mark looked down into the stupid face of the boy beside him. He began walked on. Various people-country-

to tunk that the child's stupping was not flattering to himself, inasmuch as Jakey had penetrated further than he had into Souri's design, and her diffidence as to confessing her ignorance.

"I hope there'll be no necessity for that, Jakey. But we must arrange what we shall pass for in Dixie. Now do you know what you are?"

Yes, do your

"I'm y'r little brother."

"Exactly. And what are we going to Chattanooga for? What shall we tell

"Goen ter buy caliker fur maw 'n Sonri, 'n galluses for paw, 'n terbacker fur you uns. 'n a squirrel gun fur me."

"By George!" exclaimed Mark, laugh-"You ought to be 'Old Pap's' chief scout instead of me.

"'S thet what y' air?"

"I am just now."

CHAPTER III. A CONFEDERATE HOUSEHOLD,



Have you come far?" asked the girl. Mark and Jakey trudged on. They net no one on the way, but at one part of the road running through a thick wood they saw a light in the distance to the right in the thickest part. They halted for a moment and then advanced cautiously. Coming to a place where they could get a view of what the light all stood at the front gate before the deternut," whose horses were picketed near by, lying around the embers of a fire. "Guerrillar." quoth Mark.

Not caring to disturb these villains, who had no more respect for Confederates than Unionists, they passed on stealthily.

About midnight they came to a rivuet, and Mark concluded to biyonac there. They turned in among the trees eside the road.

"Jakey," said Mark, "before we go a step farther, or do anything in fact, we must fix this money.

He pulled his roll of bills from his

pocket.

"Take off your boot," he said.

Jakey pulled off his boot and handed it o his companion. Mark took a number of bills, and ripping out the lining of the boot put it back in its place with the bills under it. Smoothing it down, he nanded the boot back to Jakey and told nim to put it on again.

They took a tate of the snack Souri had prepared for them and drank from the rivulet. Then they laid down, resting their heads against the root of a tree. It was not long before Jakey was asleep, and Mark drew his bead over toward simself and laid it against his own breast. Thus the two rested. Mark slept at intervals; Jakey with all the soundness of healthy, irresponsible boy-

The moon was setting, and Mark caught a glimpse of it between the lower branches of the trees and the horizon. When he cast his eyes upward he saw the stars. He fell to musing upon his singular position. He remembered that far to the north of him Confederate cavalry were dashing hither and thither, attacking bridges, capturing the guards, threatening Union pickets and in every way harassing the Army of the Ohio. Yet here he was beyond the Union front, in a region which belonged to no one save the outlaw guerrillas-ruled neither by the United States nor the Confederacy-with all silent and peaceful about him. An innocent face, careless of danger, lay on his breast. The leaves of the trees hung listlessly above

Then that blue vault above! Its serenity seemed to mock the puny contests upon a world which, with all its campaigns and battles, was but a grain of sand among the beavenly hosts. Its heaviest artillery could not be heard at the nearest planet. Its marshaled armies could not be seen. Save for the reflected light of the sun it would revolve in space, unknown by those on even the nearest planets. And so musing he fell asleep.

At the first sign of dawn Mark waked Jakey, and after they had both thrown the refreshing water of the rivulet over their heads they started in search of a house, at which they designed to "happen in" at breakfast time. Fortunately they soon found such a place. Turning into the gate at the first farmhouse, a farmer's wife received them kindly and gave them what for that time and country was a palatable meal.

Refreshed by their breakfast, they

men, regrees, confederate soldiers and occasionally a squadrou of cavalrypassed their on the road, but they were not questioned or interfered with by any one. Occasionally they would ask the road, but upon receiving the necessary information, and after making a few commonplace remarks, would go on. At noon they turned aside from the pike in among the trees and ate what was left of their snack.

About sunset they reached a large place set back off to the left of the road. The premises were more imposing than any they had yet passed, and they judged by it that they were in the environs of Chattanooga. The house was a large, square, old fashioned building, with a very high basement. It had two stories, with a peak roof, in which were dormer windows. A gallery or veranda extended across the front both above and below. Some large trees were scattered about the yard. In the rear were the negro quarters and the barn.

