A Little Traitor to the South

A War-Time Comedy with a Tragic Interlude-By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Brady.)

CHAPTER V. The Hour and the Man.

Lacy tore off his coat and vest, threw them on the wharf, saluted the general and stepped into the boat. Someone in the group lifted a lantern. The flickering light fell on the pale faces of the determined

"Goodby, sir," said Beauregard, "you, at south is proud. Remember the flagship is your game. She lies at anchor right off the Main Ship Champel, Good luck to you. A colonel's shoulder straps await you here if you come back. God bless you all!" He wrung the major's hand, watched him step into the David and whisper an order to his men, heard him call out "Goodby, sir, If we don't come back, don't forget us,"

and that was all. The little boat was shoved away from the wharf by willing hands and in a moment was lost in the darkness of the bay. There was no moon and the night was There was no light save from the The torpedo boat slipped through the water without making a sound. She be came entirely invisible a hundred feet away. The officers rubbed their eyes as they stared in the direction where they had last seen her, almost fearing that she had again sunk beneath the sea. They stayed there perhaps five minutes, at least until the blockade runners, none of them showing a light of any description, could get under way in obedience to a lantern signal from the general and notselessty slip down the bay in the wake of the frail little craft which it was hoped would be able to clear

the path for them "Now," said Beauregard, turning away at last, "for Mr. Sempland. I do not un-I never thought him a coward."

"Nor am I, sir," panted a voice out of the darkness, as a pale and breathless man burst through the group surrounding the general.

"Mr. Sempland!" "For God's sake, gir, am I in time? The boat?"

"Gone." "How long? Call her back!" "It is too late. She has been gone ten minutes. Where were you, sir?"

"Major Lacy. Answer my question, "He! My God! I am disgraced! Dis-

honored! And she-" "Where were you, sir?" "I-I-"

"Who took her out?"

The young man hesitated.

"Why don't you answer? Do you realize your position? You begged this detail. Why were you not here?" "Oh, General Beauregard-"

"How could you forget your honer, the south? Where were you, I say? Answer or I will have you shot in the morning!" "I-I-was detained, sir. I-"

Is that your only excuse, sir?" sternly. mpland was in a fearful predicament To have restrained him by force was an act of high treasen. He could only explain himself by implicating the woman he The consequences in case were dreadful. Fanny Glen a traitor to the south? Beauregard was a stern, inexorable soldier. He would not ne such an offense as hers. That she had falled in her effort to prevent the would mean nothing to the Panny Glan, the pride of Charleston, the woman who had done more south than any other the Carolinas, perhaps, to he disgraced, certainly to be punished it might be-shot! She had ruined him, but he had her. He could not say the word would incriminate her and leave hir He was disgraced already, he would cashiered. Well, what mattered it? chance was gone, the woman did not him. His heart was hot against her. Yet he remembered the scene in the strong room-had she indeed returned his kiss? He closed his lips firmly and said nothing. would not, he could not betray her,

even to himself. You do not answer, sir! What excuse have you to offer?'

"You saught this detail. You forced yourself into the expedition. Have you nothing to say for yourself?"

"You are under arrest sir, for discbedience of orders, for derelection of duty! heavens!" said the general, striking left hand with his right, "for cow-"For God's sake, not that, sir!"

"For cowardice, sir! You knew the ex dition was one of extreme hazard. You have no excuse to offer for not having been here. What else is it?" "Not that, sir. Not that!" pleaded the lieutenant, "Anything but that!"

"A tra.tor, a coward, I say!" iefal Beauregard!" cried a high pitched voice out of the darkness, shrill and unnatural with terror and fatigue. next moment Fanny Glen herself, headed, panting from her rapid run, white-faced in the light cast by the lantern held by the staff officer, pushed through

the group surrounding the general. "Where is Mr. Sempland, sir?" she asked "Here, under arrest. He failed to arrive Can you explain it?"

"Gone. "Gone? Then who-"

"Major Lacy took it out." "And the Wabash?"

"Will be blown up, please God, if all goes

The girl put her face in her hands, as if to shut out some dreadful picture. she lifted her head and looked unsteadily Too late!" she murmured, then fell fainting at their feet.

CHAPTER VI. Beath Out of the Deep.

