"Yank, we uns did that as neat as a b'ar backin down a bee tree!" said Steve as they stopped to recover their breath and shake hands.

'And now what?'' asked Kenton. "Now fur the mountains. Reckon we'd best put on steam and git out o' this locality as soon as possible. I know

this ground and will lead the way." Stopping to rest for a few minutes every hour or so, the pair held their course for the Alleghanies and about 8 o'clock in the morning turned into a thicket among the foothills to rest and sleep. It was still raining, and the night was raw and cold, but they crept into the thick bushes and were soon fast asleep. It was 8 o'clock before they opened their eves and then only because disturbed by a great clatter on the highway only a few yards distant. Brayton was the first to move forward and make an investigation. He returned in four or five minutes to say:

'I can't jest make 'em out. Thar's about a hundred men, and all on critters, and the hull heap are southerners, but only a few are in uniform. They can't be recruits goin to the army, because they are goin the wrong way." "It may be a Confederate raiding or

scouting party," suggested Kenton. "Mebbe so, but we uns don't want nuthin to do with 'em. Hang me if they hain't a bilious look lot!"

The fugitives waited for a quarter of an hour after the last boof beats had died away and then stole out into the highway. The rain had ceased, but it



Both men were running at the top of their speed before an alarm was raised.

was a lowering morning, and they were sharp set for breakfast. The log house of a farmer was plain to view a quarter of a mile down the road, and they made sure they would find something to eat there. In a few words they agreed on the story they were to tell if questioned, and 10 minutes later they were at the door of the house. It was opened to them by the farmer's wife. She was a strong advocate of the southern cause. and the sight of their Confederate uniforms brought a cheerful invitation to enter and sit down to breakfast.

"Don't you uns belong with that crowd which jest passed up the road? she asked as they fell to eating. Steve Brayton took it upon himself to

answer in the negative and then asked what crowd it was. "It's Kurnel Mosby and his gang.

They hain't much on the fight, I reckon, but they do pester the Yankees like all git out. Most of 'em are farmers, and some of 'em live around yere. Whar did you uns cum from?"

Steve told her of the fight with Custer and their escape the night before, and she lifted her hands and cried out: "Then you uns dun seen the Yankees?"

"Yes'm." "Reg'lar live Yankee sogers?" "Yes'm.

"And yo' got away alive?" "Of co'se.

"Waal, I wouldn't 'a' believed it! Mrs. Sam Duncan dun tole me them Yankees killed everybody with tomahawks as soon as they got holt of 'em! Yo' uns must hev bin powerful cute to

Breakfast had been finished when there came a knock at the door, and next moment a man in the uniform of a Confederate cavalry sergeant entered the cabin. He had been sent back by Colonel Mosby, he said, to ask for the loan of a horse and equipments. He used the term "loan," but it was pretty plain that he meant to take no refusal. The woman replied that her husband had set out for Woodstock the night before on horseback, and therefore it was impossible to grant the colonel's request. The sergeant was going away without a word to our two friends, but

after reaching his horse he returned and asked: "What command do you fellers belong to?" "To Captain Wyle's cavalry com-

pany," replied Kenton. "Where is it?" "I don't know."

"Humph! Whar yo' goin?"

"None of yo'r bizness!" answered Steve, who had been roiled by the sergent's supercilious airs and lofty tone. 'Oh, it hain', eh? Mebbe yo've got a pass in yo'r pocket to allow of yo'r rambling around the kentry? If so, I'll take a look at it."

"Yo' hain't big enough!" "What! Now you uns either show a pass, or I'll take yo' along to Kurnel Mosby! He'll mighty soon find out whar yo' belong!"