Mark determined to ask for food and shelter for the night here. Turning into the gate, he followed a straight road leading for perhaps a hundred yards to the house. A young girl robed in a white muslin dress of a very simple pattern, and a pink sash, stood on the , and there was a general air of comfort. veranda watching them as they came on. When they reached the steps leading np to where she stood, Mark saw a pair of black eyes looking at him, which, conscious of the deception he was about When he came to the squirrel gun his to practice, seemed to read him through and through. Indeed he was sufficiently confused to take off his hat to the girl with all the grace and manner of a polished gentleman.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, assuming the dialect of a countryman, "me 'n my leetle brother's goen ter Chattenoogy. My brother, he's walked a fight unart show for sech a younker. Could y' give us some supper and a place ter sleep all night?"

"You can come up here and sit down, and I'll see.'

"What a musical voice," thought Mark.

The travelers went up onto the veranda and sat on some wooden benches ranged along the ruil.

"Have you come far?" asked the girl, who regarded them with evident curiosity, "From our leetle farm on the Se-

"Your brother does look tired. Are you hungry, little boy?"

"Is it a-gitten dark?" "Why, yes," she said, surprised. "What has that to do with it?"

"I'm hungry jest as sartin," and Jakey's little eyes glistened at the thought of a hot supper.

The young lady laughed and went into the house. "Mamma, there's a young countryman and his little brother out on the gallery.

They want some supper and a bed for An elderly lady, with two white puff curls on either side of her face, looked up from a book she was reading. Her

appearance was dignified and refined. "The young man looks quite like a gentleman, if he is a countryman,"

added the daughter. "We must be very cantious, Laura: you know how we are situated; your father and brother away and no man in | come up and sit on the veranda." the house, we can't let strangers sleep here. But they may have something to eat, and perhaps it might do to let them sleep in the barn if they look

right. "Where shall they have their supper?" "Have it put on the hall table down

stairs. The daughter pansed a moment and

thought. "Do you know, mamma, I can't exactly feel satisfied to put the elder brother in a place given up to the servants.

"What nonsense, Laura! We are taking a great risk to let them into the house at all. Heaven grant that the horses are not all taken before morning. The man may be in league with a band of guerrillas, for all we know."

The daughter withdrew, for the moment quite impressed with her mother's prudence. As she stepped out on the veranda Mark rose respectfully and stood looking into her black eyes with his blue ones. Her mother's caution fled away before that honest countenance. "You can have some supper," she said.

"if you care to eat in the lower hall, and you can sleep-you-you can sleep"-Mark was bowing his thanks. "Would you mind sleeping in"- She

paused again.

"The barn? Certainly not."

"You know these are troublous times," she said apologetically, "and we are alone. I mean we haven't many men in the house," she quickly added, conscious of having made known the household's weakness to a stranger. Mark smiled. The young lady was

looking at him as he did so, and she thought he had a very charming smile. "We will sleep anywhere you choose to put us. Leastaways we ain't pur-The first sentence was spoken in his

natural way: tife second in dialect. Mark's manner of speaking to her was singularly mixed.

"I suppose your men are fighting our battles," he remarked to relieve an awkward pause.

"Papa is away." "Have you no brothers?"

"Yes, one; he is fighting for the Confederacy." "And your father-is he at the war?"

"No: papa does not care much about the war. "Perhaps he's a Union man." "Well, yes. Papa is Union."

Mark concluded to hazard a surmise Was he driven out?" he asked. "Not exactly," she said, with a frown. 'He's gone north, though." She did not like to tell the whole story

to a stranger, who was gradually getting a good deal of information. Her father had come to Chattanooga from the north years before, where he had married a southern woman. After the opening of the war, on account of his pronounced Union sentiments, he had been warned several times to leave, and his family

were much refleved when he was well away from the danger that threatened

You are divided," said Mark, "as we are. Now, my leetle brother hyar's a Union boy. I'm Confed'rate,'

There was a pause, and the girl, remarking that she would see about their supper, turned and went into the house,

There was a delay in getting the meal ready. Perhaps the negro cook demurred at cooking for "poor white trash;" at any rate it was quite dark before supper was announced. The mistress of the house came out, and as Mark saw her eying them both he knew that she came to have a look at them. Fortunately for him, the darkness prevented her getting a good view of him. Mark at once commenced to probe a mother's heart by dwelling on the tired condition of little Jakey, and kept it up till the lady was quite unwilling to send the boy to sleep in the barn. She inwardly resolved that the child should have a comfortable bed.