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good natured. Our book "Motherhood," is worth its weight in gold to every

woman, and will be sent free in plain

envelope by addressing application to

Bradfield Regulator Co. Atlanta, Ga.,

(Copyright, 1903, by Cyrus Townsend 1964, the little torpedo boat, after having successfully passed the monitors and ironclads anchored just out of range of Fort Sumter, and inside the shoals at the harbor mouth, was stopped about a mile from the outer entrance of the Main Ship Channel, where her quarry had been re ported as lying quietly at anchor at nightfall. Success had attended the efforts of her devoted crew so far. By Lacy's command the David was stopped in order to least, are an officer, a soldier of whom the give a little rest, a breathing space, before the last dash at their prey, to the weary seamen who had driven her steadily on

> since leaving the wharf. The night was calm and very still. The hatch covers were thrown back, the tired men thrust their heads into the cool, sweet air, so refreshing after the closeness of their badly ventilated vessel, and wetted their fevered, exhausted bodies with the stimulating water of the bay. The artillery officer took advantage of the opportunity to make a careful re-examination of the torpedo, and Lacy was greatly re-

the tophamper of the unsuspecting manof-war. A faint film of smoke falling lazily from her funnel in the quiet nir with her riding and sidelights, were the only signs of life about her. No more peaceful-looking object floated over the cean apparently. "It would be a pity," reflected the man at the wheel for an in stant, "to strike her so." But the thought vanished as soon as it had been formulated. His heart leaped in his breast like that last spring which hurls him on his quarry. Another moment-a few more

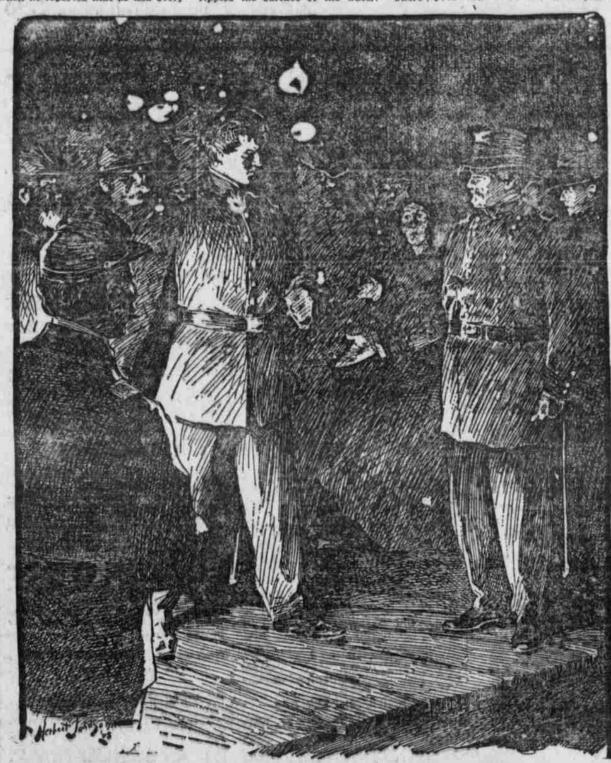
"That will be our game," whispered Lacy to the artillery captain, in a voice in which his feelings spoke.

"Yes." They were slowly approaching nearer. The bearings of the cranks and screws had been well oiled and the David slipped through the water without a sound. She was so nearly submerged that she scarcely

usually stationed there would be withdrawn in the excitement, they were me by a deadly fire from the rifled guns, which rendered it impossible for them to procoed. They turned tall and fled, Two of them succeeded in returning to the harbor. One of them never came back, She was set on fire and burned by the shells of the ships. The monitors and fronclads joined in the battle, the forts returned the fire, and the quiet night was filled with the noise of roaring cannon and exploding shell.

Lacy's had been a gallant and heroic attempt. It had succeeded as to the blowing up of a federal-warship, but it had failed otherwise. By a singular freak of fortune the blow had not fallen upon the vessel for which it had been intended. After dark the fine new sloop of-war Housatonic had replaced the Wabash off the Main Ship Channel, and she had suffered instead of the flagship.

