



COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSN.

CHAPTER XIV. MARK'S KEEPER.



She was standing on the ladder with the tray in her hand.

Mark stood for a moment looking about him. There were dormer windows, which let in the moonlight so that he could distinctly see everything in the room.

While thus engaged he heard a light tap at the trap door. Opening it he saw a bundle extended by the fair hand of his preserver.

The getting off of his damp garments and donning snow white linen was a grateful sensation to Mark.

Then there came an inexpressible gratitude. He felt thankful to Souri, thankful to Jakey, thankful to Laura Fain, thankful to his God.

As the morning brightened and it was time to rise, her fears were less intense, and she began to think of how she should keep her prisoner concealed from the rest of the household.

In another moment she was standing on the ladder with the tray in her hand, half her body below and half in the attic.

And Laura Fain, suppose she should weaken; suppose she should, after all, consider it her duty to give him up; suppose a demand should be made to search the house; suppose—a thousand suppositions chased each other through his excited brain.

He lay tossing till just before dawn, when he again fell into a troubled slumber.

He was awakened by a squadron of cavalry passing along the road. The sun had not yet risen, but it was light. He could look right down on them, though they could not see him.

There is no time like a wakeful night to magnify distress, and nothing like an unclouded rising sun to drive it away. Mark looked out on the stretch of country to be seen from his window—the Tennessee and the mountains beyond, their tops tinged with yellow light—and was as unreasonably hopeful as he had been despondent.

Mark's heart seemed to stop beating. He could not see what was going on below so close under his window, but

presently heard the officer talking to some one on the veranda.

"A Federal spy escaped last night from Chattanooga, madam. He was in the disguise of a negro girl."

"He was tracked to the river, which he must have crossed. He probably landed a mile or two below Chattanooga, and we believe he is hiding somewhere within a few miles of this place."

"You are welcome to"—Mark could not hear to what the officer was welcome, but he surmised it was to search the house.

"What time did you go to bed?" The reply was inaudible.

"You saw nothing till then?" "No, sir."

"And everything was shut up at ten o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"You are good Confederates, I reckon."

"Yes, sir; my son"—Mark could not hear the rest, except the word "army."

"Well, with your permission, madam, we'll search"—The rest was lost.

Mark was too terror stricken to listen with due care. He supposed the house would be ransacked.

In a moment his terror was turned to a delicious sense of relief. The officer after calling to the men at the gate, rode around to the negro quarters.

But there was a danger in the search which would follow in the cabins. Daniel would remember the negro girl he had let in the night before, and would surmise that she was the person the men were looking for.

It is that ownership of human beings, Miss Fain, coming down to you from past generations, that has given you the spirit to tyrannize over me now."

There was a surprise that was not feigned. She did not realize what she was doing.

"Yes, never have I been so troubled upon as by you."

There was a submission in the young soldier's tone that satisfied the imperious girl. She was ready to heed the hints she had given, but she waited for him to speak again.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked.

"Remain where you are till I regard it safe for you to go."

"Then you have a desire for my safety?" he asked, looking up at her quickly.

"You came here unbidden and placed yourself in my hands. Do you think it proper to come and go at your pleasure?"

Mark approached her, and hazarding low took her hand and kissed it. There was something in the act to remind her of the lion—after the training.

"I did not say that I regretted it." "But you remind me that it is not agreeable to you."

"How can it be? You are a Yankee—a spy—and on a mission to discover the movements of our troops."

"Why, then, do you not give me up?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Can I turn executioner?"

"I see. I am indebted for my present safety to the fact that you do not care to do an unwomanly act."

"You must draw your own inference."

"But I should like to be grateful. How can I when you tell me that you do all this for me that your white hands may not have a stain upon them?"

"It is not necessary that you should feel grateful."

Mark studied her face for a moment earnestly. Then his manner changed.

"Miss Fain," he said, pointing, "take away the breakfast."

"Why so?" she asked, startled.

"I will not be under any further obligation to one who acts from pride rather than sweet charity. You have saved me from the hounds and from the gallows. Were it not for you I should now be either about to mount the scaffold or have passed by this time into that land where the only human attribute I can imagine as fitted to be there is charity.

Whether the danger is now passed from this neighborhood I don't know, but I am going to risk it. I am going down stairs and out from under this roof."

"You will do no such thing!" "I will!" And had she not placed herself between him and the trap he would have carried out his intention.

"Stay where you are!" she said in a voice in which there was something commanding.

"By what authority do you assume to direct me?"

"Your life belongs to me."

"True," He bowed his head.

"You understand me." She spoke with even more authority than before. "I own you. I own your life. You are my slave in a stronger sense than my colored girl."

