He meets a mountaineer taylor. At a house beyond Hot rest Major Harwood. Wyatt bad. He becomes suspicious, but Revier has murdered Harescaped. Wyatt changes to U. and to a detachment of Pedra blentifies himself as Lieurmond. Third U. S. cavalry, at finds Harwood's body. The La ambushed. Wyatt escapes of Briar country and goes to home, where he dads Noreen He introduces himself as Lieurmond. Parson Nichols comes he and tells Noreen of her fatter watt forces Farson Nichols. ath. Wyatt forces Parson Nichorfess that he has been sent in
of Asso Cowan, who proposes to
toreen at ouce, and so quiet title
and is dispute between the Cowmoreous dead father. Anso Cowhis gang arrive and find the
bound in a closet. Wyatt and
have concealed themselves in the
the Cowan gang sensacks the
ut fails to find the hidden couple.

His Norden who he is. They re-Norsen who he is. They reof the gaug, forcing the preach-

MAPTER XI---Continued

all us quietly, crouching close the wall, until she could safeis cartain. The glow from without the entire room. Nichols bea groun, and mutter, but whether seds were those of prayer, or not, uncertain. That the fellow's thered on the brink of total was evident, and I was too suight create alarm to deghard. Eager to learn what red I called across to the

at the stable, Miss Noreen?" with a quick giance back-"The whole west end is ablance there are horses picketed be-In the orchard, but am not sure here are men there with them. has it blesqu up, gives me a

you tell how many?" hat I didn't suppose Anse Cowand so many with him, did you!" Why, really I cannot tell, for I ention either way. There on been a dosen altogether in and doubtless others were without. Hasn't it ceased

y believe the sky is becoming a the east already." stared out intently, and then

one over been quick! They are

my eyes over Mehols, who his arms folded across To my mind the fellow was a part, and was not half as hadan he pretended to be. Howsould do us no great harm at and I stole alloutly across the and knolt beside her. She held tala saids, leaving just space the my eyes. For an instant or of the burning building blindand intensified the surrounds. I shadowed my eyes

Yes back under the trees, close

y outline, which grew more disgazed. There were men ity or thirty, although it was imde to judge the number. But Even as my eyes focused it, a on moved to the right, and then or swung into the open, circling the orehard feuce. to is a slow of them," I mut-

seemay at his wolding." shush!" her hand caught my They they are coming back won sauod a

CHAPTER XII.

A Marriage by Durese.

the they had the stable, | -- I do not understand!" dis away before the Federal at Lewisburg could receive arm. I turned away from the to perceive Nichols sitting up a edge of the bed. hat's afre?" he saked.

stable," I answered, crossing "Get down in the corner you cannot be seen from the Oh yes you can; you are there any other place better than this in which to hide?"

She shook her head. "Well, then we must fight it out here if they come; you have your revolver-ah! the squad is already below; listen!"

We stood side by side, scarcely breathing, close to the bolted door, The flames of the burning stable were dying down, yet there was sufficient light to render every object in the room plainly visible. Intent as I was on every slight sound below and without, I kept my eyes on Nichols, seated dejectedly in one corner. Feet tramped noisily back and forth in the lower hall, and the sound of voices reached us, the words indistinguishable. There was an echo of splintered wood, the crash of dishes, and a loud laugh. The fellows seemed to be looting the kitch en and pantry, destroying whatever they could not use. Suddenly there arose a sound of smashing glass at the front of the house, and the tinkling of a plane as if some rough hand swept across the keys. Noreen pressed closer, lifting her eyes in appeal.

"They-they are searching house," she whispered, her voice shaking, "and-looting it. Do you hear that? They are even tearing the carpet from the floor. Some of them will come up here."

lose your nerve. We shall have to

she grasped my arm with both hands. "I-I would not be so afraid, only for that man. I cannot fall into his power. will kill myself first! You do not know Anse Cowan; but I do. I would rather die than have his hands touch me. I hate and despise him; he is an incarnate brute-and-and he is here after me!"

