

THE FIRST CIVIL STRIFE

DALL PARRISH

BY C. D. RHODES

any weight with her. She sat motionless, but slightly forward. At last she said slowly:

"I know enough of—of army life to be aware that men are not ordered to such hazardous work—they are asked to volunteer. Only a brave man would assume such a risk; only a man who believed in himself, and his cause. I—I like you better because you have told me. I believe you are honest with me now. I did not know what to do, or what to say before. I know you were not Raymond, and that you were acting a lie—but could not guess your purpose. What made it harder to understand," her voice hesitating slightly, "arose because there was something about you so oddly familiar; I—I felt that I ought to recognize you—why you were only a boy—"

"Yes, Miss Noreen; I am Tom Wyatt."

"Why! Why, of course!" the swift expression was one of intense relief. "How stupid of me! Oh, I am so glad that I know." To my surprise she held out both hands impulsively. "Your being a spy doesn't make any difference now that I know who you really are. It is no wonder I did not recognize you—why you were only a boy—"

"Not when you rode by my mother and me on the pike."

"A year ago? I remember; yet I hardly caught a glimpse of you through the dust. You were just a boy when you were here last. Why you had long curls."

"And thought Noreen Harwood the most beautiful little girl I had ever seen."

"Why you—you are in even greater danger than I."

"Oh, no; from all I have seen and heard the Covans must be in sympathy with the South, or they never would have made the attack on Fox's party, or held Lieutenant Raymond prisoner. I had considered going direct to Anne, revealing my identity, and demanding protection."

"Her hands grasped my sleeve."

"No, not that! You do not understand, Tom Wyatt. These men care nothing for the issues of the war. They merely use them to cover up their own lawless deeds, and to assist in working out schemes of revenge. They are neither Federal, nor Confederate; they are robbers, murderers, and thieves. Anne Cowan here tonight for any purpose but his own? You realize what that purpose is."

"I have heard enough to make me certain," I answered. "He would force you into marriage to thus gain control of this property. The killing of Major Harwood was part of the plan."

"You know then of my father's death? You know that report to be true? Why, you said you were with Captain Fox at Hot Springs! Is it so?"

"Yes, Miss Noreen. It is true. I saw your father's body, and that of his servant Tom. I came across the mountains with the man who killed them both. I supposed him to be a scout. He called himself Jim Taylor, and when they first met your father addressed him by that name. They met by appointment at a house a mile south of Hot Springs. Your father said nothing to you of such a man?"

"No; I saw him but for a moment

knows it by heart, or pretends to know it. The piece of music is 'The March of the Young People.' The young people imagined it was a riddle, a mere flourish. They have just found that it is a masterpiece. The sculpture is the 'Marcellus' that Rude cut upon one of the door jambs of the arch of triumph. The painting is a panel by Paris de Chavannes, in the Pantheon. 'St. Genevieve Watching Over Paris.' So in the midst of the storm that which was great has become very small, and that which was mediocre has become small, very small."

"I understand his profession."

The professor of jurisprudence in a university was lecturing to a hundred embryo lawyers. He asked whether anyone in America could own a patent. One fellow answered, "No, not if you own a property."

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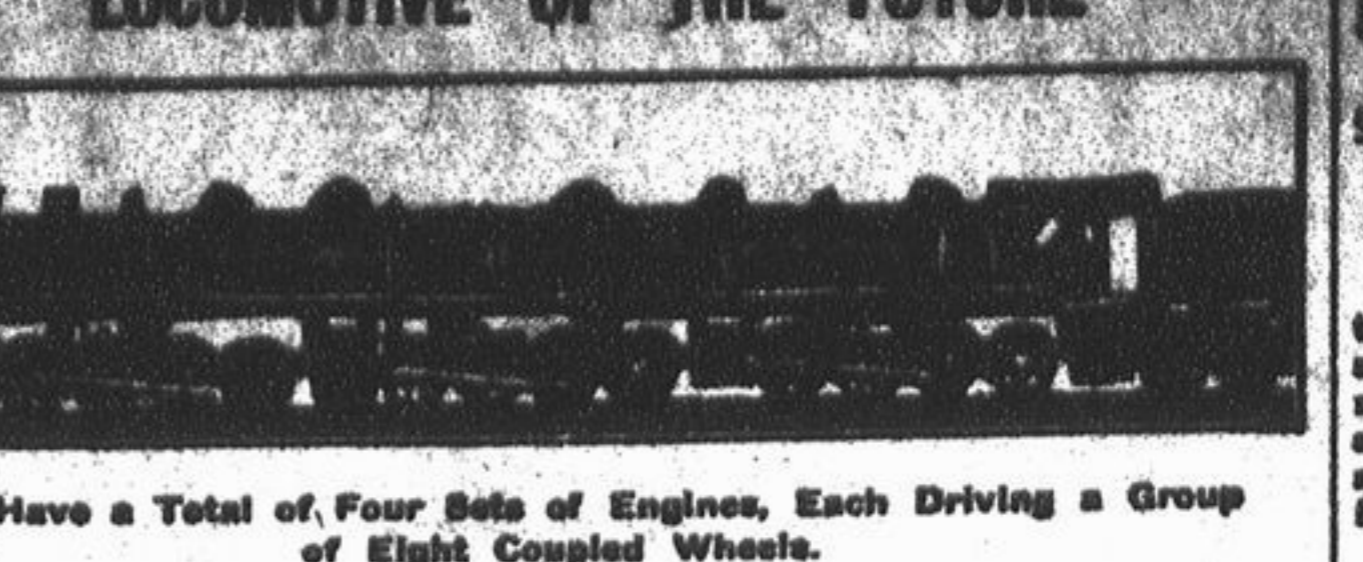
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Will Have a Total of Four Sets of Engines, Each Driving a Group of Eight Coupled Wheels.