"It is that ownership of human beings, Miss Fain, coming down to you from past generations, that has given you the spirit to tyrannize over me now."

"I tyrannize?"

There was a surprise that was not feigned. She did not realize what she was doing.

"Yes, never have I been so troubled upon as by you."

There was a submission in the young soldier's tone that satisfied the imperious girl. She was ready to heed the hints she had given, but she waited for him to speak again.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked.

"Remain where you are till I regard it safe for you to go."

"Then you have a desire for my safety?" he asked, looking up at her quickly.

"You came here unbidden and placed yourself in my hands. Do you think it proper to come and go at your pleasure?"

gave the march, and in a moment the whole guard was in motion.

Souri hoped that the sentinel at the door would join in the chase, in which event she intended to go to Jakey's room, get him out and attempt to escape.

But the soldier only went as far as the door at the head of the long staircase. Then, remembering that he would doubtless be punished for letting one prisoner escape, and that there were several negroes in the "black hole" for him to guard, he went no farther.

In five minutes Souri heard the barking of hounds without.

No word was sent to headquarters regarding Mark's escape till the hounds had followed the scent to the river and there lost it. Then one of the guards was sent in to report the whole affair.

Being an infantryman, he was obliged to walk, which took time. Cavalry was the only arm of the service capable of following the escaped man with a chance of success, and cavalry must be ferried across the river or ordered from Dallas, on the other side, ten miles above.

The latter course was chosen, and two squadrons were directed to proceed at once, one to throw a chain guard across the neck of Moccasin point, the other to scour the river bank for a distance of several miles below.

Had there been any cavalry nearer, Mark would have had a very slender chance to get away. As it was, he barely escaped one of the squadrons.

About noon of the day after Mark's escape the military authorities began to relax their efforts to recapture him, as they had other matters of importance to attend to, but they induced the country people, by hope of a reward, to continue the search within a radius of ten or fifteen miles from Chattanooga.

The provost marshal sent for Souri and Jakey with a view to gaining from them whatever he might concerning Mark's identity and his mission.

Souri, whose only clothing was that left her by Mark, begged Mrs. Triggs to get her more suitable apparel before being taken out of the jail. Had the old woman any excuse, indeed had it not been for the presence of the guard at the door, there is no telling what she might have done to Souri.

To have been thus duped put her in a towering passion. She went into Souri's cell and berated her with her tongue and shook her fist in her face, but refrained from touching her.

When Souri asked for a woman's dress she at first flatly refused, but fearing she would incur the displeasure of the provost marshal still further than she had if she should send a girl to him not properly dressed she selected an old calico frock of her own and gave it to her.

Souri and Jakey were led to the marshal's office, followed by a crowd of curious people, who were aware that they had been the means of the escape of a spy, but when they arrived the crowd were left outside.

Never was a man more puzzled what to do with prisoners than the marshal in the case of Souri and Jakey. He saw a simple, modest, poor white country girl, apparently not out of her teens, and a small, dark, nervous, and very nervous looking man, who was not very far into them.

"Who are you?" he asked of Souri not unkindly.

"Missouri Shack."

"Where'd you live?" "On the Anderson road, not far from Jasper."

"And this boy?" "He's my brother."

"When did you come from home?" "Three days ago."

"What brought you, or how did you know that the prisoner was here and in jail?"

"Jakey sent me word."

"This boy?" "Yes."

"How?" "He sent me a silk handkercher what I give 'tother m."

"How did you send it, boy?" "Niggers."

"Um."

"Well, you two are pretty young to be engaged in such mischief."

The officer looked at them with interest and vexation mingled. He had lost a prisoner for whom he was responsible, but he could not but wonder at such a dull looking boy achieving so difficult a task as sending the communication, and could not but admire the sacrifice made by the girl.

"What do you think I ought to do with you?"

"Reekon y' mought gimme back my gun," said Jakey.

The officer could not repress a smile.

"What gun?" "Th' one yer tuk 'tother day."

"Go and get the boy's gun, orderly," he said to a soldier on duty at the door.

The gun was not to be found then, but was recovered later, and Jakey was happy in receiving it.

"Do you know what you've been doing," the officer resumed, addressing Souri. "You've helped a spy to escape who will doubtless carry information to the enemies of your country."

Souri made no reply. She stood looking at the officer with her big black eyes. Fortunately for her, he had a daughter about her age.

Meanwhile some Tennessees who hailed from Jasper had been sent for, and they came in to have a look at the prisoners. Several of them recognized both Souri and Jakey, and told the marshal that they were what they pretended.

