

A Little Traitor to the South

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

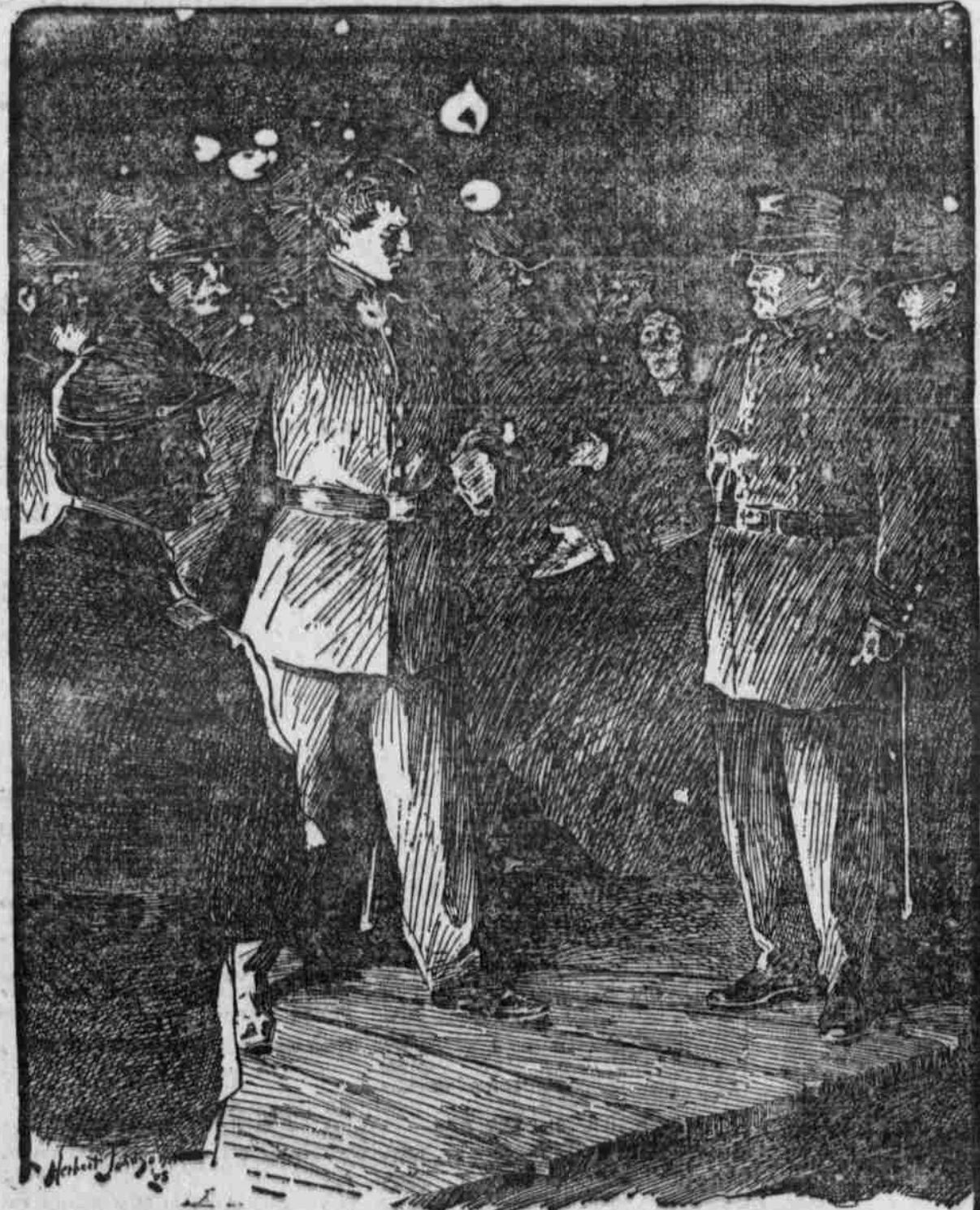
(Copyright, 1908, by Cyrus Townsend Brady.)

CHAPTER V. The Hour and the Man. Lacy tore off his coat and vest, threw them on the wharf, snatched the general and stepped into the boat...

1904, 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...

usually stationed there would be withdrawn in the excitement, they were met by a deadly fire from the rifled guns, which rendered it impossible for them to proceed...

the top hamper of the unsuspecting man-of-war. A faint film of smoke falling lazily from her funnel in the quiet air...



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

thing in good working order so far as he was able to judge. The young commander of the expedition was the more anxious for success because of the previous failure of similar endeavors...

"Men," he said, coolly, "you know the history of this boat. There's a chance, ay, more than a chance, that none of us will ever come back from this expedition...

was no white line of foam to betray her movement through the black water. It was almost impossible for anyone to detect the approach of the silent torpedos...

tribly into the hole she had torn in the side of the ship. Perhaps the inrush of the waves had sucked air into the opening and the roll of the ship had fastened her more securely...

CHAPTER VII. A Miserable Part and a Miserable Night.

Smpland's mind was in a fearful turmoil. It had all come so suddenly and unexpectedly upon him that as yet he hardly realized the gravity of his situation...

Was she a traitor to the south? Did she think to prevent the loss of the flagship of the federal fleet by detaining him? That he could have been so stupid...

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Mrs. Michael Toonery, No. 505 North Twelfth street, says: "My back often ached so severely that I could hardly stand it. I have been at times so that I could scarcely move and to stoop was an utter impossibility..."

Poor little Fanny Glen! She had played, and played the fool exceedingly—and she had lost on every hand. (To Be Continued.)

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