Yes! hers! But the heautiful hair that she

was his wife's.

## CLARENCE

By Bret Harte.

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Two Men of Sandy Par," Etc.

(Convright, 1894, by the Author.)

PART II.-CHAPTER V. In another instant bugles were ringing through the camp, with the hurrying mass of mounted officers and the tramping of through the pickets of our headquarters. But forming men. The house itself was almost you would bear a note to the general that no deserted. Although that single cannon shot eyes but his must see. It would not implicate had been created to prove that it was no mere skirminhing of pickets. Brant still did not believe in any serious attack of the enemy. His position, as in the previous

engagement, had no strategic importance to They were, no doubt, only making a feint against his position to conceal some supporting distance of the division commander, he extended his lines along the ridge, ready to fall back in that direction, while retarding the advance and masking mean? I have no lover!" She said indignantly, with a flash of her old savagery. "What do you mean? I have no lover!" the movements of his chief. He gave a few orders necessary to the probable abandonment of the house and then returned to it. Shot and shell were already dropping in the field below. A thin ridge of blue haze sheared the line of skirmish fire. A small low-fringed meadow. Yet the pastoral peace-fulness of the house was unchanged. The The

He entered his room through the French window in the veranda, when the door leading from the passage was suddenly flung open and Miss Faulkner swept quickly in
"It would have been 'an excuse'—yes—to side, closed the door behind her, and leaned back heavily against it—panting and breath-

Clarence was startled, and for a moment shamed. He suddenly realized that in the excitement he had entirely forgotten her and the dangers to which she might be exposed. She had probably heard the firing, her womanly fears had been awakened; she had come to him for protection. But as he turned toward her with a reassuring smile he was shocked to see that he agitation and pallor were far beyond any physical fear She motioned him desperately to shut the window by which he had entered, and said with white lips: I must speak with you alone!"

"Certainly. But there is no immediate danger to you even here, and I can soon put you beyond the reach of any possible 'Harm-to me! God! if it were only

He stared at her uneasily, "Listen," she said, gasping, "listen to me! Then hate, depise—kill me if you will. For you are betrayed and ruined—cut off and surrounded! It has been heiped on by me, but I swear to you that the blow did not come from my hand! I would have saved you. God knows how it happened—it was

In an instant Brant saw its truth instincttyely and clearly. But with the revelation came that wonderful calmness and perfect self-possession which had never yet failed him in any emergency. With the sound of the increasing cannonade the shifting posi-tion made clearer to his ears, the view of his whole threatened position spread out like a map before his eyes, the swift calculation of the time his men could hold the ridge in his mind-even the hurried estimate of the precious moments he could give to the wretched woman before him-all this he was keenly alive to as he gravely, even gently, led her to a chair and said in a critica

and level voice;
"This is not enough! Speak slowly, plainly. I must know everything. Hew and in what way have you betrayed me?"

She looked at him imploringly—reassured, yet awed by his gentleness, "You won't believe me! You cannot believe me! But I do not even know; I have taken and exchanged letters whose contents I never saw-between letters whose contents I never saw—between communication with the division headquarthe confederates and a spy who comes to this ters, although as yet no combined movement house—but who is far away by this time. I was made against it. Brant's secret fears did it because I thought you hated and dethat it was an intended impact against the spised me, because I thought it was my duty to help my cause, because you said it was 'war' between us; but I have not spied on you. I swear it!

"Than how do you know of this attack?" he said, calmly. She brightened, half timidly, half hope fully. "There is a window in the wing of this house that overlooks the slope near the "There is a window in the wing of confederate lines. There was a signal placed in it—not by me—but I know it meat that as long as it was there the plot, whatever it was, was not ripe, and that no attack would be the confederate in the co made on you as long as it was visible, at much I knew; that much the spy had cell me, for we both had to guard that in turns. I wanted to keep the control of the control o

in turns. I wanted to keep this dread-

I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU ALONE!

ful thing off until-until," her voice trembled -"until," she added, hurriedly, seeing his calm eyes were reading her very soul, "until calm eyes were reading her very soul, "natif I went away, and for that purpose I withheld some of the letters that were given me. But this morning, while I was away from the house, I looked back and saw that the signal was no longer there. Some one had changed it. I ran back, but I was too late, God help me, as you see!"

The truth flashed upon Brant. It was his own hand that had precipitated the attack.

The truth flashed upon Brant. It was his own hand that had precipitated the attack! With a like disbelief in death. Men dropped to right and left of him with zerone assurance in their ghastly faces, or a cry of life and confidence in their ghastly faces. were halting in expectancy, as he said:
"Then the spy has suspected you and changed it."

changed it."