'You see,'' began Kenton, who, realized that it was foolish to arouse the man's anger and suspicion, "we were guarding the stores at Harrisonburg, and the Federal cavalry came in yes-

'Whar's yo'r pass?" interrupted the

'Whar's yo'rs?'' demanded Steve. "Show yo'r pass, or I'll take yo' to the kurnel!"

yon," said Kenton, motioning to Steve not to interrupt him. "We are Confederate soldiers. We were captured at Harrisonburg by the Federals yesterday forenoon, but escaped at dark last night. Therefore we have no pass and do not need a pass.' "Yo' may be all right, and yo' may

"I should like to explain the case to

be a couple of Yankee spies!" replied the sergeant. "If yo' are straight, yo'll come along with me and explain to the kurnel. 'Deed, but yo've got to come, straight or crooked!" He had left his revolver and carbine

on the saddle. He started for his horse, but Steve was there before him. He had stepped softly out while Kenton was explaining and was now in possession of both firearms and a supply of ammunition. Even as the trooper reached the gate Steve gave his horse a slap and sent him galloping away and then turned and asked:

"Who's takin anybody to see the kurnel? Sorter 'pears to me that yo've dun stubbed vo'r toe and fell down!"

The sergeant very quietly asked what ne was going to do, and his manner betrayed his anxiety. 'Goin to git shet of yo' about the

fust thing!" answered Steve. "Left the feat, and it was only when he was face! Forward march! Keep goin right in the saddle that curses passed his lips down the road till yo' find the kurnel and his smiles were replaced by wicked and then give him our love!" The trooper marched away without | "Southern chivalry" has been held up

side of a bour."

to sight by a turn in the road Kenton "Steve, you did a bad thing for us. That whole crowd will be after us in-

"Don't holler befo' yo'r hit, Yank!" laughed Steve. "If we uns hadn't tooken him, he'd hey tooken us, and besides that it suddenly occurred to me that we'd got to hev something to shoot with. Now, then, let's be a-gettin straight up the mountain."

CHAPTER XXI. We have made no note of time. A by than a month of peace. The minutes Baxter dodged out and had a word with of war are made up of its dead, its hours | Captain Wyle at the gate before he rode of burials, its days of battles, its weeks away. He must have repeated the caof campaigns which move a nation, its nard about the death of Kenton, for the months of black figures relating the woman's face betrayed great satisfacnumber of widows and orphans and the tion as she returned to the house. There tens of millions of dollars expended, its was a smaller house to lodge the "belp," years of despair and desolation crying but just then Uncle Ben had it all to o heaven.

Winter had fallen upon mountain and valley, upon the blackened ruins of once old man's quarters to find him cobbling happy homes, upon blood spot and burial ground. While things had gone very quietly at Rest Haven they had not gone well. Now and then a detachment of Federals or Confederates had galloped past on the stony road, but they had left the family in peace. Letters no longer came and went. The country thin to make yo' feel bad?" was in the hands of the Federals, and many of the inhabitants had fled away. news!" she answered as her tears began The Percys would have gone before winter set in but for the state of the mother's health. They were waiting and hoping that she would so mend that

she could be moved, but she did not. One autumn night a party of raiders had taken away the borses, and after that Uncle Ben had to make his trips on foot as he scoured the country in search of provisions to keep the family going. In spite of the high prices and general scarcity of all necessaries he managed so well that nearly every want was supplied in some way. On two occasions beyond the one mentioned Federal reconnoitering parties left supplies at the house, and once Captain Wyle sent a store of articles which could have only been gathered at considerable cost and trouble. Both sides pitied the unhappy and defenseless situation of the family, which was only one of hun-The sufferings of the southern women during the war have found no them in the face of peril and adversity killed over at Harrisonburg a day or has not gone down to their children on two ago. sacrifices, nor were sacrifices ever so all turned upside down." cheerfully made. Brave, patriotic, enduring, and yet no state or community has reared a marble shaft on which is killed then." engraved the words of praise and com-

mendation so justly their due. When Marian became convinced that was declared between the woman and sich story!" Uncle Ben, and yet he did not cease to suspect and to watch her. He found out that Ike had been exchanged and Royal Kenton. For a month previous to the battle in which he was captured Ben." ven. His company was acting as a guard for a wagon train of forage gathered in the valley, and his stay was brief. While his welcome was fairly cordial, he realized that circumstances

