or Wyn't in sent mative county on the Major Harwood hat Taylor has murin Fox finds Haroff as Lieutenant Rayof her father's mes Parson Nichols to Anse Cowan and find the preacher Wratt and Norcen

They return to

I await the next move

Trees the preacher to marry to the grang is driven off by trees one of whose officers is TER XIII-Continued

in fitted a pair of glasses

and surveyed me with

M me, so be is," he cincud you hever saw him besleyman west of the Al

sand and laid her hand Lieutenant Raymond that

explain fully," she said, prebe annused. If it is the unifriend wears, I must assume y, as I turnished it." se was a sareastic ence it's surprised exclamashould you have to your a uniform of the Third Reg-

not? she answered sweetly, ag at Whitlock, "That unid to my cousin, an off

uttered a smothered exan instant at her disco, and theu, with s forward, swang are to the

see: Captalu. Whitlock," / be. indignantly, "I cannot condesiring to protect this man, is not the uniform of any vol-

indecatand, Beutesant, that " my word?" she touchy her eyes garing tote big. "I am unacquatome

ot a moment, Raymond," broke "There is no doubt of d'a loyalty. Let us bear lon first, You say, Miss not you know this man? that he Way I nok his masse?" I only dealer un oppor o answer any question. He is Wyatt, the son of the late

a whose bome was on the We were children to-E-never thought to ask, "I wan too glad to have We-we spoke only of

all three days tegether, still the impression that Mr. and mayor joined either side. a marely have to look after his Of course he can explain now came he to be dressed in murat in Raymond.

you be courteous enough to already to fully explain. time here in the midst of hat night. He had found destroyed, and this was protection until moramend to be here you know, and that mat es amplanation. Mr. Wyatt his clothing muddy, and min I gave him the he found in the house belonging originally to a

ant Raymond," the

d Kantucky cavalry."

sparkling, "this is becoming most tiresome. What do I care what uniform it is! I have told you where it came from, how it chanced to be there, and the reason it was worn by this man. cannot be expected to know all the petty distinctions of the service."

"But surely," spoke up the captain, plainly bewildered, "the suit he word when he came can be produced. You know where that is?"

"I know where it was," she an swered coolly. "Hanging before the freplace in the dining room. However I cannot guarantee that it remains there now—this house has been gutted by Cowan's guerrillas, and from the sound, your own men were none too careful."

Whitlock fiddled with the tassel of his sword, evidently far from satisfied himself, yet unwilling to make final decision unaided.

"I hardly know just what to do," he confessed reluctantly. "Ordinarily, you know, a lady's word would be sufficient, but somehow, I-I-well, this looks just a little queer. What do you think, licutenant?"

"That the fellow ought to be taken before Major Hawes and made to explain what purpose brought him here. t have no desire to question Miss Harwood; indeed, I am perfectly willing to accept her statement. But this man is not a civilian-he is a soldier; he has had military training. He should be made to account for himsolf, sir." The speaker's eyes fell upon the preacher, huddled back in the corner, now clearly revealed by the gray daylight which was atealing in through the windows. "Hullo! here seems to be yet another specimen we have overlooked. Who are you?"

Nichols shuffled forward, looking wosbegone and miserable, his cheek disfigured by Cowan's blow, sneak and coward written all over him. His shifting eyes met mine, and he must have read in my gase a threat he dare not ignore. Twice his mouth openand closed before he could make words insue.

"One of Cowan's gang?" "God be praised---ho. Made to serve that human flend by force. I am minister of the Gospel."

"You!" / The lieutenant broke into a laugh. "By Jove, you fit the part. Whitinek, did you ever hear of the fellow?"

The captain rubbed his glasses. "Are you the Baptist preacher at Cane Ridge?" he asked doubtfully. "For twenty years I have minis-

tered to that congregation; the young woman can vouch for my labor." "Then, I presume you are also acquainted with this fellow?" ques-

tioned Raymond impatiently. Nichols turned his glance again in

my direction, but his gray face was devoid of interest "I have no knowledge of the young

man." he asserted solemnly, "but knew the old judge well. The resemblance is strong, and I have no doubt but he is a son. The father was a Christian and a gentleman."

"And a rebel, I presume?" "Judge Wyatt died before the break ing out of the war, sir, but was known

throughout these parts as a Unionist. There was a silent pause. Whitlock fumbling at his eyeglasses, Raymond. a perplexed frown on his face, staring first at Nichols and then at me, as though more than half convinced he was being made a fool of. The girl had seated herself in a chair, and was leaning forward, her face hidden The lieutenant turned and strode across the room, glancing out the window; then back again.