MONSTER OF THE RAIL TRAIN HAS GREAT RECORD

Engineers Have Been Called On to Deal With Problem, and Have Achieved Results That Are Momentous.

The famous Empire State Express of the New York Central, the first regular long-distance train in America to run at more than fifty miles an hour, including stops, has begun its twenty-fifth year. It has covered a distance of 6,518,600 miles, equal to fourteen round trips to the moon, and has carried approximately eight million passengers safely to their destination.

The record during these 24 years has been a remarkable one. Not one of its passengers has been fatally injured. One of its engineers for sixteen years was Dennis J. Cassin, who last year was awarded the Harriman bronze medal in recognition of his unblemished record of safety.

When the Empire State express was first placed in service it weighed only 230 tons; now it weighs 780 tons. It was drawn by engines of the "370" class, and later by the famous "999," the locomotive that took the prize at the Chicago world's fair. Nowadays that locomotive looks like a toy in comparison with the giant Pacific type and it could hardly start the train, much less haul it on its fast schedule.

Alaska Railroad Progresses.

Thomas Riggs, Jr., a member of the Alaskan railway commission, recently arrived in Seattle, Wash., where he stated that, if congress appropriates \$9,000,000 annually for three years, the line from tidewater, at Seward, to Fairbanks, can be completed in that time. Mr. Riggs says the surveys are completed and eight miles of roadbed have been graded, and track will be laid within the next thirty days.

There is very little hard rock work along the whole route," says Mr. Riggs. "The maximum grade is but one per cent. Fairbanks needs this road to get at the coal in the Nenana fields. The main deposit extends over a district 20 miles long and 15 miles wide. I saw veins 40 feet thick. Mining near Fairbanks should see great development as soon as this coal can be laid down ready for the operators."

Bridges Expand in Summer.

Bridges expand or get larger in summer, and shrink in the shade or at night or in the winter. The rule is that heat makes everything expand and cold makes everything shrink. Cold is nothing but absence of heat. So we may say that everything contracts or expands according to the amount of heat in it. Metals have a most noticeable way of changing their size under the influence of heat. So when bridges are built of iron and steel the engineer has to allow for the change in the bridge's length. After he reckons on the amount of expansion he builds the bridge so that it has room to grow a little longer in the summer.

Flowers for All Ages.

The rich little maid will march from her cradle to her grave through a continuous avenue of flowers. The rich little boy will go through life accumulating florists' bills as a result of it.

When baby is born flowers from all mother's friends. Her first birthday brings a shower of flowers and at every birthday after that until she reaches the time when she no longer celebrates them, more flowers.

Shakespeare "Called Down."

"Ye think a fine lot of Shakespear!"

"I do, sir," he replied.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Rabble Burna?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them."

"Maybe, no; but ye tell us it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Unceasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Now Rabble would never have written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the other.

"Aye, just nonsense. Rabble would have kent fine that a king or queen either diana gang to bed w' the crown on their head. He'd have kent they hang it over the back o' a chair."



There Was the Sound of Chairs Being Pushed Hastily Back.

