

YANKEE

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He had his arm raised for a blow when a figure passed him and halted beside him. The figure had pushed its way into the circle unheeded and unobserved. Everybody stared in astonishment.

"Stop!" she cried.

For half a minute not a word was said. It was Marian Percy. She was known by sight to at least half of the gang, and the others at once identified her as "the gal" they had expected to see.

"Why, certainly," answered Marian and Kenton in the same breath.

"Then let Miss Percy head her home to once. We can't tell what may happen there. She's a good girl."

"Got any 'wep in the house?" asked Steve as she was ready.

"Of course. I have been sorry that I left mine here at Winchester."

"On approaching the house Marian caught sight of the horses and men and realized what had happened and was happening before she had made out the figure of the loyal slave chained to the post. She had felt terribly anxious about her mother as she rode along the road, and she had grown faint at thought of the troubles and perils surrounding her, but everything was forgotten the instant she saw that circle of men. It was no wonder every man in the gang looked at her as if spellbound when she appeared in their midst and cried out to stop Ike Baxter's uplifted arm. As women despite cowardice in a man, so do men admire anything approaching heroism in a woman. Marian rested one hand on the naked shoulder of the old slave who had trotted her on his knee as a child a thousand times, and holding the revolver ready for instant use in the other, her slight form drawn up, her brown eyes flashing, her handsome face handsome than ever before, she demanded:

"Who are you, and what is the meaning of this?"

Every man instinctively fell back a step or two. Ike Baxter let his arm fall, and no one dared look the girl full in the face. For a long half minute no one spoke. Then Ike, shifting from one foot to the other and looking past her instead of at her, muttered:

kee, then per a sympathizer and order suffer for it! I move we shoot the nigger and burn the houses!"

"We won't do anything of the sort," said the sergeant, now pushing forward at first time. "We are sent here to capture Kenton and Brayton, and I reckon 'tother things had better be left alone. If that gal wasn't in the house when you all searched it, then what did she cum from?"

"One of the men replied that he thought he caught sight of her by the door about five minutes before she appeared among them, but wasn't sure. Ike Baxter said he had been following Uncle Ben up the highway when assaulted, and it was rightfully concluded that the fugitives were not a great way off, joined by some more guerrillas, and the entire gang headed up the road and were soon out of sight. As they moved away Uncle Ben's team began to fall, and he whispered:

"God bless you, Miss Sunshine, fare her an father fur what you 'dum did for me, but I got powerful bad news to tell you!"

"Is mother dead?" she asked as the color went out of her face and her lips grew white.

"She was dead when I don't got yet!" "I whistled," she cried, choking back the walls of sorrow which sought to pass her lips. "I know you are stiff and lame and sore, but I want you to try to reach the Federal army and bring help!"

"I'm glad that you may be in time!" she prayed as she turned away to enter the house of the dead, while the old man lost not a moment in setting out on his journey down the road.

Let us see how things went on at the camp. Marian had no sooner left it than Steve Brayton still further strengthened the defenses. The ground to the south was fairly clear, but in no other direction could a body of men make a rush. The camp was on the crest of a knoll, and no spot within rifle shot commanded it.

"I figger jest this way," said Steve as he overhauled the ammunition and saw that the guns were ready for use. "Ike Baxter was sent down to the house last night to sorter spy around fur Captain Wyle. Uncle Ben didn't smash him hard 'nuff, and he crawled back to the house, got his wife to fix him up and then skulked off. I'm purty shore that some of our company will show up doorn the day, and you kin bet yo'r last newt that them guerrillas nain't given up the chase! Befo' now sunthin's bound to bust!"

"And what would you advise?" asked Kenton, but Steve was in doubt about something.

vanced until within halting distance. His advance was from the south side, and both men had him under their eyes. It was Ike Baxter, and he halted about pistol shot away and called out:

"Hello, n' that! I want to speak to you 'bout a minit!"

