## THE PERILOUS VENTURE OF LADY ACKLAND.

By CLINTON ROSS.

You have asked me again for my story of the Burgoyne effair. Yee, I ought to know about it; for it was indeed the most Important affair of my life. Now in that camp-I'll confess-was a girl I once made love to; before the dissension divided us, before her brother was killed in the battle
where I, 100, was engaged. Kate Essex ever
held this against me, as you will see if you
follow me. Well, she was with Lady HarI am sure that Miss Essex will grant me a riet Ackland, the major's wife, in General geon, which enabled me to be of small serv- hysterical by the roll of the guns, I deice in looking after General Burgoyne's

fighting them, as my friend, Colonel Kenneth, forg t lt, when a prisoner at Yorktown. I hardly noticed that General Burgoyne was preparing for a retreat. But first the general was resolved to give General Fraser, who had died in the night of his wounds, a fitting burial. The regi-

and artillery along the outposts. A friendly sergeant put me where I could see it all. The chaplain led, with head uncovered, the prayer book of the Church of England in his left hand, and I saw then the girl I've mentioned, Kate Essex, supporting a lady scarcely older than herself, whom I surmised to be Lady Ackland. 1

"I thank you for your good offer-much. I would wish to do any slight service I

The girl seemed silly,

eral courtequaly. "Your excellency, chance has brought bout some curious events," I said, bending my head.

"I despise your favor, as you, sir," she the day before the great battle. I have, with the rebels, when your family should as you know, some experience as a sur-have left you loyal." This was woman left

wounded. And in all that fight I was busied, no cleasure to be in your camp, nor did I prisoner as I was, but enrolled as a British make this chance," I said in a low voice to

surgeon's assistant. I forgot that we were her 'Ah, Mr. Sedley." Lady Ackland cried, "we

"You may believe, Miss Essex, I will be to pains you shall not," said I, I think not without spirit

eneral Burgoyne said, smiling as if the bisode amused him even in his serious plight. "He has spoken tonight as the straightforward gentleman, and trouble, sir, makes us esteem each other. Of a pleasanter day for myself I might have had to hold you a prizoner for exchange."

"THEY HAVE SHOT YOU," SAID KATE.

was startled at sight of her in that dismal

Drums gave their muffled refrain, and all was ready for the service, never more ex-

Suddenly out of the comparative stillness was the deafening roar of artillery. A ball you, toro the upturned earth at the chaptain's feet, casting dirt over his vestments, yet he

our general. Dam 'em!'

taken? General Gates has found that, after all, it's not a movement of your troops!" I The minute-guns continued as the enemy's

Nor, I think, could anything be firer from those who had known this brave man opposed to them, and who appreciated his qualities as commander and gentleman and the sorrow of the soldlery and officers who had served and fought and messed with

the guns when was heard only the chap-lain's volce—'Will you dam; us?''
"I was wrong," sild he; "they're men."
By the time the box had been lowered it
already was dark, and in the retreat to the works I lost sight of Kate Essex and Lady Ackland. I had trembled for them in that rapid firing; for, though the girl was preju diced against me, I felt I could wish her

Saratoga. Half the army were supportess

The ensign who had taken me brought an order for me to report to General Bur-

I found him in a spot rather apart from the preparations with Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain, who just had said the service, Miss Essex and Lady Ackland, who was speaking earnistly. As I came up with the little officer, Kate Essex faced me with that same utter lack of recognition, but General Burgoyne extended his hand.

General Arnold. Here are all your papers. I must have looked my amazement, for he explained bitterly, "this is unusual, and the prisoner may become the friend. Lad Ackland is insistent on going down the rive to the enemy, where her husband, Major Ackland, is wounded. Mr. Brudenell and Miss Essex are for accompanying her. It's a dangerous attempt to make, I've told her Into whose hands she may fall is uncer

He pause, walking up and down. "Being an officer of General Washington you can bring them into the camp more safely than another. I have consented out of common humanity

But my foe, Kate Essex, interrupted. General Lurgoyne, I'd prefer not to have this man with ua."
"It's necessary," Lady Ackland cried "Will you let crejudice stand in the way?