"Hush," I urged, holding her tightly, her slight form trembling. "Do not let go yet: they may not even come up the stairs."

"But they will," she insisted. "I tell you I know the man. He-he swore he would marry me two years ago; he told me so, and I laughed at him. He stopped my father on the road, held a rifle to his bead, and boasted that some day he would make me pay his debts. feat I wonder what time it is; why This is no mere incident of war-it is revenge! I-I would not be frightened but for that—that awful alternative. Tell me-tell me what to do!" She stared pleadingly into my face,

but, reading no answer there to her wild appeal, sank to her knees, and buried her face in her hands. All that was strong about the girl seemed swept away by sudden uncontrollable terror-by dread of Anse Cowan. A hoarse, strange voice roared out an order, seemingly from the very foot of the stairs.

"That's enough of that, Samuela! Here, take your men up above. Be lively now, and don't let a rat get AWAY."

The girl lifted her head; then got her feet, elinging to the bedpost. could see the glitter of a pistol in her hand. A thought swept through my brain-so daring, so reckless, I gasped at the mere wildness of the suggestion. Yet it might answer; it might his head. His voice faltered and broke, succeed! But would she consent; even | and clotted blood rendered hideous one in her desperation, in the extreme of side of his face, while his hands shook ing, his mild blue eyes surveying us straw? There was nothing else-not another chance. This might not be one-yet it would surely serve to delay; it would place me in between her and Anse Cowan. She could not legally marry him, if she were once my wife! Only the girl whose eyes just startled, reeled against me, and the then met mine-

"I-I have thought of one way." I said eagerly, the words coming forth almost incoherent. "That is if you will listen to what I propose. There is nothing else feasible so far as I can see. They-they are in the front rooms now-hear them! We haven't a moment to lose. Will you will you ing almost like mockery-dropped me-

consent to marry me?" She shrank back a step, staring at

"Marry! marry you?" she faltered | Amen. march the house again, por | wildly. "Why what can you mean! I

"Of course not—the conception is wild, impractical, seem so to you-yet listen. It is the one way left open to save you from Ansa Cowan. You can trust me? You do trust me, do you not?"

"Ye-es-butare coming here now, those fellows gleam of weapons. with Anse Cowas at their head. You

know who I am; you have confidence in my honor. He cannot marry you if you are already my wife--

"He-he could kill you." "Yes, there are enough of them; but that might happen anyway. No doubt it would, for otherwise I should fight to the end. I do not think being your husband will add in the least to my danger-and it will possibly, legally, protect you."

"But how can I? Will it be legal?" "Noreen, don't stop to argue, or doubt," I urged, grasping her hand in eagerness, "We haven't time. Listen to those voices in the hall! Of course it will be legal-Nichols is an ordained minister, and no license is required. I shall never attempt to hold you, Noreen, and any court will set you free the moment you tell the story The one, the only thing, for you to consider now, is escape from Anse Cow-

"You do this to-to save me?"

"To keep you from falling helpless ly into the clutches of a beast-tell me yes! My God, girl, there they are now trying the door! Answer-will you?"

"Yes-yes, Tom Wyatt-" With one leap past her I had Nichols by the collar, the muzzle of my revolver at his head. A heavy foot crashed against the locked door, and a voice without gave utterance to an

"Marry me to this girl," I commanded sternly. "Come now, not a word; don't wait to ask a question. Noreen, take my hand--"

down the door!" came hoarsely from My eyes never left Nichols' face.