"Waal, fire off yo'r breath!" replied Steve.

"We us has dun clean surrounded it, and yo'd better give in!"

"If yo' us will give in, nobody will be hurt. If yo' us don't give in, we us ar' bound to wipe yo' out! We us is a hundred strong, with two cannons!"

"That yo', Ike Baxter?" called Steve, as if doubting the other's identity.

"Waal, I've got my gun pinte'd for a shot right betwix yo'r doggone eyes, and yo' hain't back thar amo' yo'r gang befo' I count 10 I'll pull trigger!"

"If yo' want us, cum and git us!"

"Five minutes later the fire opened on the fort from around the circle, and the enemy were shouting and cheering as if a victory had already been nearly won. While most of their bullets flew clear over the piled up rocks, those which were better aimed did no damage whatever. Not a shot was fired in reply. Kenton's position caused him considerable pain, and Steve removed the spider from his back and laid him down with the remark:

"They us will keep bustin away fur half an hour 'it, and we us kin take things easy. I reckon the firm will make the gal a bitonesy, but it'll also hurry up the Yankees in case they ar' on the way."

\$200.00

in prizes to make twice as many people ask their grocers for Schilling's Best baking powder and tea.

Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are because they are money-back.

What is the missing word?—not SAFE, although Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are safe.

Get Schilling's Best baking powder or tea at your grocers; take out the ticket (brown ticket in every package of baking powder; yellow ticket in tea); send a ticket with each word to address below before December 31st.

Only one person finds the word, that person gets \$200.00; if several find it, \$200.00 will be equally divided among them.

Every one sending a brown or yellow ticket will receive a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive an 1898 pocket calendar—no advertising on it. These creeping babies and pocket calendars will be different from the ones offered in the last contest.

Better cut these rules out.

Address: MONEY-BACK, SAN FRANCISCO.

ONE HUNDRED FREE FRUIT TREES

Not a bug and not a bug! One hundred free fruit trees sent for our descriptive literature. Write to: BUELL LAMBERSON, Portland, Oregon.

School for Colored Nurses. The Africans of South Carolina have established a training school for colored nurses. A charter was obtained from the state, and the institution was opened on October 4th.

Toothache, an excuse for absence from duty, is not recognized in the postoffice of Geneva, Switzerland. When an employe complains of an aching tooth a government doctor pulls it out.

LEFT DESTITUTE! Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The left leg is, however, short of its thigh bone.

There is a 15-year-old widow at Covington, Ky. The girl was married a year ago to a 19-year-old boy, all the parents consenting. Her husband died a few days ago.

A GOOD THING For Women to Remember. That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating women's ailments is greater than any living physician—male or female.

Statistics disclose the fact that the United States consume annually about 60,000,000 pounds of wool, or about nine pounds per capita of population.

The pension office at Washington is said to be the largest brick building in the world. It took over 10,000,000 bricks to erect it.

Massachusetts is one of the richest of the states, having a valuation of real and personal property amounting to \$1,584,766,802.

PAVEMENTS AND PROGRESS.

A Pure Way of Testing the Development of an American City. There is no surer way of determining the growth of an American municipality in respect of material development than by comparing the relation which its paved streets bear to its unpaved.

In Boston, for instance, one of the old cities, there are 312 miles of paved and 140 miles of unpaved streets. In Louisville there are 306 miles of paved and 47 miles of unpaved streets.

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The efficiency of the Christian Endeavor association as a religious agency is accounted for by the fact that it contains twice as many women as men.

STOP! Women,

And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private life to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating women's ailments is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only.

The largest fruit farm in the world is in Ohio, Mo. It consists of 2,500 acres, on which are more than 100,000 peach trees, 60,000 apple trees, 3,000 pear trees, and 40 acres of blackberries.

Chickens are much better if killed and dressed the day before using. Keep in ice or in a cool place.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS:

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, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S BREAKFAST COCOA. Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious. Costs Less than One Cent a Cup.

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