"Oh, no!" she said eagerly, "for the spy was with me and was frightened, too. We both ran back together—you remember—she was stopped by the patrol!" She checked herself suddenly, but too late. Her checks blazed, her head sank—with the foolish disclosure into which her eagerness had betrayed her.

trayed her.

But Brant appeared not to notice it. He was, in fact, juggling his brain to conceive what information the stupid mulatto could

what information the stupid mulatto could have obtained here. She must have been, like the trembling, eager woman before him, a mere tool of others.

"D'd this woman live here?" he said.

"No," she said. "She lived with the Manlys, but had friends whom she visited at your general's headquarters."

With difficulty Brant suppressed a start. It was clear to him now. The information

With difficulty Brant suppressed a start. It was clear to him now. The information had been obtained at the division headquarters and passed through his camp as being nearest the confederate lines. But what was the information, and what movement had he precipitated? It was clear that this woman did not know. He looked at her kesnty. A sudden explosion shook the house, a drift of smoke passed the window—a shell

rounded you could pass through the Coufed-

'Yes." she said, eagerly you or yours-it would be only a word of

"And you," she said quickly, "would be saved! They would come to your assistance! You would not then be taken?"
He smilled gently, "Perhaps—who knows?"

He sat down and wrote hurriedly. "This, he said, handing her a slip of paper, pass. You will use it beyond your own lines advance upon the center of the army a mile This note," he continued, handing her a or two away. Satisfied that he was in easy sealed envelope, "is for the general. No one els: must see it, or know of it—not even your lover—should you meet him."

one you wrote to. It would have been an

He stopped as her face paled again and her hands dropped heavily at her side, "Good conical, white cloud like a bursting cotton God! you thought that, too! You thought pod reveoled an opened battery in the wil- that I would sacrifice you for another man?" "Pardon me," said Brant quickly; "I was foolish. But whether your lover is a man or afternoon sun lay softly on its deep ver-andas; the pot pourri incense of fallen rose leaves haunted it still.

a cause, you have shown a woman's devotion, and in repairing your fault you are showing more than a woman's courage, now." more than a woman's courage, now."
To his surprise, the color had again

save a man, surely. Well, I will go. I am moment," he said gravely. though this pass and an escort assure your safe conduct, there is an engagement and

ome danger. Are you still ready to face 'I am," she said proudly, turning back a braid of her fallen hair. Yet a moment after she hesitated. Then she said in a ower voice: "Are you as ready to forgive?"
"In either case," he said, touched by her
manner—"and God speed you."

manner—"and God spreed you."

He extended his hand, and left a slight pressure on her cold fingers. But they slipped quickly from his grasp, and she turned away with a heightened color.

He stepped to the door. One or two aides-de-camp, withheld by his order against intrusion, were waiting eagerly with reports. The horse of a mounted field officer was nawing the graden turk. The officers with the graden turk.

pawing the garden turf. The officers stared "Take Miss Faulkner with a flag to some safe point of the enemy's line. She is a non-combatant of their own, and will receive

protection had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with the aides-de-camp before the field of-ficer hurriedly entered. Taking Brant aside, he said quickly: "Pardon me, general, but there is a strong feeling among the men that this attack is the result of some information obtained by the enemy. The woman you have just given a safeguard to is suspected, and the men are indignant.

suspected, and the men are indignant.

"The more reason why she should be conveyed beyond any consequences of their folly, Major," said Brant frigidly, "and I look to you for her safe convoy. There is nothing in this attack to show that the has received any information rewould be better to see that my orders are carried out regarding the slaves and non-combatants who are passing our lines from division headquarters, where valuable infor-mation may be obtained, than in the surveillance of a testy and outspoken girl."

An angry flush covered the major's cheek as he saluted and fell back, and Brant turned

to the aide-de-camp. The news was grave. A column of the enemy had moved against the ridge; it was no longer possible to hold it; and the brigade was cut off from its enter were confirmed. Would his commuications to the division commander pass through the attacking column in time? One thing puzzled him. As yet the enemy

after facing his line, had shown no disposi-tion, even with their overwhelming force, to turn aside to cover him. He could easily have fallen back when it was possible to old the ridge no longer without pursuit. His flank and rear were not threatened, as hey might have been by a division of so arge an attacking column, and his retreat was still secure! It was this fact that seemed to show a failure or imperfection in the enemy's plan. It was possible that his precipitation of the attack by the changed signal had been the cause of it. Doubtless some provision had been made to attack him in flank and rear, but in the unexpected hurry of the onset it had to be abandoned. He could still save himself, as his officers knew, he his conviction that he might yet be able to support his division commander by holding his position doggedly, but coolly awaiting his opportunity, was strong. More than that, it was his temperament and in-