This and their youth, together with the fact that the provost marshal was not a harsh man, saved them from punishment. There was a great deal of feeling against "renegade" east Tennessees, and had they been men they would have been taken back to the "black hole" at the jail and kept there till it was found necessary to move them from the approaching enemy.

As it was, the marshal directed that they be taken into another room till he could hear from headquarters regarding them. He knew the Triggs and the "black hole," and feared to let them go back to them.

The officers at headquarters were too busy to meddle with such a case. The provost marshal's communication was returned with the following indorsement: Respectfully referred back to the provost

marshal with authority to do with these prisoners as he thinks for the best interests of the service. The spy having escaped it does not appear that there is any reason to hold them.

The brother and sister were brought in again to hear what was to be their fate. Souri was aware of the enormity of her offense and expected a severe punishment. She had determined to beg the officer to send Jakey back to his parents, then he might punish her as he pleased.

"Suppose I let you and your little brother go home," said the marshal. "Will you go there and keep out of any interference in matters that concern the Confederacy hereafter?"

"I'll go home," said Souri.

"Well, I reckon you'd better go," replied the officer. Then to the guard: "Send the corporal here."

"Take these children," he said to that person when he arrived, "to the other side of the river and turn them adrift, and see that they don't get back here."

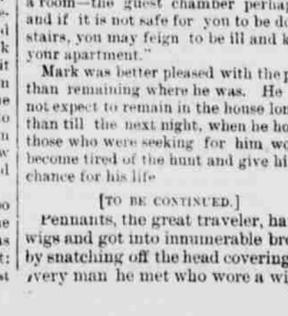
Souri's heart jumped into her throat for joy. Turning her expressive eyes on the officer, she said, "Thank you."

"Mr. Ossifer," said Jakey, "I thank y' for gimmin me back my gun."

A smile broke over the faces of those present.

The next day the brother and sister arrived at home, and great was the rejoicing in the Slack family.

CHAPTER XVI. A SOUTH CAROLINA GEOLOGIST.



"This is a gentleman who—Mr.—"

When the trap door of the attic had closed over Laura Fain after her interview with Mark he stood for a few minutes pondering on her strange treatment of him. Then he turned to the breakfast. He had eaten nothing since the evening before and the sight of the greater part of a fried chicken (it had been killed by Laura's orders for him only that morning) was especially grateful.

Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market is flooded with spurious white leads. The following analyses, made by eminent chemists, of two of these misleading brands show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain:

Table with columns: Material, Proportions, Analyzed by. Rows include Standard Lead Co. and Pacific Warranted Pure (A) White Lead.

Less than 7 per cent. white lead. No white lead in it.

You can avoid bogus lead by purchasing any of the following brands. They are manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and are the standards: "Southern" "Collier" "Red Seal"

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere. If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York, St. Louis Branch, Clark Avenue and Tenth Street.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

AND OTHER DISORDERS OF THE KIDNEYS CAN BE PERMANENTLY CURED BY USING

DR. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

It is a safe and unfailing remedy for all Kidney Troubles, Liver Disorders and Female Irregularities.

Price One Dollar Per Bottle. The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co., ST. LOUIS, MO., SOLE PROPRIETORS.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and restores the hair. Promotes its growth. Keeps the scalp cool. Prevents itching. Removes dandruff. Cleans and softens the hair. Makes the hair fall out. Restores the hair to its natural color.

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from weakness, nervousness, indigestion, and all the ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels, should use this medicine. It is the only one for the cure of WEAK MEN.

WEEKLY TRIAL PACKAGE OF PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLES FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN

WEAKLY WEAK! Made so by too close application to the study, or by over-exercising the brain, or by the use of stimulants, or by the use of narcotics, or by the use of any of the many causes which lead to weakness. MEN ARE VICTIMS TO NERVOUS DEBILITY IN THE MOST COMMON FORMS OF WEAKNESS. IT IS THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN. THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN. THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN.

Do you Know?

That more ill result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause—Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Malaria usually attend it. Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a vegetable specific for Liver Disorders and their accompaniments. It cures thousands why not be one of them? Take Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator. Your Druggist will supply you.

"THE poor man's dinner pail," the tax upon which so worried the democrats during the campaign, has not proved to be nearly so heavy a burden upon him as would a tax on coffee, tea and sugar. The republicans removed the tax from these staple articles of the poor man's breakfast table, but the democratic leaders are of the opinion that they will have to re-impose a tax upon them, or at least a tax upon sugar, in order to have sufficient revenue to carry on the government under their proposed reform policy. Well, let them go in and the poor man will learn in the school of experience which party is his best friend. Beatrice Times.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggists, Plattsmouth.