were not propitious for any approach to the subject nearest his heart, and he forced himself to be content with generalities. Incidentally, as if the matter was of little or no moment to her, he mentioned the fact of General Jackson having become suspicious of Kenton make made suggesting, the detail which was is out!" made and of his having heard only a day or two before that the Federals had descended on the post and captured the entire Confederate command. What he added was both false and cruel-viz. that it was rumored that Kenton was

among the Confederate killed. the captain hoped that Marian would betray her real feeling, he was not disappointed. As she received his information every vestige of color fled from her face, and she seemed about to faint. "You-you say it is so rumored?"

she gasped. "Only rumored, but"-

"But you believe the rumor will be confirmed?"

"I must say that I do. Mr. Kenton was, I believe, a friend of yours, and of course the news of his death will shock and grieve you. He and I would also have been friends but for his, to say the least, disloyal conduct toward the cause he for some reason best known to himself espoused." "Captain Wyle, you wrong him, liv-

ing or dead!" exclaimed Marian as she praced herself against the shock caused by report of the rumors. "He enlisted because he was imbued with the same feeling I hope you were-a feeling that he owed allegiance to Virginia first of

"He has acted very strangely for a Virginia patriot, I must declare," said the captain.

"How strangely?" she demanded as the color began to return to her cheeks and her eyes to flash.

"Every one in my company firmly believes he joined us that the Yankees might have a spy within our lines."
"And who made them believe it? Royal Kenton has periled his life in the cause oftener than any man in your company or regiment! Tell me of one single instance where an honest, unhiased man could have questioned his lovalty!'

'Why was he left behind, detailed to guard stores, and that at General Jackson's suggestion?" asked the cap-

"You are already possessed of that knowledge!" she scathingly replied. 'There has been a conspiracy against nim from the very outset, and it is not the fault of the conspirators that he was not assassinated before a battle had been fought!"

"Private Kenton, if alive, should feel grateful for such championship!' 'It is my duty to champion him!

am his promised wife!" While Captain Wyle felt pretty certain that there was more than friendship between them he had hoped that things had not gone that far. As she stood before him and looked into his eyes and spoke the words wilich made his heart fall like lead he was dumb for a moment. Her face was set and hard, and he realized that his fate was sealed forever. There was but one thing for him to do, and he did it. Though rage and despair filled his heart, he did not forget the fact that he was a born southerner. It required all his nerve to take his leave gracefully, but he accomplished

frowns.

a backward look, and when he was lost to ridicule and scorn, but only by the ignorant or by those who had a purpose to accomplish. Chivalry was born in the heart of the true southerner: it came down to him legitimately in the blood. Now and then he may forget himself in the presence of a man, but never in the presence of a woman.

Had all been well at Rest Haven, Marian Percy would have given way to her grief and mourned as women do. But the mother's condition was still regarded as dangerous, and she must not even suspect the sad blow which had fallen on the daughter. Uncle Ben suspected some calamity from the grief in Mayear of war seems to fly more swiftly rian's face, and from the fact that Mrs. himself. About an hour after the captain's departure Marian appeared in the

one of his brogans. "Look yere, honey," he began as she entered and before she could say a word, "I knowed when I saw yo' at de doah an hour ago dat sunthin had dun happened. Am de good missus gwine to die, or did dat Captain Wyle say sun-

"Uncle Ben, I have heard sorrowful



"Uncle Ben, I have heard sorrowful to fall. "Captain Wyle told me he had historian, and the heroism displayed by heard that Mr. Kenton was dead-

printed pages. Who could write it? "I shall nebber dun believe it!" he where would he begin or end? In no exclaimed. "Dat Mars Kenton he doan" "I shall nebber dun believe it!" he epoch of history were mothers, wives write no mo', but dat hain't 'cause he and daughters called upon for greater was dead. It's 'cause de possoffis was

> "But they had a battle a day or two ago, Uncle Ben, and Mr. Kenton was

"Whar was dat battle?" "Near Harrisonburg."