"Wall, we cannot remain here discussing the matter," he said tartly, "If we do we may have a real fight on our hands before we are safely back in me to tell you? I have endeav. Lawisburg." He planted himself equarely in front of me. "See here. is time you did some talking. You haven't opened your mouth yet."

"There has been no occasion," I replied pleasantly. "The others have told all you need to know without my even being questioned."

"I have a mind to search you," he retorted, completely losing his temper. "At your pleasure, lieutenant," | spoke coldly enough, although there was a catch in my throat at sudden memory of the paper I bore containing his name. "And there is no guess ing what you might find in Lieutenant Harwood's uniform."

We were still looking defiantly at each other's eyes when a trooper appeared in the open doorway, saluted. and said something in a low tone to wait for us." eyes | Whitlock. I failed to catch the words

The first place I visited was the

my care telling me this point and

into Whitlock's car, My eyes followed his movement, and then sought the face of the girls she sat motionless, the long lashes shading her eyes, the only visible sign of excitement the swift rise and full of her bosom Then a man came hastily into the room through the opened door. heart leaped into my throat at sight of him-he was Captain Fox.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Prisoner.

The captain was batless, and bloody handkerchief was wound about his head; his uniform was torn and black with mud. He saw Whitlock first, and gripped his hand warmly, his glance straying from the face of the little captain to the other occupants of the room.

"Gad, but it is good to see a blueuniform again," he exclaimed heartily. 'What was the row here, Fred-some guerrilla work? Ah! by Jove!" his eyes brightening as he recognized me. "Raymond, I am glad to see you again," and he strode forward, his lips smiling, his hand held out. "Old Ned swore to me you were dead, but the sergeant said you got away at the first rush. Not even a scratchhey-?"

"Just a moment, please," and the in terested lieutenant interrupted him by a hand on the shoulder. "I believe we have never met before, but I presume you are Captain Fox?"

The latter turned, a trifle indignant at the other's manner.

"I am; what of it?" "Only I am naturally somewhat interested in your identification of this fellow. To us he has claimed the name of Wyatt, but you address him as Raymond. What Raymond did he represent himself to be?"

Fox stared about in surprise at the faces surrounding him, scarcely able to collect his scattered wits.

"Why," he answered, as though half in doubt of his own words, "Lieutenant Charles H. Raymond, Third cavalry, on recruiting service. I-I met him at Hot Springs, and he showed me his papers. Isn't-isn't he al right?"

"Well, you can draw your own conclusion," rejurned the Beutenant, his thin ilps curled in a sneer, "for I am Caymond, Third cavalry. This man is a rebel spy."

Escape was impossible; I knew that, for I had considered the chances, Both Whitlock and the lieutenant-the latter with revolver drawn-stood between me and the windows. The haft without was thronged with troopers and, although I might attain the open door, that would be the end of it. I saw Noreen rise to her feet, her startled face turned toward me, but I held my perves firm, and managed to smile.

"I expect the jig is up, gentlemen." acknowledged quietly, determined they should get as little comfort out of me as possible. "I know when I have played my last card."

"Is your name really Wyatt?" "It is: I am a sergeant in the Staun-

ton borne artillery." Rayn, and glanced from my face to where she stood, white-lipped and

silent. you!" he asked roughly. "Do you mean to say-"

"I hardly think, Heutenant," broke in Whitlock, suddenly realizing his authority, "it is necessary to ask such questions now. The man confesses himself a spy, and a court-martial will glad of my capture; that she rejoiced probe into this matter. We must remember the young lady is the daughter of Major Harwood."

"And as Major Harwood's daugh ter." she said gravely, standing before me, "I desire to be heard, and to answer this gentleman's question. sought to save Sergeant Wyatt because of the special service he has rendered me during the past night. know nothing of his purpose here. but-but I hold him friend whatever may be his uniform."

The lieutenant bowed, hat in hand "I intended no criticism of your motives, but a soldler must perform his duty. Under whose orders are you here, Wyatt?"

"I refuse to answer." "No? Well, Ramsay will get a re ply out of you!" "I hardly think so, sir. You hang

spies, but do not torture them." "True enough," and Whitlock stepped to the door. "Sergeant, bring a file of men, and take charge of this prisoner. There is nothing to detain us longer. We have extra borses, Captain Fox and you will ride with us as far as Lewisburg: Miss Harwood, I presume you have no desire to remain here alone-indeed, I could not permit it. Better had the fellow's hands, Harper; search him first for weapons, and whatever papers he may carry. Mount him on that old artillery horse, and

Raymond watched the proceedings

wife driving out side by side, show-

ing how the position of woman in

the household has changed. Women

were taking a very keen interest 'n

politics, and one girl of eighteen was

considered dangarous enough to be

beheaded, while another was com-

pelled to escape to Japan. in mis-

sionary work both old country and

American missions are doing much

for these women, and the Christian

down the them over with a grim smile. I smull heed to the gionce of satisfa tion with which he regarded me, only ventured to look once toward the girl, as the soldiers roughly bound my hands. She had turned away, and was staring out of the open window, I marched out into the hall closely surrounded by the guard, my thought less concerned with my own fate than with her feeling toward me. Suddenly the truth revealed itself to my mind that I loved the woman I had so strangely married.