"Leave me, then," cried the other passion cely. "I prefer not to go." can't dear." Lady Ackland said.

Here the chaplain interrupted with a bow me. "I know Miss Essex has prejudice against Mr. Sedley's politics, in which, we must conless, we all share, but—" "General Burgoyne," said I, stopping him

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"You did us much kindness at General Fracer's bedeide last night," raid the gen-

"I know; I expect nothing else. But it's

need you. My poor Kate, you must control your nerves."

your nerves."
"I'beg you all pardon," said Miss Essex.
"I'll not stand in the way—of—of this man doing you this service tonight. I need not see him after—ever. But—in the face of this, how can you tolerate a rebel?" And she pointed to those dejected soldiers of the ments were mustered into a melancholy

procession at sundown, and the sound of muffled drums mingled with the musketry "It's better that Mr. Sedley should go.

Whispering some words to the chaptain



and Lady Ackland, he hurried us down the

slope to the bank, I keeping well behind near Lady Ackland's maid, a frightener surrounding. The scene, grim enough against the irreg-ular outline of wooded hills, had sadder coloring from the soldiers, showing in all their appearances the hard, discouraging service of the yesterday; the officers with pale, serius, yet determined faces; many limping or

The chiplain paused by the opening

kept on impossively, as if he were in church. Several persons fell. The sergeant, who was still at my side

cried "Damn 'em! Taey'll not let us bury But suddenly the firing stopped, to be followed by the low booming of a gun at minute intervals, udding to the selemnity

Do you see, Sergeant White, you are mis-

'Now, sergeant," I whispered again-for It geemed sacrilege to speak too loudly at that place in the silent moments between

The meantime, many fires were lighted—rather more, I thought, at once than the camp required; but I was not long in seeing that these were feints to cover retreat to weariness and despair lay on nearly every face; and yet, I was amused to see two young officers, apparently oblivious at cards by the firelight. The enemy's line had ceas d fir-ing, as if they were still applogetic for the emly shots the requiem of minute guns

'I-I bate this situation." "And yet, Mr. Sedley"—she had not be-re in the adventure called me by my name "Mr. Sedley, I'll restore you the dispatch you brought from General Washing on to 'I must acknowledge to you-because intens-that you take your chance; you

"O. I'm not glad," the cried. "I hate the situation as I have said, but I could not block Harriet Ackland because of my prej-

'You were unselfish." For some moments she was silent, and then, strengely enough, began again. "Yet I must tell you there are things about you I cannot help admiring, although I have the best reasons for despising your

sition, when you should know better."
"There's small enough ground for admira-in." I retorted lamely enough. She was Yes, frankly, there is," said she, "small mough. Yet I'm not such a bigot as not to respect the motive leading you to send me

"Nothing. Yet it molifies one's hate in a degree to know that the person who is wrong is not utterly devoid of feeling." "I am glad you have found that out," I said, rather feelingly.

But she appeared bound not to leave me conceited, saying resentfully:

"It doesn't matter whether you're glad c

"Of course."
A moment after she added: "I am glad I have had this talk with you, because we both shall feel easier." "You do not know how much gratitude

"You must not wish you could,"
"How can I help it?"
"Because you know it's a matter of complete indifference to me."
Now what can you do when a woman takes your wittleism in earnest? Why, I kept pretending. "But it isn't to me; never can be,"
"And why shouldn't it be when you

you put me under," said I, half mockingly. But she thought I was in carnet

think of you." "I wish I could," said I,

it she thought I was in earnest.
"You know you mustn't forget what

"When I know?" questioned I, hal liking the pretense. "That I know that you have a right to

"A gracious concession," said I. She added after a moment: "Yes, and I'm glad I have had this chance to prove I'm no bigot even if you be She went on after a pause which she seemed to give me chance to frame an

"You must have advanced to be major. "General Washington knew my father." "Do you remember how I scolded you, whom I had just met, for being a dawdler?"