"Dat's a right smart step from yere, if Mrs. Baxter had any plan afoot it an we didn't heah de guns. Mebbe dey was to play the spy and forward the dun had a battle, but dat doan' disqualicause of Captain Wyle, she did not let fy dat Mars Kenton was killed. Shoo, the matter worry her. A sort of truce now, honey, but doan' yo' believe any

"But I'm-I'm afraid it's true!" she sobbed, breaking down at last. "See yere, chile," said the old man had rejoined his company, and on two after a bit, with tears in his own occasions he had good reasons to believe eyes, "yo' jiss keep quiet till we find that the man secretly met her in the out all about it. I'll hev dis shoe fixed neighborhood of the house. Owing to in bout 10 minutes, an den I'll start the interruption of the mails, it was only fur Harrisonburg. When I git dar, I kin at long intervals that Marian heard from find out if Mars Kenton was killed." "But it's almost dark now, Uncle

she had heard no word from him. When "Makes no difference, honey. I know news came, it was from Captain Wyle de road an am feelin purty good. By himself on his second visit to the Hadis time tomorrer I'll be back wid de

> "But what if you should discover that-that"-"Dat Mars Kenton was railly killed? Nobody can't diskiber what hain't so. kin dey? I'ze gwine ober dar jest to prove dat he wasn't dnn killed.

> "Uncle Ben," said Marian re she placed a hand on either shoulder and looked into his eyes, "if you can bring me news that Mr. Kenton is alive, I'll make you a free man before the week

> "Hu! What I want to leave yo' an de missus an becum free nigger fur? Reckon I wants to go to de porchouse or jail? Hain't I allus bin like one o' de family? Could de family git along widout Uncle Ben? Whar would yo be right now but fur me?"

"That's true, Uncle Ben. You were born on the place, and you know how much we all think of you. It would break our hearts to have you go, slave though you are and always have been in the eyes of the law. But you shall be rewarded, Uncle Ben. Only bring me good news, and your reward shall be

"Hush up dat noise, honey!" he chided as he made ready to depart. "If vo'll let de ole man lib right on in de family, dat'll be reward 'nuff. I'll be back by foah o'clock tomorrer, and

I'll bring yo' de news dat Mars Kenton am all right." Marian watched him as he strode bravely down the frozen highway and vanished into the dusk of evening, and as she turned away fresh tears came to

ber eyes, and she murmured: "Brave and unselfish old slave! God grant that he may bring a message to

relieve my anxieties!"

(To be Continued.)

Pine-Bark Bonts.

Everybody is familiar with the birch

bark boats, or canoes, of the American Indians, but the fact is not so well known that some of the aboriginal inhabitants of the western shore of this continent were accustomed to make boats of pine bark. A model of one of these in the Smithsonian museum served recently as a text for a talk by Prof. Otis T. Mason on the evolution of boats, The boat in question was, he said, an exact representation of those in use along certain parts of the Columbia river. It is made of the whole skin of a pine tree, which is turned inside out, the ends being cut obliquely and drawn together in such a manner that the ves

sel has a pointed ram under water at

each end. Directly across the Pacific

ocean from the Columbia is the River

Amur in Asia. Prof. Mason thinks the

fact that similar boats are found on the

Amur may have a bearing on the prob-

lem of former emigration from Asia to North America. and the first to be aroused. The reader who is curious about such things might test the accuracy of these statements

A Great Chinese Bridge. Spanning an inlet of the Yellow Sea near Sangang, China, is a bridge five and a quarter miles long, with 300 piers of masonry, and having its roadway 64 feet above the water. This work is said to have been accomplished by Chinese engineers 800 years ago.

by experiments with his friends.