What he read of threat I know not. but his lips began to stumble through lieutenant," she said pleasantly, and the form, though I could scarcely dis extended her hand, "and if you will "I am afraid so-but you must not tinguish a word. His face was gray with terror, and I dared not look aside | tery." at the silent girl-only I vaguely "Fight? yes; but what use?" and realized that the hand held in mine mured, slightly embarrassed, but still trembled, and once, when she had to belligerent, his glance wandering speak, the two words uttered were al- from her face to mine. "Certainly-

> most a sob. marriage in all the world. The dying embers of the stable fire shot red gleams of flame over us through the unshaded windows, giving Nichola a



"And Now I Pronounce You Man an Wife."

ghastly look, and glowing on the steel barrel of the revolver I held poised at her terror, would she grasp at such a as if with palsy. All the sneaking coward in him was manifest. Outside closely trimmed, the top of his head a dozen voices rosred, one rising gruff above the others shouting orders. Once a single shot crashed through the upper panel of the door and broke the glass of a window opposite. The girl, preacher stopped, gasping for breath. "No firing, you fooi!" roared a deep

> voice angrily. "We don't want any dead ones beat down the door!" "Go on!" I ordered grimly, and thrust the black muzzle hard against his cheek. The preacher choked, but the usual words of the ritual sound-

chanically from his tongue. "And now I pronounce you man and me with wide-opened eyes, breathing wife, and whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

She gave vent to a little sobbing cry, half stifled in her throat, and shrank away from me. I knew that her face was buried in her hands, yet had no time to look that way, or utter a word. Rifle butts were crashing in the panels of the door; I could perceive already dim figures revealed through the jagged openings made in "This is no time to question. They the light wood, a vista of faces, a

"Hit lower down!" yelled the same gruff voice of command. "There is a there must be some fire.- John Lyly.

practing myself for the first The door gave, sagging saids on its hinges, and half falling inward, and through the opening men tumbled forward, carbines gripped in their hands. The red light gleamed ghastly across their faces and revealed-the blue uniform of Federal cavalry.

CHAPTER XIII.

Before Lieutenant Raymond.

The headlong rush stopped in startled amazement at sight of us, and I stood there staring at them, unable to speak, my revolver lowered. In that instant of pause, an officer thrust the men aside and faced me, sword in

"What does this mean, sir? Who are you?" he questioned, sweeping his glance over my uniform, and then beyond me at the two others.

"I would ask the same question," I returned, not yet assured as to whom confronted, and suspecting some trick. 'We believed ourselves attacked by guerrillas. Are you soldiers?"

"Well, rather," with a short, grim laugh. "These are Pennsylvania cavalrymen. My name is Raymond, and I demand to know, first of all, where you got possession of that Third U. S. cavalry uniform."

Perhaps in his excitement he had not really recognized her before; but these words were scarcely out of his mouth when the lady stood beside me, facing him. I caught one swift flash of her eyes as though warning me to silence. Whatever fear she had for-"Open up in there or we'll break | merly felt seemed to have left her in this crisis, for she stood erect, her cheeks flushed, her eyes frankly meet ing those of the surprised officer.

"You will, however, recognize me, listen I think I can clear up the mys-

"Miss-Miss Harwood," he mur we hoped to find you here. It was to Never surely was there a stranger rescue you we came-at least it was that hope which led me to request the sending of troops, and to accompany them. This outrage has been committed, I believe, by Cowan's gang, and this man here-"

"Is my friend," she interrupted quietly. "Lieutenant Raymond, i you will kindly order your men to retire I will gladly explain his presence in the house."

"You wish to speak to me alone?" "Not necessarily; but I certainly prefer greater privacy than this. You are in command?"

"No; Captain Whitlock is below." He turned toward the crowd blocking the doorway and I grasped the opportunity to breathe a hasty word of warning into the ear of Nichols. The girl never glanced again at either of

"Take the men back into the hall sergeant," the lieutenant ordered, "and look through whatever rooms have not been visited. Request Captain Whitlock to join me here."