It is indeed odd how the human mind works, and now this new discovery completely eclipsed every other consideration. The thought of possible escape, of any means of defense, never occurred to me. All my memory retained was that last glimpse of her slender figure at the window and the silhouette of her averted face. What was her thought of me? In the moment of her first surprise she had sprung to my defense, but as soon as she could consider the conditions, her whole nature would turn against meeven now the feeling of disgust had come. She had turned coldly away. hating the very sight of me-staring out of the window until I should disappear, dreading lest I prove cur enough to boast of our relationship. Well, the lady need not fear that. My fate would be swiftly and surely settled—a drumhead court-martial at Lewisburg, a verdict of guilty, and a firing squad at dawn. No one need ever know, for the preacher's lips could be easily closed. And perhaps Lieutenant Raymond-Bah! my teeth clenched angrily at thought of him, and I tramped on down the stairs to the gruff order of the sergeant.

There were three other prisoners, sallow-faced, roughly dressed mountaineers, one wounded in the arm, but I was kept separated from them with a special guard. Within ten minutes the entire command was in saddle and moving slowly northward. The lieutenant rode in my rear for the first mile, watchful and suspicious. Noreen was riding in advance of the column



Lave Small Heed to the Glance of Satisfaction He Gave Me.

between the two captains. A gray, circular cape concealed her slender form, but I could observe the frequent turning of her head as she apparently conversed vivaciously with her attentive escorts. Her show of utter. heartless indifference burt and blinded me. I actually believed the girl was at the knowledge that within a few hours she would be freed from all the consequences of our rash act. It was the reaction which had given ber such high spirits, the exhibitanting sense of escape, a relief so profound as to cause her to even forget her father's death.

At first the thought served to sumb my faculties, and I rode forward with lowered head, all interest in life dead within me. Then pride came to the reacue, and I straightened up in the saddle. She was my wife-that siender, laughing girl! Of course I would never claim her; no word would ever pass my lips to bring her pain and humiliation. No one would ever know -excepting us two. But if I did speak she could not deny, and she must realtze why I had kept silent, why I had even gone down to death with closed

And then-there was yet a chance! While there was life there was hope. and I was soldier enough, and sufficiently reckless, to accept of any opportunity. There might occur a relaxation in the vigilance of the guard, some delay at Lawisburg, possibly a forwarding of me to headquarters at Charleston-some sudden, unexpected opening through which I could

Through the mud we rode steadily on, following the pike that curved along the base of the mountains, and finally into the streets of Lewisburg. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canary Corrta Death.

Nellie, a canary heretofore of joyous disposition, is expected to die within a day or two of starvation. sava a New York dispatch. She has refused to eat since her mate, Dick died three days ago. Dick is believed found dead with head thrust between

John Deertaz of 3009 Jamaica aveschools established by them are birds, mourned the loss of Dick, of Ryon after two wisits to looked to hopefully in the way of whom he was very fond. But Mrs. some this attraction was most fas results. Their aim is to train up Dick, known to the family as Nellie, Christian teachers, as it is considered has been inconsolable ever that the Chinese women will 10 Nothing tempts her appetite. "She far more valuable work in evanget seems to be dying of grief," said Mr. their own people than could | Deertaz.

> nething Like Foundries. Vhat are them attchenettes !



brings about the making of new un- upon the fact that this kind of apron dermuslins, house dresses, kitchen aprons, and all the white work required by the household and the house. And in the annual January sales, all over the country, of white goods, merfabrics which they have assembled in anticipation of the demand for them. beginning of the year.

in the standard of quality in many lines of cotton goods, and in the introduction of high-class novelties, the tubbing. mills are making a rapid progress.