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I Flung Him Down on the Bed.

macy between your father and mine. More, I am grateful to you for the service you have been to me this night; nor do I hold it against you that you risk your life in the cause for which you fight. But I am Union, Tom Wyatt, and I cannot help you in your work, nor protect you. When daylight comes I am going to say good-by—and forget that I have even seen you."

"But," I protested, "why could we not part, if we must, at Lewisburg, after I know you are safe?"

"There are Federal troops at Lewisburg. They know me, and their commander is aware of my acquaintance with the officer whose name you have assumed."

"Yet, in a measure, at least, you trust me? I want you to consider me a personal friend."

"Why I do," her eyes opening widely.

"It is for your own protection I refuse your escort to Lewisburg. I am a traitor to my flag not to take you there, and surrender you a prisoner. If I did not care I would. Hark! That was a shot!"

"Yes, and another; they sound to the west of the house."

"In the orchard, beyond the stable. Can there really be someone hiding there?"

"They are certainly firing at something—there speaks another rifle farther south. Those fellows will be back presently, and we must be out of their way. What room is that beyond the chimney?"

"It was used by the housekeeper. Do you know where Parson Nichols was left?"

"In the room at the head of the stairs, why yes, your room. Could they have killed the man?"

I pushed open the door, which stood slightly ajar, and looked in. Nichols had partially lifted himself by clinging to the bed, and his eyes met mine. The marks of the savage blow with which Cowan had scored him, were plainly evident, and the man appeared weak and dazed. Yet he instantly recognized me, and crouched back in terror. I stepped into the room, and gripped his collar.

"Stand on your feet, man! Oh, yes, you can; you're a little groggy yet, no doubt, but with strength enough for that. Come; I'll hold you. Now, out into the hall. Miss Harwood, may I trouble you to open that door—yes, the housekeeper's room; we'll hide ourselves in there. By Jove, that sounds like a regular volley!"

I pushed the man forward, and flung him down on the bed, still retaining my grip on his collar.

"Not a move, or a sound, Nichols! Attempt to betray us, and your life is not worth the snap of a finger. Miss Harwood close the door, and lock it."

The same instant a vivid flash of red lit up the whole interior, the light glaring in through the unshaded windows, and reflecting from the walls. Nichols started up with a little cry of terror, but I forced him back.

"It is not the house," I said sternly. "They must have fired the stable. Keep down out of sight. Miss Noreen, creep across to that nearest window and take a glance out—be careful that no one sees you. I'll keep guard over our prescher friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by scientists that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some attention when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often get more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brickdust or sandy sediment, yellow complexion, rheumatism, may be weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

FARMING IN THE PANHANDLE

Unequaled Opportunities for Those Skilled in the Raising of Grains and Live Stock.

Millions of acres of fertile Texas land along Rock Island Lines available for settlement to actual farmers. One wheat crop in a good year often pays for the whole farm.

J. C. Esbie of Groes, Texas, had 600 acres in wheat this season averaging 25 bushels per acre. A total of 15,000 bushels which sold at about \$1 per bushel.

Stock raising and dairying pay a good profit every year. Ten dollar land produces the feed for fattening beef or pork.

Rock Island Lines have no lands for sale, but we have issued reliable, up-to-date information relative to farming opportunities in territory we serve and can give prospective settlers impartial, trustworthy data as to agricultural possibilities in Rock Island States Southwest. Homeseekers tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write me for full particulars at once. L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines, Room 719 La Salle Station, Chicago.—Adv.

The homely girl's face is her character.

When all others fail to please Try Denison's Coffee.

A Brave Man.

Wife—You know, Henry, I speak as I think.

Hub—Yes, my love; only oftener.

And He Did, By Gum!

Hub—I've got a job in a glue factory.

Wife—Good! I hope you will stick there.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Are You One?

"When they take photographs of a banquet why do they always set the camera up as far as possible from the speakers' table?"

"That's easy. The speakers and the prominent guests who sit near them never buy the photographs. It's the boobs out on the edge of the crowd who fall for that stuff."

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THE VERY TIME

When Powerful Food is Most Needed.

The need of delicate yet nutritious food is never felt so keenly as when a convalescent gets a set back on account of weak stomach. Then is when Grape-Nuts shows its power for it is a most scientific and easily digested food.

"About a year ago," writes a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in Ohio. She naturally had a change of diet and of course a change of water, and somehow she contracted typhoid fever.

"After a long stage her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones. I couldn't eat anything and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, in trying to get something delicate and nourishing that she could eat, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain strength so rapidly that in a short time she was as well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill.

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominant factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

How much Grape-Nuts should be eaten depends on the individual's condition and the amount of food eaten.