Harrowing them in flank and rear, contesting the ground inch by inch, and holding his own against the artillery sent to dislodge him, or the cavalry that curled round to ride through his open ranks, he saw his files melt away before this steady current with-

PART II.—CHAPTER VI. Yet all along that fateful ridge, now obcured and confused with thin crossing smoke irifts from file firing, like partly rubbed out slate pencil marks, or else, when cleared of those drifts, presenting only an indistinguishable map of zigzag lines of straggling wagons and horses, unintelligible to any eye but his, the singular magnetism of the chief was felt everywhere. Whether it was shown in the quick closing in of resistance to some sharper onset of the enemy or the more dogged stand of inaction under fire, his power was always dominant. A word or two of comprehensive direction, sent through an aide-de-camp, or the sudden relief of his dark, watchful, com-posed face, uplifted above a line of bayonets, never failed in their magic. Like all born never failed in their magic. Like all born leaders he seemed, in these emergencies, to hold a charmed life, infecting his followers with a like disbelief in death. Men dropped to right and left of him with serene assurance in their ghastly faces, or a cry of life and confidence in their last gasp. Stragglers a hopeless, inextricable wrangle around an overturned caisson, at a turn of the road, resolved itself into an orderly, quiet, deliberate clearing away of the impediment before the significant waiting of that dark, silent horse-

Yet under this imperturbable mask he was keenly conscious of everything; in that apparent concentration there was a sharpening of all his senses and his impressibility; he saw the first trace of doubt or alarm in the face of a subaltern to whom he was giving an order; the first touch of ringgishness in a re-forming line; the more significant clumsiness of a living evolution that he keeps of a living evoluton that he knew was clogged by the dead bodies of comrades; the ominous silence of a breastwork; the awful inertia of some rigidly kneeling flies beyond, which still kept their form, but never would move again; the melting away of akirmish points; the sudden gaps here and there; the sickening incurving of what a moment before had been a straight line—all these he saw in all their fatal significance. But even at this memory contents.

ad been obtained at the division.

The surgeon met of straggiers and camp followers. Mounted he precipitated? It was clear that this woman did not know. He looked at her keenly. A sudden explosion shook the house, a drift of smoke passed the window—a shell had burst in the garden.

She had been gazing at him despairingly, wisifully, but she did not blanch or start. As idea took possession of him. He approached her and took her cold hand. A haif smile parted her pale lips.

The surgeon met of straggiers and camp followers. Mounted on a wheel, with a revolver in each hand who had been gazing at him despairingly, with the whole responsibility of the field on his shoulders, even at that desperate moment, found himself recalling a vivid picture of the Red Dick in "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," as he had seen him in a California theater five years he fight of that the surgeon met of straggiers and camp followers. Mounted of straggiers and camp followers. Mounted who not stragged to be surger away," he said, "but she seems to be suffer derivative in the surgeon met of the surgeon met of

he said gravely. "I believe you regret the step you have taken. If you could undo what you have done, even at peril to yourself, date you do it?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

"You are known to the chemy. If I am sur"You are known to the chemy. If I am sur"You have devotion."

before.

It wanted still an hour of the darkness that darkness that would probably close the fight of that day. Could he hold out, keeping his offensive position so long? A hasty council with his officers showed him that the weakness of their position had already infected them.

It wanted still an hour of the darkness austers conventional privacy which had first austers conventional privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another the particular to the particular to that austers conventional privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another the particular to the particular to the privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another the particular to the particular to the privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another the particular to the particular to the particular to the privacy which had first impressed him. Yet he hesitated; another the particular to the p

was still open-that in the course of the night the enemy, although still pressing was still open—that in the course of the night the enemy, although still pressing toward the division center, might yet turn and outflank him—or that their strangely de-layed supports might come up before morn-Brant's glass, however, remained fixed on the main column, still pursuing its way along the ridge. It struck him suddenly, however, that the steady current had stopped. spread out along the crest on both sides and was now at right angles with its previous course. There had been a check! next moment the thunder of guns along the horizon and the rising cloud of smoke revealed a line of battle. The di-vision center was engaged. The opportunity he had longed for had come—the desperate chance to throw himself on their