Electricity now supplies the power for ringing the chimes in Grace church New York, and the curfew hymn is played by an automatic arrangement

CAMPING OUT.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects Hoxetters Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

The average taxation in Egpyt is about \$4.50 a head. AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

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We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, And lend a flavor to the dish; was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now hear the Of spicy coffee from the cup. fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S What joy to waken with the sun CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. With webs of gossamer, and see Look Carefully at the wrooper and see that it is The sunbeams steal from tree to tree, the kind you have always bought, and has the Dropping their gold along the way, signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the To guide the shining feet of Day! wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which | Then when the breakfast hour is o'er, Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL, PITCHER, M.D. A Parisian is said to have constructed a machine which makes it possible to split a human hair into 36 parts.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD. All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Tea Garden Drips" is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It, is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the Pacific Coast Syrup Co. All gennine "Tea Garden Drips" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

Spain's finances may be stated in a Liet outstretched in God's hand below, few figures. The nation's indebtedness And you, the master of it all, is \$1,765,000,000, and the annual in- A speck infinitesimal! terest to be paid is about \$70,000,000.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure by local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. There is more Catarrh in this section of the Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best,

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me. — Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

The Oregon board of agriculture has offered premiums for flax culture.

How Many Women Have Quietly Obtained Advice That Made Them Well.

My sister, if you find that in spite of following faithfully your family doctor's advice, you are not getting well, why do you not try another course? Many and many a woman has quietly written to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., stating her symptoms plainly



months; one doctor told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would get well. I had female troubles in their worst form, suffered untold agonies every month; my womb tipped back to my backbone; had headache, hysteria, fainting spells, itch-

ing, leucorrhœa. "My feet and hands were cold all the time, my limbs were so weak that I could hardly walk around the house; was troubled with numb spells. I followed Mrs. Pinkham's advice. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of her Blood Purifier, one package of her Sanative Wash, and am entirely cured."-MRS. LOUISA PLACE, 650 Belmont St., Brockton, Mass.



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Is your sleep refreshing or do you roll and toss and fret and worry about your trouble? It your nerves are healthy and Iull of vitality your sleep will be sound and you will wake up feeling vigorous and refreshed. If your nerves are weakened from excesses, dissipation, over-How the Senses Fall Asleep.

It is asserted, though we do not know the authority on which the assertion is based, that our senses fall asleep in a definite order. First the eyelids close, and the sense of sight is lost, then the sense of taste follows, and after that smell, hearing and touch go in the order named. Touch is said to be the lightest sleeper of all, and the first to be aroused. The reader electricity, such as you can get by applying Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. Call or send for the book with full informa-tion about Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt.

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> CHILDREN TEETHING.
>
> Mas. Wisslow's Scottere State should always bused for children teething. It southes the child, so

Miscellany

mann

Now that midsummer days are here, And hours are long and skies are clear. 'Tis time to leave the crowded street For distant woodlands cool and sweet; There pitch the tent near by a brook Where trout swim hungry for the hook, There loaf and hunt and read, and live In manner plain and primative, Enjoying Nature as a bird Enjoys her-every sign and word Interpreting, until the heart, Of Nature's own becomes a part.

Of rugged rocks an oven rude-The hearthstone of your solitude-Suffices well to cook your fish O. yet to send the fragrance up

To loiter down along the shore With rod and line, and tempt the trout

From his retreat to venture out! Perchance a book would best beguile-Then lie down where the sun can smile Upon you reading, prose or rhyme, The wood-stream singing all the time,

Above you birds, around you flowers-

Heedless be now the flying hours! Or distant mountain heights may arge Your feet to find the dizzy verge Whence, looking forth, the world yo

Ah, it is good just once to see The finite with Infinity-

To see and feel and comprehend A little the All-loving Friend! Now back again, the fires are lit And round the blaze the comrades sit Exchanging stories, weaving tales, Until Invention flags and fails. Then Slumber calls them to recline On fragrant pillows of the pine-To sleep and dream and wake to be Grateful to God who made them free! -Frank Dempster Sherman, in Youth's

THE MOONSHINER.