We waited motionless, the lieutenant's hand on the butt of his revolver, as though he half suspicioned trenchery. Twice be endeavored to open conversation with the lady, but her response was not encouraging, and he evidently did not feel safe except with his eyes on me. Raymond fronted me, a tall, well-proportioned fellow, with incipient mustache, black and curied at the points; a rather long face, and eyes sternly serious. There was about him an appearance of force-a bit of a bully I should say-and his uniform was new, and carefully fitted.

A man stood in the doorway, bowwith a welcoming smile, and he stepped gallantly forward, bending low as he accepted her hand.

"So pleased, so delighted, Miss Harwood, to find you safe and well. We were, indeed, greatly worried at the thought of your being here alone," he exclaimed, a slight lisp in his "You have not suffered,

"Not seriously, Captain Whitlock; the gnerrillas were outwitted-"

"Ah! do not attempt to explain, I beg. We understand what you have passed through, as we have captured two of the villains. You sent for me, Lieutenant Raymond?"

"Yes, sir, I did," the young officer's expression exhibiting clearly the contempt he felt for his superior. "I pre ferred that you decide what shall be done with this fellow," pointing at finger at me. "Miss Harwood vouches for him, but I fall to understand how he comes to be in the uniform of my

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Smoke Without Fire. There can no great smoke arise, but

More Rabies.

It is a real pleasure to be able to call attention to a case of so-called 'rables" which failed to scare one sen-

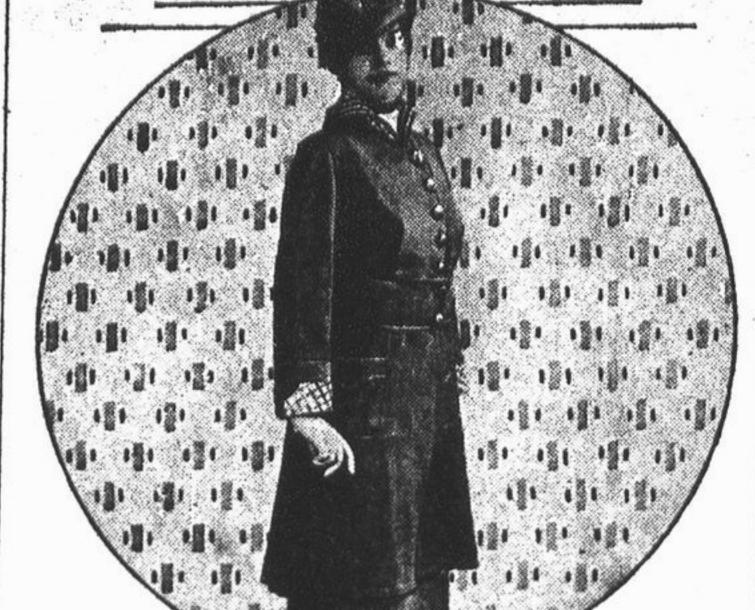
The kennel master of the Animal Rescue league found two policemen waiting for a "mad dog" to run ou of a store on Dudley street and be shot. Mr. Rowlinson, going in fear lessly, discovered a dog to whom some fool had given some sticky candy.

The dog, frightened when he found his jaws stuck together, had a fit, and when found was too weak to walk. But for the arrival of Mr. Rowlinson there would have been more scareheads like "Epidemic of Rabies Spreads to Bos-

Cowardice among men is responsionce inhabited that section of the bie for most of the "rables" stories. and mistreatment of dogs for a good deal of the remainder.—Boston Globe.

The Climax.

see where a seedless to



It is a good idea to buy an extra | trimmed to form a yoke, and an extra yard or so of the material selected for piece is set in at each side by shira tailored suit, in order that the coat | ring or plaiting it to the yoke. The or skirt, or both, may be altered and fashion for short skirts help make the the suit remodeled. Good fabrics outlast styles, and a suit is often regret- ders at the bottom and bands set on fully consigned to the discard, not be are useful for the same purpose. cause it is worn but because styles have changed since it was made.