car and cut his way through the divisionshattered ranks-scarce a regiment remain:d. Even as a demonstration the attack would fall against the enemy's superior numbers. Nothing clearly was left to him now but to remain where he was—within supporting distance, and await the issue of the fight be-He was putting up his glass when the dull beem of cannon in the extreme western limit of the horizon attracted his attention. By the still gleaming sky he could see a long gray line stealing up from the valley from the distant rear of the headquarters to join the main column. They were the missing supports! His heart leaped! He held the key to the mystery now. The one imporfect saved him had reached the division com- tagonism of spirit! Yet her first gesture was mander with his message in time, he might be rolled back upon him-but he conjectured that the division commander would attempt to prevent the junction of the supports with the main column by breaking between them, crowding them from the ridge and joining As the last stragglers of the rear guard swept by Brant's bugles were already recalling the skirmishers. He redoubled his

pickets and resolved to wait and watch. But there was the more painful duty of ooking after the wounded and dead. The arger rooms of the headquarters had already been used as a hospital. Passing from cot to cot, recognizing in vacant faces now drawn with agony or staring in vacant un-consciousness the features that he had seen nly a few hours before flushed with enthusi m and excitement, something of his old oubting, questioning nature returned. Was here no way but this? How far was hemoving among them unscathed and unin-jured—responsible? And if not he—who jured—responsible? them? His mind went back bilterly to the old days of the conspiracy-to the inception of that struggle which was bearing such He thought of his wife he felt his cheeks tingle, and he was fair o avert his eyes from those of his prostrate comrades, in strange fear that with the clairvoyance of dying men they should read

his secret. It was past midnight when, without un ressing, he threw himself upon his bed in the little convent like cell to snatch a few mo ments of sleep. Its spotless, peaceful walls and draperies affected him strangely, as if he had brought into its immaculate serenit; the sanguine stain of war. He was awak ened suddenly from a deep slumber by an indefinite sense of alarm. His first thought was that he had been summoned to repel an attack. He sat up and listened; everything was silent except the measured tread of the sentry on the gravel walk below. But the door was open. He sprang to his feet and slipped into the gallery in time to see the tall figure of a woman glide before the last moonlit window at its furthest end. He could not see her face, but the character stic turbaned head of the negro race was plainly visible.

He did not care to follow her or even alarm the guard. If it were the spy or one of her emmissaries, she was powerless now to do any harm, and under his late orders and the rigorous vigilance of his sentinels she could not leave the lines—or indeed the house. She probably knew this as well as he did; it was, therefore, no doubt only an accidental intrusion of one of the servants accidental intrusion of one of the servants, He re-entered the room and stood for a few moments by the window looking over the moonlit ridge. The sounds of distant can-non had long since ceased. Wide awake and refreshed by the keen morning air, which alone of all created things seemed to have shaken the burden of the dreadful yesterday from its dewy wings, he turned away and lit a candle on the table. As he was re-buckling his sword belt he saw a piece of paper lying on the foot of the bed from which he had just risen. Taking it to the candle, he read in a roughly scrawled hand:

'You are asleep when you should be on the march. You have no time to lose. Before daybreak the supports of the column you have been foolishly resisting will be upon you. From one who would save you, but hates your cause."

For a moment he was transfixed. The for a moment ne was transfixed. The handwriting was unknown, and evidently disguised. It was not the purport of the message that alarmed him, but the terrible suspicion that flathed upon him that it came from Miss Faulkner! She had failed in her attempt to pass through the enemy's lines— or she had never tried to! She had de-ceived him, or she had thought better of her chivalrous impulse, and now tried to miti-gate her second treachery by this second warning! And he had let her messenge

escape him!
He hurriedly descended the stairs. The sound of voices was approaching him. He halted, and recognized the faces of the briggade surgeon and one of his aldes-de-camp "We were hesitating whether to disturb you, general, but it may be an affair of some importance. Under your orders a negro woman was just now challenged stealing out of the lines. Attempting to escape, she was chased, there was a struggle and scramble over the wall, and she fell, striking her head. she was brought into the guard house un-

'Very good. I will see her," said Brant, with a feeling of relief.

"One moment, general. We thought you would perhaps prefer to see her alone," said the surgeon. "For when I endeavored to bring her to and was the surgeon to be the surgeon." the surgeon. 'For when I endeavored to bring her to, and was sponging her face and head to discover her injuries, her color came off! She was a white woman—stained and lisguised as a mulatto,

For an instant Brant's heart sank. It was Miss Faulkner. "Did you recognize her?" he said, glanc-ing from one to the other. "Had you seen her before?"

"No, sir," replied the aide-de-camp. "But she seemed to be quite a superlor woman—a lady. I should say."

Brant breathed more freely. "Where is she now?" he asked.