Two horsemen were trotting slowly adown a narrow path that wound along the Kentucky ridge of the Cumberlaud mountains. Their horses were ridden out, and the men had but little to say. One of them hailed from New York. His face bespoke energy and a strong will, but the rugged features inspired little confidence. His com panion, as could be seen at a glance, was an Englishman. The fair, ruddy complexion, the quaintly-shaped traveling cap, the long yellow gol-shes were not long from old England. The



"GENTLEMEN, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY WINCHESTER."

men had met by accident at a crossing of country roads, and being both bound for Glace City, in Virginia, they agreed to make the journey together. conversation, anything but lively at any time, had ceased altogether. The New Yorker answered his companion's questions curtly, and lapsed into silence before they had traveled a mile

together. "There is a house at last! It's as far as we can go to-day," suddenly exclaimed the American. "An old negro shanty, no doubt," pointing at a little ramshackle house, the roof of which peeped out of a cornfield. "Hardly de cent enough to give shelter to a horse, but there's nothing else to be done!"

The two riders turned their horses into the narrow lane that led toward the house. When they were within 20 feet of it the door was suddenly thrown open and on the porch in front of it ap peared the tall, gaunt form of an old man, with flowing beard and snowwhite hair. His right hand clutched

the stock of a Winchester rifle. "Gentlemen," he cried-and there was a threat in his voice-"let me introduce you to my Winchester! The first who makes a motion toward his hip pocket will find himself with a hole

in his ribs large enough to give passage to a voke of oxen!" The Englishman laughed heartily at this reception. "What queer people you Americans are!" he cried. "We've no desire to enter into an unfriendly

argument with you!" "Aha, you're a Britisher!" "Yes, my good old friend, just over from old England."

"Your mate there looks like a tax collector in disguise." The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, while the New Yorker introduced himself to the owner of the Winchester. "My name is George Deadmore." he said, "I'm a land agent from New York. Other people's business doesn't concern me in the least. I wouldn't know a moonshiner still if you held it under my very nose."

The old man made an angry motion and was about to send the intruders away, when Kentucky hospitality prevailed

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" "Show us the way to Glace City,

that's all we want." "Glace City is 50 miles from here. wouldn't dare to travel over that de ceptive path at the dead of night. You'll have to stay here till morning." The guests dismounted and the hosts caught the reins of the horses and led them to the little shed in the rear of the house. There he unsaddled and fed them. When he came back he conducted his guests into the house, and invited them to a frugal meal, consisting of corn bread, bacon and a glass

Next morning the Englishman awoke to find himself alone. His companion had departed before daylight. "I didn't like to keep him," said the old man, "for I don't trust him; but I

hope you will remain with me for awhile. My name is Walker, Col. Bells' of Augusta County, Va., has died Walker, and I haven't always lived in at the homestead at Long Glade at the poverty. A beautiful country home age of 80. He was Alexander R. Bell, stood on the site of this old tumble- one of five brothers who together had down cabin, and hundreds of negroes nineteen sons that fought in Capt. worked in my fields. But the war Cushing's company of the Fifth Vir swept away my house, my lands and ginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, and my slaves, and weeds are growing were nearly all killed in battle or died where tobacco and cotton flourished. I of wounds.

was luckler than many, for I held onto the land, and I have good reason for living in this wilderness. That Yankee yesterday was not far out of the way. If it's unlawful what I am doing, the Yankees are to blame for it. They made me a beggar! But you, stay with me just a little while, you've no idea

how lonely it is for an old man to be cut off from everybody." The invitation was given so heartily that the young Englishman decided to accept it. He had come over to this country to study the land and its people, and here was a good chance to see a phase of life and a kind of people of

whom he had read in books. The days stretched into weeks, the weeks into months, and still the Englishman tarried. His days were spent in riding about the country, hunting, fishing and exploring the beauties of the Cumberland hills. On one of these exploring tours he came upon a little distillery built close to the edge of a mountain brook. It was here the old man brewed his "moonshine" whisky. The arrangements were primitive and quaint, but the Englishman never discussed his discovery with his old friend. At night he and his friend ate their frugal meal, smoked their pipes and reveled in the loveliness of the southern night. The old warrior told of the days before the war when the country teemed with prosperity, and



THERE, GHASTLY WHITE, LAY HIS OLD FRIEND.

the Englishman listened in sympathetic silence.