A kitchen apron that may be made of cotton crepe, as well as of the usual percale or gingham, is shown in the picture, and hardly needs description. It covers the figure and the late patterns, which fasten at is finished with white braid bindings, | effects prevail.

in January the order of the year | The chief claim to attention is based

requires almost no ironing. Although the subject of kitchen aprons is not one to arouse a great amount of enthusiasm, it is not by any means without interest. Many chants present the stocks of cotton aprons manage to be attractive, while they cleverly fill all that is required of them in the way of usefulness There is no better season in which This means that they must cover the to buy cotton products than at the figure, be plain and easily adjusted, good looking and sh: pely. They must There has been a steady advance be neatly finished and provided with at least one pocket and made of material that will stand any amount of

All of the new aprons are made with elbow sleeves except those that are sleeveless. Very shapely and attractive models have a large bib at the front of the body fastened by flat bands of the material to the belt at fastens at the back, unlike many of the back. A favorite finish for all edges is a flat band of material in contrasting color. All the fast colfor the apron of cotton crepe, and it ors are used with white, and striped

Seen at the Afternoon Concert



If you would see the best of milli- | gilded leaves that are cut from some nery look for it at the afternoon concert or other afternoon affairs. The box party or club program or luncheon, and the cafe dinner, call out the smartest hats, for there they are subjected to close scrutiny by discriminsting eyes.

The fancy of the designer has much to inspire it this season, and millinery is brilliant in two senses, both in color and in design. With gold and silver laces and metalized flowers, with fur and velvet and jet and jewels, heads are splendidly crowned even when such materials are put together simply. The blue and gold turban shown in the picture is an example of this. It is a small, chic, jaunty shape draped with turquoise blue satin bro- much distinction. caded with a gold flower. This covers the frame and forms a large wing effact at the left side. The only ornament used is a flat rosette made of

light metal.

Afternoon hats having crowns velvet or fur and brims of gold or sil ver lace are usually finished with small nosegays of beautifully colored flowers. A very handsome model is made with a crown of light brilliant green satin, brocaded with silver, and a brim of silver lace. A silver cord is tied about the crown, the ends finished with small silver balls. The cord and balls are made of very small

There are many fur turbans trimmed with wreaths of small flow era which are very rich looking, and the all-feather turban, although rather rarely seen, is nearly always a hat of

ula Sottomber

are reserved for topcoats. In these Variety of Sleeves. There does not seem to be any law the ragian shoulder dominates, algoverning sleeves this apring, but be though in the short outer jackets in neath the seeming license there is real brilliant colors, which are the prevailorder. The sleeve must show the arm. ing fashion for country wear, the are or rather reveal its shape. The style ien to express this is left to the

way, they are none that ing than are those that an to the farmers of that co Some months ago the of the interior, at Ottawa. wrote to those in the Units

who were owners of land in Canada that was not pre vising that it be put under high prices of grain and their continuance for some years be taken advantage of. Cattle the produce of the farm co good figures, and the opport feed the world was great, y profits were simply alarming. Department suggested that could be made not of the fdle A number took advan the suggestion. One of these w quantity of land near Cuiross, toba. He decided to put one the acres of it under wheat. His un story, written to Mr. C. J. Brot Canadian Government Agent at cago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat a Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34.00 bushels, being an average of 34 to els to the acre. Last Spring I woll my foreman, Mr. P. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37,50 per sere. He had saved up about \$1,000, which be could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harve and put in stook or shock.

"As a first payment I was to all the crops raised. threshed he had 8,300 wheat, which is worth in all \$1.00 pm bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need corroboration in this year, when matter which way you turn, you ter of farmers who had even higher ? than these.

G. E. Davidson of Maniton. acres of older land. He got 2,186 els of wheat, over 43 bu

Walter Tukner of Darlingford itobs, had 3,514 bushels off a Carl field, or over 58% bushels a Forty acres was breaking and summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member Parliament for Liegar, Manitobs, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm mear Maniton, Manitoba, that went 53 hos els per acre.

One of the most remarkable to this old settled portion of Ma was that of P. Scharf of Mantis threshed from 15 acres the enal yield of 73 bushels per ad-

These reports are but from trict, and when it to known this almost any district in a graof 20,000 square miles, yields not as large generally as these but in many cases as good, ic wonder that Canada is he career as the high wheat yis same quality of land that has duced these yields, yet unbroket may be had for filing upon the homestead, or in some cases purchased at from \$12 to \$30, from railway companies o land companies, it is felt th portunity to take part in t ous production should by vantage of by those livy much higher in price. infinitely less.-Advert

The Fitting

"Mary!" Father's voice rolled down "Yes, papa, dear," "Ask that young man it

A moment of silence. "Yes, George has his

"He says it is 11:48, papa." "Then ask him if he doesn't ! It about bedtime,"

Another moment of silen "He says, paps," the allvers announced impersonally, "he he rarely goes to bed before if he were in your place he we now if he felt sleepy. Har

Fish kitchens are the le

The historic declaration of William McKinley at Buffalo that "expositions are the timekeepers of progress' is again exemplified. "Panama Canal" with Congressman Kahn and wife, where, seated on a moving platform traveling over quarter of a mile with a telephone at