"In the guard house. We thought it bet-

er not to bring her into the hospital, among he men, until we had your orders."
"You have done well," returned Brant gravely, "And you will keep this to your-elves for the present, but see that she is gravely. brought here quietly and with as little pub-licity as possible. Put her in my room above, which I give up to her, and any necessary attendant. But you will look carefully after her, doctor," he turned to the surgeon, "and when she recovers consciousness let me know."

He moved away. Although attaching little importance to the mysterious message— whether sent by Miss Faulkner or emanating from the stranger herself—which he had reasoned was based only upon a knowledge of the original plan of attack—he neverthe-less quickly dispatched a small scouting cance. But even at this moment, coming upon a hasty barricade of overset commissary wagons, he stopped to glance at a familiar figure he had seen but an hour ago, who now seemed to be commanding a group of stragglers and camp followers. Mounted on a wheel, with a revolver in each hand

almost timidly toward the bed. The cover let was drawn up near the throat of the figure to replace the striped cotton gown, stained with blood and dust, which had bee hurriedly torn off and thrown aside. The color, the long hair still damp from the sur-geon's sponge, lay rigidly back on the pillow. Suddenly this man of iron nerves uttered a faint cry, and, with a face as white as the upturned one before him, fell on his knees peside the bed. For the face that lay there

had gloried in—the halr that in his youth he had thought had once fallen like a benegrey slong the time veined hollows of the temples; the orbits of those clear eyes, beneath their delicately arched brows, were ringed with days of suffering; only the clear cut profile, even to the delicate imperiousness of lips and nostril, was still there in all its beauty. The coverlet had slipped from the shoulder; its familiar marble con-tour had startled him. He remembered how In their early married days he had felt the sanctity of that Diana-like revelation, and the still nymph-like austerity which clung to this strange, childless woman. He even fancied that he breathed again the subtle characteristic perfume of the lace embroideries, the delicate enwrappings in her chamber at Robles. Perhams it was the intensity product that the production of the lace embroideries, the delicate enwrappings in her chamber at Robles. Perhams it was the intensity product the production of the lace embroideries and the production of the lace against your skill and power. You are a hero—a born leader of men! I know it! Have I not heard from the men who have fought against your skill and power. You are a hero—a born leader of men! I know it! Have I not heard from the men who have fought against your, and yet admired and understood you, are better than your own? In their early married days he had felt the sanctity of that Diana-like revolution, and ber at Robles. 'Perhaps it was the intensity mean? I have no lover!"

Brant glanced at her flushed face. "I detail of the enemy's plan was before him, of his gaze—perhaps it was the magnetism thought," he said quietly, "that there was some one you cared for in yonder lines—some had seen only the second signal from the cycle were still closed, turned on the was the mean the supports. This heart teaped: He held the second his gaze—perhaps it was the intensity level. The supports is not supported in the supports of his gaze—perhaps it was the intensity level. The window—when Miss Faulkner had replaced pillow instinctively toward him. He rose the vase—and had avoided his position. It from his knees. Her eyes opened slowly. was impossible to limit the effect of this As the first glare of wonderment cleared blunder! If the young girl who had thus from them they met him-in the old ana feminine pathetic movement with both be forewarned, and even profit by it. His hands to arrange her strangling hair. It own position would be less precarious, as the brought her white fingers, cleaned of their enemy already engaged in front would be undisguising stains, as a sudden revelation to able to recover their position in the rear and her of what had happened; she instantly correct the blunder. The bulk of their column slipped them back under the coverlet again. had already streamed past him. If defeated Brant did not speak, but with folded arms there was always the danger that it might stood gazing upon her. And it was her stood gazing upon her. And it was her voice that first broke the silence. "You had recognized me! Well, I suppose

you know all," she said with a weak half-He bowed his head. He felt as yet he could not trust his voice and envied her

her own. I may sit up, mayn't I?" She managed by sheer force of will to struggle to a sit-ting posture. Then as the coverlet slipped from the bare shoulders she said, as she drew it with a shiver of disgust around her again; "I forgot the you strip women-you northern soldiers. But I forgot also," she added with a sarcastic smile, "that you are likewise my husband-and this is your

The contemptuous significance of he speech dispelled the last lingering remnant of Brant's dream. In a voice as dry as her own he said: "I am afraid you will now have to remember only that I am a northern general and you a southern spy."

"So be it," she said gravely. Then, impulsively, "But I have not spied on you."