A MAN TO THE

plain, semifitted models, if well made the smartest of finishing touches. of good material and fine finish, is It is a great satisfaction to con never out of the running.

front, and a narrow skirt may be wid- individual taste in design. ened by the addition of such panels. Another good plan for widening a narrow skirt is to split it up at each side | made of fur, have been invented by to the swell of the hip. Here it is a Boston man.

way easy in altering them, and bor-

Coats have been brought up to date this season by the addition of full A suit that is required to do more skirts, set on at the waist line, and than one season's service without any by belts and pockets made in the new alteration should be conservative in mode. A collar and cuffs in another style. A plain skirt of medium full- fabric help out in the transformation, ness, and a box coat or one of the and buttons supplement these with

vert an old style into a new one. A good model to follow in remaking | Whether one is compelled to be ecoa suit is shown in the picture given | nomical or not a remade suit made of here. The skirt is made with an in- good cloth adds variety to the wardverted panel set in at the back and robe and admits of the exercise of the

Artificial feathers for millinery,

Little Ministers of Vanity



Someone whose occupation, or busi-I youthful dancer. Only one ankle is ness, is the thinking up of pretty things must have turned her attention recently to artificial flowers. For these cunning copies of nature's beauty-wonders are compelling attention every where because they are used in new and unusual ways. We are used seeing them in corsage bouquets and replacing natural flowers in the limousine. We are familiar with them in girdles about the waist wreaths about the hair, but these are only mere beginnings of their usefulness as it has been lately developed. Everywhere little blossoms nestle

in bows and rosettes of malines or lace, ornamenting collars and cuffs They dangle, in place of ribbons, in hanging sprays from the girdle. They are perched in bright sprays on the party or the shopping bag, and they adorn the pincushion, the perfume bottle and the powder puff.

A small bouquet set in a frill gauze and suspended by narrow rib bons that are tied about the wrist is the latest adjunct but one of the party gown. And that one is the spray of flowers which finishes an adorable anklet of malines that is tied above the slipper to fly with the feet of the

Quaint Runner Design.

There is a strong evidence of the revival of things quaint in needlework. not only in stitches, but in designs as and outline stitches. well. One expression of this revival | A pillow displaying the same design is noticeable in a runner for a library | would complete a very attractive set table. Conventionalized birds form the for somebody's library. principal motif, and are stamped upon heavy tan crash. They are embroidered in vivid colorings, heavy wool being used for the purpose. The rounded ands of the runner add an unusual of thinks his particular train of thous

allowed this final touch of color and

The corsage bouquet and the flowers for the limousine have other business in hand besides their important mission of beauty. They are determined to be useful as well as ornamental. A bouquet for the limousine is shown in the picture, made of two orchids and many aprays of lifelike lilies of the valley. In the heart of one orchid concaled by flower petals, is a tiny box of compact powder and the other dares to harbor in this secret way a box of rouge. Flower petals cover the small powder puff that slips in each box and the unnoticeable little ring that is the handle of the puff is covered with silk floss,

The stems of the flowers are tied with a bow of ribbon matching one of the shades in the orchids in color. One ribbon loop is sewed up along the edges to form a case for a tiny mirror. Look twice in the heart of the newest corsage rose and the chances are that you will find it harboring the same sort of first aids to Cupid

Julia Bottom ley

sides of the scarf are embellished with a conventional border formed of solid

fashioned as the birds themselves. The

Many Like Him. "Ever notice how Jones butta into

conversation?" 'Yes; he always

us the right of way."-B

curative value in thou testimony. All druggists in 50c and \$1.00

You may have a sample size bottle at this always reliable preparation by Par cel Post, also pamphlet telling about to Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper,—Adv.

EVIDENTLY A THRIFTY SOUL

Would-Be Talker Over Telephone Balked When Called Upon to Drop a Nickel In the Slot.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer tells this story: "I was called to the telephone, and

a pay station operator asked, 'Is this Garfield 0064?' and since that is indeed my number, I said yes. So sho called to the party on the other end of the line, 'Drop a nickel, please.'