Although when day broke she was sought for again nothing more was seen of the David. At least not then. With the explosion of the torpedo she had vanished from the face of the waters. For a long time General Beauregard and the people in Charleston waited for tidings of her, but it was not until the war was over and the Rousatonic was raised that the mystery was solved. They found the tor-Heved when he reported that he had every- rippled the surface of the water. There pedo boat with her nose jammed thex-



"GENERAL BEAUREGARD!" CRIED A HIGH-PITCHED VOICE OUT OF THE DARKNESS, SHRILL AND UN-NATURAL, WITH TERROR AND FATIGUE.

was able to judge. The young commander movement through the black water.

know all that when you volunteered. we do get out alive our country will re-Shake hands, now, Good-bye, and God bless you. Put every pound of muscle you have into that crank when we go within one hundred yards of the frigat and jump the boat into her. I'll give th signal. I want to strike her hard."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the seamen as cheerfully as if there was only a frolic before them. "We'll do our best. Goodbye, and God bless you, sir. We're proud to serve under you whatever comes.' "Thank you. All ready with the torpedo

"Yes, Major Lacy." "Good! Down everybody, now! Clap the hatch covers and start the cranks. Easy at first, and when I give the word-

captain?

He seized the spokes of the steering wheel in his steady hands as he spoke. Back of him, to relieve him in case of accident, stood Captain Wagner, the artillery officer. The heavy planks were drawn over the open hatch, locked and bolted. Silently the men manned the cranks. The little engine of destruction gathered way. It was pitch dark and very close and bot. There was no sound in the shell mave the

Forward by the wheel there was a glass tept them there for a few accords, then to direct the course of the boat. As the sinister sea damon stole through the from the severe face of the general to the waters Lacy caught a sudden glimpse at him to see the black tracery of masts were killed by the explosion. The officers, moned and she had been taken

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thing in good working order so far as he | was no white line of foam to betray her of the expedition was the more anxious was almost impossible for anyone to defor success because of the previous fail- tect the approach of the bilent terror. ures of similar endeavors. After a ten- There was nothing showing above water minute rest he gave the order to get under except the flat hatch cover, and that to an unpracticed eye looked much like a drift-"Men," he said, coolly, "you know the ing plank. Yet there were sharp eyes on found the bodies of her devot history of this boat. There's a chance, age, the ship, and no negligent watch was Lacy with his hand on the wheel, more than a chance, that none of us will kept either. When the David was perme back from this expedition. You haps 200 feet away she was seen. steadiness of her movement proclaimed a we do get out alive our country will re- thing intelligently driven. A sharp, sud-ward us. If we do not, she will not forget den cry from the forecastle ahead of them rang through the night. It was so loud and so fraught with alarm that it came a muffled note to the men in the depths

out, a drum was beaten. The erstwhile silent ship was filled with tumult and "They have seen us!" said Lacy. "Ahead!" he cried hoursely. "Hard!"

At the same instant the chain cable of the frigate was shipped, bells jangled in her depths, the mighty engines clanked nto sudden motion, the screws revolved, and she began slowly to drive astern. But t was too late, the sea devil was too near to be balked of the prey. The men at the ranks of the David, working with supernuman energy, fairly hurled the torpedo oat upon the doomed ship. Lacy had time for a single upward glance-his last ook at anything! The black railing towering above his head was swarming with men. Flashes of light punctured the dark-Bullets pattered like hall on the ness. One or two tore through the filmsy shell. A jet of water struck him in the face.

There was no sound in the shell rave the The next, second there was a ter-slight creaking of the cranks and the deep rife concussion. The torpedo struck the ship breathing of the crew as they toiled over just forward the mainmast and exploded, the wharf that night, but he had been tearing a great hole in the side extending far below the water line. In the blaze of She hood which permitted the men who steered light that followed the men in the David thing a then to direct the course of the boat. As the cheered wildly, and the next moment blackness overwhelmed them.

On the frigute there was the wildest consafety. The ship was hopelessly lost. Inploding boilers and the hiss of escaping steam added their quota to the confusion. Some of the cooler among the officers in hand, scarching the sea on every hand, until the decks were awash. They were looking and hoping for a chance at the noat which had caused them such a terrible disaster, but they never saw her. She had disappeared.

Signals had been burned instantly on line the lights of moving vessels burning death to him, she had taken this unfortu answoring signals showed that they were hat they were nate method of preserving his life? He Boats, ship's had not been too agitated in the strong alert to render assistance. cutters, dashed alongside to render help, and they, too, sought the torpedo hoat, but that in some mysterious way she was in vain. She was not to be found.

In vain. She was not to be found. happy at being in his arms. His heart At the same time the ships of the fleet leaped at the recollection. She had not did not move from their appointed size struggled. She had almost assiled against. tions, and when the blockade runners him.

Change dashing down through the Swesh He could recall the class of her arms.