"It was sweet of you to be interested," said I. "I was not interested beyond the impatienca I always feel at seeing a clever man wasting opportunities."
"I know that," said I; "not that I'm

"I do not know, Mr. Sedley, but that it is strange enough for me to be talking to you in this way. But—but—" "I appreciate it in you, Miss Essex," said now entirely in earnest.
"This terrible battle—so much suffering

The steady car mingled with the cry of a nighthawk. Something splashed out in the river. The firing had stop ed. "At least we understand each other betsald she.

"O, we must," said she, almost humbly. I had pulled rather slowly, and found or coking about that Brudeciell's boat was around a bend of the river. When I com-menced more vigorously a musket was fired Nom the forest, the ball grazing her face. "Into the bottow of the boat! Quick!" cried "Down, Miss Essex!" She obeyed, croucking with admirable self

She obeyed, crousing with admirable self-control, while I rested on the cars.
"But you, but you, Major Sedley?"
Another report, with the splash over the bow, told me it was not a chance shot; that it was from Indians, or other manuders—of whom the uncettled country had many—or from in outpost of General Gates.

On the latter chance I called:

"I have heaved to What do you want?"

For answer I had a blow on the side that tumbled me over, when one car slipped. The other I clutched with hardly strength enough for it, too, was borrid faintness. too, was slipping, while I knew

"They have shot you," said Katharin cat and seizing the other oar before it wa I'm tumbled ever, Miss Essex," I man-"But don't stand up in that way. You'll be shot,"
"Let them shoot, the cowards," she cried

Let me see where you are hurt.' "You are not," gaid she, moving forward lifting my head. "O, the horrid blood." She leaned forward, tearing a strip from her skirt and then undid my coat, kreeling beside me, while the boat floated. No further shots followed from our skulking cnemy, who přobably—l belleve now—was some Indian. Nor did we hear the boat in "The coward!" said she, staunching th

blood with her handkerchief, and then bind-ing it on with the strip of cloth she had rrs from her skirt. "I wish I knew what to do. We haven' sything. When we started there was not trop of wine or spirits left

"I am such a fool," I cried.
"Be quiet, poor boy," said she softly.
I heard her voice and was conscious that
by head was in her lap, and then sound and sight faded, and I was in a dreamless sleep from which I seemed to wake, to dream, or know—I could not tell which.

And I was lying on the turf by the river bank. Her hands smoothed my brow, her voice brought me heart; and the dream

pressed and I saw while the morning sun lay in the river's depths, I was not dreaming. 'You are alive then?' By the river bank. Do not try to talk "And how did I get here?"
She laid her cloak on some moss, fro-

which she had made a pillow. 'I brought you." Why did you not leave me in the boat?

"There was too much motion for you "Poor girl!" said I. "What a night of ex caure this has been for you!".
"I have not minded," said she; "only whe: ou frightened me by making me think yo

"You would have been dead if I hadn' tannehed the wound."

"But you dislike me?"
"Stop!" said she. "You must not talk. only your opinions. Till talk, act. I can't leave you to do



AM GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU ARE RE COVERING, MR. SEDLEY.

verything like this." And I tried to rais But I had not calculated on the loss cloud, for I was forced to yield to faint

I watched her figure against the sky, th "We must have help. No one passes. N ne will," she said. Was this the hysterica irl of the Burgoyne came?

She scanned the river returning to wher lay. "Will you forgive me should I leave you?

"And why?"
"I cannot do for you alone." "But what may happen to you?"
"I don't care."
"I do," said I. 'If you care be quiet then. I'll be back.

She leaned over me, fixing the bandage could feel her breath, and—I could not help
—I caught her hand and pressed it to my 'How dare you?" she cried, springing up and as red as the low sun behind the Octobe

"You took advantage—on unfair one."
And she began to rub her hand vigorously s if she would be rid of the touch of my ps. Suddenly she stopped, looking at me

'Stop," said she; "I must leave you now

'I feel a fool to leave all for you to do."
"You said that once, but you can't nelp it,
ir. Sot a bit of your remonstrance avails with me, for I hate your position—as rebel. "I know." "Ah, stop," said she. "We're talking too

much. You must be quiet. I wooder if I can get on best by boat or by following the river bank." She moved away, while I tried to speak

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further, but without the strength for it.