"'Vot?' came a male voice. "'Drop a nickel, please." " 'Vot?'

"'Drop five cents, please,' said the operator, translating. And still the caller can't get it though his bead that he must part with a litney before he can talk. Then I took a hand -or a voice-in the conversation.

"'What's the matter with you?" shricked. 'Drop five cents in the slot, and then you will be allowed to talk to this number.'

"There was a long pause, and then this reply: "'O-o-oh! Vell, neffer mind. I gets

me anodder number!" "Probably," concludes our informant, "he kept calling till he got a cheaper one."

His Nationality. Reviewing his Calcutta days as secretary for the acting governor of Bengal, Mr. Stanley Coxon relates an anecdote of a dinner in honor of the

On assembling in the room, our host remarked: "Yes, I think we are all Irishmen,

but I'm a bit doubtful about that fellow Coxon." I was not at the time quite sure what I was. My reply, however, gave me away entirely, and delighted the heart of our genial host. In the most innocent manner I remarked:

"No, sir, I'm afraid you can't claim me. I was born there, but I've never been there!" I have worn the shamrock ever

since,-Youth's Companion.

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Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere,-Adv.

Sure Sign.

Gov. Locke Craig was talking in Raleigh about the difficulties of the profession of politics. "I am in hearty sympathy," he said, "with the ward leader who announced to his friends the other day that his

new son-a nine-pound baby-bada

fair to grow up a very successful poli-"'How can you tell that already, Jake? they asked him. "Why, the kid can't talk yet.

"'No,' said Jake, but he has already started trying to kick and shake hands at the same time."

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Signature of Charly, Thile In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Cr

Pyker-By the way, you are a married man, are you not?

Hyker-Don't know. I was this morning, but I haven't had a chance to peruse the court news in the evening papers.

Harder Still.

"Well, have you reached the point where you can assemble a motor car?" asked Mr. Chubson. "No. Indeed," answared Mr. Johann

point where I can assemble the price." Not Gray Hairs but Tired Ryes

"In fact, I haven't yet reached the

make us look older than we are. Rees your Eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Your Eyes, Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request. Ita Style.

"Was the musical program a pot pourri, Mrs. Comeuo?" "No, indeed, it was nothing so reshershey. It was just a sort of min-

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days Druggists refund money if PAZD OINTMENT fails to ours Itohing, blind, Bleeding or Protracting Piles. First application gives relief, see.

Painted Over. She-I hear that Jack has a new He-No, that's fust

painted over. To keep clean and healthy take Pierce's Pleasant Pelleta, They rem liver, bowels and stomach

A Natural Ques "He's wedded to his art." "Is it a happy match?" Free Press.

When all others fall

m, cowherd to Ital stones hig black base

In Three Three-Pounders Which to Prove

fishing line in his pocket, but no hooks | MINF or balt. Then there came an inspira-

Plucking a safety pin from his trousers, he fastened it to the .ine. The tail of a crawfish made a presentable heit

Three times he heaved the improrised here into the semidarkness of the pool and three times he brought Arne is quite sure that the tricky pin snapped ftself shut when a bass

atruck, but each one was securely

hooked, and all the fisherfolk can ac-

count for the lad's success in no oth-

ening That is Rare

Results of Excavations on Containing Remains of Nacoechee.

> Nacoochee valley farm recently to superintend the work preparatory to the excavation of an Indian mound which pessesses an interesting history. There, the Atlanta Journal states. Naccochee, an Indian princess, was

buried, and tradition holds a fas-

Dr. L. G. Hardman went up to his

cinating romance connected with her life and death. Archeologists, representing a New York museum, will excavate mound in order to make a scientific study of the lives of the race which

country in the years ago. The etenuils used their war para and ever the scaletons of

sible man.