Yet the next moment she bit her lips as if

the expression had unwitting y escaped her, and with a reckless shrug of her shoulders she lay back on her pillow.
"It matters not," said Brant coldly.

have used this house and those within it to forward your designs. It is not your fault that you found nothing in the dispatch box She stared at him quickly; then shrugged her shoulders again. "I might have known she was false to me," she said bitterly, "and that you would wheedle her soul away as you have others. Well-she betrayed me

For what?" an effort he contained himself. "It was the flower that betrayed you! The flower who red dust fell in the box when you opened on the desk by the window in yonder roor The flower that, stood in the window as signal. The flower I myself removed and a spoiled the miserable plot your friends had

of mingled terror and aw her face. "You changed th came into her face. mal," she repeated dazedly; then lower voice: "That accounted all!" But the next moment it all!" But the next moment she turned again flercely upon him. "And you mean to tell me that she didn't help you—that she didn't sell me—your wife—to you for—for what was it?—a look—a kiss?" "I mean to say that she did not know the signal was changed and that she herself restored it to its place. It is no fault of her nor of yours that I am not now a prisoner. She passed her thin hand dazedly acro her forehead. "I see." she muttered. Ther again bursting out passionately, she said:
"Fool! you never would have been touched! Pool! you never would have been touched!
Do you think Lee would have gone for you
with higher game in your division commander? No! Those supports were a feint
to draw him to your assistance while our
main column broke his center. Yes, you
may stare at me Clarence Brant. You are a good lawyer-they say a dashing fighter, too. I never thought you a coward, even in your irresolution, but you are fighting with men drilled in the art of war and strategy when you were a boy outcast on the plains." She stopped, closed her eyes, and then added wearily: "But that was yesterday—today, wearly: But that was yesterany-today, who knows? All may be changed. The supports may still attack you. That was why I stopped to write you that note an hour ago—when I believed I should be leaving here forever. Yes, I did it!" she went on. with half-wearied, half-dogged determination.
"You may as well know all. I had arranged to fly; your pickets were to be drawn by friends of mine, who were waiting for me beyond your lines. Well! I lingered here

when I saw you arrive—lingered to write you that note. And—I was too late!" But Brant had been watching her varying xpression, her kindling eye, her strange masculine grasp of military knowledge, her soldierly phraseology, all so new to her, that he scarcely heeded the feminine ending of her speech. It seemed to him no longer the Diana of his youthful fancy, but some Pallas Athene who now looked up at him from the pillow. He had never before fully believed in her unselfish devotion to the cause, until now, when it seemed to have almost unsexed her. In his wildest comprehension of her h had never dreamed her a Joan of Arc, and yet that was the face which might have con-fronted him, exalted and inspired, on the battlefield itself. He recalled himself, with

"I thank you for your would-be warning, he said more gently, if not tenderly, "and God knows I wish your flight had been suc-cessful. But even your warning is unnec-essary. For the supports had already comup; they had followed only the second sig-nal and diverged to engage our division on the left, leaving me alone. And this ruse of drawing our commander to assist me would not have been successful, as I had suspected t and zent a message to him that I wanted

It was the truth-it was the sole purport It was the truth—it, was the sole purport of the note he had sent through Miss Faulkner. He might top have declosed it, but so great was the strange domination of this woman still over him that he felt compelled to assert his superjority. She fixed her eyes upon him. "And Miss Faulkner took your message," she said slowly. "Don't deny it! No one else could have passed through our lines, and you gave her a cafe conduct through yours. Yest I might have known it. And this is the creature they sent me for an ally and confident!"

for an ally and confident?"

For an instant Brant felt the sting of this enforced contrast between the two women. But he only said: "You forget that did not know you were the spy, nor do I believe that she suspected you were my

"Why should she?" she said almost flercely. "I am known among these people only by the name of Benham, my maiden name. Yes! you oue take me out and shoot me under that name, without disgracing yours. Nobody will know that the southern spy was the wife of the northern general.
You see I have thought even of that!"
"And thinking that," said Brant slowly,
"you have put yourself—I will not say in my
power—for you are in the power of any man in this camp who may know you or even hear you speak. Well, let us understand each other piainly. I do not know how great a sacrifice your devotion to your cause demands of you. I do not know what seems to demand of me. Hear me, then! will do my best to protect you and get you safely away from here; but, failing that, I tell you plainly that I shall blow out your brains and my own together."

She knew that he would do it. Yet her eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awak-

eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awakcoing light. She put back her hair again
and half raised herself upon the pillow to
gaze at his dark, set face.

"And as I shall let no other life but ours
be perilled in this affair," he went on, quetly, "and will accompany you myself, in
some disguise, beyond the lines, we will take given when desired. Artificial Teeth made by dentist of 20 years experience.

ble. An hour or two more will decide this Until that time your condition will excuse you from any disturbance or intrusion here The mulatto woman you have sometimes per-sonated may be still in this house. I will appoint her to attend you. I suppose you can trust her, for you must personate her again and escape in her clothes, while she takes your place in this room as my prisoner,"

"Clarence!" Her voice had changed suddenly; it was no longer bitter and stridulous, but low and thrilling, as he heard her call to him that night in the patio of Robles. He turned quickly. She was leaning from the bod-her thin white hands stretched appealingly toward him.