Jakey ate a hearty supper-the heartier for the delay-and the two wayfarers were shown up stairs to a large room with a big bed in it. A few sticks were lighted on the hearth to dry the dampness, for the room had been long unused, Jakey, who had never seen such luxury, rolled his little eyes about and wondered. But he was too tired to waste much time in admiration. He was soon in bed and asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

SLACK, THE FARMER'S SON. Mark took his pipe and went down to the yard to have a smoke. Going back to the barn he entered into conversation with an old darky sitting on a barrel by the stable door and evidently master of the horse,

"Fine night, uncle."

"Yas, bery fine night, sah."

"That's not very good tobacco you're smoking, uncle. You'd better take some this byar.

"Thank y', sah."

"Do you bear any news, uncle"-"Dan'l. My name's Dan'l, sah. No. sah; I don't git no news 'cept de sojers is getting mighty thick at Chattenoogy.' "Do you know how many are there?"

"I reckon bout free hundred thou-Mark laughed.

"You're not much at figures," he said. "No, sah, I ain't got no larnen."

"Uncle, I shan't want anything of you while I'm hyar, but you must have somep'n to remember me by all the same," and Mark put a new crisp dollar greenback in the old man's hand.

"Bress de Lo'd, you is de fines' specermon ob a po' white gentleman I eber had de facilatude ob meeten."

"Well, don't spoil it all by tellen t'other hands. Keep it to yourself." "Sho nuif. I ain't gwine to tell no

Mark left Uncle Daniel chuckling on his barrel and strolled about the grounds. Presently he found himself walking near the front of the house. The mother and daughter sat on the veranda in the moonlight. Presently the daughter came down the steps and advanced to where Mark was loitering. "Mamma says that if you like you

may-she would be pleased to have you "Thank you!" Mark was about to lift his hat in his usual deferential mauner, but suddenly remembered that he was not supposed to be a gentleman. He followed the girl up to the veranda,

they were sitting. "Your brother is a good deal younge. than you," said the mother when Mark was seated.

and she placed a seat for him near where

"Oh, yes, ma'am; he is ten years younger.

"You don't resemble each other at all, You are light, and he is dark." "So we don't. Jakey's my stepbrother.

you know.' "You didn't tell us that," remarked the lady. "You're very thoughtful of him," said

Miss Laura, "considering he is only your stepbrother.' Waal, ma'am, I'm very fond of him all the same."

"He seems to be a peculiar child." "Yas, Jakey, he is peculiar, very peenliar, ma'am.' "You haven't told us your name yet,"

aid the mother. "Slack. I'm Farmer Slack's son." "How many field hands does your father own?"

"Father, he don't own no niggers at all. We're jest only poor whites." "You're very frank about it," said

Laura. "Waai, there ain't no use maken purtensions.

"And you go to Chattanooga tomorrow?" asked the mother. "Yas, ma'am: I cal'late ter do some

traden thar.' "And you will return this way?" "I reckon I'll be along hyar in a few

The mother continued the pumping process for awhile, but whether she made no progress, or whether Mark succeeded in establishing himself in her confidence, she arose and walked with all the stateliness of a southern high born matron into the house. There she resumed the book she had been reading earlier in the evening.



Mark had kept up his assumed character very well during her presence. Now that he was left alone with the daughter he was put to a much severer

The girl had something of the stateliness of her mother as that stateliness had appeared in her mother's youth. Mark had been so used from his childhood to meet a refined bearing with one equally refined that he found it difficult to avoid doing so now,

"Don't you love to look at the stars, Mr. Slack?" asked the young lady. "Waal, yas, Miss"

"My name is Laura Fain."