Changel in the hope that the versels the bles that she had given him, the words

trieably into the hole she had torn in the side of the ship. Perhaps the mrush of the waves had sucked her into the opening and the roll of the ship had fartened her more securely. At any rate she was there. She was, of course, filed with water, and in her, at their stations, they found the bodies of her devoted crew,

Nothing in life had so become Lacy as the ending of it. It is a proverb that the good men do lies buried with them, the evil is long remembered. It was not so in this case, at any rate, for men forgot everything but the dauntless berolam with which he had laid down his life for his country, and that assured his tame. And, after all he was not to be pitied, for he died the death of his choice.

CHAPTER VII. A Miserable Pair and a Miserable Night.

Sempland's mind was in a fearful tur mail. It had all come so suddenly and unexpectedly upon him that as yet he hardly realized the gravity of his situation, although it could scarcely be worse He was under arrest and in confinement facing such serious charges as neglect of duty, disobedience of orders, treason, owardice! As to these last, he was so necious of his loyalty and intrepidity that they did not worry him so much as they might have done. The other things were bad enough, but surely, surely, no one could ever believe him either a traitor or a coward!

His mind did not dwell on his own situation as it might have done, either, if it had not been for Fanny Glen. Instinctively he had stepped forward to gather her in his arms when she fainted before him on sternly waved back by the general, and without being given a chance to learn anything about her condition he had been to headquarters and heavily guarded in the room where he was to be held pending Beauregard's further pleascold, disdainful countenance of Sempland. last of the spars of a heavy ship at anthe man she loved ahrank away from her. chor before him. The night had cleared swarming up on deck. Some of them land could not know it, the surgeon who somewhat, and although there was no never succeeded in reaching the hatchways had been present had speedily revived that moon the stars gave sufficient light for and were drowned where they slept. Some young woman, a carriage had been sumand yards lifting themselves above the however, quickly restored order, and as a under the escert of one of the staff officers. horizon. How still the looming ship lay, last resort ordered the surviving men into | Sempland was utterly unable to fathom \$30 that night, February 17, There was scarcely sea enough to tremble the rigging, for the water where she lay her mysterious conduct. He had thought was shallow, and there they could find upon it swiftly as he could during those trying moments which had been so filled deed, she began to sink so soon as with action, but he had not had time, until the torpedo exploded. The water poured in the guiet and solitude of his confineinto her vitals and soon the crash of ex- ment, to give it any calm consideration He was at a loss to understand her ac tions.

> Was she a traiter to the south? Did she and men lingered on the decks, Small arms think to prevent the loss of the flagship of the federal fleet by detaining him? That could not be, for if ever truth and sincerity shone in a woman's face and were evinced in a woman's action they were in Fanny Glen's appearance and life, That hypatriotism was unquestioned. pothesis must be dismissed at once. Was it because she loved him so that, the shattered ship. Far up and down the fancying the expedition premised certain

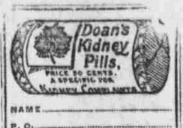
> > room of her house to realize as he held her

That constant backache! Strikes you anytime-'tis the first symptom of Kidney ills-comes in many forms-sudden twinges of pain-slow exhaustive aches-Kidneys out of order. require relief. Backache is a Kidney warning-neglect the warning, other troubles follow, Sick Kidneys cause bad backsbad backs are weak and lame and aching. Sick kidneys cause weariness-headaches-dizziness-rheumatic pains and numerous other aches. Doan's Kidney Pills cure every ill of the Kidneys and Bladder-urinary disorder-infrequent and too frequent urinary discharges-diabetis, dropsy, Bright's disease.



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that she loved him as he thought of these and reaped the glory-again. It was madthings

him! That was not the act of a loving his inquiry until the next morning, and woman. She had shown herself possessed Sempland paced the floor the night long of a full measure of womanly heroism and in a pitiable condition of wounded love. courage. She knew exactly what was involved in his failure to carry out his orders. How could she have done it? Was him? Was she indeed a traitor-and to soon, as the two men had left her presence

him? Yet-for whom?

the face of her treachery, her faithlessness-overything! He hated himself for And he would save her from the consequences of her action at the cost of his anyway, if she were taken from him? Death might come. It would come. order him shot. And it was quite within the power of a court-martial to punish Fanny Glea, too, if he fastened the culpa-

that she had said! He was almost sure wretchedness. Lacy had supplanted him | Poor little Fanay Glen! She had played, dening. No one came to bring him any had lost on every hand! Yet-she had disgraced him, dishonored word. The general concluded to postpone blasted hope, shattered fame.