"Let us go together, Clarence," she said eagerly. "Let us leave this horrible place—these vulgar, cruel people, forever! Come with me! Come with me to my people, to my own faith, to my own house, which shall be yours! Come with me to defend it with your good sword. Clarence, against these invailers. Yes! Yes! I know you! I have done you wrong; I have lied to you when I proud I was of you, even while I hated you. Come with me. Think what we would do together, with one faith, one cause, one ambition. Think, Clarence, there is no limit you might not attain. We are no niggards of our rewards and honors; we know our friends! Even I, Clarence, I'—there was strange pathos in the sudden humility that seemed to overcome her-'I have have had my reward, and know my power. have been sent abroad, in the confidence of the highest, to the highest. Don't turn from me. I am offering you no bribe, Clarence, only your deserts. Come with me and live the hero that you are?"

He turned his blazing eyes upon her. "If you were a man!" he began, passionateyl, then stonned.

"No! I am a woman and must fight in a

woman's way," she interrupted bitterly. "I entreat, I implore, I wheedle, I flatter, I fawn, I lie! I creep where you stand upright, and pass through doors to which you would not how. You wear your blazen of honor on your shoulder. I hide mine in a slave's gown. shoulder. I hide mine in a slave's gown. And yet I have worked and striven and suffered! Listen, Clarence—" her voice again sank to its appealing minor. "I know what you men call 'honor'—which makes you cling to a merely spoken word and an empty oath. Well, let that pass! I am weary; I have done my share of this work, you have done yours. Let us both fly; let us leave the fight to those who shall come after us, and let us go together to some distant land where the sounds of these guns or the blood of car. so together to some distant land where the sounds of these guns or the blood of our brothers no longer cry out to us for vengeance! There are those living there—I have met them, Clarence—" she went on huriredly, "who think it wrong to lift up fratricidal hands in the struggle, yet who cannot live under the northern yoke. They are—" her voice hesitated, "good men and women—they

are respected—they are—"
"Recreants and slaves, before whom you, spy as you are, stand a queen!" broke in Brant, passionately. He stopped and turned toward the window. After a pause he came back again toward the hed, paused again, and then said is a lower voice: "Four years ago, Alice, in the patio of our house at Robles, I might have listened to this preparate. bles, I might have listened to this proposal, and I tremble to think I might have accepted it. I leved you; I was as weak, as selfish, as unreflecting, my life purposeless, but for you, as the creatures you speak of. But give me now at least the credit of a devotion to cause equal to your own, which I have never dealed you. For the night that you left are cause equal to your own, which I have never denied you. For the night that you left me I awoke to a sense of my own worthlessness and degradation—perhaps I have even to thank you for this awakening—and I realize the bitter truth. But that night I found my true you also my nursue, my manhood—" A bitter laugh came from the pillow on which she had languidly thrown herself. "I believe I left you with Mrs. Hooker—spare me the details."

The blood rushed to Brant's face, and then ceded as suddenly. You left me with Captain Pinkney, who

"Two confederate officers arrested hovering round our pickets. They demand to see Before Brant could interpose, two men, in

riding cloaks of confederate gray, stepped into the room with a jaunty and self-con-"Not demand, general," said the foremost, a tall, distinguished-looking man, lifting his hand with a graceful, depreciating air. 'In fact, too sorry to bother you with an affair of no importance except to ourselves. A bit of after dinner bravado brought us in contact with your pickets, and, of course, we had to take the consequences. Served us right, and we were lucky not to have got a bullet through us. Gad! I'm afraid my men would have been less discreet! I am Colonel La-grange of the Fifth Tennessee; my young friend here is Captain Faulkner of the First

Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none for me! I—"

He stopped, for his eyes suddenly fell upon the bed and its occupant. Both he and his companion started. But to the natural and unaffected dismay of gentlemen who had unwittingly intruded upon a rady's bedchamber, Brant's quick eye saw a more disas-trous concern superadded. Colonel Lerange was quick to recover himself, as they both

emoved their caps. "A thousand pardons," he said hurriedly, tepping backward to the door. "But I pardly need say to a fellow officer, general, hat we had no idea of making so gross an ntrusion! We heard some cock-and-buil tory of your being occupied with an escaped or escaping niggar, or we should never

have forced ourselves upon you." Brant glanced quickly at his wife. Her ace had apparently become rigid on the entrance of the two men; her eyes were oldly fixed upon the celling. He bowed for nally, and with a wave of his hand toward the door, said:

"I will hear your story below, gentlemen. He followed them from the room, stopped o quietly turn the key in the lock, and then motioned them to precede him down the (To be Continued.)