Suddenly she returned, standing again by

'I have taken your papers, thinking

safer, lest they fall into wrong hands."
For a moment she stood there, a strange

expression in her dark eyes and then was

gone down the path through the ruddy Octo

Trying to rise, then to follow-all the dan-

gers she incurred appearing fearfully—the bandage was lossed, and I felt the warm

shood when I put my hand on the place. And

the sun seemed swimming through the mist

And I awoke in a room with an outlook on a hillside, and a man I did not know, who

on a hillside, and a man I did not know, who told me later, as I gained strength, how Miss Essex had succeeded in getting to an American post, where she had found help to fetch me, near dead with loss of blood, to General Gates' camp. The chaplain Brudenell had been frightened at the shots for the safety of Laby Harriet, and had bastened down the river. He already had been much in advance I boying delayed as I have said.

advance, I having delayed, as I have said,

and again I saw neither san nor river.

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I broke this open, reading: "Dear Mr. Sedley: I have put your papers, caled and addressed to you, in General chuyler's hands. He agreed to hold them until such time as you may be better, which I hope may not be long. I was fearful they

to find Miss Essex. On the road down, which we took by slow stages, I reflected that she probably would not care to see me, and that she would be sorry enough now for her impulsiveness that night. But at least I could pay my respects to the Schuylers and Lady Ackland. That would be only mannerly, and

Now General Schuyler's house was in those days the best in Albany, generous in hospitality. Here twenty covers had been laid for General Burgoyne and his officers;

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tering from the adjoining room, "that I am I was told that the Acklands and Miss Essex just once more—to tell you I thank you." aware of—excepting a letter Miss Essex intended leaving next day for New York. "It was but common humanity." intended leaving next day for New York At the same time Mrs. Schuyler handed me the papers Miss Essex had left; with the general, the seal unbroken. I had written the general I would see him in Albany,

"I was a fright, I know," she declared, "in but hint of one more. You know that those horrid days. I believe we abandoned Ackland was killed in a duel in Lood

could sit a horse. With some officers of whom I had become involved so strangely, Gales' I proceeded to Albany, where I hoped The habit she were brought out her figure. and just now the fee face (for fine it ever seemed) was flushed from her canter. She, seeing me, started slightly, I thought and then extended her hand as if nothing ever had happened between us.

> which I was ashamed, yet, as a matter fact. I really never was more embarrassed Presently, after some remarks, Lady Ackland, Miss Schuyler and the major left us

> "How dared you force your promine of me, Mr. Sedley? Our adventure gives you no privilege. We are back in our old posi-tion toward each other. You're a rebel."

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"O." said she, "I know better."
But then she begon to laugh, which emoldened me, and I told her what you may uses, when she looked at me now soberly.
"I don't believe I have the strength to be

else than silly. He you rebel or king's might fall into improper hands, and hence the precaution. If I should not see you that Miss Essex was in the saddle with one again—and I must not wish to, and do not may I say that our experience together has lessened somewhat our old difference.

It hardly recognized Lody Ackland, rest and level of the Miss Schuylers.

That is the saddle with one she added.

But, starting to tell what I knew of General Surgoyne's mishre, here I have been peace of mind having taken the lines from on my own story. Well, the fact is that surrender holds many a good story, but hint of one more. You know that

> My dear Kote nodded her little had what 'Many serious consequences followed that "Many serious consequences followed to lefeat," said she.
> "General Gates conquered General Begoyne, and I Kate Essex," said I,
> "Did you?" said she, toxsing her head.

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lrish girl, Half way down Lady Ackland let th "Mr. Sedley," she said, giving me her hand, "you understand Miss Essex's prejudice. It's her brother's memory, whom she lost with us."

there are loyalist Sedleys, Lady Ackland. "And I waited to tell you you have acted fitly in a position that must be as trying to Miss Essex's nerves have given way, Thank you, Lady Ackland, much, for rehusband. You are helping me reach him, sir," said

gently.

log first herself.