"I hev always been fond o' the science f'- He paused; he suddenly remembered that poor "white trash" were not usually versed in any of the sciences. "Astronomy?" she supplied.

"Waal, yas." "How did you come to learn astrono-

"Oh, I don't know nother bout it," he said quickly. "I bearn a man at Jasper talken onet. He said a heap o' quar-

"What bright star is that?" pointing. "Venus, I reckon."

"I wonder how far it is from us?" she said musingly. "Venus? Why Venus is sixty-eight

nillions of miles, I reckon." "I happen to know that's a correct an-

Mark suddenly became conscious of having forgotten himself. He recollected his critical position and resolved to

proceed with greater care.
"How far is the moon?" asked Miss

"The moon's a hundred million miles. reckon."

"Oh, no. You're far out of the way there. It's only about two hundred and forty thousand miles." "Waal, now!" exclaimed Mark in well

feigned surprise. She looked searchingly at him, but Mark looked as if he had simply received

an interesting piece of information. "Do you like poetry?" she asked changing the subject.

"Some at." "My favorite poet is Tennyson. Is he

This was dangerous ground for Mark. He had a special fondness for poetry, and was more likely to betray himself on this than on any other subject. "No," he said; "I love Shelley best,"

stand Sheliey? I can't." "Waal, he is kinder obscurelike." "Do you remember any of his poems? If you do, I would like to hear you re-

"Waal, I mought give you a few lines

"Why, Mr. Slack, how can you under-

of the "Ode to the Spirit o' Nature." "Please do." Mark would have done well to let the "Ode to the Spirit of Nature" alone; but with a beautiful girl beside him, the half moon sinking in the west and all nature in repose, he momentarily forgot his assumed character entirely. He began, intending to give only a few lines and not to forget his dialect; but the spirit of nature was in him as well as in the poem, and by the time he had recited a few lines he was as oblivious to the character of Slack, the farmer's son, as if he had been the poet himself. Suddenly he awoke to the consciousness of having given the whole poem in his nat

ural tone and with his ordinary accent "Mr. Slack," said his listener when he had finished, "did you learn that from a man in Jasper?"

read it in a book,' He stole a glance at his companion, but failed to detect any unusual expression on her face. He took courage.

"What do you raise on your plantation?" she asked. "Oh, we put in some potatoes and corn and straw this year."

"Straw?" "No, no; not straw," Mark was as little conversant with the farmer's art as he was familiar with the poets. "I

mean bay. The girl looked at him and smiled. "The wheat was all gotten in early this summer, I am told," she remarked

easually.

again.

"Yas, we got in ourn early. We jest finished up before I kem away." "Why, Mr. Slack!" Mark knew that he had blundered

"Wheat is gathered in July," she informed the young farmer. "I mean the corn," he said wildly. "The corn comes later. It is ripening

a farmer, but he struck out boldly to undo some of the mischief. "Waal, you see, Miss Fain, to tell the whole truth, dad he don't reckon much on my farmen. He says I oughter be a

perfessor or somep'n o' that sort."

"A gentleman, for instance."

sense of perception."

Mark felt it was all up with him so

far as deceiving Miss Fain as to his being

Mark made no reply. For the first time he detected irony in her tone. "Mr. Slack-if that is really your name, which I don't believe-you are

certainly not very complimentary to my

"How so?" "In trying to make me think you are not an educated gentleman. Mark saw the futility of keeping up the sham with Miss Laura Fain any

longer. He resolved to give her so much

of his confidence as was necessary to

keep her from betraying him, if indeed

he could do so at all. His manner and his tone changed in a twinkling. "I will be frank with you. I am not what I have pretended, but I am not here to injure you or yours."

"Who are you?" She spoke with a certain severity that she had not shown before. "I cannot tell you. My secret is not

my own." "Are you a Union man?" "Yes. "A northerns "

women are islands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] It is an interesting fact that nearly an the countries which grant full suffrage to

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