### IMPERIAL Hair Regenerator.



Perfectly restores a rich, histronicolor, makes the hair healthy, and iscleam. Sicaming, salt or Torchab baths do not effect it. It is as matural as nature. Detection impossible. "Your preparation has my cordial recommendation. I believe there is nothing in the world for the hair like it"—ADELISA PATTI-NICOLINI. COLORS—I Black: 2. Dark Brown; 3. Med ans Brown: 4. Chestant: 2. Light Chestant: 6. Gold Bloud: 7. Ash Blond. Price \$1.50 and \$3. A fere sample bottle of the fleest roarge "Imvenus Tini" will be sent on receipt of 2-tamp. IMPSERIAL CHEMICAL MFG. CO., fith avenue, New York.

SHERMAN & McCONNELL;

#### DIPHTHERITIC CONTAGION.

It Lingers for Months in What is Touched by the Patient.

At the meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, says the New York Sun, Dr. H. W. Berg road a paper on the treatment of diphtheria. In speaking of the disease itself. ie said that it could be communicated five

menths after its supposed disappearance from clothing, toys, etc. All who came in contact with the patient, he said, were sources for spreading the contagion, and everything the patient touched was usually contaminated, as the patients were generally not old enough to appreciate the value of perfect cleanliness and sanitation. Where there was diphtheria in the families of perwas especially dangerous. Dr. Berg com-mended the use of anti-toxine.

# Ozomulsion

Is not only a fat producer, but a builder of firm, hard, velvety flesh, free from all pimples, blotches and blemishes. It does not drive disease out through the skin, disfiguring the face and other exposed parts of the body, but aids nature in gently expelling it through the natural channels.

This is why the ladies like it.

IT IS FOR

Colds, Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Pneumo\_ nia, La Grippe, Asthma and all Pulmonary Complaints; Scrofula, General Debility, Loss of Flesh and all Wasting Diseases.

KUMN & CO.,

15th and Douglas Sts.,

# Rain in Oregon.

More lies are told about it than anything else in the

The average annual rainfall in fifteen cities for 18 years according to government reports, is as follows:

New Haven, Conn.       50.85 in.         Wilmington, N. C.       57.79 "         Savannah, Ga.       52.69 "         Atlanta, Ga.       56.23 "         Vicksburg, Miss.       61.38 "         Little Rock, Ark.       60.35 "         Memphis, Tenn.       56.10 "	Columbia, S. C   59.91   1
PORTLAND, Oregon	

They talk about "rain in Oregon" but no one says anything about rain in Florida, Georgia or Texas. Yet either had tempted you, and whom I killed!" he has more rain than Oregon. The reports of government They were both staring at each other, Suddenly he said, "Hush!" and sprang toward the door, as the sound of hurried footsteps greater rainfall than Oregon--to say nothing of the hurriechoed along the passage. But it was too canes, cyclones, lightning and hail of which Oregon has none.

The rain in Oregon is certain to come at regular seasons which people know and can prepare for, and never comes during the harvest season to delay work or destroy crops, while in all the eastern states you never know when a rainstorm is going to pour down upon you,

The thermometer never falls to zero or rizes above 90°. If you want to get there right side up and on wheels

call at or address our Omaha office, 101 Bee Building. STEARNS FRUIT LAND CO. OF OREGON.

A complete and beautiful line. all new designs at very low prices. In our art room and drapery departmentwe show nice novelties for Christmas trade.

DEWEY & STONE

FURNITURE CO., 1115-1117 Farnam St.

THE MERCANTILE IS THE FAVORITE TEN CENT CIGAR.



Experts in Painless Extraction of Teeth without gas or chloroform. Vitalized Air

Set of teeth, \$5.00. Best set, \$7.50.

## This Is What Chews

For sale by all First Class Dealers. Manufactured by the

When in good order; when not, it swallows whole, and as a consequence the entire system suffers. Many a case of dyspepsia can be traced directly to imperfect teeth and poor mastication,

To avoid this, consult

DR. BAILEY,

F. R. RICE MERCANTILE CICAR CO.,

EXPERIENCED DENTIST. Parton Block, 16th and Parnam Sts.

TELEPHONE 1085. LADY ATTENDANT. et, and sadd friend at the state

Painless extraction, 50c. Bridge teeth, \$6. Filling teeth, \$1 up. 22k gold crowns, \$6.