Suddenly their peaceful seclusion was rudely disturbed. While the stranger strolled through the forest on the hills a fusillade of rifle shots rent the air. They came from the direction of the little cabin. He hastened down and soon reached the clearing in front of the house. In his absence the old ing companion from New York. Col. Walker's rifle had done effective work

tender ears of the corn in the fields. Nothing was to be seen of the old man. The stranger, sick with fear over the terrible tragedy, stumbled into the cabin. There, ghastly white and with disheveled hair, lay his old friend. Blood trickled from several wounds,

ness and immediately recognized his young friend. "These scoundrels have poured more lead into me than is good for my health. The New York chap gave me away. He sent the tax collectors after me. Well, he is dead, and I'll soon follow, but before I go I want to exact a promise from you. All my old friends are dead. They were either killed in the war or died soon afterwards, and I am sorely troubled about my little girl.'

"Your daughter?" "Yes, my daughter. I have never spoken about her to any one. I sent her away to a convent in Paris. This rough, inhospitable life would not suit her at all. I intended to have her come home when the place was built up again. For her I stinted and saved and made 'moonshine' whisky. I never liked the business. It isn't fit for a centleman. Now my daughter has finished her education and is coming here to see her old father again. She will not find me alive; but she will come into her own. There is \$50,600 in the bank. And now, for the favor I'll ask of you. It's a dying man's request,

will you fulfill it?" "Yes, as far as is in my power."

"Then go to my daughter-and make her your wife." The Englishman was dumfounded. He-to marry the daughter of a murderer. Had he forgotten that yonder in the grass lay three men whom he had killed?

"You are going to deny my request,"

cried the colonel. "I know what you are thinking. Have plty. In a few moments I'll be dead. Come, make haste, She is beautiful," he moaned, when the Englishman still hesitated. "Pure as the snow and highly accomplished. You need not be ashamed to call her your wife." "Stop," cried the Englishman, torn

with contending emotions. "Do not make my answer more difficult than it is. I am no longer free to give love. On my way over from Havre I gave my heart to a young girl. She gave me hers. I cannot break my word, for I

love her passionately. The dying man clutched the Englishman's sleeve. "Then take my orphan girl and let her live with you and your wife. Shield her from harm, and some day find a good husband for her." "That I will with all my heart,"

me, where can I find her?" "She does not bear her father's name. The stigma of the 'moonshine still' attaches to mine. She was called Josefa after her mother." "And what was her other name?"

promised the Englishman. "But tell

questioned vehemently the young man. "Turner-Josefa Turner." "Josefa Turner, the girl who prom ised to be my wife. * * * your daughter!" Like a drunken man he staggered

it, burying his face in his hands. The moments sped by and with them the life of the wounded man. When the young Englishman shook off the lethargy into which he had fallen he rose and went over to the spot where the old man lay.

toward a chair and threw himself upor

He was dead, but over his rugged. wrinkled face lay the sweet light of peace.

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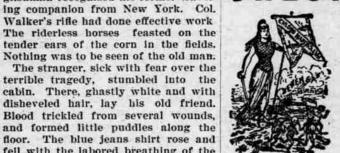
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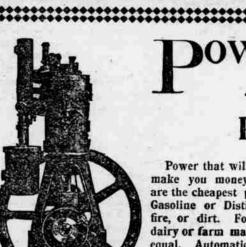
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Dr. Bitting will forward his report to Washington the first of this week, when it will be officially promulgated for the benefit of farmers and wool growers throughout the country.

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and formed little puddles along the floor. The blue jeans shirt rose and fell with the labored breathing of the dying man. He was unconscious. The Englishman knelt besides him, moistening his lips with drops of the burning liquid which was responsible for the tragedy. One bullet has grazed the left temple, another had shattered the elbow, and the third had penetrated the abdomen. The wound was deadly, there was no recovery from it. The wounded man regained conscious the floor of the strategies of the strategies

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