\$

At home, not far away, poor Fanny Glen was even more miserable than Rhett the other advertisements are full of good it all acting, then? Did her kisses betray Sempland, for she had divined-yes, as the afternon before, she had recognized There was Lacy-ch, had he repented the fact-that she loved Sempland. Conafter all. Had he wished to resume the viction had grown upon her swiftly, and in command he had so reluctantly surren- those moments when she was fearful that dered? Had she been a party to any plan he would succeed in his purpose, when she whereby the matter might be brought had kept him a prisoner in her home to about? Was he to be shamed and sacri- prevent him from taking out the David ficed for Lacy's glory and honor by this to try to blow up the Wabash, she knew woman? Perish the thought! Yet why that she loved him. When he had held her had she fainted on the wharf? Was it at in his arms, in that bold and successful the mention of Lacy's name? Was she effort to escape, when he had strained her alarmed for his safety? If that were the to his breast, when he had kissed hercase, why had she not striven to restrain oh, that kiss!-the consciousness of her Lacy and allowed him to go in his place? passion overwhelmed her. The recollec-Suddenly there flashed into his mind that tion of it even filled her with passionate

Lacy and allowed him to go in his place?

Suddenly there flashed into his mind that there might be some one on the Wabash whom she wished to protect! Could that be the solution of the mytery? No one knew anything of her origin, her past history. Was she faithful to the south, yet had she a—a—lover in the union fleet? Was she indeed what he called her, a heartless coquette? He could have sworn from that brief moment when he held her in his arms, when he looked at her, that she loved him. She had returned his kiss. Oh, had she? Was it a dream? A play? To deceive him? Great God, was he goins mad!

Of only one thing was he certain. He could never disclose to anyone the cause of als failure to present himself on the what in time. Whether she loved Lacy or someone in the union fleet made no difference to his love. He would love her till he face of her treachery, her faithless—

But for whatever reason she had not been afraid when tion of the twenthelmed her with he paston the tenderness. She had not been afraid when he held her with he plated the with the pistol. The difference between salary and wages to prefer to his love her with the plated the with the plated the difference between salary and wages the plate thenderness. She had not been afraid when he had threatened her with the plated when his ton of the with the plated when he had threatened her with the plated when he had threatened her with the plated when he had threatened her with the plated.

The recollection of the uniform had when he had threatened her with the plated when he had the and threatened her with the plated.

The differe would be held blameless. But for whatever reason she had acted as she had, she had failed after all, for

this, but it was true, he could not deny it. another had taken Sempland's part, and the flagship, if the David succeeded, was doomed. Her sacrifice was unavailing. She life-his honor, even. What had he to live had lost everything, Sempland had shrunk away from her when she had confronted him and the general on the wharf, and He would make no defense! It was quite when she had recovered consciousness he within the power of a court-martial to was gone. She could not know his heart had gone out to her lying there and how they had hurried him away from her prostrate figure. He would never forgive bility for his foliure upon her, perhaps not her-never! she thought, miserably. He by death, but certainly by alsgrace and was under arrest now. What was that shame. The city was under martial rule, word she had caught as she ran up? General Beauregard was supreme. No, he Coward! They would kill him perhaps, gould not expose her to that condemnation She had lost all-love, the ship, everyhe loved her too well. Yet he wished thing! Lacy, too, was gone. He had that he could hate her, as she paced up taken the boat out in Scmpland's place, and down the long room, stopping at the Why had she not thought of that possi-

and played the fool exceedingly-and she (To Be Continued.)

Save This Issue.

It contains lots of splendid ideas for Xmas gifts. The book advertisements open splendid possibilities for Xmas gifts, and

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

There are 800 colored physicians practi-cing in the United States, 300 lawyers and 30,000 teachers. Orders have recently been executed in Sapan for a supply of fishing nets for Albaka valued at 430,000.

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Canada bought from us daring the fiscal year \$137.6%.199 worth in spite of the preferential given Great Britain, and sold us \$71,788,919 worth.

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that he could hate her, as she paced up and down the long room, stopping at the windows to stare out into the dark in the direction of the sea—where he should have been if all had gone well.

He was too far away to hear the explosion of the torpedo, which was muffled, because it took place under water, but he could hear the batteries of the ships as they opened on the blockade runners and the answer from the forts, and he knew that something had hapepned, at any rate.

And his suspense as to that added to his



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