'No one better than I; you must know

General Burgoyne had been unable to spar an escort. I told Brudenell I would tak the maid in one while he should row th wo ladies He agreed, helping Lady Ackland in, when Katherine Essex motioned the maid to fol w into the same boat.
"I'll go with this person."

'You prefer, I know, to be with us?" said

At the foot of the cliffs were two skiffs

"What difference is it, Harriet? This man no more to me than the oar. You though was weak. I may have been, but I wan show I am not now."

And spurning my offer of assistance, sh aped in lightly, taking her seat. We have no time to talk about it " said

Brudenell helped the maid to a seat. "But ou're absurdity itse'f."

Shall I lead or you?" Brudenell asked. "You would better, as you know the river. We not out with the slew dip of the pars we'l under the high bank, where the

Lady Ackland, losing her patience,

defeated army was sounding its retreat, Now I did not intend provoking her by s nuch as a word. I do not like hysterical vomen, whom I don't know how to address. I even thought this poor girl no longer at tractive. But she bewildered me by speak

You are surprised I should choose to go

"No, I thought it simply bravulo." I said

again with some spirit, I think. This was no ner spoken than I wished to recall it; ye e answered without apparent resentment. "You read me well. It was that I wanted tell you again how wrong you are."
'I have every reason to expect that of you Neither of ue has cause to be glad at the y chance has involved us," said I, bent on owing a Rowland for her Oliver.

isst not think I am altogether unfair." I leaned on the ours. The little Essex was ologetic-for her nerves; and then, I pitied "I understand perfectly the circum

that very considerate note when—when Dick was killed." 'What else could I?'

"I know that only too well."
"How do you know?"
"The nature of the case," said L.

in advance, I having delayed, as . And Lady during the talk with Miss Essex. And Lady Harriet now had proceeded to Albany, as the Harriet now had proceeded to Albany, as the major had recovered sufficiently. With the Baroness Riedesel, they were enjoying Gen-eral Schuyler's hospitality. with a pitiful glance, and yet blushing.
"Poor boy, you're delirious."
"I'd wish the delirium to continue for-Be very quiet, lest you open the wound. Do you hear me, Mr. Philip Sedley ?"

eral Schuyler's hospitality.
"The baroness" said I. "I thought we left her with Burgoyne."
"General Burgoyne, with all his army, surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga."
"And where have I been all this time?"
You were delirious for ten days."
"And the world has changed," said I. "What did I rave about," said my doctor, lying glibly, but with a peculiar smile that made me wonder if he had not heard much of my recent exif I if he had not heard much of my recent experiences.

been involved together.

In these days my constitution was more vigorous than the young men of today have. In ten days I was able to walk; in two weeks

of course I need not ask for her at all. Considering the matter, I thought that perhaps I should better ask for her and leave it to her discretion whether or no she would

with a peculiar sinue that made me wonder and here, my friend—as I always counted here. It is and here, my friend—as I always counted here. Lady Ackland, had a visit that must her. Lady Ackland, had a visit that must here. Lady Ackland, had a visit that must have been particularly pleasant after the have been particularly pleasant after the hardships she had known. When I arrived am human, and I was bound to see you—

the package. I asked, of course, for Lady Harriet, but not for Miss Essex, when Mrs. Schuyler said

may I say that our old difference.

"K. ESSEX."

Now I kept thinking of Kate Essex's thoughtfulness in the matter, and the strange series of events in which we had heen involved together.

"I was a fright, I know," she declared, "in those horrid days. I believe we abandoned Kate and you. You don't know how dreadfully I suffered on that account."

While we were talking Kate Essex rode While we were talking Kate Essex rode up in Mes Schuyler's company.

I could not keep my eyes off from her with whom I but become involved so strangels.

> "I am glad to see that you are recovered from your wound, Mr. Sedley." I mumbled out some clumsy answer at when she turned, her eyes flashing.

"You may be in the old place," said I, getting back my voice, "but I never can be, Miss Essex, after that night-"

KLONDIKE ....